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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM

CHAUCER TO COWPER.

VOL. XIII.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

FROM CHAUCER TO COWPER;

INCLUDING THE

SERIES EDITED,

WITH

PREFACES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON:

AND

THE MOST APPROVED TRANSLATIONS.

43733

THE

ADDITIONAL LIVES

BY ALEXANDER CHALMERS, F.S.A.

IN TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES.

VOL. XIII.

WATTS,	DYER,
A. PHILIPS,	SHENSTONE,
WEST,	YOUNG.
COLLINS,	

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THE

POEMS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

VOL. XIII.

THE

LIFE OF WATTS,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

THE Poems of Dr. WATTS were by my recommendation inserted in the late Collection; the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.

ISAAC WATTS was born July 17, 1674, at Southampton, where his father, of the same name, kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen, though common report makes him a shoemaker. He appears, from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

Isaac, the eldest of nine children, was given to books from his infancy; and began, we are told, to learn Latin when he was four years old, I suppose, at home. He was afterwards taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by Mr. Pinhorn, a clergyman, master of the Free-school at Southampton, to whom the gratitude of his scholar afterwards inscribed a Latin ode.

His proficiency at school was so conspicuous, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the university; but he declared his resolution of taking his lot with the Dissenters. Such he was, as every Christian church would rejoice to have adopted.

He therefore repaired, in 1690, to an academy taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his companions and fellow-students Mr. Hughes the poet, and Dr. Horte, afterwards archbishop of Tuam. Some Latin Essays, supposed to have been written as exercises at this academy, show a degree of knowledge, both philosophical and theological, such as very few attain by a much longer course of study.

He was, as he hints in his Miscellanies, a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty; and in his youth he appears to have paid attention to Latin poetry. His verses to his brother, in the *glyconic* measure, written when he was seventeen, are remarkably easy and elegant. Some of his other odes are deformed by the Pindaric folly then prevailing, and are written with such neglect of all metrical rules, as is without example among the ancients; but his diction, though perhaps not always exactly pure, has such copiousness and splendour, as shows that he was but a very little distance from excellence.

His method of study was to impress the contents of his books upon his memory by abridging them, and by interleaving them to amplify one system with supplements from another.

With the congregation of his tutor Mr. Rowe, who were, I believe, Independents, he communicated in his nineteenth year.

At the age of twenty he left the academy, and spent two years in study and devotion at the house of his father, who treated him with great tenderness; and had the happiness, indulged to few parents, of living to see his son eminent for literature, and venerable for piety.

He was then entertained by sir John Hartopp five years, as domestic tutor to his son: and in that time particularly devoted himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and, being chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, preached the first time on the birth-day that completed his twenty-fourth year; probably considering that as the day of a second nativity, by which he entered on a new period of existence.

In about three years he succeeded Dr. Chauncey; but, soon after his entrance on his charge, he was seized by a dangerous illness, which sunk him to such weakness, that the congregation thought an assistant necessary, and appointed Mr. Price. His health then returned gradually; and he performed his duty till (1712) he was seized by a fever of such violence and continuance, that from the feebleness which it brought upon him he never perfectly recovered.

This calamitous state made the compassion of his friends necessary, and drew upon him the attention of sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his house; where, with a constancy of friendship and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-six years with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards; but he continued with the lady and her daughters to the end of his life. The lady died about a year after him.

A coalition like this, a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserves a particular memorial; and I will not withhold from the reader Dr. Gibbons's representation; to which regard is to be paid, as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known likewise to multitudes besides.

"Our next observation shall be made upon that remarkably kind providence which brought the doctor into sir Thomas Abney's family, and continued him there till his death, a period of no less than thirty-six years. In the midst of his sacred labours for the glory of God, and good of his generation, he is seized with a most violent and threatening fever, which leaves him oppressed with great weakness, and puts a stop at least to his public services for four years. In this distressing season, doubly so to his active and pious spirit, he is invited to sir Thomas Abney's family, nor ever removes from it till he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was a house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to sooth his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for this most happy event, he might, as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor, and inability for public service, and even for profitable study, or perhaps might have sunk

into his grave under the overwhelming load of infirmities in the midst of his days; and thus the church and world would have been deprived of those many excellent sermons and works, which he drew up and published during his long residence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither, sir Thomas Abney dies; but his amiable consort survives, who shows the doctor the same respect and friendship as before, and most happily for him and great numbers besides; for, as her riches were great, her generosity and munificence were in full proportion; her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the doctor's; and thus this excellent man, through her kindness, and that of her daughter, the present Mrs. Elizabeth Abney, who in a like degree esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into this family, till his days were numbered and finished; and, like a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy."

If this quotation has appeared long, let it be considered, that it comprises an account of six-and-thirty years, and those the years of Dr. Watts.

From the time of his reception into this family, his life was no otherwise diversified than by successive publications. The series of his works I am not able to deduce; their number and their variety show the intenseness of his industry, and the extent of his capacity.

He was one of the first authors that taught the Dissenters to court attention by the graces of language. Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteness, was commonly obscured and blunted by coarseness and inelegance of style. He showed them, that zeal and purity might be expressed and enforced by polished diction.

He continued to the end of his life the teacher of a congregation; and no reader of his works can doubt his fidelity or diligence. In the pulpit, though his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his discourses very efficacious. I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawkesworth, who told me, that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.

Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompose his cursory sermons, but, having adjusted the heads, and sketched out some particulars, trusted for success to his extemporary powers.

He did not endeavour to assist his eloquence by any gesticulations; for, as no corporeal actions have any correspondence with theological truth, he did not see how they could enforce it.

At the conclusion of weighty sentences he gave time, by a short pause, for the proper impression.

To stated and public instruction he added familiar visits and personal application, and was careful to improve the opportunities which conversation offered of diffusing and increasing the influence of religion.

By his natural temper he was quick of resentment; but, by his established and habitual practice, he was gentle, modest, and inoffensive. His tenderness appeared in his attention to children, and to the poor. To the poor, while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue, though the whole was not

a hundred a year; and for children, he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and systems of instruction, adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man, acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson that humility can teach.

As his mind was capacious, his curiosity excursive, and his industry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his subjects various. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure. It was not only in his book, but in his mind, that *orthodoxy* was *united* with *charity*.

Of his philosophical pieces, his Logic has been received into the Universities, and therefore wants no private recommendation: if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it must be considered, that no man, who undertakes merely to methodise or illustrate a system, pretends to be its author.

In his metaphysical disquisitions, it was observed by the late learned Mr. Dyer, that he confounded the idea of *space* with that of *empty space*, and did not consider, that though space might be without matter, yet matter being extended could not be without space.

Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his Improvement of the Mind, of which the radical principles may indeed be found in Locke's Conduct of the Understanding; but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing. Whoever has the care of instructing others may be charged with deficience in his duty, if this book is not recommended.

I have mentioned his treatises of theology as distinct from his other productions: but the truth is, that whatever he took in hand was, by his incessant solicitude for souls, converted to theology. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his works: under his direction it may be truly said, Theologiæ Philosophia ancillatur, Philosophy is subservient to evangelical instruction: it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at least wishing, to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction, and he that sat down only to reason is on a sudden compelled to pray.

It was therefore with great propriety that, in 1728, he received from Edinburgh and Aberdeen an unsolicited diploma, by which he became a doctor of divinity. Academical honours would have more value, if they were always bestowed with equal judgment.

He continued many years to study and to preach, and to do *good* by his instruction and example; till at last the infirmities of age disabled him from the more laborious part of his ministerial functions; and, being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to remit the salary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the resignation.

By degrees his weakness increased, and at last confined him to his chamber and his bed; where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired, Nov. 25, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious

piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reasoning, and the science of the stars.

His character, therefore, must be formed from the multiplicity and diversity of his attainments, rather than from any single performance; for it would not be safe to claim for him the highest rank in any single denomination of literary dignity; yet perhaps there was nothing in which he would not have excelled, if he had not divided his powers to different pursuits.

As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would probably have stood high among the authors with whom he is now associated. For his judgment was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment; his imagination, as the Dacian Battle proves, was vigorous and active, and the stores of knowledge were large by which his fancy was to be supplied. His ear was well-tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious; but his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well.

His poems on other subjects seldom rise higher than might be expected from the amusements of a man of letters, and have different degrees of value as they are more or less laboured, or as the occasion was more or less favourable to invention.

He writes too often without regular measures, and too often in blank verse: the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent. He is particularly unhappy in coining names expressive of characters. His lines are commonly smooth and easy, and his thoughts always religiously pure; but who is there that, to so much piety and innocence, does not wish for a greater measure of sprightliness and vigour! He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased: and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed, by his verses or his prose, to imitate him in all but his non-conformity, to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God.

RECOMMENDATORY VERSES.

ON READING

MR. WATTS'S POEMS

SACRED TO PIETY AND DEVOTION.

REGARD the man, who, in seraphic lays,
And flowing numbers, sings his Maker's praise:
He needs invoke no fabled Muse's art,
The heavenly song comes genuine from his heart,
From that pure heart which God has deign'd t' inspire
With holy raptures, and a sacred fire.
Thrice happy man! whose soul and guiltless breast
Are well prepar'd to lodge th' Almighty guest!
'Tis he that lends thy towering thoughts their wing,
And tunes thy lyre, when thou attempt'st to sing:
He to thy soul lets-in celestial day,
Ev'n whilst imprison'd in this mortal clay.
By Death's grim aspect thou art not alarm'd,
He, for thy sake, has death itself disarm'd;
Nor shall the Grave o'er thee a victory boast;
Her triumph in thy rising shall be lost,
When thou shalt join th' angelic choirs above,
In never-ending songs of praise and love. EUSEBIA.

TO MR. WATTS,

ON HIS POEMS.

To murmuring streams, in tender strains,
My pensive Muse no more
Of love's enchanting force complains,
Along the flowery shore.

No more Mirtillo's fatal face
My quiet breast alarms;
His eyes, his air, and youthful grace,
Have lost their usual charms.

No gay Alexis in the grove
Shall be my future theme:
I burn with an immortal love,
And sing a purer flame.

Seraphic heights I seem to gain,
And sacred transports feel,
While, WATTS, to thy celestial strain,
Surpris'd, I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear,
When I thy lays repeat;
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget.

With such a graceful harmony
Thy numbers still prolong;
And let remotest lands reply,
And echo to thy song,

Far as the distant regions, where
The beauteous Morning springs,
And scatters odours through the air,
From her resplendent wings;

Unto the new-found realms, which see
The latter Sun arise,
When, with an easy progress, he
Rolls down the nether skies.

July, 1706. PHILOMELA [1].

[1] A name assumed by my rival.

TO MR. WATTS,

ON READING HIS HORÆ LYRICÆ.

HAIL, heaven-born Muse! that, with celestial flame,
And high seraphic numbers, durst attempt
To gain thy native skies. No common theme
Merits thy thought, self-conscious of a soul
Superior, though on Earth detain'd awhile;
Like some propitious angel, that 's design'd
A resident in this inferior orb,
To guide the wandering souls to heavenly bliss,
Thou seem'st; while thou their everlasting songs
Hast sung to mortal ears, and down to Earth
Transferr'd the work of Heaven; with thought sublime,
And high sonorous words, thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd, we view
The towering height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father; as of old
When first th' Almighty from the dark abyss
Of everlasting night and silence call'd
The shining worlds with one creating word,
And rais'd from nothing all the heavenly hosts,
And with external glories fill'd the void,
Harmonious seraphs tun'd their golden harps,
And with their cheerful hallelujahs bless'd
The bounteous author of their happiness;
From orb to orb th' alternate music rang,
And from the crystal arches of the sky
Reach'd our then glorious world, the native seat
Of the first happy pair, who join'd their songs
To the loud echoes of th' angelic choirs,
And fill'd with blissful hymns terrestrial Heaven,
The Paradise of God, where all delights
Abounded, and the pure ambrosial air,
Fann'd by mild zephyrs, breath'd eternal sweets,
Forbidding death and sorrow, and bestow'd
Fresh heavenly bloom and gay immortal youth.
Not so, alas! the vile apostate race,
Who in mad joys their brutal hours employ'd,
Assaulting with their impious blasphemies
The Power supreme that gave them life and breath;
Incarnate fiends! outrageous they defied
Th' Eternal's thunder, and almighty wrath
Fearless provok'd, which all the other devils
Would dread to meet; remembering well the day
When, driven from pure immortal seats above,
A fiery tempest hurl'd them down the skies,
And hung upon the rear, urging their fall
To the dark, deep, unfathomable gulf,
Where, bound on sulphurous lakes to glowing rocks
With adamantine chains, they wail their woes,
And know Jehovah great as well as good;
And fix'd for ever by eternal Fate,
With horrour find his arm omnipotent.

Prodigious madness! that the sacred Muse,
First taught in Heaven to mount immortal heights,
And trace the boundless glories of the sky,
Should now to every idol basely bow,
And curse the deity she once ador'd,
Erecting trophies to each sordid vice,
And celebrating the infernal praise
Of haughty Lucifer, the desperate foe
Of God and man, and winning every hour

New votaries to Hell, while all the fiends
Hear these accursed lays, and, thus outdone,
Raging they try to match the human race,
Redoubling all their hellish blasphemies,
And with loud curses rend the gloom y vault.

Ungrateful mortals! ah! too late you'll find
What 'tis to banter Heaven, and laugh at Hell;
To dress-up Vice in false delusive charms,
And with gay colours paint her hideous face,
Leading besotted souls through flowery paths,
In gaudy dreams, and vain fantastic joys,
To dismal scenes of everlasting woe;
When the great Judge shall rear his awful throne,
And raging flames surround the trembling globe,
While the loud thunders roar from pole to pole,
And the last trump awakes the sleeping dead;
And guilty souls to ghastly bodies driven,
Within those dire eternal prisons shut,
Expect their sad inexorable doom.
Say now, ye men of wit! what turn of thought
Will please you then! Alas, how dull and poor,
Ev'n to yourselves, will your lewd flights appear!
How will you envy then the happy fate
Of idiots! and perhaps in vain you'll wish
You'd been as very fools, as once you thought
Others, for the sublimest wisdom scorn'd;
When pointed lightnings from the wrathful Judge
Shall singe your blighted laurels, and the men
Who thought they flew so high shall fall so low.

No more, my Muse, of that tremendous thought:
Resume thy more delightful theme, and sing
Th' immortal man, that with immortal verse
Rivals the hymns of angels, and like them
Despises mortal critics' idle rules:
While the celestial flame that warms thy soul
Inspires us, and with holy transports moves
Our labouring minds, and nobler scenes presents
Than all the Pagan poets ever sung,
Homer, or Virgil, and far sweeter notes
Than Horace ever taught his sounding lyre,
And purer far, though Martial's self might seem
A modest poet in our Christian days.
May those forgotten and neglected lie!
No more let men be fond of fabulous gods,
Nor heathen wit debauch one Christian line,
While with the coarse and daubing paint we hide
The shining beauties of eternal Truth,
That in her native dress appears most bright,
And charms the eyes of angels.—Oh! like thee
Let every nobler genius tune his voice
To subjects worthy of their towering thoughts.
Let Heaven and Anna then your tuneful art
Improve, and consecrate your deathless lays
To Him who reigns above, and her who rules below.

April 17, 1706. JOSEPH STANDEN.

TO MR. WATTS,

ON HIS DIVINE POEMS.

Say, human seraph, whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line;
And how it runs with such a graceful ease,
Loaded with ponderous sense! Say, did not he,
The lovely Jesus, who commands thy breast,
Inspire thee with himself? With Jesus dwells,
Knit in mysterious bands, the Paraclete,
The breath of God, the everlasting source
Of love: And what is love, in souls like thine,
But air and incense to the poet's fire?
Should an expiring saint, whose swimming eyes
Mingle the images of things about him,
But hear the least exalted of thy strains,
How greedily he'd drink the music in,
Thinking his heavenly convoy waited near!
So great a stress of powerful harmony,
Nature, unable longer to sustain,
Would sink oppress'd with joy to endless rest.

Let none henceforth of Providence complain,
As if the world of spirits lay unknown,
Fenc'd round with black impenetrable night.
What though no shining angel darts from thence,
With leave to publish things conceal'd from sense,
In language bright as theirs, we are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 'tis employs the bless'd, what makes their
Songs such as Watts's are, and love like his. [bliss;

But then, dear sir, be cautious how you use
To transports so intensely rais'd your Muse,
Lest, whilst th' ecstatic impulse you obey,
The soul leap out, and drop the duller clay.

Sept. 4, 1706. HENRY GROVE.

TO DR. WATTS,

ON THE FIFTH EDITION OF HIS HORÆ LYRICÆ.

Sovereign of sacred verse, accept the lays
Of a young bard, that dares attempt thy praise.
A Muse, the meanest of the vocal throng,
New to the bays, nor equal to the song,
Fir'd with the growing glories of thy fame,
Joins all her powers to celebrate thy name.

No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engage,
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page.
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For every grace of every Muse is thine.
Milton, immortal bard, divinely bright,
Conducts his favourite to the realms of light,
Where Raphael's lyre charms the celestial throng,
Delighted cherubs listening to the song:
From bliss to bliss the happy beings rove,
And taste the sweets of music and of love.
But when the softer scenes of life you paint,
And join the beauteous virgin to the saint;
When you describe how few the happy pairs
Whose hearts united soften all their cares,
We see to whom the sweetest joys belong,
And Myra's beauties consecrate your song.
Fain the unnumber'd graces I would tell,
And on the pleasing theme for ever dwell;
But the Muse faints, unequal to the flight,
And hears thy strains with wonder and delight.
When tombs of princes shall in ruins lie,
And all but heaven-born Piety shall die;
When the last trumpet wakes the silent dead,
And each lascivious poet hides his head;
With thee shall thy divine Urania rise,
Crown'd with fresh laurels, to thy native skies:
Great How and Gouge shall hail thee on thy way,
And welcome thee to the bright realms of day,
Adapt thy tuneful notes to heavenly strings,
And join the Lyric Ode while some fair seraph sings.

Sic spirat, sic optat,
Tui amantissimus
BRITANNICUS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

POEMS,

CHIEFLY OF THE LYRIC KIND,

IN THREE BOOKS.

SACRED

I. TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.
II. TO VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.
III. TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

——— Si non Uranie Lyram
Cœlestem cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Humanum refugit tendere Barbiton. Hor. Od. I. imitat.

Ἀθάνατον μὲν πρῶτα Θεὸν, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται,
Τίμα, (καὶ σέβε αὐτὸν) ἔπειθ' Ἥρωας ἀγαθούς,
Τούς τε Καταχθονίους. Pythag. Aur. Car.

PREFACE.

It has been a long complaint of the virtuous and refined world, that Poesy, whose original is divine, should be enslaved to vice and profaneness; that an art, inspired from Heaven, should have so far lost the memory of its birth-place, as to be engaged in the interests of Hell. How unhappily is it perverted from its most glorious design! How basely has it been driven away from its proper station in the temple of God, and abused to much dishonour! The iniquity of men has constrained it to serve their vilest purposes, while the sons of piety mourn the sacrilege and the shame.

The eldest song which history has brought down to our ears was a noble act of worship paid to the God of Israel, when his "right hand became glorious in power; when thy right hand, O Lord, dashed in pieces the enemy: the chariots of Pharaoh and his hosts were cast into the Red Sea. Thou didst blow with thy wind, the deep covered them, and they sank as lead in the mighty waters." Exod. xv. This art was maintained sacred through the following ages of the church, and employed by kings and prophets, by David, Solomon, and Isaiah, in describing the nature and the glories of God, and in conveying grace or vengeance to the hearts of men. By this method they brought so much of Heaven down to this lower world, as the darkness of that dispensation would admit: and now and then a divine and poetic rapture lifted their souls far above the level of that economy of shadows, bore them away far into a brighter region, and gave them a glimpse of evangelic day. The life of angels was harmoniously breathed into the children of Adam, and their minds raised near to Heaven in melody and devotion at once.

In the younger days of heathenism the Muses were devoted to the same service: the language in which old Hesiod addresses them is this:

Μῦσαι Πιερύηθεν ἀοιδῇσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε, Δῒ ἐνέπετο σφέτερον πατέρ' ὑμνείουσαι.
Pierian Muses, fam'd for heavenly lays,
Descend, and sing the God your Father's praise.

And he pursues the subject in ten pious lines, which I could not forbear to transcribe, if the aspect and sound of so much Greek were not terrifying to a nice reader.

But some of the latter poets of the Pagan world have debased this divine gift; and many of the writers of the first rank, in this our age of rational Christians, have, to their eternal shame, surpassed the vilest of the Gentiles. They have not only disrobed Religion of all the ornaments of verse, but have employed their pens in impious mischief, to deform her native beauty and defile her honours. They have exposed her most sacred character to drollery, and dressed her up in a most vile and ridiculous disguise, for the scorn of the ruder herd of mankind. The vices have been painted like so many goddesses, the charms of wit have been added to debauchery, and the temptation heightened where nature needs the strongest restraints. With sweetness of sound, and delicacy of expression, they have given a relish to blasphemies of the harshest kind; and when they rant at their Maker in sonorous numbers, they fancy themselves to have acted the hero well.

Thus almost in vain have the throne and the pulpit cried Reformation; while the stage and licentious poems have waged open war with the pious design of church and state. The press has spread the poison far, and scattered wide the mortal infection: unthinking youth have been enticed to sin beyond the vicious propensities of nature, plunged early into diseases and death, and sunk down to damnation in multitudes. Was it for this that Poesy was endued with all those allurements that lead the mind away in a

pleasing captivity? Was it for this she was furnished with so many intellectual charms; that she might seduce the heart from God, the original beauty, and the most lovely of beings? Can I ever be persuaded, that those sweet and resistless forces of metaphor, wit, sound, and number, were given with this design; that they should be all ranged under the banner of the great malicious spirit, to invade the rights of Heaven, and to bring swift and everlasting destruction upon men? How will these allies of the nether world, the lewd and profane versifiers, stand aghast before the great Judge, when the blood of many souls, whom they never saw, shall be laid to the charge of their writings, and be dreadfully required at their hands? The reverend Mr. Collier has set this awful scene before them in just and flaming colours. If the application were not too rude and uncivil, that noble stanza of my lord Roscommon, on Psalm cxlviii, might be addressed to them:

Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of Death,
Change your dire hissings into heavenly songs,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongues.

This profanation and debasement of so divine an art has tempted some weaker Christians to imagine, that poetry and vice are naturally akin; or at least, that verse is fit only to recommend trifles, and entertain our looser hours, but is too light and trivial a method to treat any thing that is serious and sacred. They submit, indeed, to use it in divine psalmody, but they love the driest translation of the psalm best. They will venture to sing a dull hymn or two at church, in tunes of equal dulness; but still they persuade themselves and their children, that the beauties of poesy are vain and dangerous. All that arises a degree above Mr. Sternhold is too airy for worship, and hardly escapes the sentence of "unclean and abominable." It is strange, that persons that have the Bible in their hands should be led away by thoughtless prejudices to so wild and rash an opinion. Let me entreat them not to indulge this sour, this censorious humour too far, lest the sacred writers fall under the lash of their unlimited and unguarded reproaches. Let me entreat them to look into their Bibles, and remember the style and way of writing that is used by the ancient prophets. Have they forgot, or were they never told, that many parts of the Old Testament are Hebrew verse? and the figures are stronger, and the metaphors bolder, and the images more surprising and strange, than ever I read in any profane writer. When Deborah sings her praises to the God of Israel, while he marched from the field of Edom, she sets the "earth a-trembling, the heavens drop, and the mountains dissolve from before the Lord. They fought from heaven, the stars in their courses fought against Sisera: when the river of Kishon swept them away; that ancient river, the river Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." Judg. v. &c. When Eliphaz, in the book of Job, speaks his sense of the holiness of God, he introduces a machine in a vision: "Fear came upon me, trembling on all my bones; the hair of my flesh stood up; a spirit passed by and stood still, but its form was undiscernible; an image before mine eyes; and silence; then I heard a voice, saying, Shall mortal man be more just than God?" &c. Job iv. When he describes the safety of the righteous, he "hides him from the scourge of the tongue, he makes him laugh at destruction and famine, he brings the stones of the field into league with him, and makes the brute animals enter into a covenant of peace." Job v. 21, &c. When Job speaks of the grave, how melancholy is the gloom that he spreads over it! "It is a region to which I must shortly go, and whence I shall not return; it is a land of darkness, it is darkness itself, the land of the shadow of death; all confusion and disorder, and where the light is as darkness. This is my house, there have I made my bed: I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; and to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister: As for my hope, who shall see it? I and my hope go down together to the bars of the pit." Job x. 21, and xvii. 13. When he humbles himself in complainings before the almightiness of God, what contemptible and feeble images doth he use! "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? Wilt thou pursue the dry stubble? I consume away like a rotten thing, a garment eaten by the moth." Job xiii. 25, &c. "Thou liftest me up to the wind, thou causest me to ride upon it, and dissolvest my substance." Job xxiii. 22. Can any man invent more despicable ideas, to represent the scoundrel herd and refuse of mankind, than those which Job uses? chap. xxx. and thereby he aggravates his own sorrows and reproaches to amazement: "They that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to have set with the dogs of my flock: for want and famine they were solitary; fleeing into the wilderness desolate and waste: They cut up mallows by the bushes, and juniper roots for their meat: They were driven forth from among men, (they cried after them as after a thief) to dwell in the cliffs of the valleys, in the caves of the earth, and in rocks: Among the bushes they brayed, under

the nettles they were gathered together; they were children of fools, yea, children of base men; they were viler than the earth: And now I am their song, yea, I am their by-word," &c. How mournful and dejected is the language of his own sorrows! "Terrours are turned upon him, they pursue his soul as the wind, and his welfare passes away as a cloud; his bones are pierced within him, and his soul is poured out: he goes mourning without the sun, a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls; while his harp and organ are turned into the voice of them that weep." I must transcribe one half of this holy book, if I would show the grandeur, the variety, and the justness of his ideas, or the pomp and beauty of his expression; I must copy out a good part of the writings of David and Isaiah, if I would represent the poetical excellencies of their thoughts and style: nor is the language of the lesser prophets, especially in some paragraphs, much inferior to these.

Now, while they paint human nature in its various forms and circumstances, if their designing be so just and noble, their dispositions so artful, and their colouring so bright, beyond the most famed human writers, how much more must their descriptions of God and heaven exceed all that is possible to be said by a meaner tongue! When they speak of the dwelling-place of God, "He inhabits eternity, and sits upon the throne of his holiness, in the midst of light inaccessible." When his holiness is mentioned, "The heavens are not clean in his sight, he charges his angels with folly: He looks to the moon, and it shineth not, and the stars are not pure before his eyes: He is a jealous God, and a consuming fire." If we speak of strengh, "Behold, he is strong: He removes the mountains, and they know it not: He overturns them in his anger: He shakes the earth from her place, and her pillars tremble: He makes a path through the mighty waters, he discovers the foundations of the world: The pillars of heaven are astonished at his reproof." And after all, "These are but a portion of his ways: The thunder of his power who can understand?" His sovereignty, his knowledge, and his wisdom, are revealed to us in language vastly superior to all the poetical accounts of heathen divinity. "Let the potsherds strive with the potsherds of the earth; but shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What makest thou? He bids the heavens drop down from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. He commands the sun, and it riseth not, and he sealeth up the stars. It is he that saith to the deep, Be dry, and he drieth up the rivers. Woe to them that seek deep to hide their counsel from the Lord! His eyes are upon all their ways, he understands their thoughts afar off. Hell is naked before him, and destruction hath no covering. He calls out all the stars by their names, he frustrateth the tokens of the liars, and makes the diviners mad: He turns wise men backward, and their knowledge becomes foolish." His transcendent eminence above all things is most nobly represented, when he "sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers: All nations before him are as the drop of a bucket, and as the small dust of the balance: He takes up the isles as a very little thing; Lebanon, with all her beasts, is not sufficient for a sacrifice to this God, nor are all her trees sufficient for the burning: This God, before whom the whole creation is as nothing, yea, less than nothing, and vanity. To which of all the heathen Gods then will ye compare me, saith the Lord, and what shall I be likened to?" And to which of all the heathen poets shall we liken or compare this glorious orator, the sacred describer of the Godhead? The orators of all nations are as nothing before him, and their words are vanity and emptiness. Let us turn our eyes now to some of the holy writings, where God is creating the world: How meanly do the best of the Gentiles talk and trifle upon this subject, when brought into comparison with Moses, whom Longinus himself, a Gentile critic, cites as a master of the sublime style, when he chose to use it! "And the Lord said, Let there be light, and there was light; Let there be clouds and seas, sun and stars, plants and animals, and behold they are:" He commanded, and they appear and obey: "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth:" This is working like a God, with infinite ease and omnipotence. His wonders of providence for the terrour and ruin of his adversaries, and for the succour of his saints, is set before our eyes in the Scripture with equal magnificence, and as becomes divinity. When "he arises out of his place, the earth trembles, the foundations of the hills are shaken because he is wroth: There goes a smoke up out of his nostrils, and fire out of his mouth devoureth, coals are kindled by it. He bows the heavens, and comes down, and darkness is under his feet. The mountains melt like wax, and flow down at his presence." If Virgil, Homer, or Pindar, were to prepare an equipage for a descending god, they might use thunder and lightnings too, and clouds and fire, to form a chariot and horses for the battle, or the triumph; but there is none of them provides him a flight of cherubs instead of horses, or seats him in "chariots of salvation." David beholds him riding upon the heaven of heavens, by his name JAH: He was mounted upon a cherub, and did fly; he flew on

the wings of the wind; and Habakkuk sends "the pestilence before him." Homer keeps a mighty stir with his νεφεληγερετὰ Ζεὺς, and Hesiod with his Ζεὺς ὑψιβρεμέτης; Jupiter, that raises up the clouds, and that makes a noise, or thunders on high. But a divine poet makes the "clouds but the dust of his feet;" and when the Highest gives his voice in the heavens, "hail-stones and coals of fire follow." A divine poet discovers the channels of the waters, and lays open the foundations of nature; "at thy rebuke, O Lord, at the blast of the breath of thy nostrils." When the Holy One alighted upon Mount Sinai, "his glory covered the heavens: He stood and measured the earth: He beheld and drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered: The perpetual hills did bow: his ways are everlasting." Then the prophet "saw the tents of Cushan in affliction, and the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble." Hab. iii. Nor did the blessed spirit which animated these writers forbid them the use of visions, dreams, the opening of scenes dreadful and delightful, and the introduction of machines upon great occasions: the divine license in this respect is admirable and surprising, and the images are often too bold and dangerous for an uninspired writer to imitate. Mr. Dennis has made a noble essay to discover how much superior is inspired poesy to the brightest and best descriptions of a mortal pen. Perhaps, if his proposal of criticism had been encouraged and pursued, the nation might have learnt more value for the word of God, and the wits of the age might have been secured from the danger of deism; while they must have been forced to confess at least the divinity of all the poetical books of Scripture, when they see a genius running through them more than human.

Who is there now will dare to assert, that the doctrines of our holy faith will not indulge or endure a delightful dress? Shall the French poet [1] affright us by saying,

De la foy d'un Chrêtien les mystères terribles
D'ornemens égayez ne sont point susceptibles?

But the French critic [2], in his reflections upon Eloquence, tells us, "That the majesty of our religion, the holiness of its laws, the purity of its morals, the height of its mysteries, and the importance of every subject that belongs to it, requires a grandeur, a nobleness, a majesty, and elevation of style, suited to the theme: sparkling images and magnificent expressions must be used, and are best borrowed from Scripture: let the preacher that aims at eloquence, read the Prophets incessantly, for their writings are an abundant source of all the riches and ornaments of speech." And in my opinion, this is far better counsel than Horace gives us, when he says,

——— Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

As, in the conduct of my studies with regard to divinity, I have reason to repent of nothing more than that I have not perused the Bible with more frequency; so, if I were to set up for a poet, with a design to exceed all the modern writers, I would follow the advice of Rapin, and read the Prophets night and day. I am sure, the composures of the following book would have been filled with much greater sense, and appeared with much more agreeable ornaments, had I derived a larger portion from the Holy Scriptures.

Besides, we may fetch a further answer to Monsieur Boileau's objection, from other poets of his own country. What a noble use have Racine and Corneille made of Christian subjects, in some of their best tragedies! What a variety of divine scenes are displayed, and pious passions awakened, in those poems! The martyrdom of Polyeucte, how doth it reign over our love and pity, and at the same time animate our zeal and devotion! May I here be permitted the liberty to return my thanks to that fair and ingenious hand [3] that directed me to such entertainments in a foreign language, which I had long wished for, and sought in vain in our own? Yet I must confess that the Davideis, and the two Arthurs, have so far answered Boileau's objection, in English, as that the obstacles of attempting Christian poesy are broken down, and the vain pretence of its being impracticable is experimentally confuted [4].

It is true, indeed, the Christian mysteries have not such need of gay trappings, as beautified, or rather composed, the Heathen superstition. But this still makes for the greater ease and surer success of the poet. The wonders of our religion, in a plain narration and a simple dress, have a native grandeur, a

[1] Boileau. [2] Rapin. [3] Philomela.

[4] Sir Richard Blackmore, in his admirable preface to his last poem, entitled Alfred, has more copiously refuted all Boileau's arguments on this subject, and that with great justice and elegance. 1723.—I am persuaded that many persons who despise the poem would acknowledge the just sentiments of that preface.

dignity, and a beauty in them, though they do not utterly disdain all methods of ornament. The book of the Revelations seems to be a prophecy in the form of an opera, or a dramatic poem, where divine Art illustrates the subject with many charming glories; but still it must be acknowledged, that the naked themes of Christianity have something brighter and bolder in them, something more surprising and celestial, than all the adventures of gods and heroes, all the dazzling images of false lustre that form and garnish a Heathen song: here the very argument would give wonderful aids to the Muse, and the heavenly theme would so relieve a dull hour, and a languishing genius, that when the Muse nods, the sense would burn and sparkle upon the reader, and keep him feelingly awake.

With how much less toil and expense might a Dryden, an Otway, a Congreve, or a Dennis, furnish out a Christian poem, than a modern play! There is nothing among all the ancient fables, or later romances, that have two such extremes united in them, as the eternal God becoming an infant of days; the possessor of the palace of Heaven laid to sleep in a manger; the holy Jesus, who knew no sin, bearing the sins of men in his body on the tree; agonies of sorrow loading the soul of him who was God over all, blessed for ever; and the Sovereign of life stretching his arms on a cross, bleeding and expiring. The Heaven and the Hell in our divinity are infinitely more delightful and dreadful than the childish figments of a dog with three heads, the buckets of the Belides, the Furies with snaky hairs, or all the flowery stories of Elysium. And if we survey the one as themes divinely true, and the other as a medley of fooleries which we can never believe; the advantage for touching the springs of passion will fall infinitely on the side of the Christian poet; our wonder and our love, our pity, delight, and sorrow, with the long train of hopes and fears, must needs be under the command of an harmonious pen, whose every line makes a part of the reader's faith, and is the very life or death of his soul.

If the trifling and incredible tales, that furnish out a tragedy, are so armed by wit and fancy as to become sovereign of the rational powers, to triumph over all the affections, and manage our smiles and our tears at pleasure; how wondrous a conquest might be obtained over a wild world, and reduce it, at least, to sobriety, if the same happy talent were employed in dressing the scenes of religion in their proper figures of majesty, sweetness, and terrour! The wonders of creating power, of redeeming love, and renewing grace, ought not to be thus impiously neglected by those whom Heaven has endued with a gift so proper to adorn and cultivate them; an art whose sweet insinuations might almost convey piety in resisting nature, and melt the hardest souls to the love of virtue. The affairs of this life, with their reference to a life to come, would shine bright in a dramatic description; nor is there any need or any reason why we should always borrow the plan or history from the ancient Jews, or primitive martyrs; though several of these would furnish out noble materials for this sort of poesy: but modern scenes would be better understood by most readers, and the application would be much more easy. The anguish of inward guilt; the secret stings and racks and scourges of conscience; the sweet retiring hours and seraphical joys of devotion; the victory of a resolved soul over a thousand temptations; the inimitable love and passion of a dying God; the awful glories of the last tribunal; the grand decisive sentence, from which there is no appeal; and the consequent transports or horrours of the two eternal worlds; these things may be variously disposed, and form many poems. How might such performances, under a divine blessing, call back the dying piety of the nation to life and beauty! This would make religion appear like itself, and confound the blasphemies of a profligate world, ignorant of pious pleasures.

But we have reason to fear, that the tuneful men of our day have not raised their ambition to so divine a pitch; I should rejoice to see more of this celestial fire kindling within them; for the flashes that break out in some present and past writings betray an infernal source. This the incomparable Mr. Cowley, in the latter end of his preface, and the ingenious sir Richard Blackmore, in the beginning of his, have so pathetically described and lamented, that I rather refer the reader to mourn with them, than detain and tire him here. These gentlemen, in their large and laboured works of poesy, have given the world happy examples of what they wish and encourage in prose; the one in a rich variety of thought and fancy, the other in all the shining colours of profuse and florid diction.

If shorter sonnets were composed on sublime subjects, such as the Psalms of David, and the holy transports interspersed in the other sacred writings, or such as the moral odes of Horace, and the ancient Lyrics; I persuade myself that the Christian preacher would find abundant aid from the poet, in his design to diffuse virtue, and allure souls to God. If the heart were first inflamed from Heaven, and the Muse were not left alone to form the devotion, and pursue a cold scent, but only called in as an assistant to the worship, then the song would end where the inspiration ceases; the whole composure would be of a piece, all meridian light and meridian fervour; and the same pious flame would be propagated, and

kept glowing in the heart of him that reads. Some of the shorter odes of the two poets now mentioned, and a few of the rev. Mr. Norris's Essays in verse, are convincing instances of the success of this proposal.

It is my opinion also, that the free and unconfined numbers of Pindar, or the noble measures of Milton without rhyme, would best maintain the dignity of the theme, as well as give a loose to the devout soul, nor check the raptures of her faith and love. Though, in my feeble attempts of this kind, I have too often fettered my thoughts in the narrow metre of our Psalm translators; I have contracted and cramped the sense, or rendered it obscure and feeble, by the too speedy and regular returns of rhyme.

If my friends expect any reason of the following composures, and of the first or second publication, I entreat them to accept of this account.

The title assures them that poesy is not the business of my life; and if I seized those hours of leisure, wherein my soul was in a more sprightly frame, to entertain them or myself with a divine or moral song, I hope I shall find an easy pardon.

In the First Book are many odes which were written to assist the meditations and worship of vulgar Christians, and with a design to be published in the volume of Hymns, which have now passed a second impression; but upon the review, I found some expressions that were not suited to the plainest capacity, and the metaphors are too bold to please the weaker Christian: therefore I have allotted them a place here.

Among the songs that are dedicated to Divine Love, I think I may be bold to assert, that I never composed one line of them with any other design than what they are applied to here; and I have endeavoured to secure them all from being perverted and debased to wanton passions, by several lines in them that can never be applied to a meaner love. Are not the noblest instances of the grace of Christ represented under the figure of a conjugal state, and described in one of the sweetest odes, and the softest pastoral that ever was written? I appeal to Solomon [5], in his Song, and his father David, in Psalm xiv. if David was the author: and I am well assured, that I have never indulged an equal licence: it was dangerous to imitate the sacred writers too nearly, in so nice an affair.

The Poems sacred to Virtue, &c. were formed when the frame and humour of my soul was just suited to the subject of my verse: the image of my heart is painted in them; and if they meet with a reader whose soul is akin to mine, perhaps they may agreeably entertain him. The dulness of the fancy, and coarseness of expression, will disappear; the sameness of the humour will create a pleasure, and insensibly overcome and conceal the defects of the Muse. Young gentlemen and ladies, whose genius and education have given them a relish of oratory and verse, may be tempted to seek satisfaction among the dangerous diversions of the stage, and impure sonnets, if there be no provision of a safer kind made to please them. While I have attempted to gratify innocent fancy in this respect, I have not forgotten to allure the heart to virtue, and to raise it to a disdain of brutal pleasures. The frequent interposition of a devout thought may awaken the mind to a serious sense of God, religion, and eternity. The same duty that might be despised in a sermon, when proposed to their reason, may here, perhaps, seize the lower faculties with surprise, delight, and devotion at once; and thus, by degrees, draw the superior powers of the mind to piety. Among the infinite numbers of mankind, there is not more difference in their outward shape and features, than in their temper and inward inclination. Some are more easily susceptive of religion in a grave discourse and sedate reasoning: some are best frighted from sin and ruin by terrour, threatening, and amazement; their fear is the properest passion to which we can address ourselves, and begin the divine work: others can feel no motive so powerful as that which applies itself to their ingenuity, and their polished imagination. Now I thought it lawful to take hold of any handle of the soul, to lead it away betimes from vicious pleasures; and if I could but make up a composition of virtue and delight, suited to the taste of well-bred youth, and a refined education, I had some hope to allure and raise them thereby above the vile temptations of degenerate nature, and custom, that is yet more degenerate. When I have felt a slight inclination to satire or burlesque, I thought it proper to suppress it. The grinning and the growling Muse are not hard to be obtained; but I would disdain their assistance, where a manly invitation to virtue, and a friendly smile, may be successfully employed. Could I persuade any man by a kinder method, I should never think it proper to scold or laugh at him.

Perhaps there are some morose readers, that stand ready to condemn every line that is written upon the theme of love; but have we not the cares and the felicities of that sort of social life represented to us in the sacred writings? Some expressions are there used with a design to give a mortifying influence

[5] Solomon's Song was much more in use among preachers and writers of divinity when these poems were written, than it is now. 1736.

to our softest affections; others again brighten the character of that state, and allure virtuous souls to pursue the divine advantage of it, the mutual assistance in the way to salvation. Are not the cxxviith and cxxviiith Psalms indited on this very subject? Shall it be lawful for the press and the pulpit to treat of it with a becoming solemnity in prose, and must the mention of the same thing in poesy be pronounced for ever unlawful? Is it utterly unworthy of a serious character to write on this argument, because it has been unhappily polluted by some scurrilous pens? Why may I not be permitted to obviate a common and a growing mischief, while a thousand vile poems of the amorous kind swarm abroad, and give a vicious taint to the unwary reader? I would tell the world that I have endeavoured to recover this argument out of the hands of impure writers, and to make it appear that virtue and love are not such strangers as they are represented. The blissful intimacy of souls in that state will afford sufficient furniture for the gravest entertainment in verse; so that it need not be everlastingly dressed up in ridicule, nor assumed only to furnish out the lewd sonnets of the times. May some happier genius promote the same service that I proposed, and by superior sense, and sweeter sound, render what I have written contemptible and useless!

The imitations of that noblest Latin poet of modern ages, Casimire Sarbiewski, of Poland, would need no excuse, did they but arise to the beauty of the original. I have often taken the freedom to add ten or twenty lines, or to leave out as many, that I might suit my song more to my own design, or because I saw it impossible to present the force, the fineness, and the fire of his expression in our language. There are a few copies wherein I have borrowed some hints from the same author, without the mention of his name in the title. Methinks I can allow so superior a genius now and then to be lavish in his imagination, and to indulge some excursions beyond the limits of sedate judgment: the riches and glory of his verse make atonement in abundance. I wish some English pen would import more of his treasures, and bless our nation.

The inscriptions to particular friends are warranted and defended by the practice of almost all the Lyric writers. They frequently convey the rigid rules of morality to the mind in the softer method of applause. Sustained by their example, a man will not easily be overwhelmed by the heaviest censures of the unthinking and unknowing; especially when there is a shadow of this practice in the divine Psalmist, while he inscribes to Asaph or Jeduthun his songs, that were made for the harp, or (which is all one) his Lyric odes, though they are addressed to God himself.

In the poems of heroic measure, I have attempted in rhyme the same variety of cadence, comma and period, which blank verse glories in as its peculiar elegance and ornament. It degrades the excellency of the best versification when the lines run on by couplets, twenty together, just in the same pace, and with the same pauses. It spoils the noblest pleasure of the sound: the reader is tired with the tedious uniformity, or charmed to sleep with the unmanly softness of the numbers, and the perpetual chime of even cadences.

In the essays without rhyme, I have not set up Milton for a perfect pattern; though he shall be for ever honoured as our deliverer from the bondage. His works contain admirable and unequalled instances of bright and beautiful diction, as well as majesty and sereneness of thought. There are several episodes in his longer works, that stand in supreme dignity without a rival; yet all that vast reverence, with which I read his Paradise Lost, cannot persuade me to be charmed with every page of it. The length of his periods, and sometimes of his parentheses, runs me out of breath: some of his numbers seem too harsh and uneasy. I could never believe, that roughness and obscurity added any thing to the true grandeur of a poem; nor will I ever affect archaisms, exoticisms, and a quaint uncouthness of speech, in order to become perfectly Miltonian. It is my opinion, that blank verse may be written with all due elevation of thought in a modern style, without borrowing any thing from Chaucer's Tales, or running back so far as the days of Colin the Shepherd, and the reign of the Fairy Queen. The oddness of an antique sound gives but a false pleasure to the ear, and abuses the true relish, even when it works delight. There were some such judges of poesy among the old Romans; and Martial ingeniously laughs at one of them, that was pleased even to astonishment with obsolete words and figures;

Attonitusque legis terrai frugiferai.

So the ill-drawn postures and distortions of shape that we meet with in Chinese pictures charm a sickly fancy by their very awkwardness; so a distempered appetite will chew coals and sand, and pronounce it gustful.

In the Pindarics, I have generally conformed my lines to the shorter size of the ancients, and avoided to imitate the excessive lengths to which some modern writers have stretched their sentences, and espe-

cially the concluding verse. In these the ear is the truest judge; nor was it made to be enslaved to any precise model of elder or later times.

After all, I must petition my reader to lay aside the sour and sullen air of criticism, and to assume the friend. Let him choose such copies to read at particular hours, when the temper of his mind is suited to the song. Let him come with a desire to be entertained and pleased, rather than to seek his own disgust and aversion; which will not be hard to find. I am not so vain as to think there are no faults, nor so blind as to espy none: though I hope the multitude of alterations in this second edition are not without amendment. There is so large a difference between this and the former, in the change of titles, lines, and whole poems, as well as in the various transpositions, that it would be useless and endless, and all confusion, for any reader to compare them throughout. The additions also make up half the book, and some of these have need of as many alterations as the former. Many a line needs the file to polish the roughness of it, and many a thought wants richer language to adorn and make it shine. Wide defects and equal superfluities may be found, especially in the larger pieces; but I have at present neither inclination nor leisure to correct, and I hope I never shall. It is one of the biggest satisfactions I take in giving this volume to the world, that I expect to be for ever free from the temptation of making or mending poems again[6]. So that my friends may be perfectly secure against this impression's growing waste upon their hands, and useless, as the former has done. Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little, and written so much. The following years of my life shall be more entirely devoted to the immediate and direct labours of my station, excepting those hours that may be employed in finishing my imitation of the Psalms of David, in Christian language, which I have now promised the world[7].

I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one copy entirely pleases me. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of Heaven, or of the Muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould: and as the name Vates belongs to both; so the furniture of both is comprised in that line of Horace,

—— cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum.——

But what Juvenal spake in his age, abides true in ours: A complete poet or a prophet is such a one,

— Qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantùm,

Perhaps neither of these characters in perfection shall ever be seen on earth, till the seventh angel has sounded his awful trumpet; till the victory be complete over the beast and his image, when the natives of Heaven shall join in concert with prophets and saints, and sing to their golden harps "salvation, honour, and glory to him that sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever."

May 14, 1709.

[6] Naturam expellas furcâ licet, usque recurret. Hor.

Will this short note of Horace excuse a man who has resisted nature many years, but has been sometimes overcome? 1736. Edition the 7th.

[7] In the year 1719 these were finished and printed.

POEMS

OF

DR. WATTS.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

SACRED TO DEVOTION AND PIETY.

WORSHIPING WITH FEAR.

WHO dares attempt th' eternal Name
With notes of mortal sound?
Dangers and glories guard the theme,
And spread despair around.

Destruction waits t' obey his frown,
And Heaven attends his smile;
A wreath of lightning arms his crown,
But love adorns it still.

Celestial King, our spirits lie
Trembling beneath thy feet,
And wish, and cast a longing eye,
To reach thy lofty seat.

When shall we see the Great Unknown,
And in thy presence stand?
Reveal the splendours of thy throne,
But shield us with thy hand.

In thee what endless wonders meet!
What various glory shines!
The crossing rays too fiercely beat
Upon our fainting minds.

Angels are lost in sweet surprise
If thou unveil thy grace;
And humble awe runs through the skies,
When wrath arrays thy face.

When mercy joins with majesty
To spread their beams abroad,
Not all their fairest minds on high
Are shadows of a God.

Thy works the strongest seraph sings
In a too feeble strain,
And labours hard on all his strings,
To reach thy thoughts, in vain.

Created powers, how weak they be!
How short our praises fall!
So much akin to nothing we,
And thou th' Eternal All.

ASKING LEAVE TO SING.

YET, mighty God, indulge my tongue,
Nor let thy thunders roar,
While the young notes and venturous song
To worlds of glory soar.

If thou my daring flight forbid,
The Muse folds-up her wings;
Or at thy word her slender reed
Attempts almighty things.

Her slender reed, inspir'd by thee,
Bids a new Eden grow,
With blooming life on every tree,
And spreads a Heaven below.

She mocks the trumpet's loud alarms,
Fill'd with thy dreadful breath;
And calls the angelic hosts to arms,
To give the nations death.

But when she tastes her Saviour's love,
And feels the rapture strong,
Scarce the divinest harp above
Aims at a sweeter song.

DIVINE JUDGMENTS.

NOT from the dust my sorrows spring,
Nor drop my comforts from the lower skies:
Let all the baneful planets shed
Their mingled curses on my head,
How vain their curses, if th' Eternal King
Look through the clouds and bless me with his eyes!

Creatures with all their boasted sway
Are but his slaves, and must obey;
They wait their orders from above,
And execute his word, the vengeance, or the love.
'Tis by a warrant from his hand
The gentler gales are bound to sleep:
The north wind blusters, and assumes command
Over the desert and the deep;
Old Boreas with his freezing powers
Turns the earth iron, and makes the ocean glass,
Arrests the dancing rivulets as they pass,
And chains them moveless to their shores;
The grazing ox low's to the gelid skies,
Walks o'er the marble meads with withering eyes,
Walks o'er the solid lakes, snuffs up the wind, and dies.

Fly to the polar world, my song,
And mourn the pilgrims there (a wretched throng!)
Seiz'd and bound in rigid chains,
A troop of statues on the Russian plains,
And life stands frozen in the purple veins.
Atheist, forbear; no more blaspheme:
God has a thousand terrours in his name,
A thousand armies at command,
Waiting the signal of his hand,
And magazines of frost, and magazines of flame.
Dress thee in steel to meet his wrath;
His sharp artillery from the North [frame.
Shall pierce thee to the soul, and shake thy mortal
Sublime on Winter's rugged wings
He rides in arms along the sky,
And scatters fate on swains and kings;
And flocks and herds and nations die:
While impious lips, profanely bold,
Grow pale; and, quivering at his dreadful cold,
Give their own blasphemies the lie.

The mischiefs that infest the earth,
When the hot dog-star fires the realms on high,
Drought and disease, and cruel dearth,
Are but the flashes of a wrathful eye
From the incens'd Divinity.
In vain our parching palates thirst,
For vital food in vain we cry,
And pant for vital breath;
The verdant fields are burnt to dust,
The Sun has drunk the channels dry,
And all the air is death.
Ye scourges of our Maker's rod,
'Tis at his dread command, at his imperial nod,
You deal your various plagues abroad.

Hail, whirlwinds, hurricanes, and floods,
That all the leafy standards strip,
And bear down with a mighty sweep
The riches of the fields, and honours of the woods!
Storms, that ravage o'er the deep,
And bury millions in the waves;
Earthquakes, that in midnight sleep
Turn cities into heaps, and make our beds our graves!
While you dispense your mortal harms,
'Tis the Creator's voice that sounds your loud alarms,
When guilt with louder cries provokes a God to arms.

O for a message from above
To bear my spirits up!
Some pledge of my Creator's love
To calm my terrours and support my hope!
Let waves and thunders mix and roar,
Be thou my God, and the whole world is mine:
While thou art Sovereign, I'm secure;
I shall be rich till thou art poor; [Hell, are thine.
For all I fear, and all I wish, Heaven, Earth and

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

Hast thou not seen, impatient boy!
Hast thou not read the solemn truth,
That gray experience writes for giddy youth
On every mortal joy?
Pleasure must be dash'd with pain:
And yet, with heedless haste,
The thirsty boy repeats the taste,
Nor hearkens to despair, but tries the bowl again.
The rills of pleasure never run sincere,
(Earth has no unpolluted spring)
From the curs'd soil some dangerous taint they bear;
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

In vain we seek a Heaven below the sky;
The world has false, but flattering, charms;
Its distant joys show big in our esteem,
But lessen still as they draw near the eye;
In our embrace the visions die,
And when we grasp the airy forms
We lose the pleasing dream.

Earth, with her scenes of gay delight,
Is but a landscape rudely drawn,
With glaring colours, and false light;
Distance commends it to the sight,
For fools to gaze upon;
But bring the nauseous daubing nigh,
Coarse and confus'd the hideous figures lie,
Dissolve the pleasure, and offend the eye.

Look up, my soul, pant tow'rd th' eternal hills;
Those Heavens are fairer than they seem;
There pleasures all sincere glide on in crystal rills,
There not a dreg of guilt defiles,
Nor grief disturbs the stream.
That Canaan knows no noxious thing,
No cursed soil, no tainted spring,
Nor roses grow on thorns, nor honey wears a sting.

FELICITY ABOVE.

No: 'tis in vain to seek for bliss;
For bliss can ne'er be found
Till we arrive where Jesus is,
And tread on heavenly ground.

There's nothing round these painted skies,
Or round this dusty clod;
Nothing, my soul, that's worth thy joys,
Or lovely as thy God.

'Tis Heaven on Earth to taste his love,
To feel his quickening grace;
And all the Heaven I hope above
Is but to see his face.

Why move my years in slow delay?
O God of ages! why?
Let the spheres cleave, and mark my way
To the superior sky.

Dear Sovereign, break these vital strings
That bind me to my clay;
Take me, Uriel, on thy wings,
And stretch and soar away,

GOD'S DOMINION AND DECREES.

Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod:
The Muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God.

Life, Death, and Hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree:
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

Th' Almighty voice bid ancient Night
Her endless realms resign,
And lo, ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.

Now Wisdom with superior sway
Guides the vast moving frame,
While all the ranks of being pay
Deep reverence to his name.

He spake; the Sun obedient stood,
And held the falling day:
Old Jordan backward drives his flood,
And disappoints the sea.

Lord of the armies of the sky,
He marshals all the stars;
Red comets lift their banners high,
And wide proclaim his wars.

Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size
Drawn by th' eternal pen.

His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine:
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

Here he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown;
Anon the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives;
Nor dares the favourite-angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

My God, I never long'd to see
My fate with curious eyes,
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes shall rise.

In thy fair book of Life and Grace
May I but find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord the Lamb!

SELF-CONSECRATION.

It grieves me, Lord, it grieves me sore,
That I have liv'd to thee no more;
And wasted half my days;
My inward power shall burn and flame
With zeal and passion for thy name; [praise.
I would not speak, but for my God, nor move, but to his

What are my eyes, but aids to see
The glories of the Deity
Inscrib'd with beams of light
On flowers and stars? Lord, I behold
The shining azure, green and gold; [sight.
But when I try to read thy name, a dimness veils my

Mine ears are rais'd when Virgil sings
Sicilian swains, or Trojan kings,
And drink the music in:
Why should the trumpet's brazen voice,
Or oaten reed, awake my joys, [begin?
And yet my heart so stupid lies when sacred hymns

Change me, O God! my flesh shall be
An instrument of song to thee,
And thou the notes inspire:
My tongue shall keep the heavenly chime,
My cheerful pulse shall beat the time,
And sweet variety of sound shall in thy praise conspire.

The dearest nerve about my heart,
Should it refuse to bear a part
With my melodious breath,
I'd tear away the vital chord,
A bloody victim to my Lord, [in death.
And live without that impious string, or show my zeal

THE CREATOR AND CREATURES.

God is a name my soul adores,
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and Grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

From thy Great Self thy being springs;
Thou art thine own original,
Made up of uncreated things,
And Self-sufficience bears them all.

Thy voice produc'd the seas and spheres,
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like thy Self appears,
Through all these spacious works of thine.

Still restless Nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run:
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one:

A glance of thine runs through the globes,
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes;
Thy guards are form'd of living flame.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes this lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall affrighted mortals dare
To sing thy glory or thy grace,
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face?

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST.

"Shepherds, rejoice, lift up your eyes,
And send your fears away;
News from the region of the skies,
Salvation's born to-day.

"Jesus, the God whom angels fear,
Comes down to dwell with you;
To-day he makes his entrance here,
But not as monarchs do.

"No gold, nor purple swaddling-bands,
Nor royal shining things;
A manger for his cradle stands,
And holds the King of kings.

"Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,
And see his humble throne;
With tears of joy in all your eyes,
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

Thus Gabriel sang: and straight around
The heavenly armies throng;
They tune their harps to lofty sound,
And thus conclude the song:

"Glory to God that reigns above,
Let peace surround the Earth;
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,
At their Redeemer's birth."

Lord! and shall angels have their songs,
And men no tunes to raise?
O may we lose these useless tongues
When they forget to praise!

Glory to God that reigns above,
That pitied us forlorn!
We join to sing our Maker's love,
For there's a Saviour born.

GOD GLORIOUS, AND SINNERS SAVED.

Father, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known through the Earth by thousand signs,
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ;
They show the labour of thine hands,
Or impress of thy feet.

But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms;

Our thoughts are lost in reverend awe:
We love and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before.

Here the whole Deity is known;
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.

When sinners broke the Father's laws,
The dying Son atones:
Oh, the dear mysteries of his cross!
The triumph of his groans!

Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains;
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joys shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

THE HUMBLE INQUIRY.

A French Sonnet imitated. 1695.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens, &c.

Grace rules below, and sits enthron'd above,
How few the sparks of wrath! how slow they move,
And drop and die in boundless seas of love!

But me, vile wretch! should pitying Love embrace
Deep in its ocean, Hell itself would blaze,
And flash, and burn me through the boundless seas.

Yea, Lord, my guilt, to such a vastness grown,
Seems to confine thy choice to wrath alone,
And calls thy power to vindicate thy throne.

Thine honour bids, "avenge thine injur'd name,"
Thy slighted loves a dreadful glory claim,
While my moist tears might but incense thy flame.

Should Heaven grow black, almighty thunder roar,
And vengeance blast me, I could plead no more,
But own thy justice dying, and adore.

Yet can those bolts of Death, that cleave the flood
To reach a rebel, pierce this sacred shroud,
Ting'd in the vital stream of my Redeemer's blood?

THE PENITENT PARDONED.

Hence from my soul, my Sins, depart!
Your fatal friendship now I see:
Long have you dwelt too near my heart;
Hence, to eternal distance flee!

Ye gave my dying Lord his wound;
Yet I caress'd your viperous brood,
And in my heart-strings lapp'd you round,
You, the vile murderers of my God.

Black heavy thoughts, like mountains, roll
O'er my poor breast, with boding fears,
And, crushing hard my tortur'd soul,
Wring through my eyes the briny tears.

Forgive my treasons, Prince of Grace!
The bloody Jews were traitors too;
Yet thou hast pray'd for that curs'd race,
"Father, they know not what they do."

Great Advocate, look down and see
A wretch, whose smarting sorrows bleed;
O plead the same excuse for me!
For, Lord, I knew not what I did.

Peace, my complaints! Let every groan
Be still, and silence wait his love;
Compassions dwell amidst his throne,
And through his inmost bowels move.

Lo, from the everlasting skies,
Gently, as morning-dews distil,
The dove immortal downward flies,
With peaceful olive in his bill.

How sweet the voice of pardon sounds!
Sweet the relief to deep distress:
I feel the balm that heals my wounds,
And all my powers adore the grace.

A HYMN OF PRAISE

FOR THREE GREAT SALVATIONS.

VIZ.

1. From the Spanish Invasion, 1588.
2. From the Gun-powder Plot, Nov. 5.
3. From Popery and Slavery by K. WILLIAM of Glorious Memory, who landed Nov. 5. 1688.

Composed Nov. 5, 1695.

INFINITE God, thy counsels stand
Like mountains of eternal brass,
Pillars to prop our sinking land,
Or guardian rocks to break the seas.

From pole to pole thy name is known,
Thee a whole Heaven of angels praise;
Our labouring tongues would reach thy throne
With the loud triumphs of thy grace.

Part of thy church, by thy command,
Stands rais'd upon the British isles;
"There," said the Lord, "to ages stand,
Firm as the everlasting hills."

In vain the Spanish ocean roar'd;
Its billows swell'd against our shore,
Its billows sunk beneath thy word,
With all the floating war they bore.

"Come," said the sons of bloody Rome,
"Let us provide new arms from Hell;"
And down they digg'd through Earth's dark womb,
And ransack'd all the burning cell.

Old Satan lent them fiery stores,
Infernal coal, and sulphurous flame,
And all that burns, and all that roars,
Outrageous fires of dreadful name.

Beneath the senate and the throne
Engines of hellish thunder lay;
There the dark seeds of fire were sown,
To spring a bright but dismal day.

Thy Love beheld the black design,
Thy Love, that guards our island round;
Strange! how it quench'd the fiery mine,
And crush'd the tempest under ground.

THE SECOND PART.

Assume, my tongue, a nobler strain,
Sing the new wonders of the Lord;
The foes revive their powers again,
Again they die beneath his sword.

Dark as our thoughts our minutes roll,
While tyranny possess'd the throne,
And murderers of an Irish soul
Ran, threatening death, through every town.

The Romish priest and British prince
Join'd their best force, and blackest charms,
And the fierce troops of neighbouring France
Offer'd the service of their arms.

"'Tis done," they cried, and laugh'd aloud:
The courts of darkness rang with joy,
Th' old Serpent hiss'd, and Hell grew proud,
While Zion mourn'd her ruin nigh.

But lo, the great deliverer sails,
Commission'd from Jehovah's hand,
And smiling seas, and wishing gales,
Convey him to the longing land.

The happy day[1], and happy year,
Both in our new salvation meet:
The day[2] that quench'd the burning snare,
The year that burnt th' invading fleet.

Now did thine arm, O God of Hosts,
Now did thine arm shine dazzling bright;
The sons of might their hands had lost,
And men of blood forgot to fight.

Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
And guarded William to his throne:
There, ye celestial warriors, stay,
And make his palace like your own.

Then, mighty God, the Earth shall know
And learn the worship of the sky:
Angels and Britons join below,
To raise their Hallelujahs high.

All Hallelujah, heavenly King!
While distant lands thy victory sing,
And tongues their utmost powers employ,
The world's bright roof repeats the joy.

THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

FAR in the Heavens my God retires,
My God, the mark of my desires,
And hides his lovely face;
When he descends within my view,
He charms my reason to pursue,
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chase.

Or if I reach unusual height
Till near his presence brought,
There floods of glory check my flight,
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,
And all untune my thought;
Plung'd in a sea of light I roll,
Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines;
Infinite rays in crossing lines
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm my soul.

Come to my aid, ye fellow-minds,
And help me reach the throne;
(What single strength in vain designs,
United force hath done;

[1] Nov. 5, 1688. [2] Nov. 5, 1588.

Thus worms may join, and grasp the poles,
Thus atoms fill the sea)
But the whole race of creature-souls,
Stretch'd to their last extent of thought, plunge and
are lost in thee.

Great God! behold, my reason lies
Adoring; yet my love would rise
On pinions not her own:
Faith shall direct her humble flight,
Through all the trackless seas of light,
To thee, th' Eternal Fair, the Infinite Unknown.

DEATH AND ETERNITY.

My thoughts, that often mount the skies,
Go, search the world beneath,
Where Nature in all ruin lies,
And owns her sovereign, Death.

The tyrant, how he triumphs here!
His trophies spread around!
And heaps of dust and bones appear
Through all the hollow ground.

These skulls, what ghastly figures now!
How loathsome to the eyes!
These are the heads we lately knew
So beauteous and so wise.

But where the souls, those deathless things,
That left this dying clay?
My thoughts, now stretch out all your wings,
And trace Eternity.

O that unfathomable sea!
Those deeps without a shore!
Where living waters gently play,
Or fiery billows roar.

Thus must we leave the banks of life,
And try this doubtful sea;
Vain are our groans, and dying strife,
To gain a moment's stay.

There we shall swim in heavenly bliss,
Or sink in flaming waves,
While the pale carcass thoughtless lies
Among the silent graves.

Some hearty friend shall drop his tear
On our dry bones, and say,
"These once were strong, as mine appear,
And mine must be as they."

Thus shall our mouldering members teach
What now our senses learn;
For dust and ashes loudest preach
Man's infinite concern.

A SIGHT OF HEAVEN IN SICKNESS.

Oft have I sat in secret sighs,
To feel my flesh decay,
Then groan'd aloud with frighted eyes,
To view the tottering clay.

But I forbid my sorrows now,
Nor dares the flesh complain;
Diseases bring their profit too;
The joy o'ercomes the pain.

My cheerful Soul now all the day
Sits waiting here and sings;
Looks through the ruins of her clay,
And practises her wings.

Faith almost changes into sight,
While from afar she spies
Her fair inheritance, in light
Above created skies.

Had but the prison walls been strong,
And firm without a flaw,
In darkness she had dwelt too long,
And less of glory saw.

But now the everlasting hills
Through every chink appear,
And something of the joy she feels
While she's a prisoner here.

The shines of Heaven rush sweetly in
At all the gaping flaws:
Visions of endless bliss are seen,
And native air she draws.

O may these walls stand tottering still,
The breaches never close,
If I must here in darkness dwell,
And all this glory lose!

Or rather let this flesh decay,
The ruins wider grow,
Till, glad to see th' enlarged way,
I stretch'd my pinions through.

THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH.

PSALM CXLVIII. PARAPHRASED.

Praise ye the Lord with joyful tongue,
Ye powers that guard his throne;
Jesus the Man shall lead the song,
The God inspire the tune.

Gabriel, and all th' immortal choir
That fill the realms above,
Sing; for he form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.

Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode,
Or veil your little twinkling eyes
Before a brighter God.

Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

Blush, and refund the honours paid
To your inferior names:
Tell the blind world, your orbs are fed
By his o'erflowing flames.

Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud
Through the ethereal blue;
For, when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.

Thunder and hail, and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore:

While monsters, sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker-God,
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young Zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whispering through the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow:
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning-sky:
While grovelling beasts attempt his praise
In hoarser harmony.

Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound,
Echo the glories of your King
Through all the nations round.

Th' eternal name must fly abroad
From Britain to Japan;
And the whole race shall bow to God,
That owns the name of man.

THE ATHEIST'S MISTAKE.

Laugh, ye profane, and swell and burst
With bold impiety:
Yet shall ye live for ever curst,
And seek in vain to die.

The gasp of your expiring breath
Consigns your souls to chains,
By the last agonies of death
Sent down to fiercer pains.

Ye stand upon a dreadful steep,
And all beneath is Hell:
Your weighty guilt will sink you deep,
Where the old Serpent fell.

When iron slumbers bind your flesh,
With strange surprise you'll find
Immortal vigour spring afresh,
And tortures wake the mind.

Then you'll confess, the frightful names
Of plagues you scorn'd before,
No more shall look like idle dreams,
Like foolish tales no more.

Then shall ye curse that fatal day,
(With flames upon your tongues)
When you exchang'd your souls away
For vanity and songs.

Behold, the saints rejoice to die,
For Heaven shines round their heads;
And angel-guards, prepar'd to fly,
Attend their fainting beds.

Their longing spirits part, and rise
To their celestial seat;
Above these ruinable skies
They make their last retreat.

Hence, ye profane! I hate your ways,
I walk with pious souls;
There's a wide diff'rence in our race,
And distant are our goals.

THE LAW GIVEN AT SINAI.

Arm thee with thunder, heavenly Muse,
And keep th' expecting world in awe;
Oft hast thou sung in gentler mood
The melting mercies of thy God;
Now give thy fiercest fires a loose,
And sound his dreadful law:
To Israel first the words were spoke,
To Israel freed from Egypt's yoke,
Inhuman bondage! The hard galling load
Over-press'd their feeble souls,
Bent their knees to senseless bulls,
And broke their ties to God.

Now had they pass'd th' Arabian bay,
And march'd between the cleaving sea; [way,
The rising waves stood guardians of their wondrous
But fell with most impetuous force
On the pursuing swarms,
And bury'd Egypt all in arms,
Blending in watery death the rider and the horse:
O'er struggling Pharaoh roll'd the mighty tide,
And sav'd the labours of a pyramid.
Apis and Ore in vain he cries,
And all his horned gods beside;
He swallows fate with swimming eyes,
And curs'd the Hebrews as he died.

Ah! foolish Israel, to comply
With Memphian idolatry!
And bow to brutes (a stupid slave),
To idols impotent to save!
Behold thy God, the sovereign of the sky,
Has wrought salvation in the deep,
Has bound thy foes in iron sleep,
And rais'd thine honours high:
His grace forgives thy follies past,
Behold, he comes in majesty,
And Sinai's top proclaims his law:
Prepare to meet thy God in haste;
But keep an awful distance still:
Let Moses round the sacred hill
The circling limits draw.

Hark! the shrill echoes of the trumpet roar,
And call the trembling armies near:
Slow and unwilling they appear;
Rails kept them from the mount before,
Now from the rails their fear:
'Twas the same herald, and the trump the same
Which shall be blown by high command,
Shall bid the wheels of Nature stand,
And Heaven's eternal will proclaim,

That time shall be no more.

Thus while the labouring angel swell'd the sound,
And rent the skies, and shook the ground,
Up rose th' Almighty; round his sapphire seat
Adoring thrones in order fell;
The lesser powers at distance dwell,
And cast their glories down successive at his feet:
Gabriel the Great prepares his way,
"Lift up your heads, eternal doors!" he cries;
Th' eternal doors his word obey,
Open, and shoot celestial day
Upon the lower skies.

Heaven's mighty pillars bow'd their head,
As their Creator bid,
And down Jehovah rode from the superior sphere,
A thousand guards before, and myriads in the rear.

His chariot was a pitchy cloud,
The wheels beset with burning gems;
The winds in harness with the flames
Flew o'er th' ethereal road;
Down through his magazines he pass'd
Of hail, and ice, and fleecy snow;
Swift roll'd the triumph, and as fast
Did hail, and ice, in melted rivers flow.
The day was mingled with the night,
His feet on solid darkness trod,
His radiant eyes proclaim'd the God,
And scatter'd dreadful light;
He breath'd, and sulphur ran, a fiery stream:
He spoke, and (though with unknown speed he came)
Chid the slow tempest, and the lagging flame.

Sinai receiv'd his glorious flight;
With axle red, and glowing wheel,
Did the winged chariot light,
And rising smoke obscur'd the burning hill.
Lo, it mounts in curling waves;
Lo, the gloomy pride out-braves
The stately pyramids of fire:
The pyramids to Heaven aspire, [higher.
And mix with stars, but see their gloomy offspring
So have you seen ungrateful ivy grow
Round the tall oak that six-score years has stood,
And proudly shoot a leaf or two
Above its kind supporter's utmost bough,
And glory there to stand the loftiest of the wood.

Forbear, young Muse, forbear;
The flowery things that poets say,
The little arts of simile
Are vain and useless here;
Nor shall the burning hills of old
With Sinai be compar'd,
Nor all that lying Greece has told,
Or learned Rome has heard;
Etna shall be nam'd no more,
Etna the torch of Sicily;
Not half so high
Her lightnings fly,
Not half so loud her thunders roar
Cross the Sicanian sea, to fright th' Italian shore.
Behold the sacred hill: its trembling spire
Quakes at the terrours of the fire
While all below its verdant feet
Stagger and reel under th' Almighty weight:
Press'd with a greater than feign'd Atlas' load,
Deep groan'd the mount; it never bore
Infinity before,
It bow'd, and shook beneath the burthen of a God.

Fresh horrours seize the camp; despair,
And dying groans, torment the air,
And shrieks, and swoons, and deaths were there:
The bellowing thunder, and the lightning's blaze
Spread through the host a wild amaze;
Darkness on every soul, and pale was every face:
Confus'd and dismal were the cries,
"Let Moses speak, or Israel dies:"
Moses the spreading terrour feels,
No more the Man of God conceals
His shivering and surprise;
Yet, with recovering mind, commands [bands.
Silence, and deep attention, through the Hebrew

Hark! from the centre of the flame,
All arm'd and feather'd with the same,
Majestic sounds break through the smoky cloud:
Sent from the All-creating tongue,
A flight of cherubs guard the words along,
And bear their fiery law to the retreating crowd.

"I am the Lord: 'Tis I proclaim
That glorious and that fearful name,
Thy God and King: 'twas I that broke
Thy bondage, and th' Egyptian yoke;
Mine is the right to speak my will,
And thine the duty to fulfil.
Adore no God beside me, to provoke mine eyes:
Nor worship me in shapes and forms that men de- [to jest;
vise;
With reverence use my name, nor turn my words
Observe my sabbath well, nor dare profane my rest;
Honour and due obedience to thy parents give;
Nor spill the guiltless blood, nor let the guilty live:
Preserve thy body chaste, and flee th' unlawful bed;
Nor steal thy neighbour's gold, his garment, or his bread;
Forbear to blast his name with falsehood, or deceit;
Nor let thy wishes loose upon his large estate."

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR, &c.

ECCLES. XIII.

Children, to your Creator, God,
Your early honours pay,
While vanity and youthful blood
Would tempt your thoughts astray.

The memory of his mighty name
Demands your first regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner flame,
Till you have lov'd the Lord.

Be wise, and make his favour sure,
Before the mournful days,
When youth and mirth are known no more,
And life and strength decays.

No more the blessings of a feast
Shall relish on the tongue;
The heavy ear forgets the taste
And pleasure of a song.

Old age, with all her dismal train,
Invades your golden years
With sighs and groans, and raging pain,
And Death, that never spares.

What will ye do when light departs,
And leaves your withering eyes
Without one beam, to cheer your hearts,
From the superior skies?

How will you meet God's frowning brow,
Or stand before his seat,
While nature's old supporters bow,
Nor bear their tottering weight?

Can you expect your feeble arms
Shall make a strong defence,
When Death, with terrible alarms,
Summons the prisoner hence?

The silver bands of nature burst,
And let the building fall;
The flesh goes down to mix with dust,
Its vile original.

Laden with guilt (a heavy load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiven,
The soul returns t' an angry God,
To be shut out from Heaven.

SUN, MOON, AND STARS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Fairest of all the lights above,
Thou Sun, whose beams adorn the spheres,
And with unwearied swiftness move,
To form the circles of our years;

Praise the Creator of the skies,
That dress'd thine orb in golden rays;
Or may the Sun forget to rise,
If he forget his Maker's praise!

Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver Moon,
Whose gentle beams and borrow'd light
Are softer rivals of the noon;

Arise, and to that Sovereign Power
Waxing and waning honours pay,
Who bade thee rule the dusky hour,
And half supply the absent day.

Ye twinkling Stars, who gild the skies
When darkness has its curtains drawn,
Who keep your watch, with wakeful eyes,
When business, cares, and day, are gone:

Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
Dispers'd through all the heavenly street,
Whose boundless treasures can afford
So rich a pavement for his feet.

Thou Heaven of Heavens, supremely bright,
Fair palace of the court divine,
Where, with inimitable light,
The Godhead condescends to shine;

Praise thou thy great inhabitant,
Who scatters lovely beams of grace
On every angel, every saint,
Nor veils the lustre of his face.

O God of Glory, God of Love,
Thou art the Sun that makes our days:
With all thy shining works above,
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise.

THE WELCOME MESSENGER.

Lord, when we see a saint of thine
Lie gasping out his breath,
With longing eyes, and looks divine,
Smiling and pleas'd in death;

How we could ev'n contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed!
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls are rising on the wing,
To venture in his place;
For, when grim Death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

Jesus, then, purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears;
'Tis guilt gives Death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

Oh! if my threatening sins were gone,
And Death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath, and all my cares,
Amidst those heavenly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh, without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

SINCERE PRAISE.

Almighty Maker, God!
How wondrous is thy name!
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through the creation's frame!

Nature in every dress
Her humble homage pays,
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.

In native white and red
The rose and lily stand,
And, free from pride, their beauties spread,
To show thy skilful hand.

The lark mounts up the sky,
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

My soul would rise and sing
To her Creator too;
Fain would my tongue adore my King,
And pay the worship due.

But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform;
Curs'd pride, that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design;
Some of the favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

The very songs I frame
Are faithless to thy cause,
And steal the honours of thy name
To build their own applause.

Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er be true,
Until 'tis form'd again.

Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above;
Melt me in flames of pure desire,
A sacrifice to love.

Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God, my soul, ascend,
In sweet perfumes of praise.

TRUE LEARNING.

PARTLY IMITATED FROM A FRENCH SONNET OF M. POIRET

Happy the feet that shining Truth has led
With her own hand to tread the path she please,
To see her native lustre round her spread,
Without a veil, without a shade,
All beauty, and all light, as in herself she is!

Our senses cheat us with the pressing crowds
Of painted shapes they thrust upon the mind:
The truth they show lies wrapp'd in sevenfold shrouds,
Our senses cast a thousand clouds
On unenlighten'd souls, and leave them doubly blind.

I hate the dust that fierce disputers raise,
And lose the mind in a wild maze of thought:
What empty triflings, and what empty ways,
To fence and guard by rule and rote! [not.
Our God will never charge us, That we knew them

Touch, heavenly Word, O touch these curious souls:
Since I have heard but one soft hint from thee,
From all the vain opinions of the schools
(That pageantry of knowing fools)
I feel my powers releas'd, and stand divinely free.

'Twas this Almighty Word that all things made,
He grasps whole Nature in his single hand;
All the eternal truths in him are laid,
The ground of all things, and their head, [stand.
The circle where they move, and centre where they

Without his aid I have no sure defence,
From troops of errours that besiege me round;
But he that rests his reason and his sense
Fast here, and never wanders hence,
Unmoveable he dwells upon unshaken ground.

Infinite Truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me:
I'm tir'd with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tir'd of telling thee,
"'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see."

Speak to my soul, alone; no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art:
All nature, silent in his presence stand;
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart.

Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire;
My knowledge now on wheels of fire
May mount and spread above, surveying all below.

The Lord grows lavish of his heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

TRUE WISDOM.

Pronounce him blest, my Muse, whom Wisdom guides
In her own path to her own heavenly seat;
Through all the storms his soul securely glides,
Nor can the tempests, nor the tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady feet.

Earth, you may let your golden arrows fly,
And seek, in vain, a passage to his breast,
Spread all your painted toys to court his eye;
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his soul aside from her eternal rest.

Our headstrong lusts, like a young fiery horse,
Start and flee, raging in a violent course; [them,
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides
Checks their career, and turns and guides them,
And bids his reason bridle their licentious force.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
While he looks down and pities human faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find,
A plague like reigning passions, and a subject mind.

But oh! 'tis mighty toil to reach this height,
To vanquish self is a laborious art;
What manly courage to sustain the fight,
To bear the noble pain, and part [heart!
With those dear charming tempters rooted in the

'Tis hard to stand when all the passions move,
Hard to awake the eye that passion blinds;
To rend and tear out this unhappy love,
That clings so close about our minds,
And where th' enchanted soul so sweet a poison finds.

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heavenly fire,
Come to my breast, and with one powerful ray
Melt off my lusts, my fetters: I can bear
A while to be a tenant here,
But not be chain'd and prison'd in a cage of clay.

Heaven is my home, and I must use my wings;
Sublime above the globe my flight aspires:
I have a soul was made to pity kings,
And all their little glittering things;
I have a soul was made for infinite desires.

Loos'd from the Earth, my heart is upward flown;
Farewell, my friends, and all that once was mine:
Now, should you fix my feet on Cæsar's throne,
Crown me, and call the world my own, [confine.
The gold that binds my brows could ne'er my soul

I am the Lord's, and Jesus is my love;
He, the dear God, shall fill my vast desire.
My flesh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my Saviour move;
There all my soul shall centre, all my pow'rs conspire.

Thus I with angels live; thus half-divine
I sit on high, nor mind inferior joys:
Fill'd with his love, I feel that God is mine,
His glory is my great design,
That everlasting project all my thoughts employs.

A SONG TO CREATING WISDOM.

PART I.

Eternal Wisdom, thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings:
With thy loud name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And Heaven's high palace rings.

Place me on the bright wings of Day
To travel with the Sun;
With what amaze shall I survey
The wonders thou hast done!

Thy hand how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

There thou hast bid the globes of light
Their endless circles run;
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the Sun.

PART II.

Downward I turn my wondering eyes
On clouds and storms below,
Those under-regions of the skies
Thy numerous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings they sweep the air,
To make thy chariot way.

There, like a trumpet, loud and strong,
Thy thunder shakes our coast;
While the red lightnings wave along,
The banners of thine host.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around:
At thy command they sink, and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

PART III.

Now to the Earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along;
Blest Isles, confess your God.

How did his wondrous skill array
Your fields in charming green!
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between.

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.

The bleating flocks his pasture feeds:
And herds of larger size,
That bellow through the Lindian meads,
His bounteous hand supplies.

PART IV.

We see the Thames caress the shores:
He guides her silver flood;
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears her ruler, God.

The rolling mountains of the deep
Observe his strong command;
His breath can raise the billows steep,
Or sink them to the sand.

Amidst thy watery kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush through the northern sea.

PART V.

Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the gazing sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terrour and delight.

Infinite strength, and equal skill,
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God.

But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine in Jesu's face
We see, adore, and love.

GOD'S ABSOLUTE DOMINION.

Lord, when my thoughtful soul surveys
Fire, air, and earth, and stars, and seas,
I call them all thy slaves;
Commission'd by my Father's will,
Poisons shall cure, or balms shall kill;
Vernal suns, or Zephyr's breath,
May burn or blast the plants to death
That sharp December saves;
What can winds or planets boast
But a precarious power?
The Sun is all in darkness lost,
Frost shall be fire, and fire be frost,
When he appoints the hour.

Lo, the Norwegians near the polar sky
Chafe their frozen limbs with snow;
Their frozen limbs awake and glow;
The vital flame, touch'd with a strange supply,
Rekindles, for the God of life is nigh;
He bids the vital flood in wonted circles flow.
Cold steel, expos'd to northern air,
Drinks the meridian fury of the midnight Bear,
And burns th' unwary stranger there.

Inquire, my soul, of ancient Fame,
Look back two thousand years, and see
Th' Assyrian prince transform'd a brute,
For boasting to be absolute:
Once to his court the God of Israel came,
A King more absolute than he.
I see the furnace blaze with rage
Sevenfold: I see amidst the flame
Three Hebrews of immortal name:
They move, they walk across the burning stage
Unhurt, and fearless, while the tyrant stood
A statue; fear congeal'd his blood;
Nor did the raging element dare
Attempt their garments, or their hair:
It knew the Lord of nature there.

Nature, compell'd by a superior cause,
Now breaks her own eternal laws,

Now seems to break them, and obeys
Her sovereign King in different ways.
Father, how bright thy glories shine!
How broad thy kingdom, how divine!
Nature, and Miracle, and Fate, and Chance, are thine.

Hence from my heart, ye idols, flee,
Ye sounding names of vanity;
No more my lips shall sacrifice
To chance and nature, tales and lies:
Creatures without a God can yield me no supplies.
What is the sun, or what the shade,
Or frosts, or flames, to kill or save?
His favour is my life, his lips pronounce me dead;
And, as his awful dictates bid,
Earth is my mother, or my grave.

CONDESCENDING GRACE.

IN IMITATION OF THE CXIVTH PSALM.

When the Eternal bows the skies,
To visit earthly things,
With scorn divine he turns his eyes
From towers of haughty kings;

Rides on a cloud disdainful by
A sultan, or a czar,
Laughs at the worms that rise so high,
Or frowns them from afar:

He bids his awful chariot roll
Far downward from the skies,
To visit every humble soul,
With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord that reigns above
Disdain so lofty kings?
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love
Upon such worthless things?

Mortals, be dumb: what creature dares
Dispute his awful will?
Ask no account of his affairs,
But tremble, and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,
All sovereign, and all free;
Great God, how searchless are thy ways!
How deep thy judgments be!

THE INFINITE.

Some seraph, lend your heavenly tongue,
Or harp of golden string,
That I may raise a lofty song
To our Eternal King.

Thy names, how infinite they be!
Great Everlasting One!
Boundless thy might and majesty,
And unconfin'd thy throne.

Thy glories shine of wondrous size,
And wondrous large thy grace;
Immortal day breaks from thine eyes,
And Gabriel veils his face.

Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound,
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drown'd.

The mysteries of creation lie
Beneath enlighten'd minds;
Thoughts can ascend above the sky,
And fly before the winds.

Reason may grasp the massy hills,
And stretch from pole to pole;
But half thy name our spirit fills,
And overloads our soul.

In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in thee
But boundless unconceivables,
And vast eternity.

CONFESSION AND PARDON.

Alas, my aching heart!
Here the keen torment lies;
It racks my waking hours with smart,
And frights my slumbering eyes.

Guilt will be hid no more,
My griefs take vent apace;
The crimes that blot my conscience o'er
Flush crimson in my face.

My sorrows, like a flood
Impatient of restraint,
Into thy bosom, O my God,
Pour out a long complaint.

This impious heart of mine
Could once defy the Lord,
Could rush with violence on to sin,
In presence of thy sword.

How often have I stood
A rebel to the skies,
The calls, the tenders of a God,
And mercy's loudest cries!

He offers all his grace,
And all his heaven, to me;
Offers! but 'tis to senseless brass,
That cannot feel nor see.

Jesus the Saviour stands
To court me from above,
And looks and spreads his wounded hands,
And shows the prints of love.

But I, a stupid fool,
How long have I withstood
The blessings purchas'd with his soul,
And paid for all in blood!

The heavenly Dove came down
And tender'd me his wings,
To mount me upward to a crown,
And bright immort'l things.

Lord, I'm asham'd to say
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit griev'd away
To his own realms of love.

Not all thine heavenly charms,
Nor terrours of thy hand,
Could force me to lay down my arms,
And bow to thy command.

Lord, 'tis against thy face
My sins like arrows rise,
And yet, and yet (O matchless grace!)
Thy thunder silent lies.

O shall I never feel
The meltings of thy love?
Am I such hell-harden'd steel
That mercy cannot move?

Now for one powerful glance,
Dear Saviour, from thy face;
This rebel heart no more withstands,
But sinks beneath thy grace.

O'ercome by dying love I fall,
Here at thy cross I lie;
And throw my flesh, my soul, my all,
And weep, and love, and die.

"Rise," says the Prince of Mercy, "rise,"
With joy and pity in his eyes:
"Rise, and behold my wounded veins,
Here flows the blood to wash thy stains.

"See my Great Father reconcil'd:"
He said. And lo, the Father smil'd:
The joyful cherubs clapp'd their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

YOUNG MEN AND MAIDENS, OLD MEN AND BABES, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PLALM CXLVIII. 12.

Sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whose veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
And wields your active limbs, with hardy sinews strung;
Fall prostrate at th' eternal throne
Whence your precarious powers depend;
Nor swell as if your lives were all your own,
But choose your Maker for your friend;
His favour is your life, his arm is your support,
His hand can stretch your days, or cut your minutes short.

Virgins, who roll your artful eyes,
And shoot delicious danger thence;
Swift the lovely lightning flies,
And melts our reason down to sense;
Boast not of those withering charms,
That must yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
But love the Author of your smiling face;
That heavenly bridegroom claims your blooming hours:
O make it your perpetual care
To please that Everlasting Fair;
His beauties are the sun, and but the shade is yours.

Infants, whose different destinies
Are wove with threads of different size,
But from the same spring-tide of tears
Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears,
(A tedious train!) and date your following years:
Break your first silence in his praise
Who wrought your wondrous frame:
With sounds of tenderest accent raise
Young honours to his name;
And consecrate your early days
To know the Power supreme.

Ye heads of venerable age,
Just marching off the mortal stage,
Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
As long as e'er the glass of life would run,
Adore the hand that led your way
Through flowery fields a fair long summer's day;
Gasp out your soul in praises to the sovereign power
That set your west so distant from your dawning hour.

FLYING FOWL, AND CREEPING THINGS, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII. 10.

Sweet flocks, whose soft enamell'd wing
Swift and gently cleaves the sky;
Whose charming notes address the Spring
With an artless harmony:
Lovely minstrels of the field,
Who in leafy shadows sit,
And your wondrous structures build,
Awake your tuneful voices with the dawning light:
To Nature's God your first devotions pay,
Ere you salute the rising day;
'Tis he calls up the Sun, and gives him every ray.

Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining back
Numerous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colours make;
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire:
In harmless play twist and unfold
The volumes of your scaly gold:
That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise.

Insects and mites, of mean degree,
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by Wisdom's artful hand,
And curl'd and painted with a various dye;
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown,
And bends his lofty counsels down
To despicable worms.

THE COMPARISON AND COMPLAINT.

Infinite Power, Eternal Lord,
How sovereign is thy hand!
All Nature rose t' obey thy word,
And moves at thy command.

With steady course thy shining Sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.

But ah! how wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.

The raging fire, and stormy sea,
Perform thine awful will,
And every beast and every tree
Thy great designs fulfil:

While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
And flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.

Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee;
Creatures, that never knew thy name,
That never lov'd like me?

Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine;
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.

Seize my whole frame into thy hand;
Here all my powers I bring:
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern every spring.

Then shall my feet go more depart,
Nor wandering senses rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

Then not the Sun shall more than I
His Maker's law perform,
Nor travel swifter though the sky,
Nor with a zeal so warm.

GOD SUPREME AND SELF-SUFFICIENT.

What is our God, or what his name,
Nor men can learn, nor angels teach:
He dwells conceal'd in radiant flame,
Where neither eyes nor thoughts can reach.

The spacious worlds of heavenly light,
Compar'd with him, how short they fall!
They are too dark, and he too bright.
Nothing are they, and God is All.

He spoke the wondrous word, and lo
Creation rose at his command:
Whilwinds and seas their limits know,
Bound in the hollow of his hand.

There rests the Earth, there roll the spheres,
There Nature leans, and feels her prop:
But his own self-sufficience bears
The weight of his own glories up.

The tide of creatures ebbs and flows,
Measuring their changes by the Moon:
No ebb his sea of glory knows,
His age is one eternal Moon.

Then fly, my song, an endless round,
The lofty tune let Michael raise;
All Nature dwell upon the sound,
But we can ne'er fulfil the praise.

JESUS THE ONLY SAVIOUR.

Adam, our father and our head,
Transgress'd; and justice doom'd us dead:
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies;
"Seraphs, the mighty and the wise,
Say, what expedient can you give?
That sin be damn'd, and sinners live?

"Speak, are you strong to bear the load,
The weighty vengeance of a God?
Which of you loves our wretched race,
Or dares to venture in our place?"

In vain we ask: for all around
Stands silence through the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

But, O unutterable grace!
Th' Eternal Son takes Adam's place:
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked arms, and dies.

Justice was pleas'd to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose: The law could ask no more.

Amazing work! Look down, ye skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;
Ye heavenly thrones, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

See, how they bend! see, how they look!
Long they had read th' eternal book,
And studied dark decrees in vain:
The cross and Calvary makes them plain.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
"The wisdom of a Deity!"

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming hosts ador'd:
And say, dear Conqueror, say, how long
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Lo, from afar the promis'd day
Shines with a well-distinguish'd ray;
But my wing'd passion hardly bears
These lengths of slow delaying years.

Send down a chariot from above,
With fiery wheels, and pav'd with love;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

LOOKING UPWARD.

The heavens invite mine eye,
The stars salute me round;
Father, I blush, I mourn to lie
Thus grovelling on the ground.

My warmer spirits move,
And make attempts to fly;
I wish aloud for wings of love
To raise me swift and high.

Beyond those crystal vaults,
And all their sparkling balls;
They're but the porches to thy courts,
And paintings on thy walls.

Vain world, farewell to you;
Heaven is my native air:
I bid my friends a short adieu,
Impatient to be there.

I feel my powers releas'd
From their old fleshy clod;
Fair guardian, bear me up in haste,
And set me near my God.

CHRIST DYING, RISING, AND REIGNING.

He dies! the heavenly lover dies!
The tidings strike a doleful sound
On my poor heart-strings: deep he lies
In the cold caverns of the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
On the dear bosom of your God:
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of Glory dies for men!
But lo, what sudden joys I see!
Jesus the dead revives again.

The rising God forsakes the tomb,
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our Great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of Hell,
And led the monster Death in chains.

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, Where's his sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

THE GOD OF THUNDER.

O the immense, th' amazing height,
The boundless grandeur of our God,
Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks; and lo, all Nature shakes,
Heaven's everlasting pillars bow;
He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
And shoots his fiery arrows through.

Well, let the nations start and fly
At the blue lightning's horrid glare,
Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
When flame and noise torment the air.

Let noise and flame confound the skies,
And drown the spacious realms below;
Yet will we sing the Thunderer's praise,
And send our loud Hosannas through.

Celestial King, thy blazing power
Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
And echo to our Father's voice.

Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
And lightnings round his chariot play:
Ye lightnings, fly to make him room;
Ye glorious storms, prepare his way!

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT,

AN ODE.

Attempted in English Sapphic.

When the fierce North-wind with his airy forces
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury;
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,
How the poor sailors stand amaz'd and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terrour when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of Heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
See the graves open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

Hark, the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horrour, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eye-lids, while the living worm
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heart-strings,
And the smart tinges, when the eye beholds the
Lofty Judge frowning, and a flood of vengeance
Rolling afore him.

Hopeless immortals! how they scream and shiver,
While devils push them to the pit wide-yawning
Hideous and gloomy to receive them headlong
Down to the centre!

Stop here, my fancy: (all away, ye horrid
Doleful ideas!) come, arise to Jesus,
How he sits God-like! and the saints around him
Thron'd, yet adoring!

O may I sit there when he comes triumphant,
Dooming the nations! then ascend to glory,
While our Hosannas all along the passage
Shout the Redeemer.

THE SONG OF ANGELS ABOVE.

Earth has detain'd me prisoner long,
And I'm grown weary now;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
And upward glance mine eyes;
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

There the dear Man, my Saviour, sits,
The God, how bright he shines!
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

Jesus the Lord their harps employs,
Jesus my love they sing;
Jesus, the name of both our joys
Sounds sweet from every string.

Hark, how beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak in most majestic sounds
The Godhead of the Son!

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Or heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man!
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure, without a stain,
His soul without a sin.

Then, how he look'd, and how he smil'd,
What wondrous things he said!
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jesus did.

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays;
He bids the dumb attempt to speak,
They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Where-e'er he turn'd his eye;
He spoke, and at the sovereign sound
The hellish legions fly.

Thus while with unambitious strife
Th' ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprise;
The rest in silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and saint, with drooping wings,
Cease their harmonious breath;
No blooming trees, nor bubbling springs,
While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon every chord,
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And show their rising Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs
To guard him to the skies,
With loud Hosannahs on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conquering God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The victories he has won.

Now let me rise, and join their song,
And be an angel too;
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you.

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise:
O for some heavenly notes to bear
My spirit to the skies!

There ye that love my Saviour sit;
There I would fain have place,
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to Earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

FIRE, AIR, EARTH, AND SEA, PRAISE YE THE LORD.

Earth, thou great footstool of our God
Who reigns on high; thou fruitful source
Of all our raiment, life and food;
Our house, our parent, and our nurse;
Mighty stage of mortal scenes,
Drest with strong and gay machines,
Hung with golden lamps around
(And flowery carpets spread the ground);
Thou bulky globe, prodigious mass,
That hangs unpillar'd in an empty space!
While thy unwieldy weight rests on the feeble air,
Bless that Almighty Word that fix'd and holds thee there.

Fire, thou swift herald of his face,
Whose glorious rage, at his command,
Levels a palace with the sand,
Blending the lofty spires in ruin with the base:
Ye heavenly flames, that singe the air,
Artillery of a jealous God,
Bright arrows that his sounding quivers bear
To scatter deaths abroad;
Lightnings, adore the sovereign arm that flings
His vengeance, and your fires, upon the heads of kings.

Thou vital element, the Air,
Whose boundless magazines of breath
Our fainting flame of life repair,
And save the bubble man from the cold arms of Death:
And ye, whose vital moisture yields
Life's purple stream a fresh supply,
Sweet Waters, wandering through the flowery fields,
Or dropping from the sky;
Confess the Power whose all-sufficient name
Nor needs your aid to build, or to support our frame.

Now the rude Air, with noisy force,
Beats up and swells the angry Sea,
They join to make our lives a prey,
And sweep the sailors' hopes away,
Vain hopes, to reach their kindred on the shores!
Lo, the wild seas and surging waves
Gape hideous in a thousand graves:
Be still, ye floods, and know your bounds of sand,
Ye storms, adore your Master's hand:
The winds are in his fist, the waves at his command.

From the eternal emptiness
His fruitful word by secret springs
Drew the whole harmony of things
That form this noble universe:
Old Nothing knew his powerful hand,
Scarce had he spoke his full command,
Fire, Air, and Earth, and Sea, heard the creating call,
And leap'd from empty nothing to this beauteous all:
And still they dance, and still obey
The orders they receiv'd the great creation-day.

THE FAREWELL.

Dead be my heart to all below,
To mortal joys and mortal cares;
To sensual bliss that charms us so
Be dark, my eyes, and deaf, my ears.

Here I renounce my carnal taste
Of the fair fruit that sinners prize:
Their Paradise shall never waste
One thought of mine, but to despise.

All earthly joys are over-weigh'd
With mountains of vexatious care;
And where's the sweet that is not laid
A bait to some destructive snare?

Be gone for ever, mortal things!
Thou mighty mole-hill, Earth, farewell!
Angels aspire on lofty wings,
And leave the globe for ants to dwell.

Come, Heaven, and fill my vast desires,
My soul pursues the sovereign good:
She was all made of heavenly fires,
Nor can she live on meaner food.

GOD ONLY KNOWN TO HIMSELF.

Stand, and adore! how glorious He
That dwells in bright eternity!
We gaze, and we confound our sight
Plung'd in th' abyss of dazzling light.

Thou sacred One, Almighty Three,
Great Everlasting Mystery,
What lofty numbers shall we frame
Equal to thy tremendous name?

Seraphs, the nearest to the throne,
Begin, and speak the Great Unknown:
Attempt the song, wind up your strings,
To notes untried and boundless things:

You, whose capacious powers survey
Largely beyond our eyes of clay:
Yet what a narrow portion too
Is seen, or known, or thought, by you!

How flat your highest praises fall
Below th' immense Original!
Weak creatures we, that strive in vain
To reach an uncreated strain!

Great God, forgive our feeble lays,
Sound out thine own eternal praise;
A song so vast, a theme so high,
Calls for the voice that tun'd the sky.

PARDON AND SANCTIFICATION.

My crimes awake, and hideous fear
Distracts my restless mind;
Guilt meets my eyes with horrid glare,
And Hell pursues behind.

Almighty Vengeance frowns on high,
And flames array the throne;
While thunder murmurs round the sky,
Impatient to be gone.

Where shall I hide this noxious head?
Can rocks or mountains save?
Or shall I wrap me in the shade
Of midnight and the grave?

Is there no shelter from the eye
Of a revenging God?
Jesus, to thy dear wounds I fly;
Bedew me with thy blood.

Those guardian drops my soul secure,
And wash away my sin;
Eternal Justice frowns no more,
And conscience smiles within.

I bless that wondrous purple stream
That whitens every stain;
Yet is my soul but half redeem'd,
If Sin the tyrant reign.

Lord, blast his empire with thy breath!
That cursed throne must fall:
Ye flattering plagues, that work my death,
Fly, for I hate you all.

SOVEREIGNTY AND GRACE.

The Lord! how fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature, with all her moving frame,
Rests on his mighty hand.

Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe;
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.

A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas;
Build the vast empires of the Earth,
Or break them as he please.

Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms,
His sovereign eye looks through them all,
And pities mortal worms.

His bowels, to our worthless race,
In sweet compassion move;
He clothes his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, Love.

Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will;
Sick, or in health, in ease, or pain,
We are his favourites still.

No more shall peevish passion rise,
The tongue no more complain;
'Tis sovereign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

THE LAW AND GOSPEL.

"Curst be the man, for ever curst,
That doth one wilful sin commit;
Death and damnation for the first,
Without relief and infinite."

Thus Sinai roars; and round the Earth
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings;
But, Jesus, thy dear gasping breath,
And Calvary, say gentler things: —

"Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood,
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Dear-purchas'd by a bleeding God."

Hark, how he prays (the charming sound
Dwells on his dying lips) "Forgive!"
And every groan, and gaping wound,
Cries, "Father, let the rebels live."

Go, you that rest upon the law,
And toil, and seek salvation there;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
And shrink, and tremble, and despair.

But I'll retire beneath the cross:
Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie;
And the keen sword that justice draws,
Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

SEEKING A DIVINE CALM IN A RESTLESS WORLD.

O mens, quæ stabili fata regis vice, &c.
Casimire, Book III. Od. xxiii.

Eternal Mind, who rul'st the fates
Of dying realms and rising states
With one unchang'd decree;
While we admire thy vast affairs,
Say, can our little trifling cares
Afford a smile to thee?

Thou scatterest honours, crowns, and gold;
We fly to seize, and fight to hold.
The bubbles and the oar;
So emmets struggle for a grain;
So boys their petty wars maintain
For shells upon the shore.

Here a vain man his sceptre breaks,
The next a broken sceptre takes,
And warriors win and lose;
This rolling world will never stand,
Plunder'd and snatch'd from hand to hand,
As power decays or grows.

Earth's but an atom: greedy swords
Carve it among a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree:
Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

HAPPY FRAILTY.

"How meanly dwells th' immortal mind!
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth design'd
T' inclose a heavenly star?

"Weak cottage where our souls reside!
This flesh a tottering wall;
With frightful breaches gaping wide
The building bends to fall.

"All round it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of sorrow roll;
Cold waves and winter storms beat through,
And pain the tenant-soul.

"Alas! how frail our state!" said I;
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

"My soul all felt the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remember'd Heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

"Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sung the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

"How weak's the prison where I dwell!
Flesh but a tottering wall,
The breaches cheerfully foretel,
The house must shortly fall.

"No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache;
Welcome disease, and every pain
That makes the cottage shake.

"Now let the tempest blow all round,
Now swell the surges high,
And beat this house of bondage down,
To let the stranger fly.

"I have a mansion built above
By the Eternal Hand;
And should the Earth's old basis move,
My heavenly house must stand.

"Yes; for 'tis there my Saviour reigns,
(I long to see the God)
And his immortal strength sustains
The courts that cost him blood."

Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
"I come, my Lord, my Love:"
Devotion breaks the prison-walls,
And speeds my last remove.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt! adventurous he,
Who in the first ship broke the unknown sea;
And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine: the tempest raves:
He on a pine-plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves:
He steers the winged boat, and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul that leaves this mortal land
Fearless when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm: she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore:
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease;
(Her faith can govern Death) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things.
As the shores lessen, so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler, and the tempest dies;
Now vast eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,
The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright.

A PROSPECT OF THE RESURRECTION.

How long shall Death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just,
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust?

When shall the tedious night be gone?
When will our Lord appear?
Our fond desires would pray him down,
Our love embrace him here.

Let Faith arise, and climb the hills,
And from afar descry
How distant are his chariot-wheels,
And tell how fast they fly.

Lo, I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of Heaven appears,
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

I see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around:
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

I hear the voice, "Ye dead, arise!"
And lo, the graves obey,
And waking saints with joyful eyes
Salute th' expected day.

They leave the dust, and on the wing
Rise to the middle air,
In shining garments meet their King,
And low adore him there.

O may my humble spirit stand
Among them cloth'd in white!
The meanest place at his right hand
Is infinite delight.

How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On Love's triumphant wing!

AD DOMINUM NOSTRUM ET SERVATOREM JESUM CHRISTUM.

ODA.

Te, grande Numen, corporis incola,
Te, magna magni progenies Patris,
Nomen verendum nostri Jesu
Vox citharæ, calami sonabunt.

Aptentur auro grandisonæ fides,
Christi triumphos incipe barbite,
Fractosque terrores Averni,
Victum Erebum, domitamque mortem.

Immensa vastos sæcula circulos
Volvêre, blando dum Patris in sinû
Toto fruebatur Jehovah
Gaudia mille bibens Jesus;

Donec superno vidit ab æthere
Adam cadentem, tartara hiantia,
Unâque mergendos ruinâ
Heu nimium miseros nepotes!

Vidit minaces vindicis angeli
Ignes et ensem, telaque sanguine
Tingenda nostro, dum rapinæ
Spe fremuere Erebæa monstra.

Commota sacras viscera protinus
Sensêre flammas, omnipotens furor
Ebullit, Immensique Amoris
Æthereum calet igne pectus.

"Non tota prorsus gens hominum dabit
Hosti triumphos: Quid Patris et labor
Dulcisque imago? num peribunt
Funditus? O prius astra cœcis.

"Mergantur undis, et redeat chaos:
Aut ipse disperdam Satanæ dolos,
Aut ipse disperdar, et isti
Sceptra dabo moderanda dextræ.

"Testor paternum Numen, et hoc caput
Æquale testor," dixit; et ætheris
Inclinat ingens culmen, alto
Desiliitque ruens Olympo.

Mortale corpus impiger induit
Artusque nostros, heu tenues nimis
Nimisque viles! Vindicique
Corda dedit fodienda ferro.

Vitamque morti: Proh dolor! O graves
Tonandis iræ! O Lex satis aspera!
Mercesque peccati severa
Adamici, vetitique fructus.

Non pœna lenis! Quò, ruis impotens!
Quò, Musa! largas fundere lacrymas,
Bustique divini triumphos
Sacrilego temerare fletu?

Sepone questus, læta Deum cane
Majore chordâ. Psalle sonoriùs
Ut ferreas Mortis cavernas
Et rigidam penetravit aulam.

Sensêre Numen regna feralia,
Mugit barathrum, contremuit chaos,
Dirùm fremebat rex Gehennæ,
Perque suum tremebundus orcum.

Latè refugit. "Nil agis, impie,
Mergat vel imis te Phlegethon vadis,
Hoc findet undas fulmen," inquit,
Et patrios jaculatus ignes.

Trajecit hostem. Nigra silentia
Umbræque flammas æthereas pavent
Dudum perosæ, ex quo corusco
Præcipites cecidere cœlo.

Immane rugit jam tonitru; fragor
Latè ruinam mandat: ab infimis
Lectæque designata genti
Tartara disjiciuntur antris.

Heic strata passim vincula, et heic jacent
Unci cruenti, tormina mentium
Invisa; ploratuque vasto
Spicula Mors sibi adempta plangit.

En, ut resurgit victor ab ultimo
Ditis profundo, curribus aureis
Astricta raptans monstra noctis
Perdomitumque Erebi tyrannum.

Quanta angelorum gaudia jubilant
Victor paternum dum repetit polum!
En qualis ardet, dum beati
Limina scandit ovans Olympi!

Io triumphe plectra seraphica,
Io triumphe Grex Hominum sonet,
Dum læta quaquaversus ambos
Astra repercutiunt triumphos.

SUI-IPSIUS INCREPATIO.

EPIGRAMMA.

Corpore cur hæres, Wattsi? cur incola terræ?
Quid cupis indignum, mens habitare lutum?
Te caro mille malis premit; hinc juvenes gravat artus
Languor, et hinc vegetus crimina sanguis alit.

Cura, amor, ira, dolor mentem malè distrahit; auceps
Undique adest Satanas retia sæva struens.
Suspice ut æthereum signant tibi nutibus astra
Tramitem, et aula vocat parta cruore Dei.
Te manet Uriel dux; et tibi subjicit alas
Stellatas Seraphin officiosa cohors.
Te superûm chorus optat amans, te invitat Iesus,
"Huc ades, et nostro tempora conde sinû."
Verè amat ille lutum quem nec dolor aut Satan arcet
Inde, nec alliciunt Angelus, Astra, Deus.

EXCITATIO CORDIS CŒLUM VERSUS.

1694.

Heu quot sæcla teris carcere corporis,
Wattsi? quid refugis limen et exitum?
Nec mens æthereum culmen, et atria
Magni Patris anhelitat?
Corpus vile creat mille molestias,
Circum corda volant et dolor, et metus,
Peccatumque malis durius omnibus
Cæcas insidias struit.
Non hoc grata tibi gaudia de solo
Surgunt: Christus abest, deliciæ tuæ,
Longè Christus abest, inter et angelos
Et picta astra perambulans.
[1] Cœli summa petas, nec jaculabitur.
Iracunda tonans fulmina: Te Deus
Hortatur; Vacuum tende per aëra
Pennas nunc homini datas.

BREATHING TOWARD THE HEAVENLY COUNTRY.

CASIMIRE, BOOK I, OD. 19. IMITATED.

Urit me patriæ decor, &c.

The beauty of my native land
Immortal love inspires;
I burn, I burn with strong desires,
And sigh, and wait the high command.
There glides the Moon her shining way,
And shoots my heart through with a silver ray,
Upward my heart aspires:
A thousand lamps of golden light
Hung high, in vaulted azure, charm my sight,
And wink and beckon with their amorous fires.
O ye fair glories of my heavenly home,
Bright sentinels who guard my Father's court,
Where all the happy minds resort,
When will my Father's chariot come?
Must ye for ever walk th' ethereal round,
For ever see the mourner lie
An exile of the sky,
A prisoner of the ground?
Descend, some shining servants from on high,
Build me a hasty tomb;
A grassy turf will raise my head;
The neighbouring lilies dress my bed;
And shed a sweet perfume.

[1] Vide Horat. lib. i. od. 3.

Here I put off the chains of Death
My soul too long has worn:
Friends, I forbid one groaning breath,
Or tear to wet my urn.
Raphael, behold me all undrest,
Here gently lay this flesh to rest;
Then mount, and lead the path unknown,
Swift I pursue thee, flaming guide, on pinions of my own.

THE

HUNDREDTH EPIGRAM OF CASIMIRE.

ON SAINT ARDALIO,

Who from a stage-player became a Christian, and suffered martyrdom.

Ardalio jeers, and in his comic strains
The mysteries of our bleeding God profanes,
While his loud laughter shakes the painted scenes.
Heaven heard, and straight around the smoking throne
The kindling lightning in thick flashes shone,
And vengeful thunder murmur'd to be gone.
Mercy stood near, and with a smiling brow [you;
Calm'd the loud thunder: "There's no need of
Grace shall descend, and the weak man subdue."
Grace leaves the skies, and he the stage forsakes,
He bows his head down to the martyring axe,
And, as he bows, this gentle farewell speaks;
"So goes the comedy of life away;
Vain Earth, adieu: Heaven will applaud to day;
Strike, courteous tyrant, and conclude the play."

WHEN THE PROTESTANT CHURCH AT MONTPELIER WAS DEMOLISHED BY THE FRENCH KING'S ORDER, THE PROTESTANTS LAID STONES UP IN THEIR BURYING-PLACE; WHEREON A JESUIT MADE

A LATIN EPIGRAM.

ENGLISHED THUS:

A huc'not church, once at Montpelier built,
Stood and proclaim'd their madness and their guilt;
Too long it stood beneath Heaven's angry frown,
Worthy when rising to be thunder'd down.
Lewis, at last, th' avenger of the skies,
Commands, and level with the ground it lies:
The stones dispers'd, their wretched offspring come,
Gather, and heap them on their fathers' tomb.
Thus the curs'd house falls on the builder's head;
And though beneath the ground their bones are laid, [dead.
Yet the just vengeance still pursues the guilty

THE ANSWER BY A FRENCH PROTESTANT.

ENGLISHED THUS:

A christian church once at Montpelier stood,
And nobly spoke the builder's zeal for God.
It stood the envy of the fierce dragoon,
But not deserv'd to be destroy'd so soon:

Yet Louis, the wild tyrant of the age,
Tears down the walls, a victim to his rage.
Young faithful hands pile up the sacred stones
(Dear monument!) o'er their dead fathers' bones;
The stones shall move when the dead fathers rise,
Start up before the pale destroyer's eyes,
And testify his madness to th' avenging skies.

TWO HAPPY RIVALS,

DEVOTION AND THE MUSE.

Wild as the lightning, various as the Moon,
Roves my Pindaric song:
Here she glows like burning noon
In fiercest flames, and here she plays
Gentle as star-beams on the midnight seas;
Now in a smiling angel's form,
Anon she rides upon the storm,
Loud as the noisy thunder, as a deluge strong.
Are my thoughts and wishes free,
And know no number nor degree?
Such is the Muse: Lo she disdains
The links and chains,
Measures and rules, of vulgar strains,
And o'er the laws of harmony a sovereign queen she reigns.

If she roves
By streams or groves
Tuning her pleasures or her pains,
My passion keeps her still in sight,
My passion holds an equal flight
Through Love's or Nature's wide campaigns.
If with bold attempt she sings
Of the biggest mortal things,
Tottering thrones and nations slain;
Or breaks the fleets of warring kings,
While thunders roar
From shore to shore,
My soul sits fast upon her wings, [plain;
And sweeps the crimson surge, or scours the purple
Still I attend her as she flies,
Round the broad globe, and all beneath the skies.

But when from the meridian star
Long streaks of glory shine,
And Heaven invites her from afar,
She takes the hint, she knows the sign,
The Muse ascends her heavenly car, [divine.
And climbs the steepy path and means the throne
Then she leaves my fluttering mind
Clogg'd with clay, and unrefin'd,
Lengths of distance far behind:
Virtue lags with heavy wheel;
Faith has wings, but cannot rise,
Cannot rise,———swift and high
As the winged numbers fly,
And faint Devotion panting lies
Half way th' ethereal hill.

O why is Piety so weak,
And yet the Muse so strong?
When shall these hateful fetters break
That have confin'd me long?
Inward a glowing heat I feel,
A spark of heavenly day;
But earthly vapours damp my zeal,
And heavy flesh drags me the downward way.
Faint are the efforts of my will,
And mortal passion charms my soul astray.

Shine, thou sweet hour of dear release,
Shine, from the sky,
And call me high
To mingle with the choirs of glory and of bliss.
Devotion there begins the flight,
Awakes the song, and guides the way;
There love and zeal divine and bright
Trace out new regions in the world of light,
And scarce the boldest Muse can follow or obey.

I'm in a dream, and Fancy reigns,
She spreads her gay delusive scenes;
Or is the vision true?
Behold Religion on her throne,
In awful state descending down; [spacious view.
And her dominions vast and bright within my
She smiles, and with a courteous hand
She beckons me away; [clay,
I feel mine airy powers loose from the cumbrous
And with a joyful haste obey
Religion's high command.
What lengths and heights and depths unknown!
Broad fields with blooming glory sown,
And seas, and skies, and stars her own,
In an unmeasur'd sphere!
What heavens of joy, and light serene,
Which nor the rolling Sun has seen,
Where nor the roving Muse has been,
That greater traveller!

A long farewell to all below,
Farewell to all that sense can show,
To golden scenes, and flowery fields,
To all the worlds that Fancy builds,
And all that poets know.
Now the swift transports of the mind
Leave the fluttering Muse behind,
A thousand loose Pindaric plumes fly scattering down the wind.

Among the clouds I lose my breath,
The rapture grows too strong:
The feeble powers that Nature gave
Faint and drop downward to the grave.
Receive their fall, thou treasurer of Death;
I will no more demand my tongue,
Till the gross organ well refin'd [mind,
Can trace the boundless flights of an unfetter'd
And raise an equal song.

THE FOLLOWING POEMS OF THIS BOOK ARE PECULIARLY DEDICATED TO

DIVINE LOVE.

THE HAZARD OF LOVING THE CREATURES.

Where-e'er my flattering passions rove,
I find a lurking snare;
'Tis dangerous to let loose our love
Beneath th' Eternal Fair.

Souls whom the tie of friendship binds,
And partners of our blood,
Seize a large portion of our minds,
And leave the less for God.

Nature has soft but powerful bands,
And Reason she controls;
While children with their little hands
Hang closest to our souls.

Thoughtless they act th' old Serpent's part;
What tempting things they be!
Lord, how they twine about our heart,
And draw it off from thee!

Our hasty wills rush blindly on
Where rising passion rolls,
And thus we make our fetters strong
To bind our slavish souls.

Dear Sovereign, break these fetters off,
And set our spirits free;
God in himself is bliss enough,
For we have all in thee.

DESIRING TO LOVE CHRIST.

Come, let me love: or is thy mind
Harden'd to stone, or froze to ice?
I see the blessed Fair-one bend
And stoop t' embrace me from the skies!

O! 'tis a thought would melt a rock,
And make a heart of iron move,
That those sweet lips, that heavenly look,
Should seek and wish a mortal love!

I was a traitor doom'd to fire,
Bound to sustain eternal pains;
He flew on wings of strong desire,
Assum'd my guilt, and took my chains.

Infinite grace! Almighty charms!
Stand in amaze, ye whirling skies!
Jesus the God, with naked arms,
Hangs on a cross of love, and dies.

Did Pity ever stoop so low,
Drest in divinity and blood?
Was ever rebel courted so
In groans of an expiring God?

Again he lives; and spreads his hands,
Hands that were nail'd to torturing smart;
"By these dear wounds," says he; and stands
And prays to clasp me to his heart.

Sure I must love; or are my ears
Still deaf, nor will my passion move?
Then let me melt this heart to tears!
This heart shall yield to death or love.

THE HEART GIVEN AWAY.

If there are passions in my soul,
(And passions sure they be)
Now they are all at thy control,
My Jesus, all for thee.

If love, that pleasing power, can rest
In hearts so hard as mine,
Come, gentle Saviour, to my breast,
For all my love is thine.

Let the gay world with treacherous art
Allure my eyes in vain:
I have convey'd away my heart,
Ne'er to return again.

I feel my warmest passions dead
To all that Earth can boast;
This soul of mine was never made
For vanity and dust.

Now I can fix my thoughts above,
Amidst their flattering charms,
Till the dear Lord that hath my love
Shall call me to his arms.

So Gabriel, at his King's command,
From yon celestial hill,
Walks downward to our worthless land,
His soul points upward still.

He glides along my mortal things,
Without a thought of love,
Fulfils his task, and spreads his wings
To reach the realms above.

MEDITATION IN A GROVE.

Sweet Muse, descend and bless the shade,
And bless the evening grove;
Business, and noise, and day, are fled,
And every care, but love.

But hence, ye wanton young and fair,
Mine is a purer flame;
No Phyllis shall infect the air
With her unhallow'd name.

Jesus has all my powers possest,
My hopes, my fears, my joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my breast,
Shall still command my voice.

Some of the fairest choirs above
Shall flock around my song,
With joy to hear the name they love
Sound from a mortal tongue.

His charms shall make my numbers flow,
And hold the falling floods,
While Silence sits on every bough,
And bends the listening woods.

I'll carve our passion on the bark,
And every wounded tree
Shall drop and bear some mystic mark
That Jesus died for me.

The swains shall wonder when they read,
Inscrib'd on all the grove,
That Heaven itself came down, and bled
To win a mortal's love.

THE FAIREST AND THE ONLY BELOVED.

Honour to that diviner ray
That first allur'd my eyes away
From every mortal fair;
All the gay things that held my sight
Seem but the twinkling sparks of night,
And languishing in doubtful light
Die at the morning star.

Whatever makes the Godhead great,
And fit to be ador'd,
Whatever speaks the creature sweet,
And worthy of my passion, meet
Harmonious in my Lord.
A thousand graces ever rise
And bloom upon his face;
A thousand arrows from his eyes
Shoot through my heart with dear surprise,
And guard around the place.

All Nature's art shall never cure
The heavenly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all Beauty's power
To make another wound:
Earthly beauties grow and fade;
Nature heals the wounds she made,
But charms so much divine
Hold a long empire of the heart;
What Heaven has join'd shall never part,
And Jesus must be mine.

In vain the envious shades of night,
Or flatteries of the day,
Would veil his image from my sight,
Or tempt my soul away;
Jesus is all my waking theme,
His lovely form meets every dream
And knows not to depart:
The passion reigns
Through all my veins,
And, floating round the crimson stream,
Still finds him at my heart.

Dwell there, for ever dwell, my love;
Here I confine my sense;
Nor dare my wildest wishes rove
Nor stir a thought from thence.
Amidst thy glories and thy grace
Let all my remnant-minutes pass;
Grant, thou Everlasting Fair,
Grant my soul a mansion there:
My soul aspires to see thy face
Though life should for the vision pay;
So rivers run to meet the sea,
And lose their nature in th' embrace.

Thou art my ocean, thou my God;
In thee the passions of the mind
With joys and freedom unconfin'd
Exult, and spread their powers abroad.
Not all the glittering things on high
Can make my Heaven if thou remove;
I shall be tir'd, and long to die;
Life is a pain without thy love:
Who could ever bear to be
Curst with immortality
Among the stars, but far from thee?

MUTUAL LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

Nor the rich world of minds above
Can pay the mighty debt of love
I owe to Christ my God:
With pangs which none but he could feel,
He brought my guilty soul from Hell:
Not the first seraph's tongue can tell
The value of his blood.

Kindly he seiz'd me in his arms,
From the false world's pernicious charms
With force divinely sweet.
Had I ten thousand lives my own,
At his demand,
With cheerful hand,
I'd pay the vital treasure down
In hourly tributes at his feet.

But, Saviour, let me taste thy grace
With every fleeting breath;
And through that Heaven of pleasure pass
To the cold arms of Death;
Then I could lose successive souls
Fast as the minutes fly;
So billow after billow rolls
To kiss the shore, and die.

The substance of the following copy, and many of the lines, were sent me by an esteemed friend, Mr. W. Nokes, with a desire that I would form them into a Pindaric ode; but I retained his measures, lest I should too much alter his sense.

A SIGHT OF CHRIST.

Angels of light, your God and King surround,
With noble songs; in his exalted flesh
He claims your worship: while his saints on Earth
Bless their Redeemer-God with humble tongues.
Angels with lofty honours crown his head;
We bowing at his feet, by faith, may feel
His distant influence, and confess his love.

Once I beheld his face, when beams divine
Broke from his eye-lids, and unusual light
Wrapt me at once in glory and surprise.
My joyful heart high leaping in my breast
With transport cried, "This is the Christ of God;"
Then threw my arms around in sweet embrace,
And clasp'd, and bow'd adoring low, till I was lost in him.
While he appears, no other charms can hold
Or draw my soul, asham'd of former things,
Which no remembrance now deserve or name,
Though with contempt; best in oblivion hid.

But the bright shine and presence soon withdrew;
I sought him whom I love, but found him not;
I felt his absence; and with strongest cries
Proclaim'd, "Where Jesus is not, all is vain."
Whether I hold him with a full delight,
Or seek him panting with extreme desire,
'Tis he alone can please my wondering soul;
To hold or seek him is my only choice.
If he refrain on me to cast his eye
Down from his palace, nor my longing soul
With upward look can spy my dearest Lord
Through his blue pavement, I'll behold him still
With sweet reflection on the peaceful cross,
All in his blood and anguish groaning deep,
Gasping and dying there———
This sight I ne'er can lose, by it I live:
A quickening virtue from his death inspir'd
Is life and breath to me; his flesh my food;
His vital blood I drink, and hence my strength.

I live, I'm strong, and now eternal life
Beats quick within my breast; my vigorous mind
Spurns the dull Earth, and on her fiery wings
Reaches the mount of purposes divine,
Counsels of peace betwixt th' Almighty Three
Conceiv'd at once, and sign'd without debate,
In perfect union of th' Eternal Mind.
With vast amaze I see th' unfathom'd thoughts,
Infinite schemes, and infinite designs
Of God's own heart, in which he ever rests.
Eternity lies open to my view;
Here the Beginning and the End of all
I can discover; Christ the End of all,
And Christ the great Beginning; he my Head,
My God, my Glory, and my All in All.

O that the day, the joyful day were come,
When the first Adam from his ancient dust
Crown'd with new honours shall revive, and see
Jesus his Son and Lord; while shouting saints
Surround their King, and God's Eternal Son
Shines in the midst, but with superior beams,
And like himself: then the Mysterious Word
Long hid behind the letter shall appear
All spirit and life, and in the fullest light
Stand forth to public view; and there disclose
His Father's sacred works and wondrous ways:
Then wisdom, righteousness, and grace divine,
Through all the infinite transactions past
Inwrought and shining, shall with double blaze
Strike our astonish'd eyes, and ever reign
Admir'd and glorious in triumphant light.

Death, and the tempter, and the man of sin,
Now at the bar arraign'd, in judgment cast,
Shall vex the saints no more: but perfect love
And loudest praises perfect joy create,
While ever-circling years maintain the blissful state.

LOVE ON A CROSS, AND A THRONE.

Now let my faith grow strong, and rise,
And view my Lord in all his love;
Look back to hear his dying cries,
Then mount and see his throne above.

See where he languish'd on the cross;
Beneath my sins he groan'd and died;
See where he sits to plead my cause
By his Almighty Father's side.

If I behold his bleeding heart,
There love in floods of sorrow reigns;
He triumphs o'er the killing smart,
And buys my pleasure with his pains.

Or if I climb th' eternal hills
Where the dear Conqueror sits enthron'd,
Still in his heart compassion dwells,
Near the memorials of his wound.

How shall a pardon'd rebel show
How much I love my dying God?
Lord, here I banish every foe,
I hate the sins that cost thy blood.

I hold no more commerce with Hell,
My dearest lusts shall all depart;
But let thine image ever dwell
Stampt as a seal upon my heart.

A PREPARATORY THOUGHT FOR THE LORD'S SUPPER.

IN IMITATION OF ISAIAH LXIII. 1, 2, 3.

What heavenly Man, or lovely God,
Comes marching downward from the skies,
Array'd in garments roll'd in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he;
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

Lo, he reveals his shining breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heavenly flesh, this sacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy worms as we.

Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
Come, Faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
And sweet Hosannas crown the board.

CONVERSE WITH CHRIST.

I'm tir'd with visits, modes, and forms,
And flatteries paid to fellow-worms;
Their conversation cloys;
Their vain amours, and empty stuff:
But I can ne'er enjoy enough [joys.
Of thy best company, my Lord, thou life of all my

When he begins to tell his love,
Through every vein my passions move,
The captives of his tongue:
In midnight shades, on frosty ground,
I could attend the pleasing sound, [ness long.
Nor should I feel December cold, nor think the dark-

There, while I hear my Saviour-God
Count o'er the sins (a heavy load)
He bore upon the tree,
Inward I blush with secret shame,
And weep, and love, and bless the name [for me.
That knew not guilt nor grief his own, but bare it all

Next he describes the thorns he wore,
And talks his bloody passion o'er,
Till I am drown'd in tears:
Yet with the sympathetic smart
There's a strange joy beats round my heart; [bears.
The cursed tree has blessings in't, my sweetest balm it

I hear the glorious sufferer tell,
How on his cross he vanquish'd Hell,
And all the powers beneath:
Transported and inspir'd, my tongue
Attempts his triumphs in a song;
"How has the Serpent lost his sting, and where's thy victory, Death!"

But when he shows his hands and heart,
With those dear prints of dying smart,
He sets my soul on fire:
Not the beloved John could rest
With more delight upon that breast, [desire.
Nor Thomas pry into those wounds with more intense

Kindly he opens me his ear,
And bids me pour my sorrow there,
And tell him all my pains:
Thus while I ease my burthen'd heart,
In every woe he bears a part, [sustains.
His arms embrace me, and his hand my drooping head

Fly from my thoughts, all human things,
And sporting swains, and fighting kings,
And tales of wanton love:
My soul disdains that little snare
The tangles of Amira's hair; [heart remove.
Thine arms, my God, are sweeter bands, nor can my

GRACE SHINING, AND NATURE FAINTING.

SOL. SONG I. 3. AND II. 5. AND VI. 5.

Tell me, fairest of thy kind,
Tell me, Shepherd, all divine,
Where this fainting head reclin'd
May relieve such cares as mine:
Shepherd, lead me to thy grove;
If burning noon infect the sky,
The sickening sheep to covert fly,
The sheep not half so faint as I,
Thus overcome with love.

Say, thou dear Sovereign of my breast,
Where dost thou lead thy flock to rest?
Why should I appear like one
Wild and wandering all alone,
Unbeloved and unknown?
O my Great Redeemer, say,
Shall I turn my feet astray?
Will Jesus bear to see me rove,
To see me seek another love?

Ne'er had I known his dearest name,
Ne'er had I felt this inward flame,
Had not his heart-strings first begun the tender sound:
Nor can I bear the thought, that he
Should leave the sky,
Should bleed and die,
Should love a wretch so vile as me
Without returns of passion for his dying wound.

His eyes are glory mixt with grace;
In his delightful awful face
Sits majesty and gentleness.
So tender is my bleeding heart
That with a frown he kills;
His absence is perpetual smart;
Nor is my soul refin'd enough
To bear the beaming of his love,
And feel his warmer smiles.
Where shall I rest this drooping head?
I love, I love the sun, and yet I want the shade.

My sinking spirits feebly strive
T' endure the ecstasy;
Beneath these rays I cannot live,
And yet without them die.
None know the pleasure and the pain
That all my inward powers sustain [again.
But such as feel a Saviour's love, and love the God

Oh, why should Beauty heavenly bright
Stoop to charm a mortal's sight,
And torture with the sweet excess of light?
Our hearts, alas! how frail their make!
With their own weight of joy they break,
Oh, why *is* Love so strong, and Nature's self so weak?

Turn, turn away thine eyes,
Ascend the azure hills, and shine
Among the happy tenants of the skies,
They can sustain a vision so divine.
O turn thy lovely glories from me,
The joys are too intense, the glories overcome me.
Dear Lord, forgive my rash complaint,
And love me still
Against my froward will;
Unveil thy beauties, though I faint.
Send the great *herald from the sky*,
And at the *trumpet's awful roar*
This feeble state of *things shall fly*,
And pain and pleasure mix no more:
Then shall I gaze with strengthen'd sight
On glories infinitely bright,
My heart shall all be love, my Jesus all delight.

LOVE TO CHRIST, PRESENT OR ABSENT.

Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love the best blessing here below,
And nearest image of the blest.

Sweet are my thoughts, and soft my cares,
When the celestial flame I feel;
In all my hopes, and all my fears,
There's something kind and pleasing still.

While I am held in his embrace,
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile he wears upon his face
Fixes, and charms, and fires my love.

He speaks, and straight immortal joys
Run through my ears, and reach my heart;
My soul all melts at that dear voice,
And pleasure shoots through every part.

If he withdraw a moment's space,
He leaves a sacred pledge behind;
Here in this breast his image stays,
The grief and comfort of my mind.

While of his absence I complain,
And long and weep as lovers do,
There's a strange pleasure in the pain,
And tears have their own sweetness too.

When round his courts by day I rove,
Or ask the watchmen of the night
For some kind tidings of my love,
His very name creates delight.

Jesus, my God; yet rather come;
Mine eyes would dwell upon thy face;
'Tis best to see my Lord at home,
And feel the presence of his grace.

THE ABSENCE OF CHRIST.

Come, lead me to some lofty shade
Where turtles moan their loves;
Tall shadows were for lovers made,
And grief becomes the groves.

'Tis no mean beauty of the ground
That has enslav'd mine eyes;
I faint beneath a nobler wound,
Nor love below the skies.

Jesus, the spring of all that's bright,
The everlasting Fair,
Heaven's ornament, and Heaven's delight,
Is my eternal care.

But, ah! how far above this grave
Does the bright charmer dwell?
Absence, thou keenest wound to love,
That sharpest pain I feel.

Pensive I climb the sacred hills,
And near him vent my woes;
Yet his sweet face he still conceals,
Yet still my passion grows.

I murmur to the hollow vale,
I tell the rocks my flame,
And bless the Echo in her cell
That best repeats his name.

My passion breathes perpetual sighs,
Till pitying winds shall hear,
And gently bear them up the skies,
And gently wound his ear.

DESIRING HIS DESCENT TO EARTH.

Jesus, I love. Come, dearest name,
Come and possess this heart of mine;
I love, though 'tis a fainter flame,
And infinitely less than thine.

O! if my Lord would leave the skies
Drest in the rays of mildest grace,
My soul should hasten to my eyes
To meet the pleasures of his face.

How would I feast on all his charms,
Then round his lovely feet entwine!
Worship and love, in all their forms,
Should honour beauty so divine.

In vain the tempter's flattering tongue,
The world in vain shall bid me move,
In vain; for I should gaze so long
Till I were all transform'd to love.

Then, mighty God, I'd sing and say,
"What empty names are crowns and kings!
Amongst them give these worlds away,
These little despicable things."

I would not ask to climb the sky,
Nor envy angels their abode;
I have a Heaven as bright and high
In the blest vision of my God.

ASCENDING TO HIM IN HEAVEN.

'Tis pure delight, without alloy,
Jesus, to hear thy name;
My spirit leaps with inward joy,
I feel the sacred flame.

My passions hold a pleasing reign,
While Love inspires my breast,
Love, the divinest of the train,
The sovereign of the rest.

This is the grace must live and sing,
When faith and fear shall cease,
Must sound from every joyful string
Through the sweet groves of bliss.

Let life immortal seize my clay;
Let love refine my blood;
Her flames can bear my soul away,
Can bring me near my God.

Swift I ascend the heavenly place,
And hasten to my home;
I leap to meet thy kind embrace,
I come, O Lord, I come.

Sink down, ye separating hills,
Let Guilt and Death remove:
'Tis Love that drives my chariot-wheels,
And Death must yield to Love.

THE PRESENCE OF GOD WORTH DYING FOR:

OR, THE DEATH OF MOSES.

Lord, 'tis an infinite delight
To see thy holy face,
To dwell whole ages in thy sight,
And feel thy vital rays.

This Gabriel knows; and sings thy name
With rapture on his tongue;
Moses the saint enjoys the same,
And Heaven repeats the song.

While the bright nation sounds thy praise
From each eternal hill,
Sweet odours of exhaling grace
The happy region fill.

Thy love, a sea without a shore,
Spreads life and joy abroad:
O 'tis a Heaven worth dying for
To see a smiling God!

Show me thy face, and I'll away
From all inferior things;
Speak, Lord, and here I quit my clay,
And stretch my airy wings.

Sweet was the journey to the sky,
The wondrous prophet tried;
"Climb up the mount," says God, "and die:"
The prophet climb'd, and died.

Softly his fainting head he lay
Upon his Maker's breast;
His Maker kiss'd his soul away,
And laid his flesh to rest.

In God's own arms he left the breath
That God's own spirit gave;
His was the noblest road to death,
And his the sweetest grave.

LONG FOR HIS RETURN.

O 'twas a mournful parting day!
Farewell, my Spouse, he said;
(How tedious, Lord, is thy delay!
How long my Love hath staid!)

Farewell! At once he left the ground,
And climb'd his Father's sky;
Lord, I would tempt thy chariot down,
Or leap to thee on high.

Round the creation wild I rove,
And search the globe in vain;
There's nothing here that's worth my love
Till thou return again.

My passions fly to seek their King,
And send their groans abroad;
They beat the air with heavy wing,
And mourn an absent God:

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
My soul dissolves away:
Dear Sovereign, whirl the seasons round,
And bring the promis'd day.

HOPE IN DARKNESS.

Yet, gracious God,
Yet will I seek thy smiling face;
What though a short eclipse his beauties shrowd
And bar the influence of his rays,
'Tis but a morning vapour, or a summer cloud:
He is my Sun though he refuse to shine:
Though for a moment he depart
I dwell for ever on his heart,
For ever he on mine.
Early before the light arise
I'll spring a thought away to God;
The passion of my heart and eyes
Shall shout a thousand groans and sighs,
A thousand glances strike the skies,
The floor of his abode.

Dear Sovereign, hear thy servant pray,
Bend the blue Heavens, Eternal King,
Downward thy cheerful graces bring;
Or shall I breathe in vain and pant my hours away?
Break, glorious Brightness, through the gloomy veil,
Look how the armies of despair
Aloft their sooty banners rear
Round my poor captive soul, and dare
Pronounce me prisoner of Hell.
But thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,
Wilt save me in the bloody field;
Break, glorious Brightness, shoot one glimmering ray,
One glance of thine creates a day,
And drives the troops of Hell away.

Happy the times; but ah! the times are gone
When wondrous power and radiant grace
Round the tall arches of the temple shone,
And mingled their victorious rays:
Sin, with all its ghastly train,
Fled to the deeps of Death again,
And smiling triumph sat on every face:
Our spirits rapture'd with the sight
Were all devotion, all delight,
And loud Hosannas sounded the Redeemer's praise.
Here could I say,
(And point the place whereon I stood)
Here I enjoy'd a visit half the day
From my descending God:
I was regal'd with heavenly fare,
With fruit and manna from above;
Divinely sweet the blessings were
While mine Emanuel was there:
And o'er the head
The conqueror spread
The banner of his love.

Then why my heart sunk down so low?
Why do my eyes dissolve and flow,
And hopeless nature mourn?
Review, my soul, those pleasing days,
Read his unalterable grace
Through the displeasure of his face,
And wait a kind return.
A Father's love may raise a frown
To chide the child, or prove the Son,
But love will ne'er destroy;
The hour of darkness is but short,
Faith be thy life, and patience thy support,
The morning brings the joy.

COME, LORD JESUS.

When shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between!
And hills of guilt, a heavy load!

Our months are ages of delay,
And slowly every minute wears:
Fly, winged Time, and roll away
These tedious rounds of sluggish years.

Ye heavenly gates, loose all your chains,
Let the eternal pillars bow;
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come, Thou, the Soul of all our joys,
Thou, the Desire of Nations, come!

Put thy bright robes of triumph on,
And bless our eyes, and bless our ears,
Thou absent Love, thou dear Unknown,
Thou Fairest of ten thousand Fairs!

Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint;
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And every limb, and every joint,
Stretches for immortality.

Our spirits shake their eager wings,
And burn to meet thy flying throne;
We rise away from mortal things
T' attend thy shining chariot down.

Now let our cheerful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills,
And smile to see the lightnings play
And flash along before thy wheels.

O for a shout of violent joys
To join the trumpet's thundering sound!
The angel herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.

Ye slumbering saints, a heavenly host
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs;
Let every sacred sleeping dust
Leap into life, for Jesus comes.

Jesus, the God of might and love,
New-moulds our limbs of cumbrous clay;
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
Active, and young, and fair as they.

Our airy feet with unknown flight,
Swift as the motions of desire,
Run up the hills of heavenly light,
And leave the weltering world in fire.

BEWAILING MY OWN INCONSTANCY.

I love the Lord; but ah! how far
My thoughts from the dear object are!
This wanton heart how wide it roves!
And fancy meets a thousand loves.

If my soul burn to see my God,
I tread the courts of his abode;
But troops of rivals throng the place,
And tempt me off before his face.

Would I enjoy my Lord alone,
I bid my passions all be gone,
All but my love; and charge my will
To bar the door and guard it still.

But cares, or trifles, make, or find,
Still new avenues to the mind,
Till I with grief and wonder see
Huge crowds betwixt the Lord and me.

Oft I am told the Muse will prove
A friend to piety and love;
Straight I begin some sacred song,
And take my Saviour on my tongue.

Strangely I lose his lovely face,
To hold the empty sounds in chase;
At best the chimes divide my heart,
And the Muse shares the larger part.

False confident! and falser breast!
Fickle, and fond of every guest:
Each airy image as it flies
Here finds admittance through my eyes.

This foolish heart can leave her God,
And shadows tempt her thoughts abroad:
How shall I fix this wandering mind,
Or throw my fetters on the wind?

Look gently down, Almighty Grace,
Prison me round in thine embrace;
Pity the soul that would be thine,
And let thy power my love confine.

Say, when shall the bright moment be
That I shall live alone for thee,
My heart no foreign lords adore,
And the wild Muse prove false no more?

FORSAKEN, YET HOPING.

Happy the hours, the golden days,
When I could call my Jesus mine,
And sit and view his smiling face,
And melt in pleasures all-divine.

Near to my heart, within my arms
He lay, till sin defil'd my breast,
Till broken vows, and earthly charms,
Tir'd and provok'd my heavenly guest.

And now he's gone, (O mighty woe!)
Gone from my soul, and hides his love!
Curse on you, sins, that griev'd him so,
Ye sins, that forc'd him to remove!

Break, break, my heart; complain, my tongue:
Hither, my friends, your sorrows bring:
Angels, assist my doleful song,
If you have e'er a mourning string.

But, ah! your joys are ever high,
Ever his lovely face you see;
While my poor spirits pant and die,
And groan, for thee, my God, for thee.

Yet let my hope look through my tears,
And spy afar his rolling throne;
His chariot through the cleaving spheres
Shall bring the bright Beloved down.

Swift as a roe flies o'er the hills,
My soul springs out to meet him high;
Then the fair Conqueror turns his wheels,
And climbs the mansions of the sky.

There smiling joy for ever reigns,
No more the turtle leaves the dove;
Farewell to jealousies, and pains,
And all the ills of absent love!

THE CONCLUSION.

GOD EXALTED ABOVE ALL PRAISE.

Eternal Power! whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds:

The lowest step above thy seat
Rises too high for Gabriel's feet;
In vain the tall archangel tries
To reach thine height with wondering eyes.

Thy dazzling beauties whilst he sings,
He hides his face behind his wings;
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.

Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High!

Earth from afar has heard the fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But O, the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

God is in Heaven, and men below;
Be short, our tunes; our words, be few;
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

Tibi silet laus, O Deus. Psal. lxv. 1.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK II.

SACRED TO

VIRTUE, HONOUR, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO HER MAJESTY.

QUEEN of the northern world, whose gentle sway
Commands our love, and charms our hearts t' obey,
Forgive the nation's groan when WILLIAM died:
Lo, at thy feet, in all the royal pride
Of blooming joy, three happy realms appear,
And WILLIAM's urn almost without a tear [tongue
Stands; nor complains; while from thy gracious
Peace flows in silver streams amidst the throng.
Amazing balm, that on those lips was found
To sooth the torment of that mortal wound,
And calm the wild affright! The terrour dies,
The bleeding wound cements, the danger flies,
And Albion shouts thine honours as her joys arise.

The German eagle feels her guardian dead,
Not her own thunder can secure her head;
Her trembling eagles hasten from afar,
And Belgia's lion dreads the Gallic war:
All hide behind thy shield. Remoter lands,
Whose lives lay trusted in Nassovian hands,
Transfer their souls, and live; secure they play
In thy mild rays, and love the growing day.

Thy beamy wing at once defends and warms
Painting Religion, whilst in various forms
Fair Piety shines through the British isles:
Here at thy side, and in thy kindest smiles [1]
Blazing in ornamental gold she stands,
To bless thy councils, and assist thy hands,
And crowds wait round her to receive commands.
There at a humble distance from the throne [2]
Beauteous she lies; her lustre all her own,
Ungarnish'd; yet not blushing, nor afraid,
Nor knows suspicion, nor affects the shade:
Cheerful and pleas'd, she not presumes to share
In thy parental gifts, but owns thy guardian care.
For thee, dear sovereign, endless vows arise,
And zeal with earthly wing salutes the skies
To gain thy safety. Here a solemn form [3]
Of ancient words keeps the devotion warm,
And guides, but bounds our wishes: there the mind [4]
Feels its own fire, and kindles unconfin'd
With bolder hopes: yet still beyond our vows,
Thy lovely glories rise, thy spreading terrour grows.

Princess, the world already owns thy name:
Go, mount the chariot of immortal Fame,
Nor die to be renown'd: Fame's loudest breath
Too dear is purchas'd by an angel's death.
The vengeance of thy rod, with general joy,
Shall scourge Rebellion and the rival-boy [3];
Thy sounding arms his Gallic patron hears,
And speeds his flight; nor overtakes his fears,
Till hard Despair wring from the tyrant's soul
The iron tears out. Let thy frown control
Our angry jars at home, till Wrath submit
Her impious banners to thy sacred feet;
Mad Zeal and Phrensy, with their murderous train,
Feel these sweet realms in thine auspicious reign,
Envy expire in rage, and Treason bite the chain.

Let no black scenes affright fair Albion's stage:
Thy thread of life prolong our golden age,
Long bless the Earth, and late ascend thy throne
Ethereal; (not thy deeds are there unknown,
Nor there unsung; for by thine awful hands
Heaven rules the waves, and thunders o'er the lands,
Creates inferiour kings [4], and gives them their commands.
Legions attend thee at the radiant gates;
For thee thy sister-seraph, blest Maria, waits.

But oh! the parting stroke! some heavenly power
Cheer thy sad Britons in the gloomy hour;
Some new propitious star appear on high,
The fairest glory of the western sky,
And Anna be its name; with gentle sway
To check the planets of malignant ray,
Sooth the rude North-wind, and the rugged Bear,
Calm rising wars, heal the contagious air,
And reign with peaceful influence to the southern sphere.

Note.—This poem was written in the year 1705, in that honourable part of the reign of our late queen, when she had broken the French power at Blenheim, asserted the right of Charles the present emperor to the crown of Spain, exerted her zeal for the Protestant succession, and promised inviolably to maintain the toleration to the Protestant Dissenters. Thus she appeared the chief support of the Reformation, and the patroness of the liberties of Europe.

The latter part of her reign was of a different colour, and was by no means attended with the accomplishment of those glorious hopes which we had conceived. Now the Muse cannot satisfy herself to publish this new edition without acknowledging the mistake of her former presages; and while she does the world this justice, she does herself the honour of a voluntary retractation.

August 1, 1721. I. W.

[1] The established church of England.

[2] The Protestant Dissenters.

[3] The Pretender.

[4] he made Charles, the emperor's second son, king of Spain, who was afterward emperor of Germany.

PALINODIA.

Britons, forgive the forward Muse
That dar'd prophetic seals to loose,
(Unskill'd in Fate's eternal book)
And the deep characters misto. k.

George is the name, that glorious star;
Ye saw his splendours beaming far;
Saw in the East your joys arise,
When Anna sunk in western skies,
Streaking the heavens with crimson gloom,
Emblems of tyranny and Rome,
Portending blood and night to come.
'Twas George diffus'd a vital ray,
And gave the dying nations day:
His influence sooths the Russian bear,
Calms rising wars, and heals the air;
Join'd with the Sun his beams are hurl'd
To scatter blessings round the world,
Fulfil whate'er the Muse has spoke,
And crown the work that Anne forsook.

August 1, 1721.

TO

JOHN LOCKE, ESQ.

RETIRED FROM BUSINESS.

Angels are made of heavenly things,
And light and love our souls compose,
Their bliss within their bosom springs,
Within their bosom flows.

But narrow minds still make pretence
To search the coasts of flesh and sense,
And fetch diviner pleasures thence.

Men are akin to ethereal forms,
But they belie their nobler birth,
Debase their honour down to Earth,
And claim a share with worms.

He that has treasures of his own
May leave the cottage or the throne,
May quit the world and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind.

Locke hath a soul wide as the sea,
Calm as the night, bright as the day,
There may his vast ideas play,
Nor feel a thought confin'd.

TO JOHN SHUTE, ESQ.

(AFTERWARDS LORD BARRINGTON)

ON

MR. LOCKE'S DANGEROUS SICKNESS,

Some time after he had retired to study the Scriptures.

June, 1704.

And must the man of wondrous mind
(Now his rich thoughts are just refin'd)
Forsake our longing eyes?
Reason at length submits to wear
The wings of Faith; and lo, they rear
Her chariot high, and nobly bear
Her prophet to the skies.

Go, friend, and wait the prophet's flight,
Watch if his mantle chance to light,
And seize it for thy own;
Shute is the darling of his years,
Young Shute his better likeness bears;
All but his wrinkles and his hairs
Are copied in his son.

Thus when our follies, or our faults,
Call for the pity of thy thoughts,
Thy pen shall make us wise;
The sallies of whose youthful wit
Could pierce the British fogs with light,
Place our true Interest [5] in our sight,
And open half our eyes.

TO MR. WILLIAM NOKES.

FRIENDSHIP.

1702.

Friendship, thou charmer of the mind,
Thou sweet deluding ill,
The brightest minute mortals find,
And sharpest hour we feel.

Fate has divided all our shares
Of pleasure and of pain;
In love the comforts and the cares
Are mixt and join'd again.

But whilst in floods our sorrow rolls,
And drops of joy are few,
This dear delight of mingling souls
Serves but to swell our woe.

Oh! why should bliss depart in haste,
And friendship stay to moan?
Why the fond passion cling so fast,
When every joy is gone?

Yet never let our hearts divide,
Nor death dissolve the chain:
For love and joy were once allied,
And must be join'd again.

TO NATHANAEL GOULD, ESQ.

(AFTERWARDS SIR NATHANAEL GOULD.)

1704.

'Tis not by splendour, or by state,
Exalted mien, or lofty gait,
My Muse takes measures of a king:
If wealth, or height, or bulk will do,
She calls each mountain of Peru
A more majestic thing.

Frown on me, friend, if e'er I boast
O'er fellow-minds enslav'd in clay,
Or swell when I shall have engross'd
A larger heap of shining dust,
And wear a bigger load of earth than they.
Let the vain world salute me loud,
My thoughts look inward, and forget
The sounding names of High and Great,
The flatteries of the crowd.

[5] The Interest of England, written by Mr. Shute.

When Gould commands his ships to run
And search the traffic of the sea,
His fleet o'ertakes the falling day,
And bears the western mines away,
Or richer spices from the rising Sun:
While the glad tenants of the shore
Shout and pronounce him senator[6],
Yet still the man's the same:
For well the happy merchant knows,
The soul with treasure never grows,
Nor swells with airy fame.

But trust me, Gould, 'tis lawful pride
To rise above the mean control
Of flesh and sense, to which we're tied;
This is ambition that becomes a soul.
We steer our course up through the skies;
Farewell this barren land:
We ken the heavenly shore with longing eyes,
There the dear wealth of spirit lies,
And beckoning angels stand.

TO DR. THOMAS GIBSON.

THE LIFE OF SOULS.

1704.

Swift as the Sun revolves the day
We hasten to the dead;
Slaves to the wind we puff away,
And to the ground we tread.
'Tis air that lends us life, when first
The vital bellows heave:
Our flesh we borrow of the dust;
And when a mother's care has nurst
The babe to manly size, we must
With usury pay the grave.

Rich juleps drawn from precious ore
Still tend the dying flame;
And plants, and roots, of barbarous name,
Torn from the Indian shore.
Thus we support our tottering flesh,
Our cheeks resume the rose afresh,
When bark and steel play well their game
To save our sinking breath,
And Gibson, with his awful power,
Rescues the poor precarious hour
From the demands of Death.

But art and nature, powers and charms,
And drugs, and recipes, and forms,
Yield us at last to greedy worms
A despicable prey:
I'd have a life to call my own,
That shall depend on Heaven alone;
Nor air, nor earth, nor sea
Mix their base essences with mine,
Nor claim dominion so divine
To give me leave to be.

Sure there's a mind within, that reigns
O'er the dull current of my veins;
I feel the inward pulse beat high
With vigorous immortality:
Let earth resume the flesh it gave,
And breath dissolve amongst the winds;
Gibson, the things that fear a grave,
That I can lose, or you can save,
Are not akin to minds.

We claim acquaintance with the skies,
Upward our spirits hourly rise,
And there our thoughts employ:
When Heaven shall sign our grand release,
We are no strangers to the place,
The business, or the joy.

FALSE GREATNESS.

Mylo, forbear to call him blest
That only boasts a large estate,
Should all the treasures of the West
Meet, and conspire to make him great.
I know thy better thoughts, I know
Thy reason can't descend so low.
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Through all his meadows roll,
He's but a wretch, with all his lands,
That wears a narrow soul.

He swells amidst his wealthy store,
And proudly poizing what he weighs,
In his own scale he fondly lays
Huge heaps of shining ore.
He spreads the balance wide to hold
His manors and his farms,
And cheats the beam with loads of gold
He hugs between his arms.
So might the plough-boy climb a tree,
When Crœsus mounts his throne,
And both stand up, and smile to see
How long their shadow's grown.
Alas! how vain their fancies be
To think that shape their own!

Thus mingled still with wealth and state,
Crœsus himself can never know;
His true dimensions and his weight
Are far inferiour to their show.
Were I so tall to reach the Pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.

TO SARISSA.

AN EPISTLE.

Bear up, Sarissa, through the ruffling storms
Of a vain vexing world: tread down the cares,
Those ragged thorns that lie across the road,
Nor spend a tear upon them. Trust the Muse,
She sings experienc'd truth: This briny dew,
This rain of eyes, will make the briers grow.
We travel through a desert, and our feet
Have measur'd a fair space, have left behind
A thousand dangers, and a thousand snares
Well scap'd. Adieu, ye horrours of the dark,
Ye finish'd labours, and ye tedious toils
Of days and hours! The twinge of real smart,
And the base terrours of ill-boding dreams,
Vanish together, be alike forgot,
For ever blended in one common grave.

Farewell, ye waxing and ye waning moons,
That we have watch'd behind the flying clouds
On night's dark hill, or setting or ascending,
Or in meridian height! Then silence reign'd
O'er half the world; then ye beheld our tears,
Ye witness'd our complaints, our kindred groans,

[6] Member of parliament for a port in Sussex.

(Sad harmony!) while with your beamy horns
Or richer orb ye silver'd o'er the green
Where trod our feet, and lent a feeble light
To mourners. Now ye have fulfill'd your round,
Those hours are fled, farewell! Months that are
Are gone for ever, and have borne away [gone
Each his own load. Our woes and sorrows past,
Mountainous woes, still lessen as they fly
Far off. So billows in a stormy sea,
Wave after wave (a long succession) roll
Beyond the ken of sight: the sailors, safe,
Look far a-stern till they have lost the storm,
And shout their boisterous joys. A gentler Muse
Sings thy dear safety, and commands thy cares
To dark oblivion; buried deep in night,
Lose them, Sarissa, and assist my song.

Awake thy voice, sing how the slender line
Of Fate's immortal Now divides the past
From all the future with eternal bars,
Forbidding a return. The past temptations
No more shall vex us; every grief we feel
Shortens the destin'd number; every pulse
Beats a sharp moment of the pain away,
And the last stroke will come. By swift degrees
Time sweeps us off, and we shall soon arrive
At life's sweet period: O celestial point
That ends this mortal story!

But if a glimpse of light with flattering ray
Breaks through the clouds of life, or wandering fire
Amidst the shades invite your doubtful feet,
Beware the dancing meteor; faithless guide,
That leads the lonesome pilgrim wide astray
To bogs, and fens, and pits, and certain death!
Should vicious Pleasure take an angel-form
And at a distance rise, by slow degrees,
Treacherous, to wind herself into your heart,
Stand firm aloof, nor let the gaudy phantom
Too long allure your gaze: The just delight
That Heaven indulges lawful must obey
Superior powers; nor tempt your thoughts too far
In slavery to sense, nor swell your hope
To dangerous size: If it approach your feet
And court your hand, forbid th' intruding joy
To sit too near your heart: Still may our souls
Claim kindred with the skies, nor mix with dust
Our better-born affections; leave the globe
A nest for worms, and hasten to our home.

O there are gardens of th' immortal kind
That crown the heavenly Eden's rising hills
With beauty and with sweets; no lurking mischief
Dwells in the fruit, nor serpent twines the boughs;
The branches bend laden with life and bliss
Ripe for the taste, but 'tis a steep ascent:
Hold fast the golden chain[7] let down from Heaven,
'Twill help your feet and wings; I feel its force
Draw upwards; fasten'd to the pearly gate
It guides the way unerring: happy clue
Through this dark wild! 'Twas Wisdom's noblest work,
All join'd by Power Divine, and every link is love.

TO MR. THOMAS BRADBURY.

PARADISE.

1708.

Young as I am, I quit the stage,
Nor will I know th' applauses of the age;
Farewell to growing fame! I leave below
A life not half worn out with cares,
Or agonies, or years;
I leave my country all in tears,
But Heaven demands me upward, and I dare to go.
Amongst ye, friends, divide and share
The remnant of my days,
If ye have patience, and can bear [race.
A long fatigue of life, and drudge through all the

Hark, my fair guardian chides my stay,
And waves his golden rod:
"Angel, I come; lead on the way:"
And now by swift degrees
I sail aloft through azure seas,
Now tread the milky road:
Farewell, ye planets, in your spheres;
And as the stars are lost, a brighter sky appears.
In haste for Paradise
I stretch the pinions of a bolder thought;
Scarce had I will'd, but I was past
Deserts of trackless light and all the ethereal waste,
And to the sacred borders brought;
There on the wing a guard of cherubs lies,
Each waves a keen flame as he flies,
And well defends the walls from sieges and surprise.

With pleasing reverence I behold
The pearly portals wide unfold:
Enter, my soul, and view th' amazing scenes;
Sit fast upon the flying Muse,
And let thy roving wonder loose
O'er all th' empyreal plains.
Noon stands eternal here: here may thy sight
Drink in the rays of primogenial light;
Here breathe immortal air:
Joy must beat high in every vein,
Pleasure through all thy bosom reign;
The laws forbid the stranger, Pain,
And banish every care.

See how the bubbling springs of love
Beneath the throne arise;
The streams in crystal channels move,
Around the golden streets they rove,
And bless the mansions of the upper skies.
There a fair grove of knowledge grows,
Nor Sin nor Death infects the fruit;
Young Life hangs fresh on all the boughs,
And springs from every root;
Here may thy greedy senses feast,
While ecstasy and health attend on every taste.
With the fair prospect charm'd I stood;
Fearless I feed on the delicious fare,
And drink profuse salvation from the silver flood,
Nor can excess be there.

In sacred order rang'd along,
Saints new-releas'd by Death
Join the bold seraph's warbling breath,
And aid th' immortal song.
Each has a voice that tunes his strings
To mighty sounds and mighty things,
Things of everlasting weight,
Sounds, like the softer viol, sweet,
And, like the trumpet, strong,
Divine attention held my soul,
I was all ear!
Through all my powers the heavenly accents roll,
I long'd and wish'd my Bradbury there;
"Could he but hear these notes," I said,
"His tuneful soul would never bear

[7] The Gospel.

The dull unwinding of life's tedious thread,
But burst the vital chords to reach the happy dead."

And now my tongue prepares to join
The harmony, and with a noble aim
Attempts th' unutterable name,
But faints, confounded by the notes divine:
Again my soul th' unequal honour sought,
Again her utmost force she brought, [thought.
And bow'd beneath the burthen of th' unwieldy
Thrice I essay'd, and fainted thrice;
Th' immortal labour strain'd my feeble frame,
Broke the bright vision, and dissolv'd the dream:
I sunk at once, and lost the skies:
In vain I sought the scenes of light,
Rolling abroad my longing eyes,
For all around them stood my curtains and the night.

STRICT RELIGION VERY RARE.

I'm borne aloft, and leave the crowd,
I sail upon a morning cloud
Skirted with dawning gold:
Mine eyes beneath the open day
Command the globe with wide survey,
Where ants in busy millions play,
And tug and heave the mould.

"Are these the things (my passion cried)
That we call men? are these allied
To the fair worlds of light?
They have ras'd out their Maker's name,
Graven on their minds with pointed flame
In strokes divinely bright.

"Wretches! they hate their native skies;
If an ethereal thought arise,
Or spark of virtue shine,
With cruel force they damp its plumes,
Choke the young fire with sensual fumes,
With business, lust, or wine.

"Lo! how they throng with panting breath
The broad descending road
That leads unerring down to Death,
Nor miss the dark abode."
Thus while I drop a tear or two
On the wild herd, a noble few
Dare to stray upward, and pursue
Th' unbeaten way to God.

I meet Myrtillo mounting high,
I know his candid soul afar;
Here Dorylus and Thyrsis fly,
Each like a rising star.
Charin I saw and Fidea there,
I saw them help each other's flight,
And bless them as they go;
They soar beyond my labouring sight,
And leave their loads of mortal care,
But not their love, below.

On Heaven, their home, they fix their eyes,
The temple of their God:
With morning incense up they rise
Sublime, and through the lower skies
Spread the perfumes abroad.

Across the road a seraph flew,
"Mark (said he) that happy pair,
Marriage helps devotion there:
When kindred minds their God pursue,
They break with double vigour through
The dull incumbent air."
Charm'd with the pleasure and surprise,
My soul adores, and sings,
"Blest be the power that springs their flight,
That streaks their path with heavenly light,
That turns their love to sacrifice,
And joins their zeal for wings."

TO MR. C. AND S. FLEETWOOD.

Fleetwoods, young generous pair,
Despise the joys that fools pursue;
Bubbles are light and brittle too,
Born of the water and the air.
Tried by a standard bold and just
Honour and gold and paint and dust;
How vile the last is, and as vain the first!
Things that the crowd call great and brave,
With me how low their value's brought!
Titles and names, and life and breath,
Slaves to the wind and born for death;
The soul's the only thing we have.
Worth an important thought.

The soul! 'tis of th' immortal kind,
Nor form'd of fire, or earth, or wind, [behind.
Outlives the mouldering corpse, and leaves the globe
In limbs of clay though she appears,
Array'd in rosy skin, and deck'd with ears and eyes,
The flesh is but the soul's disguise,
There's nothing in her frame 'kin to the dress she wears.
From all the laws of matter free,
From all we feel, and all we see,
She stands eternally distinct, and must for ever be.

Rise then, my thoughts, on high,
Soar beyond all that's made to die;
Lo! on an awful throne
Sits the Creator and the Judge of souls,
Whirling the planets round the poles, [on.
Winds off our threads of life, and brings our periods
Swift the approach, and solemn is the day,
When this immortal mind,
Stript of the body's coarse array,
To endless pain, or endless joy,
Must be at once consign'd.

Think of the sands run down to waste,
We possess none of all the past,
None but the present is our own;
Grace is not plac'd within our power,
'Tis but one short, one shining hour,
Bright and declining as a setting sun.
See the white minutes wing'd with haste;
The Now that flies may be the last;
Seize the salvation ere 'tis past,
Nor mourn the blessing gone:
A thought's delay is ruin here,
A closing eye, a gasping breath,
Shuts up the golden scene in death,
And drowns you in despair.

TO WILLIAM BLACKBOURN, ESQ.

CASIMIR. LIB. II. OD. 2. IMITATED.

Quæ tegit canas modo Bruma valles, &c.

Mark how it snows! how fast the valley fills!
And the sweet groves the hoary garment wear;
Yet the warm sun-beams bounding from the hills
Shall melt the veil away, and the young green appear.

But when Old Age has on your temples shed
Her silver-frost, there's no returning sun;
Swift flies our autumn, swift our summer's fled,
When youth, and love, and spring, and golden joys
are gone.

Then cold, and winter, and your aged snow,
Stick fast upon you; not the rich array,
Not the green garland, nor the rosy bough,
Shall cancel or conceal the melancholy gray.

The chase of pleasures is not worth the pains,
While the bright sands of health run wasting down;
And honour calls you from the softer scenes,
To sell the gaudy hour for ages of renown.

'Tis but one youth, and short, that mortals have,
And one old age dissolves our feeble frame;
But there's a heavenly art t' elude the grave,
And with the hero-race immortal kindred claim.

The man that has his country's sacred tears
Bedewing his cold hearse, has liv'd his day: [heirs;
Thus, Blackbourn, we should leave our names our
Old Time and waning moons sweep all the rest away.

TRUE MONARCHY.

1701.

The rising year beheld the imperious Gaul
Stretch his dominion, while a hundred towns
Crouch'd to the victor: but a steady soul
Stands firm on its own base, and reigns as wide,
As absolute; and sways ten thousand slaves,
Lusts and wild fancies, with a sovereign hand.

We are a little kingdom; but the man
That chains his rebel Will to Reason's throne,
Forms it a large one, while his royal mind
Makes Heaven its council, from the rolls above
Draws its own statutes, and with joy obeys.

'Tis not a troop of well-appointed guards
Create a monarch, not a purple robe
Dy'd in the people's blood, not all the crowns
Or dazzling tiars that bend about the head,
Though gilt with sun-beams and set round with stars.
A monarch he that conquers all his fears,
And treads upon them; when he stands alone,
Makes his own camp; four guardian virtues wait
His nightly slumbers, and secure his dreams.
Now dawns the light; he ranges all his thoughts
In square battalions, bold to meet th' attacks
Of Time and Chance, himself a numerous host,
All eye, all ear, all wakeful as the day,
Firm as a rock, and moveless as the centre.

In vain the harlot Pleasure spreads her charms,
To lull his thoughts in Luxury's fair lap,
To sensual ease (the bane of little kings,
Monarchs whose waxen images of souls
Are moulded into softness); still his mind
Wears its own shape, nor can the heavenly form
Stoop to be modell'd by the wild decrees
Of the mad vulgar, that unthinking herd.

He lives above the crowd, nor hears the noise
Of wars and triumphs, nor regards the shouts
Of popular applause, that empty sound;
Nor feels the flying arrows of Reproach,
Or Spite or Envy. In himself secure,
Wisdom his tower, and conscience is his shield,
His peace all inward, and his joys his own.

Now my ambition swells, my wishes soar,
This be my kingdom; sit above the globe,
My rising soul, and dress thyself around,
And shine in Virtue's armour, climb the height
Of Wisdom's lofty castle, there reside
Safe from the smiling and the frowning world.

Yet once a-day drop down a gentle look
On the great mole-hill, and with pitying eye
Survey the busy emmets round the heap,
Crowding and bustling in a thousand forms
Of strife and toil, to purchase wealth and fame,
A bubble or a dust: then call thy thoughts
Up to thyself to feed on joys unknown,
Rich without gold, and great without renown.

TRUE COURAGE.

Honour demands my song. Forget the ground,
My generous Muse, and sit among the stars!
There sing the soul, that, conscious of her birth,
Lives like a native of the vital world
Among these dying clods, and bears her state
Just to herself: how nobly she maintains
Her character! superior to the flesh,
She wields her passions like her limbs, and knows
The brutal powers were only born t' obey.

This is the man whom storms could never make
Meanly complain; nor can a flattering gale
Make him talk proudly: he hath no desire
To read his secret fate: yet unconcern'd
And calm could meet his unborn destiny,
In all its charming or its frightful shapes.

He that, unshrinking, and without a groan,
Bears the first wound, may finish all the war
With mere courageous silence, and come off
Conqueror: for the man that well conceals
The heavy strokes of Fate, he bears them well.

He, though th' Atlantic and the Midland seas
With adverse surges meet, and rise on high
Suspended 'twixt the winds, then rush amain,
Mingled with flames, upon his single head,
And clouds, and stars, and thunder, firm he stands,
Secure of his best life; unhurt, unmov'd;
And drops his lower nature, born for death:
Then from the lofty castle of his mind
Sublime looks down, exulting, and surveys
The ruins of creation (souls alone
Are heirs of dying worlds); a piercing glance
Shoots upwards from between his closing lids,
To reach his birth-place, and without a sigh
He bids his batter'd flesh lie gently down
Amongst his native rubbish; whilst the spirit
Breathes and flies upward, an undoubted guest
Of the third Heaven, th' unruinable sky.

Thither when Fate has brought our willing souls,
No matter whether 'twas a sharp disease
Or a sharp sword that help'd the travellers on,
And push'd us to our home—Bear up, my friend,
Serenely, and break through the stormy brine
With steady prow; know, we shall once arrive
At the fair haven of eternal bliss,
To which we ever steer; whether as kings
Of wide command we've spread the spacious sea
With a broad painted fleet, or row'd along
In a thin cock-boat with a little oar.

There let my native plank shift me to land,
And I'll be happy: thus I'll leap ashore
Joyful and fearless on th' immortal coast,
Since all I leave is mortal, and it must be lost.

TO THE MUCH HONOURED
MR. THOMAS ROWE,
THE DIRECTOR OF MY YOUTHFUL STUDIES.

FREE PHILOSOPHY.

Custom, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules!
My genius storms her throne:
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Loose hands, and quit th' enchanted ground:
Knowledge invites us each alone.

I hate these shackles of the mind
Forg'd by the haughty wise;
Souls were not born to be confin'd,
And led, like Samson, blind and bound;
But when his native strength he found
He well aveng'd his eyes.
I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence, like the Sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And choose the channels where they run.

Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind
Will through all nature fly:
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls?
A genius which no chain controls
Roves with delight, or deep, or high:
Swift I survey the globe around,
Dive to the centre through the solid ground,
Or travel o'er the sky.

TO THE REV. MR. BENONI ROWE.

THE WAY OF THE MULTITUDE.

Rowe, if we make the crowd our guide
Through life's uncertain road,
Mean is the chase; and, wandering wide,
We miss th' immortal good;
Yet if my thoughts could be confin'd
To follow any leader-mind,
I'd mark thy steps, and tread the same:
Drest in thy notions I'd appear
Not like a soul of mortal frame,
Nor with a vulgar air.

Men live at random and by chance,
Bright Reason never leads the dance;
While in the broad and beaten way
O'er dales and hills from truth we stray,
To ruin we descend, to ruin we advance.
Wisdom retires; she hates the crowd:
And with a decent scorn
Aloof she climbs her steepy seat,
Where nor the grave nor giddy feet,
Of the learn'd vulgar or the rude,
Have e'er a passage worn.

Mere Hazard first began the track,
Where Custom leads her thousands blind
In willing chains and strong;
There's scarce one bold, one noble mind
Dares tread the fatal errour back,
But hand in hand ourselves we bind,
And drag the age along.

Mortals, a savage herd, and loud
As billows on a noisy flood
In rapid order roll:
Example makes the mischief good:
With jocund heel we beat the road,
Unheedful of the goal.
Me let Ithuriel's [8] friendly wing
Snatch from the crowd, and bear sublime
To Wisdom's lofty tower,
Thence to survey that wretched thing,
Mankind; and in exalted rhyme
Bless the delivering Power.

TO THE REVEREND
MR. JOHN HOWE.
1704.

Great man, permit the Muse to climb
And seat her at thy feet,
Bid her attempt a thought sublime,
And consecrate her wit.
I feel, I feel th' attractive force
Of thy superior soul:
My chariot flies her upward course,
The wheels divinely roll.
Now let me chide the mean affairs
And mighty toil of men:
How they grow gray in trifling cares,
Or waste the motions of the spheres
Upon delights as vain!

A puff of honour fills the mind,
And yellow dust is solid good;
Thus, like the ass of savage kind,
We snuff the breezes of the wind,
Or steal the serpent's food.
Could all the choirs
That charm the poles
But strike one doleful sound,
'Twould be employ'd to mourn our souls,
Souls that were fram'd of sprightly fires
In floods of folly drown'd.
Souls made of glory seek a brutal joy;
How they disclaim their heavenly birth,
Melt their bright substance down with drossy earth,
And hate to be refin'd from that impure alloy!

Oft has thy genius rous'd us hence
With elevated song,
Bid us renounce this world of sense,
Bid us divide th' immortal prize
With the seraphic throng:
"Knowledge and love make spirits blest,
Knowledge their food, and love their rest;"
But Flesh, th' unmanageable beast,
Resists the pity of thine eyes,
And music of thy tongue.
Then let the worms of grovelling mind
Round the short joys of earthly kind
In restless windings roam;

[8] The name of an angel in Milton's Paradise Lost.

Howe hath an ample orb of soul,
Where shining worlds of knowledge roll,
Where love, the centre and the pole,
Completes the Heaven at home.

THE DISAPPOINTMENT AND RELIEF.

Virtue, permit my fancy to impose
Upon my better powers:
She casts sweet fallacies on half our woes,
And gilds the gloomy hours.
How could we bear this tedious round
Of waning moons, and rolling years,
Of flaming hopes, and chilling fears,
If (where no sovereign cure appears)
No opiates could be found?

Love, the most cordial stream that flows,
Is a deceitful good:
Young Doris, who nor guilt nor danger knows,
On the green margin stood,
Pleas'd with the golden bubbles as they rose,
And with more golden sands her fancy pav'd the flood:
Then fond to be entirely blest,
And tempted by a faithless youth,
As void of goodness as of truth,
She plunges in with heedless haste,
And rears the nether mud:

Darkness and nauseous dregs arise
O'er thy fair current, Love, with large supplies
Of pain to tease the heart, and sorrow for the eyes.
The golden bliss that charm'd her sight
Is dash'd, and drown'd, and lost:
A spark, or glimmering streak at most,
Shines here and there, amidst the night,
Amidst the turbid waves, and gives a faint delight.

Recover'd from the sad surprise,
Doris awakes at last,
Grown by the disappointment wise;
And manages with art th' unlucky cast;
When the lowering frown she spies
On her haughty tyrant's brow,
With humble love she meets his wrathful eyes,
And makes her sovereign beauty bow;
Cheerful she smiles upon the grisly form;
So shines the setting Sun on adverse skies,
And paints a rainbow on the storm.
Anon she lets the sullen humour spend,
And with a virtuous book, or friend,
Beguiles th' uneasy hours:
Well colouring every cross she meets,
With heart serene she sleeps and eats,
She spreads her board with fancied sweets,
And strews her bed with flowers.

THE HERO'S SCHOOL OF MORALITY.

Theron, amongst his travels, found
A broken statue on the ground;
And searching onward as he went
He trac'd a ruin'd monument.
Mould, moss, and shades, had overgrown
The sculpture of the crumbling stone;
Yet e'e he pass'd, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spell'd out, Sci-pi-o.

"Enough," he cried; "I'll drudge no more
In turning the dull Stoics o'er;
Let pedants waste their hours of ease
To sweat all night at Socrates;
And feed their boys with notes and rules,
Those tedious recipes of schools,
To cure ambition: I can learn
With greater ease the great concern
Of mortals; how we may despise
All the gay things below the skies.

"Methinks a mouldering pyramid
Says all that the old sages said;
For me these shatter'd tombs contain
More morals than the Vatican.
The dust of heroes cast abroad,
And kick'd and trampled in the road,
The relics of a lofty mind,
That lately wars and crowns design'd,
Tost for a jest from wind to wind,
Bid me be humble, and forbear
Tall monuments of fame to rear,
They are but castles in the air.
The towering heights, and frightful falls,
The ruin'd heaps and funerals,
Of smoking kingdoms and their kings,
Tell me a thousand mournful things
In melancholy silence.——————
——————He,
That living could not bear to see
An equal, now lies torn and dead;
Here his pale trunk, and there his head;
Great Pompey! while I meditate,
With solemn horrour, thy sad fate,
Thy carcase, scatter'd on the shore
Without a name, instructs me more
Than my whole library before.

"Lie still, my Plutarch, then, and sleep,
And you, good Seneca, may keep
Your volumes clos'd for ever too,
I have no further use for you:
For when I feel my virtue fail,
And my ambitious thoughts prevail,
I'll take a turn among the tombs,
And see whereto all glory comes:
There the vile foot of every clown
Trampies the sons of honour down;
Beggars with awful ashes sport,
And tread the Cæsars in the dirt."

FREEDOM.

1697.

"Tempt me no more. My soul can ne'er comport
With the gay slaveries of a court;
I've an aversion to those charms,
And hug dear Liberty in both mine arms.
Go, vassal-souls, go, cringe and wait,
And dance attendance at Honorio's gate,
Then run in troops before him to compose his state;
Move as he moves; and when he loiters, stand;
You're but the shadows of a man.
Bend when he speaks; and kiss the ground:
Go, catch th' impertinence of sound:
Adore the follies of the great;
Wait till he smiles:—But lo, the idol frown'd,
And drove them to their fate.

Thus base-born minds: but as for me,
I can and will be free:
Like a strong mountain, or some stately tree,
My soul grows firm upright,
And as I stand, and as I go,
It keeps my body so;
No, I can never part with my creation-right.
Let slaves and asses stoop and bow,
I cannot make this iron knee [free."
Bend to a meaner power than that which form'd it

Thus my bold harp profusely play'd
Pindarical; then on a branchy shade
I hung my harp aloft, myself beneath it laid.
Nature, that listen'd to my strain,
Resum'd the theme, and acted it again.
Sudden rose a whirling wind
Swelling like Honorio proud,
Around the straws and feathers crowd,
Types of a slavish mind;
Upwards the stormy forces rise,
The dust flies up and climbs the skies,
And as the tempest fell th' obedient vapours sunk:
Again it roars with bellowing sound,
The meaner plants that grew around, [ground:
The willow, and the asp, trembled and kiss'd the
Hard by there stood the iron trunk
Of an old oak, and all the storm defied;
In vain the winds their forces tried,
In vain they roar'd; the iron oak
Bow'd only to the heavenly thunder's stroke.

ON

MR. LOCKE'S ANNOTATIONS UPON SEVERAL PARTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT,

LEFT BEHIND HIM AT HIS DEATH.

Thus Reason learns by slow degrees
What Faith reveals; but still complains
Of intellectual pains,
And darkness from the too exuberant light.
The blaze of those bright mysteries
Pour'd all at once on Nature's eyes
Offend and cloud her feeble sight.

Reason could scarce sustain to see
Th' Almighty One, th' Eternal Three,
Or bear the infant Deity;
Scarce could her pride descend to own
Her Maker stooping from his throne,
And drest in glories so unknown.
A ransom'd world, a bleeding God,
And Heaven appeas'd with flowing blood,
Were themes too painful to be understood.

Faith, thou bright cherub, speak, and say,
Did ever mind of mortal race
Cost thee more toil, or larger grace,
To melt and bend it to obey?
'Twas hard to make so rich a soul submit,
And lay her shining honours at thy sovereign feet.

Sister of Faith, fair Charity,
Show me the wondrous man on high,
Tell how he sees the Godhead Three in One;
The bright conviction fills his eye,
His noblest powers in deep prostration lie
At the mysterious throne.
"Forgive," he cries, "ye saints below,
The wavering and the cold assent
I gave to themes divinely true;
Can you admit the blessed to repent?
Eternal darkness veil the lines
Of that unhappy book,
Where glimmering reason with false lustre shines,
Where the mortal pen mistook
What the celestial meant!"

TRUE RICHES.

I am not concern'd to know
What tomorrow Fate will do:
'Tis enough that I can say,
I've possess'd myself to-day;
Then if haply midnight-death
Seize my flesh and stop my breath,
Yet tomorrow I shall be
Heir to the best part of me.

Glittering stones, and golden things,
Wealth and honours that have wings,
Ever fluttering to be gone,
I could never call my own:
Riches that the world bestows,
She can take, and I can lose;
But the treasures that are mine
Lie afar beyond her line.
When I view my spacious soul,
And survey myself awhole,
And enjoy myself alone,
I'm a kingdom of my own.

I've a mighty part within
That the world hath never seen,
Rich as Eden's happy ground,
And with choicer plenty crown'd.
Here on all the shining boughs
Knowledge fair and useless grows;
On the same young flowery tree
All the seasons you may see;
Notions in the bloom of light,
Just disclosing to the sight;
Here are thoughts of larger growth,
Ripening into solid truth;
Fruits refin'd, of noble taste;
Seraphs feed on such repast.
Here, in a green and shady grove,
Streams of pleasure mix with love:
There beneath the smiling skies
Hills of contemplation rise:
Now upon some shining top
Angels light, and call me up;
I rejoice to raise my feet,
Both rejoice when there we meet.

There are endless beauties more,
Earth hath no resemblance for;
Nothing like them round the pole,
Nothing can describe the soul:
'Tis a region half unknown,
That has treasures of its own,
More remote from public view
Than the bowels of Peru;
Broader 'tis, and brighter far,
Than the golden Indies are;
Ships that trace the watery stage
Cannot coast it in an age;

Harts, or horses, strong and fleet,
Had they wings to help their feet,
Could not run it half way o'er
In ten thousand days and more.

Yet the silly wandering mind,
Loth to be too much confin'd,
Roves and takes her daily tours,
Coasting round the narrow shores,
Narrow shores of flesh and sense,
Picking shells and pebbles thence:
Or she sits at Fancy's door,
Calling shapes and shadows to her,
Foreign visits still receiving,
And t' herself a stranger living.
Never, never would she buy
Indian dust, or Tyrian dye,
Never trade abroad for more,
If she saw her native store;
If her inward worth were known,
She might ever live alone.

THE ADVENTUROUS MUSE.

URANIA takes her morning flight
With an inimitable wing:
Through rising deluges of dawning light
She cleaves her wondrous way,
She tunes immortal anthems to the growing day;
Nor Rapin [1] gives her rules to fly, nor Purcell [2] notes to sing.

She nor inquires, nor knows, nor fears [sand;
Where lie the pointed rocks, or where th' ingulfing
Climbing the liquid mountains of the skies,
She meets descending angels as she flies,
Nor asks them where their country lies,
Or where the sea-marks stand.
Touch'd with an empyreal ray,
She springs, unerring, upward to eternal day,
Spreads her white sails aloft, and steers,
With bold and safe attempt, to the celestial land.

Whilst little skiffs along the mortal shores
With humble toil in order creep,
Coasting in sight of one another's oars,
Nor venture through the boundless deep,
Such low pretending souls are they
Who dwell enclos'd in solid orbs of skull;
Plodding along their sober way,
The snail o'ertakes them in their wildest play,
While the poor labourers sweat to be correctly dull.

Give me the chariot whose diviner wheels
Mark their own route, and unconfin'd
Bound o'er the everlasting hills, [hind.
And lose the clouds below, and leave the stars be-
Give me the Muse whose generous force,
Impatient of the reins,
Pursues an unattempted course,
Breaks all the critic's iron chains,
And bears to Paradise the raptur'd mind.

There Milton dwells. The mortal sung
Themes not presum'd by mortal tongue;
New terrours, or new glories, shine
In every page, and flying scenes divine [along.
Surprise the wondering sense, and draw our souls

Behold his Muse sent out t' explore
The unapparent deep where waves of chaos roar,
And realms of night unknown before.
She trac'd a glorious path unknown, [thrown,
Through fields of heavenly war, and seraphs over-
Where his adventurous genius led:

Sovereign, she fram'd a model of her own,
Nor thank'd the living nor the dead.
The noble hater of degenerate rhyme
Shook off the chains, and built his verse sublime,
A monument too high for coupled sounds to climb.
He mourn'd the garden lost below;
(Earth is the scene for baneful woe)
Now bliss beats high in all his veins,
Now the lost Eden he regains, [strains.
Keeps his own air, and triumphs in unrival'd

Immortal bard! Thus thy own Raphael sings,
And knows no rule but native fire:
All Heaven sits silent, while to his sovereign strings
He talks unutterable things;
With graces infinite his untaught fingers rove
Across the golden lyre:
From every note Devotion springs.
Rapture, and Harmony, and Love,
O'erspread the listening choir.

[1] A French critic.
[2] An English master of music.

TO MR. NICHOLAS CLARK.

THE COMPLAINT.

'TWAS in a vale where osiers grow,
By murmuring streams we told our woe,
And mingled all our cares:
Friendship sat pleas'd in both our eyes,
In both the weeping dews arise,
And drop alternate tears.

The vigorous monarch of the day,
Now mounting half his morning way,
Shone with a fainter bright;
Still sickening, and decaying still,
Dimly he wander'd up the hill
With his expiring light.

In dark eclipse his chariot roll'd,
The queen of night obscur'd his gold
Behind her sable wheels;
Nature grew sad to lose the day,
The flowery vales in mourning lay,
In mourning stood the hills.

"Such are our sorrows, Clark," I cried,
"Clouds of the brain grow black, and hide
Our darken'd souls behind;
In the young morning of our years
Distempering fogs have climb'd the spheres,
And choke the labouring mind.

"Lo, the gay planet rears his head,
And overlooks the lofty shade,
New-brightening all the skies:
But say, dear partner of my moan,
When will our long eclipse be gone,
Or when our suns arise?

"In vain are potent herbs applied,
Harmonious sounds in vain have tried
To make the darkness fly:

But drugs would raise the dead as soon,
Or clattering brass relieve the Moon,
When fainting in the sky.

" Some friendly spirit from above,
Born of the Light, and nurst with Love,
Assist our feebler fires:
Force these invading glooms away;
Souls should be seen quite through their clay,
Bright as your heavenly choirs.

" But if the fogs must damp the flame,
Gently, kind Death, dissolve our frame,
Release the prisoner-mind:
Our souls shall mount, at thy discharge,
To their bright source, and shine at large,
Nor clouded, nor confin'd."

THE AFFLICTIONS OF A FRIEND.

1702.

Now let my cares all buried lie,
My griefs for ever dumb:
Your sorrows swell my heart so high,
They leave my own no room.

Sickness and pains are quite forgot,
The spleen itself is gone;
Plung'd in your woes I feel them not,
Or feel them all in one.

Infinite grief puts sense to flight,
And all the soul invades:
So the broad gloom of spreading night
Devours the evening shades.

Thus am I born to be unblest!
This sympathy of woe
Drives my own tyrants from my breast
T' admit a foreign foe.

Sorrows in long succession reign;
Their iron rod I feel:
Friendship has only chang'd the chain,
But I'm the pris'ner still.

Why was this life for misery made?
Or why drawn out so long?
Is there no room amongst the dead?
Or is a wretch too young?

Move faster on, great Nature's wheel,
Be kind, ye rolling powers,
Hurl my days headlong down the hill
With undistinguish'd hours.

Be dusky, all my rising suns,
Nor smile upon a slave:
Darkness, and Death, make haste at once
To hide me in the grave.

THE REVERSE:

OR,

THE COMFORTS OF A FRIEND.

Thus Nature tun'd her mournful tongue,
Till Grace lift up her head,
Revers'd the sorrow and the song,
And, smiling, thus she said:

" Were kindred spirits born for cares?
Must every grief be mine?
Is there a sympathy in tears,
Yet joys refuse to join?

" Forbid it, Heaven, and raise my love,
And make our joys the same;
So bliss and friendship join'd above
Mix an immortal flame.

" Sorrows are lost in vast delight
That brightens all the soul,
As deluges of dawning light
O'erwhelm the dusky pole.

" Pleasures in long succession reign,
And all my powers employ:
Friendship but shifts the pleasing scene,
And fresh repeats the joy.

" Life has a soft and silver thread,
Nor is it drawn too long;
Yet, when my vaster hopes persuade,
I'm willing to be gone.

" Fast as ye please roll down the hill,
And haste away, my years;
Or I can wait my Father's will,
And dwell beneath the spheres.

" Rise glorious, every future sun,
Gild all my following days,
But make the last dear moment known
By well-distinguish'd rays."

TO

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN LORD CUTTS,

At the Siege of Namur.

THE HARDY SOLDIER.

" O why is man so thoughtless grown?
Why guilty souls in haste to die?
Venturing the leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless to arms and blood they fly.

" Are lives but worth a soldier's pay?
Why will ye join such wide extremes,
And stake immortal souls, in play
At desperate chance and bloody games?

" Valour's a nobler turn of thought,
Whose pardon'd guilt forbids her fears:
Calmly she meets the deadly shot,
Secure of life above the stars.

" But Phrensy dares eternal Fate,
And, spurr'd with Honour's airy dreams,
Flies to attack th' infernal gate,
And force a passage to the flames."

Thus hovering o'er Namuria's plains,
Sung heavenly Love in Gabriel's form:
Young Thraso left the moving strains,
And vow'd to pray before the storm.

Anon the thundering trumpet calls;
" Vows are but wind," the Hero cries;
Then swears by Heaven, and scales the walls,
Drops in the ditch, despairs, and dies.

BURNING SEVERAL POEMS OF

OVID, MARTIAL, OLDHAM, DRYDEN, &c.

1708.

I judge the Muse of lewd desire;
Her sons to darkness, and her works to fire,

In vain the flatteries of their wit [flight,
Now with a melting strain, now with an heavenly
Would tempt my virtue to approve
Those gaudy tinders of a lawless love.
So harlots dress:—they can appear
Sweet, modest, cool, divinely fair,
To charm a Cato's eye; but all within,
Stench, impudence, and fire, and ugly raging sin.

Die, Flora, die in endless shame,
Thou prostitute of blackest fame,
Stript of thy false array.
Ovid, and all ye wilder pens
Of modern lust, who gild our scenes,
Poison the British stage, and paint damnation gay,
Attend your mistress to the dead; [shade.
When Flora dies, her imps should wait upon her

Strephon [3], of noble blood and mind,
(For ever shine his name!)
As Death approach'd, his soul refin'd,
And gave his looser sonnets to the flame.
"Burn, burn," he cried with sacred rage,
"Hell is the due of every page,
Hell be the fate. (But, O indulgent Heaven!
So vile the Muse, and yet the man forgiven!)
Burn on my songs: for not the silver Thames,
Nor Tyber with his yellow streams,
In endless currents rolling to the main,
Can e'er dilute the poison, or wash out the stain."

So Moses by divine command
Forbid the leprous house to stand
When deep the fatal spot was grown:
"Break down the timber, and dig up the stone."

TO MRS. B. BENDISH.

AGAINST TEARS.

1699.

Madam, persuade me tears are good
To wash our mortal cares away;
These eyes shall weep a sudden flood,
And stream into a briny sea.

Or if these orbs are hard and dry,
(These orbs that never use to rain)
Some star direct me where to buy
One sovereign drop for all my pain.

Were both the golden Indies mine,
I'd give both Indies for a tear:
I'd barter all but what's divine:
Nor shall I think the bargain dear.

But tears, alas! are trifling things,
They rather feed than heal our woe;
From trickling eyes new sorrow springs,
As weeds in rainy seasons grow.

Thus weeping urges weeping on;
In vain our miseries hope relief,
For one drop calls another down,
Till we are drown'd in seas of grief.

Then let these useless streams be staid,
Wear native courage on your face:
These vulgar things were never made
For souls of a superiour race.

If 'tis a rugged path you go,
And thousand foes your steps surround,
Tread the thorns down, charge through the foe;
The hardest fight is highest crown'd.

FEW HAPPY MATCHES.

Aug. 1701.

Say, mighty Love, and teach my song,
To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whose yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find blessings twisted with their bands,
To soften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains,
That thoughtless fly into thy chains,
As custom leads the way;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that Hell inspires
With wanton flames; those raging fires
The purer bliss destroy:
On Etna's top let Furies wed,
And sheets of lightning dress the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whose marble forms
None of the melting passions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are married just like Stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless:
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none besides the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantments hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind;
For love abhors the sight:
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright Venus on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

[3] Earl of Rochester.

TO

DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

AN EPISTLE.

Dec. 1702.

LET useless souls to woods retreat;
Polhill should leave a country seat
When Virtue bids him dare be great.

Nor Kent [4], nor Sussex [4], should have charms,
While Liberty, with loud alarms,
Calls you to counsels and to arms.

Lewis, by fawning slaves ador'd,
Bids you receive a base-born lord [5];
Awake your cares! awake your sword!

Factions amongst the Britons [6] rise,
And warring tongues, and wild surmise,
And burning Zeal without her eyes.

A vote decides the blind debate;
Resolv'd, "'tis of diviner weight
To save the steeple than the state."

The bold machine [7] is form'd and join'd
To stretch the conscience, and to bind
The native freedom of the mind.

Your grandsire shades with jealous eye
Frown down to see their offspring lie
Careless, and let their country die.

If Trevia [8] fear to let you stand
Against the Gaul with spear in hand,
At least petition [9] for the land.

THE CELEBRATED VICTORY OF THE POLES

OVER OSMAN THE TURKISH EMPEROR IN THE DACIAN BATTLE.

Translated from Casimire, B. iv. Od. 4. with large Additions.

GADOR the old, the wealthy, and the strong,
Cheerful in years (nor of the heroic Muse
Unknowing, nor unknown) held fair possessions
Where flows the fruitful Danube. Seventy springs
Smil'd on his seed, and seventy harvest-moons
Fill'd his wide granaries with autumnal joy:
Still he resum'd the toil: and Fame reports,
While he broke up new ground, and tir'd his plough
In grassy furrows, the torn earth disclos'd
Helmets, and swords, (bright furniture of war
Sleeping in rust) and heaps of mighty bones.
The Sun descending to the western deep
Bid him lie down and rest; he loos'd the yoke,
Yet held his wearied oxen from their food
With charming numbers, and uncommon song.

"Go, fellow-labourers, you may rove secure,
Or feed beside me; taste the greens and boughs
That you have long forgot; crop the sweet herb,
And graze in safety, while the victor Pole
Leans on his spear, and breathes; yet still his eye
Jealous and fierce. How large, old soldier, say,
How fair a harvest of the slaughter'd Turks
Strew'd the Moldavian fields? What mighty piles
Of vast destruction, and of Thracian dead,
Fill and amaze my eyes? Broad bucklers lie
(A vain defence) spread o'er the pathless hills,
And coats of scaly steel, and hard habergeon,
Deep-bruis'd and empty of Mahometan limbs.
This the fierce Saracen wore (for when a boy,
I was their captive, and remind their dress):
Here the Polonians dreadful march'd along
In august pomp, and regular array,
Led on to conquest: here the Turkish chief
Presumptuous trod, and in rude order rang'd
His long battalions, while his populous towns
Pour'd out fresh troops perpetual, drest in arms,
Horrent in mail, and gay in spangled pride.

"O the dire image of the bloody fight
These eyes have seen, when the capacious plain
Was throng'd with Dacian spears; when polish'd helms
And convex gold blaz'd thick against the Sun
Restoring all his beams! but frowning War
All gloomy, like a gather'd tempest, stood
Wavering, and doubtful where to bend its fall.

"The storm of missive steel delay'd a while
By wise command; fledg'd arrows on the nerve;
And scymitar and sabre bore the sheath;
Reluctant; till the hollow brazen clouds
Had bellow'd from each quarter of the field
Loud thunder, and disgorg'd their sulphurous fire.
Then banners wav'd, and arms were mix'd with arms;
Then javelins answer'd javelins as they fled,
For both fled hissing death: with adverse edge
The crooked faulchions met; and hideous noise
From clashing shields, through the long ranks of war,
Clang'd horrible. A thousand iron storms
Roar diverse: and in harsh confusion drown
The trumpet's silver sound. O rude effort
Of harmony! not all the frozen stores
Of the cold North, when pour'd in rattling hail,
Lash with such madness the Norwegian plains,
Or so torment the ear. Scarce sounds so far
The direful fragor, when some southern blast
Tears from the Alps a ridge of knotty oaks
Deep fang'd, and ancient tenants of the rock:
The massy fragment, many a rood in length,
With hideous crash, rolls down the rugged cliff
Resistless, plunging in the subject lake
Como, or Lugaine; th' afflicted waters roar,
And various thunder all the valley fills—
Such was the noise of war: the troubled air
Complains aloud, and propagates the din
To neighbouring regions; rocks and lofty hills
Beat the impetuous echoes round the sky.

"Uproar, Revenge, and Rage, and Hate, appear
In all their murderous forms; and flame and blood
And sweat and dust array the broad campaign
In horrour: hasty feet, and sparkling eyes,
And all the savage passions of the soul,
Engage in the warm business of the day.
Here mingling hands, but with no friendly gripe,

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[4] His country seat and dwelling.
[5] The Pretender, proclaimed king in France.
[6] The parliament.
[7] The bill against occasional conformity, 1702.
[8] Mrs. Polhill, of the family of lord Trevor.
[9] Mr. Polhill was one of those five zealous gentlemen who presented the famous Kentish petition to the parliament, in the reign of king William, to hasten their supplies in order to support the king in his war with France.

Join in the fight; and breasts in close embrace,
But mortal as the iron arms of Death.
Here words austere, of perilous command,
And valour swift t' obey; bold feats of arms
Dreadful to see, and glorious to relate, [ness
Shine through the field with more surprising bright-
Than glittering helms or spears. What loud applause
(Best meed of warlike toil), what manly shouts,
And yells unmanly through the battle ring!
And sudden wrath dies into endless fame.

"Long did the fate of war hang dubious. Here
Stood the more numerous Turk, the valiant Pole
Fought here; more dreadful, though with lesser wings.

"But what the Dahets or the coward soul
Of a Cydonian, what the fearful crowds
Of base Cilicians 'scaping from the slaughter,
Of Parthian beasts, with all their racing riders,
What could they mean against th' intrepid breast
Of the pursuing foe? Th' impetuous Poles
Rush here, and here the Lithuanian horse
Drive down upon them like a double bolt
Of kindled thunder raging through the sky
On sounding wheels; or as some mighty flood
Rolls his two torrents down a dreadful steep
Precipitant, and bears along the stream
Rocks, woods, and trees, with all the grazing herd,
And tumbles lofty forests headlong to the plain.

"The bold Borussian smoking from afar
Moves like a tempest in a dusky cloud,
And imitates th' artillery of Heaven,
The lightning and the roar. Amazing scene!
What showers of mortal hail, what flaky fires
Burst from the darkness! while their cohorts firm
Met the like thunder, and an equal storm,
From hostile troops, but with a braver mind.
Undaunted bosoms tempt the edge of war,
And rush on the sharp point; while baleful mischiefs,
Deaths and bright dangers flew across the field
Thick and continual, and a thousand souls [aloof,
Fled murmuring through their wounds. I stood
For 'twas unsafe to come within the wind
Of Russian banners, when with whizzing sound,
Eager of glory, and profuse of life,
They bore down fearless on the charging foes,
And drove them backward. Then the Turkish
Wander'd in disarray. A dark eclipse [moons
Hung on the silver crescent, boding night,
Long night, to all her sons: at length disrob'd
The standards fell: the barbarous ensigns torn
Fled with the wind, the sport of angry Heaven:
And a large cloud of infantry and horse
Scattering in wild disorder, spread the plain.

"Not noise, nor number, nor the brawny limb,
Nor high-built size prevails: 'tis courage fights,
'Tis courage conquers. So whole forests fall
(A spacious ruin) by one single axe,
And steel well sharpened: so a generous pair
Of young-wing'd eaglets fright a thousand doves.

"Vast was the slaughter, and the flowery green
Drank deep of flowing crimson. Veteran bands
Here made their last campaign. Here haughty
Stretch'd on the bed of purple honour lie [chiefs
Supine, nor dream of battle's hard event,
Oppress'd with iron slumbers, and long night.
Their ghosts indignant to the nether world
Fled, but attended well: for at their side
Some faithful janizaries strew'd the field,
Fall'n in just ranks or wedges, lunes or squares,
Firm as they stood; to the Warsovian troops,
A nobler toil, and triumph worth their fight.
But the broad sabre and keen poll-axe flew
With speedy terrour through the feebler herd,
And made rude havoc and irregular spoil
Amongst the vulgar bands that own'd the name
Of Mahomet. The wild Arabians fled
In swift affright a thousand different ways
Through brakes and thorns, and climb'd the craggy mountains
Bellowing; yet hasty Fate o'ertook the cry,
And Polish hunters clave the timorous deer.

"Thus the dire prospect distant fill'd my soul
With awe; till the last relics of the war,
The thin Edonians, flying, had disclos'd
The ghastly plain: I took a nearer view,
Unseemly to the sight, nor to the smell
Grateful. What loads of mangled flesh and limbs
(A dismal carnage!) bath'd in reeking gore
Lay weltering on the ground; while flitting life
Convuls'd the nerves still shivering, nor had lost
All taste of pain! Here an old Thracian lies,
Deform'd with years and scars, and groans aloud,
Torn with fresh wounds; but inward vitals firm
Forbid the soul's remove, and chain it down
By the hard laws of Nature to sustain
Long torment: his wild eye-balls roll: his teeth,
Gnashing with anguish, chide his lingering fate.
Emblazon'd armour spoke his high command
Amongst the neighbouring dead; they round their
Lay prostrate; some in flight ignobly slain, [lord
Some to the skies their faces upwards turn'd,
Still brave, and proud to die so near their prince.

"I mov'd not far, and lo, at manly length
Two beauteous youths of richest Ott'man blood
Extended on the field: in friendship join'd,
Nor fate divides them: hardy warriors both,
Both faithful; drown'd in showers of darts they fell,
Each with his shield spread o'er his lover's heart,
In vain: for on those orbs of friendly brass
Stood groves of javelins; some, alas! too deep
Were planted there, and through their lovely bosoms
Made painful avenues for cruel Death. [soms
O my dear native land, forgive the tear [sion
I dropt on their wan cheeks, when strong compas-
Force'd from my melting eyes the briny dew,
And paid a sacrifice to hostile virtue.
Dacia, forgive the sight that wish'd the souls
Of those fair infidels some humble place
Among the blest. "Sleep, sleep, ye hapless pair,
Gently," I cried, "worthy of better fate,
And better faith." Hard by the general lay,
Of Saracen descent, a grisly form
Breathless, yet Pride sat pale upon his front
In disappointment, with a surly brow
Louring in death, and vext; his rigid jaws
Foaming with blood bite hard the Polish spear:
In that dead visage my remembrance reads
Rash Caraccas. In vain the boasting slave
Promis'd and sooth'd the sultan threatening fierce
With royal suppers and triumphant fare
Spread wide beneath Warsovian silk and gold;
See on the naked ground all cold he lies
Beneath the damp wide covering of the air
Forgetful of his word. How Heaven confounds
Insulting hopes! with what an awful smile
Laughs at the proud, that loosen all the reins

To their unbounded wishes, and leads on
Their blind ambition to a shameful end!

"But whither am I borne? This thought of arms
Fires me in vain to sing to senseless bulls [song;
What generous horse should hear. Break off, my
My barbarous Muse, be still: immortal deeds
Must not be thus profan'd in rustic verse:
The martial trumpet, and the following age,
And growing Fame, shall loud rehearse the fight
In sounds of glory. Lo the evening star
Shines o'er the western hill; my oxen, come,
The well-known star invites the labourer home."

TO

MR. HENRY BENDISH.

Aug. 24, 1705.

DEAR SIR,

THE following song was yours when first composed. The Muse then described the general fate of mankind, that is, to be ill matched; and now she rejoices that you have escaped the common mischief, and that your soul has found its own mate. Let this ode then congratulate you both. Grow mutually in more complete likeness and love: persevere, and be happy.

I persuade myself you will accept from the press what the pen more privately inscribed to you long ago; and I am in no pain lest you should take offence at the fabulous dress of this poem: nor would weaker minds be scandalised at it, if they would give themselves leave to reflect how many divine truths are spoken by the holy writers in visions and images, parables and dreams: nor are my wiser friends ashamed to defend it, since the narrative is grave and the moral so just and obvious.

THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

Sept. 3, 1701.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's silken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendish, 'tis strange the charm that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love.

In vain I sought the wondrous cause,
Rang'd the wide fields of Nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

O'er the broad lands, and cross the tide,
On Fancy's airy horse I ride,
(Sweet rapture of my mind!)
Till on the banks of Ganges' flood,
In a tall ancient grove I stood,
For sacred use design'd.

Hard by, a venerable priest,
Risen with his god, the Sun, from rest,
Awoke his morning song;
Thrice he conjur'd the murmuring stream;
The birth of souls was all his theme,
And half-divine his tongue.

He sang "th' eternal rolling flame,
The vital mass, that still the same
Does all our minds compose;
But shap'd in twice ten thousand frames;
Thence differing souls of differing names,
And jarring tempers rose.

"The mighty power that form'd the mind
One mould for every two design'd,
And bless'd the new-born pair:
This be a match for this: (he said)
Then down he sent the souls he made.
To seek them bodies here:

"But parting from their warm abode,
They lost their fellows on the road,
And never join'd their hands:
Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates!
Our Eastern souls have dropt their mates
On Europe's barbarous lands.

"Happy the youth that finds the bride
Whose birth is to his own allied,
The sweetest joy of life:
But oh the crowds of wretched souls
Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
And chain'd t' eternal strife!"

Thus sang the wondrous Indian bard;
My soul with vast attention heard,
While Ganges ceas'd to flow:
"Sure then (I cried) might I but see
That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
I may be happy too.

"Some courteous angel, tell me where,
What distant lands this unknown fair
Or distant seas detain?
Swift as the wheel of Nature rolls
I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
And wear the joyful chain."

THE HAPPY MAN.

SERENE as light is Myron's soul,
And active as the Sun, yet steady as the pole:
In manly beauty shines his face;
Every Muse, and every Grace,
Makes his heart and tongue their seat,
His heart profusely good, his tongue divinely sweet.
Myron, the wonder of our eyes,
Behold his manhood scarce begun!
Behold the race of virtue run!
Behold the goal of glory won!
Nor Fame denies the merit, nor withholds the prize;
Her silver trumpets his renown proclaim:
The lands where learning never flew,
Which neither Rome nor Athens knew,
Surly Japan and rich Peru, [name.
In barbarous songs pronounce the British hero's

"Airy bliss (the hero cried)
May feed the tympany of Pride;
But healthy souls were never found
To live on emptiness and sound."

Lo, at his honourable feet
Fame's bright attendant, Wealth, appears;
She comes to pay obedience meet,
Providing joys for future years;
Blessings with lavish hand she pours
Gather'd from the Indian coast;
Not Danaë's lap could equal treasures boast,
When Jove came down in golden showers.

He look'd, and turn'd his eyes away,
With high disdain I heard him say,
"Bliss is not made of glittering clay."

Now Pomp and Grandeur court his head
With 'scutcheons, arms, and ensigns spread;
Gay magnificence and state,
Guards, and chariots, at his gate,
And slaves in endless order round his table wait;
They learn the dictates of his eyes,
And now they fall, and now they rise,
Watch every motion of their lord,
Hang on his lips with most impatient zeal,
With swift ambition seize th' unfinish'd word,
And the command fulfil.
Tir'd with the train that Grandeur brings,
He dropp'd a tear; and pitied kings;
Then, flying from the noisy throng,
Seeks the diversion of a song.

Music, descending on a silent cloud,
Tun'd all her strings with endless art;
By slow degrees from soft to loud
Changing she rose: the harp and flute
Harmonious join, the hero to salute,
And make a captive of his heart.
Fruits, and rich wine, and scenes of lawless love,
Each with utmost luxury strove
To treat their favourite best;
But sounding strings, and fruits, and wine,
And lawless love in vain combine
To make his virtue sleep, or lull his soul to rest.

He saw the tedious round, and, with a sigh,
Pronounc'd the world but vanity.
"In crowds of pleasure still I find
A painful solitude of mind;
A vacancy within which sense can ne'er supply.
Hence, and be gone, ye flattering snares,
Ye vulgar charms of eyes and ears,
Ye unperforming promisers!
Be all my baser passions dead,
And base desires, by Nature made
For animals and boys:
Man has a relish more refin'd,
Souls are for social bliss design'd;
Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
A kindred-soul to double and to share my joys."

Myrrha appear'd: "Serene her soul
And active as the Sun, yet steady as the pole:
In softer beauties shone her face;
Every Muse, and every Grace,
Made her heart and tongue their seat,
Her heart profusely good, her tongue divinely sweet:
Myrrha the wonder of his eyes;"
His heart recoil'd with sweet surprise,
With joys unknown before:
His soul dissolv'd in pleasing pain,
Flow'd to his eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
"Enough! (th' impatient hero cries)
And seiz'd her to his breast,
I seek no more below the skies,
I give my slaves the rest."

TO

DAVID POLHILL, ESQ.

An answer to an infamous Satire, called Advice to a Painter; written by a nameless Author, against King William III., of Glorious Memory, 1698.

SIR,

When you put this satire into my hand, you gave me the occasion of employing my pen to answer so detestable a writing; which might be done much more effectually by your known zeal for the interest of his majesty, your counsels and your courage employed in the defence of your king and country. And since you provoked me to write, you will accept of those efforts of my loyalty to the best of kings, addressed to one of the most zealous of his subjects, by,

SIR,

your most obedient servant,

I. W.

PART I.

And must the hero that redeem'd our land,
Here in the front of vice and scandal stand?
The man of wondrous soul, that scorn'd his ease,
Tempting the winters, and the faithless seas,
And paid an annual tribute of his life
To guard his England from the Irish knife,
And crush the French dragoon? Must William's name,
That brightest star that gilds the wings of Fame,
William the brave, the pious, and the just,
Adorn these gloomy scenes of tyranny and lust?

Polhill, my blood boils high, my spirits flame;
Can your zeal sleep? or are your passions tame?
Nor call revenge and darkness on the poet's name?
Why smoke the skies not? why no thunders roll?
Nor kindling lightnings blast his guilty soul?
Audacious wretch! to stab a monarch's fame,
And fire his subjects with a rebel-flame;
To call the painter to his black designs,
To draw our gardian's face in hellish lines:
Painter, beware! the monarch can be shown
Under no shape but angels, or his own,
Gabriel, or William, on the British throne.

O! could my thought but grasp the vast design,
And words with infinite ideas join,
I'd rouse Apelles from his iron sleep,
And bid him trace the warrior o'er the deep:
Trace him, Apelles, o'er the Belgian plain,
Fierce, how he climbs the mountains of the slain,
Scattering just vengeance through the red campaign.
Then dash the canvass with a flying stroke,
Till it be lost in clouds of fire and smoke,
And say, 'Twas thus the conqueror through the squadrons broke.

Mark him again emerging from the cloud,
Far from his troops; there like a rock he stood
His country's single barrier in a sea of blood.
Calmly he leaves the pleasures of a throne,
And his Maria weeping; whilst alone
He wards the fate of nations, and provokes his own

But Heaven secures its champion; o'er the field
Paint hovering angels; though they fly conceal'd,
Each intercepts a Death, and wears it on his shield.

Now, noble pencil, lead him to our isle,
Mark how the skies with joyful lustre smile,
Then imitate the glory; on the strand
Spread half the nation, longing till he land.
Wash off the blood, and take a peaceful teint,
All red the warrior, white the ruler paint;
Abroad a hero, and at home a saint.
Throne him on high upon a shining seat,
Lust and Profaneness dying at his feet,
While round his head the laurel and the olive meet,
The crowns of war and peace; and may they blow
With flowery blessings always on his brow.
At his right hand pile up the English laws
In sacred volumes; thence the monarch draws
His wise and just commands———
Rise, ye old sages of the British isle,
On the fair tablet cast a reverend smile,
And bless the piece; these statutes are your own,
That sway the cottage, and direct the throne;
People and prince are one in William's name,
Their joys, their dangers, and their laws the same.

Let Liberty and Right, with plumes display'd,
Clap their glad wings around their guardian's head,
Religion o'er the rest her starry pinions spread.
Religion guards him: round th' imperial queen
Place waiting Virtues, each of heavenly mien;
Learn their bright air, and paint it from his eyes;
The just, the bold, the temperate, and the wise
Dwell in his looks; majestic, but serene;
Sweet, with no fondness; cheerful, but not vain:
Bright, without terrour; great, without disdain.
His soul inspires us what his lips command,
And spreads his brave example through the land:
Not so the former reigns;———
Bend down his ear to each afflicted cry,
Let beams of grace dart gently from his eye;
But the bright treasures of his sacred breast
Are too divine, too vast to be expresst:
Colours must fail where words and numbers faint,
And leave the hero's heart for Thought alone to paint.

PART II.

Now, Muse, pursue the satirist again,
Wipe off the blots of his envenom'd pen;
Hark, how he bids the servile painter draw,
In monstrous shapes, the patrons of our law;
At one slight dash he cancels every name
From the white rolls of Honesty and Fame;
This scribbling wretch marks all he meets for knave,
Shoots sudden bolts promiscuous at the base and brave,
And with unpardonable malice sheds
Poison and spite on undistinguish'd heads.
Painter, forbear; or if thy bolder hand
Dares to attempt the villains of the land,
Draw first this poet, like some baleful star,
With silent influence shedding civil war;
Or factious trumpeter, whose magic sound
Calls off the subjects to the hostile ground,
And scatters hellish feuds the nation round.
These are the imps of hell, that cursed tribe scribe.
That first create the plague, and then the pain de-

Draw next above, the great ones of our isle,
Still from the good distinguishing the vile;
Seat them in pomp, in grandeur, and command,
Peeling the subject with a greedy hand:
Paint forth the knaves that have the nation sold,
And tinge their greedy looks with sordid gold.
Mark what a selfish faction undermines
The pious monarch's generous designs,
Spoil their own native land as vipers do,
Vipers that tear their mother's bowels through.
Let great Nassau, beneath a careful crown,
Mournful in majesty, look gently down,
Mingling soft pity with an awful frown:
He grieves to see how long in vain he strove
To make us blest, how vain his labours prove
To save the stubborn land he condescends to love.

TO

THE DISCONTENTED AND UNQUIET.

Imitated partly from Casimire, B. iv. Od. 15.

Varia, there 's nothing here that 's free
From wearisome anxiety;
And the whole round of mortal joys
With short possession tires and cloys:
'Tis a dull circle that we tread,
Just from the window to the bed;
We rise to see and to be seen,
Gaze on the world awhile, and then
We yawn, and stretch to sleep again.
But Fancy, that uneasy guest,
Still holds a longing in our breast:
She finds or frames vexations still,
Herself the greatest plague we feel;
We take strange pleasure in our pain,
And make a mountain of a grain,
Assume the load, and pant and sweat
Beneath th' imaginary weight:
With our dear selves we live at strife,
While the most constant scenes of life
From peevish humours are not free;
Still we affect variety.
Rather than pass an easy day,
We fret and chide the hours away;
Grow weary of this circling Sun,
And vex that he should ever run
The same old track, and still and still
Rise red behind yon eastern hill;
And chide the Moon, that darts her light
Through the same casement every night.

We shift our chambers and our homes,
To dwell where trouble never comes;
Sylvia has left the city crowd,
Against the court exclaims aloud,
Flies to the woods; a hermit saint!
She loaths her patches, pins, and paint;
Dear diamonds from her neck are torn:
But Humour, that eternal thorn,
Sticks in her heart: she is hurried still,
'Twixt her wild passions and her will;
Haunted and hagg'd where'er she roves,
By purling streams and silent groves,
Or with her Furies, or her Loves.

Then our own native land we hate,
Too cold, too windy, or too wet;
Change the thick climate, and repair
To France or Italy for air:
In vain we change, in vain we fly;
Go, Sylvia, mount the whirling sky,
Or ride upon the feather'd wind!
In vain; if this diseased mind
Clings fast, and still sits close behind:

Faithful disease, that never fails
Attendance at her lady's side,
Over the desert or the tide,
On rolling wheels, or flying sails.

Happy the soul that Virtue shows
To fix the place of her repose,
Needless to move; for she can dwell
In her old grandsire's hall as well.
Virtue, that never loves to roam,
But sweetly hides herself at home;
And easy on a native throne
Of humble turf sits gently down.

Yet should tumultuous souls arise,
And mingle earth, and seas, and skies;
Should the waves swell, and make her roll
Across the line, or near the pole,
Still she 's at peace; for well she knows
To launch the stream that duty shows,
And makes her home where'er she goes.
Bear her, ye seas, upon your breast,
Or waft her, winds, from east to west,
On the soft air; she cannot find
A couch so easy as her mind,
Nor breathe a climate half so kind.

TO

JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

(AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.)

Casimire, Book i. Ode 4. imitated.

Vive jucundæ metuens juventæ, &c.

July, 1700.

Live, my dear Hartopp, live to-day,
Nor let the Sun look down and say,
"Inglorious here he lies;"
Shake off your ease, and send your name
To immortality and fame,
By every hour that flies.

Youth 's a soft scene, but trust her not:
Her airy minutes, swift as thought,
Slide off the slippery sphere;
Moons with their months make hasty rounds,
The Sun has pass'd his vernal bounds,
And whirls about the year.

Let Folly dress in green and red,
And gird her waist with flowing gold,
Knit blushing roses round her head,
Alas! the gaudy colours fade,
The garment waxes old.
Hartopp, mark the withering rose,
And the pale gold how dim it shows!

Bright and lasting bliss below
Is all romance and dream;
Only the joys celestial flow
In an eternal stream:
The pleasures that the smiling day
With large right hand bestows,
Falsely her left conveys away,
And shuffles in our woes.
So have I seen a mother play,
And cheat her silly child;
She gave and took a toy away,
The infant cried and smil'd.

Airy Chance and iron Fate
Hurry and vex our mortal state,
And all the race of ills create;
Now fiery Joy, now sullen Grief,
Commands the reins of human life,
The wheels impetuous roll;
The harness'd hours and minutes strive,
And days with stretching pinions drive
Down fiercely on the goal.

Not half so fast the galley flies
O'er the Venetian sea,
When sails, and oars, and labouring skies,
Contend to make her way.
Swift wings for all the flying hours
The God of time prepares;
The rest lie still yet in their nest,
And grow for future years.

TO THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

HAPPY SOLITUDE.

Casimire, Book iv. Ode 12. imitated.

Quid me latentem, &c.

1700.

The noisy world complains of me
That I should shun their sight, and flee
Visits, and crowds, and company.
Gunston, the lark dwells in her nest
Till she ascend the skies;
And in my closet I could rest
Till to the Heavens I rise.
Yet they will urge, "This private life
Can never make you blest,
And twenty doors are still at strife
T' engage you for a guest."
Friend, should the towers of Windsor or Whitehall
Spread open their inviting gates
To make my entertainment gay;
I would obey the royal call,
But short would be my stay,
Since a diviner service waits
T' employ my hours at home, and better fill the day.
When I within myself retreat,
I shut my doors against the great;
My busy eye-balls inward roll,
And there with large survey I see
All the wide theatre of me,
And view the various scenes of my retiring soul;
There I walk o'er the mazes I have trod,
While hope and fear are in a doubtful strife,
Whether this Opera of life
Be acted well to gain the plaudit of my God.
There 's a day hastening, ('tis an awful day!)
When the great Sovereign shall at large review
All that we speak, and all we do,
The several parts we act on this wide stage of clay:
These he approves, and those he blames,
And crowns perhaps a porter, and a prince he damns.
O if the Judge from his tremendous seat
Shall not condemn what I have done,
I shall be happy though unknown,
Nor need the gazing rabble, nor the shouting street.
I hate the glory, friend, that springs
From vulgar breath, and empty sound;
Fame mounts her upward with a flattering gale
Upon her airy wings,
Till Envy shoots, and Fame receives the wound:
Then her flagging pinions fail,
Down Glory falls, and strikes the ground,
And breaks her batter'd limbs.

Rather let me be quite conceal'd from Fame;
How happy I should lie
In sweet obscurity,
Nor the loud world pronounce my little name!
Here I could live and die alone;
Or, if society be due
To keep our taste of pleasure new,
Gunston, I'd live and die with you,
For both our souls are one.

Here we could sit and pass the hour,
And pity kingdoms and their kings,
And smile at all their shining things,
Their toys of state, and images of power;
Virtue should dwell within our seat,
Virtue alone could make it sweet,
Nor is herself secure but in a close retreat.
While she withdraws from public praise,
Envy perhaps would cease to rail,
Envy itself may innocently gaze
At Beauty in a veil:
But if she once advance to light,
Her charms are lost in Envy's sight,
And Virtue stands the mark of universal spite.

TO

JOHN HARTOPP, ESQ.

(AFTERWARDS SIR JOHN HARTOPP, BART.)

THE DISDAIN.

1700.

HARTOPP, I love the soul that dares
Tread the temptations of his years
Beneath his youthful feet:
Fleetwood and all thy heavenly line
Look through the stars, and smile divine
Upon an heir so great.
Young Hartopp knows this noble theme,
That the wild scenes of busy life,
The noise, th' amusements, and the strife,
Are but the visions of the night,
Gay phantoms of delusive light,
Or a vexatious dream.

Flesh is the vilest and the least
Ingredient of our frame:
We're born to live above the beast,
Or quit the manly name.

Pleasures of sense we leave for boys;
Be shining dust the miser's food;
Let Fancy feed on fame and noise,
Souls must pursue diviner joys,
And seize th' immortal good.

TO

MITIO, MY FRIEND.

AN EPISTLE.

FORGIVE me, Mitio, that there should be any mortifying lines in the following poems inscribed to you, so soon after your entrance into that state, which was designed for the completest happiness on Earth: but you will quickly discover that the Muse in the first poem only represents the shades and dark colours that melancholy throws upon love and the social life. In the second, perhaps, she indulges her own bright ideas a little. Yet if the accounts are but well balanced at last, and things set in a due light, I hope there is no ground for censure. Here you will find an attempt made to talk of one of the most important concerns of human nature in verse, and that with a solemnity becoming the argument. I have banished grimace and ridicule, that persons of the most serious character may read without offence. What was written several years ago to yourself, is now permitted to entertain the world; but you may assume it to yourself as a private entertainment still, while you lie concealed behind a feigned name.

THE MOURNING-PIECE.

LIFE 's a long tragedy: this globe the stage,
Well fix'd and well adorn'd with strong machines,
Gay fields, and skies, and seas: the actors many:
The plot immense: a flight of demons sit
On every sailing cloud with fatal purpose;
And shoots across the scenes ten thousand arrows
Perpetual and unseen, headed with pain,
With sorrow, infamy, disease, and death.
The pointed plagues fly silent through the air,
Nor twangs the bow, yet sure and deep the wound.

Dianthe acts her little part alone,
Nor wishes an associate. Lo she glides
Single through all the storm, and more secure;
Less are her dangers, and her breast receives
The fewest darts. "But, O my lov'd Marilla,
My sister, once my friend, (Dianthe cries)
How much art thou expos'd! Thy growing soul
Doubled in wedlock, multiplied in children,
Stands but the broader mark for all the mischiefs
That rove promiscuous o'er the mortal stage:
Children, those dear young limbs, those tenderest pieces
Of your own flesh, those little other selves,
How they dilate the heart to wide dimensions,
And soften every fibre to improve
The mother's sad capacity of pain!
I mourn Fidelio too; though Heaven has chose
A favourite mate for him, of all her sex
The pride and flower. How blest the lovely pair,
Beyond expression, if well mingled loves
And woes well mingled could improve our bliss!
Amidst the rugged cares of life behold
The father and the husband; flattering names,
That spread his title, and enlarge his share
Of common wretchedness. He fondly hopes
To multiply his joys, but every hour
Renews the disappointment and the smart.
There not a wound afflicts the meanest joint
Of his fair partner, or her infant-train,
(Sweet babes!) but pierces to his inmost soul.
Strange is thy power, O Love! what numerous veins,
And arteries, and arms, and hands, and eyes,
Are link'd and fasten'd to a lover's heart,
By strong but secret strings! With vain attempt
We put the Stoic on; in vain we try
To break the ties of nature and of blood;
Those hidden threads maintain the dear communion
Inviolably firm; their thrilling motions
Reciprocal give endless sympathy
In all the bitters and the sweets of life.
Thrice happy man, if Pleasure only knew
These avenues of love to reach our souls,
And Pain had never found them!"

Thus sang the tuneful maid, fearful to try
The bold experiment. Oft Daphnia came,
And oft Narcissus, rivals of her heart,
Luring her eyes with trifles dipt in gold,
And the gay silken bondage. Firm she stood,
And bold repuls'd the bright temptation still,
Nor put the chains on; dangerous to try,
And hard to be dissolv'd. Yet rising tears
Sat on her eye-lids, while her numbers flow'd
Harmonious sorrow; and the pitying drops
Stole down her cheeks to mourn the hapless state
Of mortal love. Love, thou best blessing sent
To soften life, and make our iron cares
Easy: but thy own cares of softer kind
Give sharper wounds: they lodge too near the heart,
Beat, like the pulse, perpetual, and create
A strange uneasy sense, a tempting pain.

Say, my companion Mitio, speak sincere,
(For thou art learned now) what anxious thoughts,
What kind perplexities tumultuous rise,
If but the absence of a day divide
Thee from thy fair beloved! Vainly smiles
The cheerful Sun, and Night with radiant eyes
Twinkles in vain: the region of thy soul
Is darkness, till thy better star appear.
Tell me, what toil, what torment to sustain
The rolling burthen of the tedious hours?
The tedious hours are ages. Fancy roves
Restless in fond inquiry, nor believes
Charissa safe: Charissa, in whose life
Thy life consists, and in her comfort thine.
Fear and surmise put on a thousand forms
Of dear disquietude, and round thine ears
Whisper ten thousand dangers, endless woes,
Till thy frame shudders at her fancied death:
Then dies my Mitio, and his blood creeps cold
Through every vein. Speak, does the stranger
Cast happy guesses at the unknown passion, [Muse
Or has she fabled all? Inform me, friend,
Are half thy joys sincere? thy hopes fulfill'd,
Or frustrate? Here commit thy secret griefs
To faithful ears, and be they buried here
In friendship and oblivion; lest they spoil
Thy new-born pleasures with distasteful gall.
Nor let thine eye too greedily drink in
The frightful prospect, when untimely Death
Shall make wild inroads on a parent's heart,
And his dear offspring to the cruel grave
Are dragg'd in sad succession, while his soul
Is torn away piece-meal. Thus dies the wretch
A various death, and frequent, ere he quit
The theatre, and make his exit final.

But if his dearest half, his faithful mate
Survive, and in the sweetest saddest airs
Of love and grief approach with trembling hand
To close his swimming eyes, what double pangs,
What racks, what twinges rend his heart-strings off
From the fair bosom of that fellow-dove
He leaves behind to mourn! What jealous cares
Hang on his parting soul, to think his love
Expos'd to wild oppression, and the herd
Of savage men! So parts the dying turtle
With sobbing accents, with such sad regret
Leaves his kind feather'd mate. The widow bird
Wanders in lonesome shades, forgets her food,
Forgets her life; or falls a speedier prey
To talon'd falcons, and the crooked beak
Of hawks athirst for blood——————

THE SECOND PART: OR,

THE BRIGHT VISION.

Thus far the Muse, in unaccustom'd mood,
And strains unpleasing to a lover's ear,
Indulg'd a gloom of thought; and thus she sang
Partial: for Melancholy's hateful form
Stood by in sable robe: the pensive Muse
Survey'd the darksome scenes of life, and sought
Some bright relieving glimpse, some cordial ray
In the fair world of love. But while she gaz'd
Delightful on the state of twin-born souls
United, blest, the cruel shade applied
A dark long tube, and a false tinctur'd glass
Deceitful: blending love and life at once
In darkness, chaos, and the common mass
Of misery. Now Urania feels the cheat,
And breaks the hated optic in disdain,
Swift vanishes the sullen form, and lo
The scene shines bright with bliss. Behold the place
Where mischiefs never fly, cares never come
With wrinkled brow, nor anguish, nor disease,
Nor malice forky-tongued. On this dear spot,
Mitio, my love would fix and plant thy station
To act thy part of life, serene and blest,
With the fair consort fitted to thy heart.

Sure 'tis a vision of that happy grove
Where the first authors of our mournful race
Liv'd in sweet partnership! One hour they liv'd,
But chang'd the tasted bliss (imprudent pair!)
For sin and shame, and this waste wilderness
Of briers, and nine hundred years of pain.
The wishing Muse new-dresses the fair garden
Amid this desert world, with budding bliss,
And ever-greens, and balms, and flowery beauties,
Without one dangerous tree. There heavenly dews
Nightly descending shall impearl the grass
And verdant herbage; drops of fragrancy
Sit trembling on the spires: the spicy vapours
Rise with the dawn, and through the air diffus'd
Salute your waking senses with perfume:
While vital fruits with their ambrosial juice
Renew life's purple flood and fountain, pure
From vicious taint; and with your innocence
Immortalize the structure of your clay.
On this new Paradise the cloudless skies
Shall smile perpetual, while the lamp of day
With flames unsullied (as the fabled torch
Of Hymen) measures out your golden hours
Along his azure road. The nuptial Moon
In milder rays serene, should nightly rise
Full orb'd (if Heaven and Nature will indulge
So fair an emblem), big with silver joys,
And still forget her wane. The feather'd choir,
Warbling their Maker's praise on early wing,
Or perch'd on evening bough, shall join your worship,
Join your sweet vespers, and the morning song.

O sacred symphony! hark, through the grove
I hear the sound divine! I'm all attention,
All ear, all ecstasy; unknown delight!
And the fair Muse proclaims the Heaven below.

Not the seraphic minds of high degree
Disdain converse with men. Again returning,
I see th' ethereal host on downward wing.
Lo, at the eastern gate young cherubs stand
Guardians, commission'd to convey their joys
To earthly lovers. Go, ye happy pair,
Go taste their banquet, learn the nobler pleasures
Supernal, and from brutal dregs refin'd,

Raphael shall teach thee, friend, exalted thoughts
And intellectual bliss. 'Twas Raphael taught
The patriarch of our progeny th' affairs
Of Heaven: (so Milton sings, enlighten'd bard!
Nor miss'd his eyes, when in sublimest strain
The angel's great narration he repeats
To Albion's sons high favour'd.) Thou shalt learn
Celestial lessons from his awful tongue;
And with soft grace and interwoven loves
(Grateful digression) all his words rehearse
To thy Charissa's ear, and charm her soul.
Thus with divine discourse, in shady bowers
Of Eden, our first father entertain'd
Eve, his sole auditress; and deep dispute
With conjugal caresses on her lip
Solv'd easy, and abstrusest thoughts reveal'd.

Now the day wears apace, now Mitio comes
From his bright tutor, and finds out his mate.
Behold the dear associates seated low
On humble turf, with rose and myrtle strew'd;
But high their conference! how self-suffic'd
Lives their eternal Maker, girt around
With glories; arm'd with thunders; and his throne
Mortal access forbids, projecting far
Splendours unsufferable and radiant death.
With reverence and abasement deep they fall
Before his Sovereign Majesty, to pay
Due worship: then his mercy on their souls
Smiles with a gentler ray, but sovereign still;
And leads their meditation and discourse
Long ages backward, and across the seas
To Bethlehem of Judah. There the Son,
The filial Godhead, character express
Of brightness inexpressible, laid by
His beamy robes, and made descent to Earth:
Sprung from the sons of Adam he became
A second father, studious to regain
Lost Paradise for men, and purchase Heaven.

The lovers with endearment mutual thus
Promiscuous talk'd, and questions intricate
His manly judgment still resolv'd, and still
Held her attention fixt: she musing sat
On the sweet mention of Incarnate Love,
Till rapture wak'd her voice to softest strains.
" She sang the Infant God; (mysterious theme!)
How vile his birth-place, and his cradle vile!
The ox and ass his mean companions; there
In habit vile the shepherds flock around,
Saluting the great mother, and adore
Israel's anointed King, the appointed heir
Of the creation. How debas'd he lies
Beneath his regal state; for thee, my Mitio,
Debas'd in servile form; but angels stood
Ministring round their charge with folded wings
Obsequious, though unseen; while lightsome hours
Fulfill'd the day, and the gray evening rose.
Then the fair guardians hovering o'er his head
Wakeful all night, drive the foul spirits far,
And with their fanning pinions purge the air
From busy phantoms, from infectious damps,
And impure taint; while their ambrosial plumes
A dewy slumber on his senses shed.
Alternate hymns the heavenly watchers sung
Melodious, soothing the surrounding shades,
And kept the darkness chaste and holy. Then
Midnight was charm'd, and all her gazing eyes
Wonder'd to see their mighty Maker sleep.
Behold the glooms disperse, the rosy morn
Smiles in the East with eye-lids opening fair,
But not so fair as thine: O I could fold thee,
My young Almighty, my Creator-Babe,
For ever in these arms! for ever dwell
Upon thy love'ly form with gazing joy,
And every pulse should beat seraphic love!
Around my seat should crowding cherubs come
With swift ambition, zealous to attend
Their prince, and form a Heaven below the sky."

" Forbear, Charissa, O forbear the thought
Of female fondness, and forgive the man
That interrupts such melting harmony!"
Thus Mitio; and awakes her nobler powers
To pay just worship to the sacred King,
Jesus, the God; nor with devotion pure
Mix the caresses of her softer sex;
(Vain blandishment!) " Come, turn thine eyes aside
From Bethlehem, and climb up the doleful steep
Of bloody Calvary, where naked sculls
Pave the sad road, and fright the traveller.
Can my beloved bear to trace the feet
Of her Redeemer panting up the hill
Hard burthen'd? Can thy heart attend his cross?
Nail'd to the cruel wood, he groans, he dies;
For thee he dies. Beneath thy sins and mine
(Horrible load!) the sinless Saviour groans,
And in fierce anguish of his soul expires.
Adoring angels pry with bending head
Searching the deep contrivance, and admire
This infinite design. Here peace is made
'Twixt God the Sovereign, and the rebel man:
Here Satan, overthrown with all his hosts,
In second ruin rages and despairs;
Malice itself despairs. The captive prey
Long held in slavery hopes a sweet release;
And Adam's ruin'd offspring shall revive,
Thus ransom'd from the greedy jaws of Death."

The fair disciple heard; her passions move
Harmonious to the great discourse, and breathe
Refin'd devotion; while new smiles of love
Repay her teacher. Both with bended knees
Read o'er the covenant of eternal life
Brought down to men; seal'd by the sacred Three
In Heaven; and seal'd on Earth with God's own blood.
Here they unite their names again, and sign
Those peaceful articles, (Hail, blest co-heirs
Celestial! Ye shall grow to manly age,
And, spite of Earth and Hell, in season due
Possess the fair inheritance above.)
With joyous admiration they survey
The gospel treasures infinite, unseen
By mortal eye, by mortal ear unheard,
And unconceiv'd by thought: riches divine
And honours which the Almighty Father God
Pour'd with immense profusion on his Son,
High treasurer of Heaven. The Son bestows
The life, the love, the blessing, and the joy
On bankrupt mortals who believe and love
His name. " Then, my Charissa, all is thine."
" And thine," my Mitio, the fair saint replies.
" Life, death, the world below, and worlds on high,
And place, and time, are ours; and things to come,
And past, and present; for our interest stands
Firm in our mystic head, the title sure.
'Tis for our health and sweet refreshment, (while
We sojourn strangers here) the fruitful Earth
Bears plenteous; and revolving seasons still
Dress her vast globe in various ornament.
For us this cheerful Sun and cheerful light
Diurnal shine. This blue expanse of sky

Hangs a rich canopy above our heads,
Covering our slumbers, all with starry gold
Inwrought, when night alternates her return.
For us Time wears his wings out: Nature keeps
Her wheels in motion: and her fabric stands.
Glories beyond our ken of mortal sight
Are now preparing, and a mansion fair
Awaits us, where the saints unbodied live;
Spirits releas'd from clay, and purg'd from sin:
Thither our hearts with most incessant wish
Panting aspire; when shall that dearest hour
Shine and release us hence, and bear us high,
Bear us at once unsever'd to our better home?"

O blest connubial state! O happy pair,
Envied by yet unsociated souls
Who seek their faithful twins! Your pleasures rise
Sweet as the morn, advancing as the day,
Fervent as glorious noon, serenely calm
As summer evenings. The vile sons of Earth,
Grovelling in dust with all their noisy jars
Restless, shall interrupt your joys no more
Than barking animals affright the Moon
Sublime, and riding in her midnight way.
Friendship and Love shall undistinguish'd reign
O'er all your passions with unrival'd sway
Mutual and everlasting. Friendship knows
No property in good, but all things common
That each possesses, as the light or air
In which we breathe and live: there's not one thought
Can lurk in close reserve, no barriers fixt,
But every passage open as the day
To one another's breast, and inmost mind.
Thus by communion your delight shall grow,
Thus streams of mingled bliss swell higher as they flow,
Thus angels mix their flames, and more divinely glow.

THE THIRD PART: OR,

THE ACCOUNT BALANCED.

Should Sovereign Love before me stand,
With all his train of pomp and state,
And bid the daring Muse relate
His comforts and his cares;
Mitio, I would not ask the sand
For metaphors t' express their weight,
Nor borrow numbers from the stars.
Thy cares and comforts, Sovereign Love,
Vastly outweigh the sand below,
And to a larger audit grow
Than all the stars above.
Thy mighty losses and thy gains
Are their own mutual measures;
Only the man that knows thy pains
Can reckon up thy pleasures.

Say, Damon, say, how bright the scene,
Damon is half-divinely blest,
Leaning his head on his Florella's breast,
Without a jealous thought, or busy care between:
Then the sweet passions mix and share;
Florelia tells thee all her heart,
Nor can thy soul's remotest part
Conceal a thought or wish from the beloved fair.
Say, what a pitch thy pleasures fly,
When friendship all-sincere grows up to ecstasy,
Nor self contracts the bliss, nor vice pollutes the joy.
While thy dear offspring round thee sit,
Or sporting innocently at thy feet
Thy kindest thoughts engage:
Those little images of thee,
What pretty toys of youth they be,
And growing props of age!
But short is earthly bliss! The changing wind
Blows from the sickly South, and brings
Malignant fevers on its sultry wings,
Relentless Death sits close behind:
Now gasping infants, and a wife in tears,
With piercing groans salute his ears,
Through every vein the thrilling torments roll;
While sweet and bitter are at strife
In those dear miseries of life,
Those tender pieces of his bleeding soul.
The pleasing sense of love awhile
Mixt with the heart-ache may the pain beguile,
And make a feeble fight:
Till sorrows like a gloomy deluge rise,
Then every smiling passion dies,
And Hope alone with wakeful eyes
Darkling and solitary waits the slow returning light.

Here, then, let my ambition rest,
May I be moderately blest
When I the laws of Love obey:
Let but my pleasure and my pain
In equal balance ever reign,
Or mount by turns and sink again,
And share just measures of alternate sway.
So Damon lives, and ne'er complains;
Scarce can we hope diviner scenes
On this dull stage of clay:
The tribes beneath the northern Bear
Submit to darkness half the year,
Since half the year is day.

ON THE

DEATH OF THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, JUST AFTER MR. DRYDEN.

AN EPIGRAM.

1700.

Dryden is dead: Dryden alone could sing
The full-grown glories of a future king.
Now Glo'ster dies. Thus lesser heroes live
By that immortal breath that poets give,
And scarce survive the Muse: but William stands,
Nor asks his honours from the poet's hands;
William shall shine without a Dryden's praise,
His laurels are not grafted on the bays.

AN EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL TO CIRINUS.

Sic tua, Cirini, promas Epigrammata vulgo
Ut mecum possis, &c.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOSIAH HORTE, LORD BISHOP OF KILMORE [1] IN IRELAND.

1694.

So smooth your numbers, friend, your verse so sweet,
So sharp the jest, and yet the turn so neat,
That with her Martial Rome would place Cirine,
Rome would prefer your sense and thought to mine.
Yet modest you decline the public stage,
To fix your friend alone amidst th' applauding age.
So Maro did; the mighty Maro sings

[1] Afterwards archbishop of Tuam.

In vast heroic notes of vast heroic things,
And leaves the ode to dance upon his Flaccus' strings.
He scorn'd to daunt the dear Horatian lyre,
Though his brave genius flash'd Pindaric fire,
And at his will could silence all the Lyric quire.
So to his Varius he resign'd the praise
Of the proud buskin and the tragic bays,
When he could thunder with a loftier vein,
And sing of gods and heroes in a bolder strain.
A handsome treat, a piece of gold, or so,
And compliments will every friend bestow;
Rarely a Virgil, a Cirine we meet,
Who lays his laurels at inferior feet,
And yields the tenderest point of honour,—wit.

EPISTOLA

FRATRI SUO DILECTO R. W. I. W. S. P. D.

Rursum tuas, amande frater, accepi literas, eodem fortassè momento, quo meæ ad te pervenerunt; idemque qui te scribentem vidit dies, meum ad epistolare munus excitavit calamum; non inane est inter nos Fraternum Nomen, unicus enim spiritus nos intùs animat, agitque, et concordes in ambobus efficit motus: O utinam crescat indies, et vigescat mutua charitas; faxit Deus, ut amor sui nostra incendat et defæcet pectora, tunc etenim et alterutris puræ amicitiæ flammis erga nos invicem divinum in modum ardebimus; contemplemur Jesum nostrum, cœleste illud et adorandum exemplar charitatis. Ille est,

Qui quondam æterno delapsus ab æthere vultus
Induit humanos, ut posset corpore nostras
(Heu miseras) sufferre vices; sponsoris obivit
Munia, et in sese Tabulæ maledicta Minacis
Transtulit, et sceleris pœnas hominisque reatum.

Ecce jacet desertus humi, diffusus in herbam
Integer, innocuas versus sua sidera palmas
Et placidum attollens vultum, nec ad oscula Patris
Amplexus solitosve: artus nudatus amictu
Sidereos, et sponte sinum patefactus ad iras
Numinis armati. " Pater, hic infige sagittas [2],
Hæc," ait, " iratum sorbebunt pectora ferrum,
Abluat æthereus mortalia crimina sanguis."

Dixit, et horrendum fremuêre tonitrua cœli,
Infensusque Deus (quem jam posuisse paternum
Musa queri vellet nomen, sed et ipsa fragores
Ad tantos pavefacta silet). Jam dissilit æther,
Pandunturque fores, ubi duro carcere regnat,
Ira, et pœnarum thesauros mille coercet,
Inde ruunt gravidi vesano sulphure nimbi,
Centuplicisque volant contorta volumina flammæ
In caput immeritum; diro hic sub pondere pressus
Restat, compressos dumque ardens explicat artus
Purpureo vestes tinctæ [3] sudore madescunt.
Nec tamen infando Vindex Regina labori
Segniùs incumbit, sed lassos increpat ignes
Acriter, et somno languentem suscitat ensem [4]:
" Surge, age, divinum pete pectus, et imbue sacro
Flumine mucronem: Vos hinc, mea spicula, latè
Ferrea per totum dispergite tormina Christum,
Immensum tolerare valet; ad pondera pœnæ
Sustentanda hominem suffulciet incola Numen.
Et tu, sacra Decas Legum, violata tabella,
Ebibe vindictam; vastâ satiabere cæde,
Mortalis culpæ pensabit dedecus ingens
Permistus Deitate Cruor."———

Sic fata, immiti contorquet vulnera dextrâ
Dilaniatque sinus; sancti penetralia cordis
Panduntur, sævis avidus dolor involat alis,
Atque audax mentem scrutatur, et ilia mordet;
Interea servator ovat [5], victorque doloris
Eminet, illustri [6] perfusus membra cruore,
Exultatque miser fieri; nam fortiùs illum
Urget Patris honos, et non vincenda voluptas
Servandi miseros sontes: O nobilis ardor
Pœnarum! O quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Durus amor? quid non cœlestia?

At subsidat phantasia, vanescant imagines; nescio quo me propulit amens Musa: volui quatuor lineas pedibus astringere, et ecce! numeri crescunt in immensum; dumque concitato genio laxavi frœna, vereor ne juvenilis impetus theologiam læserit, et audax nimis imaginatio. Heri adlata est ad me epistola indicans matrem meliusculè se habere, licet ignis febrilis non prorsus deseruit mortale ejus domicilium. Plura volui, sed turgidi et crescentes versus noluêre plura, et coarctârunt scriptionis limites. Vale, amice frater, et in studio pietatis et artis medicæ strenuus decurre.

Datum à Museo meo Londini xv^to^ Kalend. Febr. Anno Salutis CIↃIↃCXCIII.

FRATRI E. W. OLIM NAVIGATURO.

Sept. 30, 1691.

I, felix, pede prospero
I, frater, trabe pineâ
Sulces æquora cærula,
Pandas carbasa flatibus
Quæ tutò reditura sint.
Non te monstra natantia
Ponti carnivoræ incolæ
Prædentur rate naufragâ.

Navis, tu tibi creditum
Fratrem dimidium mei
Salvum fer per inhospita
Ponti regna, per avios
Tractus, et liquidum chaos.
Nec te sorbeat horrida
Syrtis, nec scopulus minax
Rumpat roboreum latus.
Captent mitia flamina
Antemnæ; et zephyri leves
Dent portum placidum tibi.

Tu, qui flamina, qui vagos
Fluctus oceani regis,
Et sævum boream domas,
Da fratri faciles vias,
Et fratrem reducem suis.

AD REVERENDUM VIRUM

DM. JOHANNEM PINHORNE,

FIDUM ADOLESCENTIÆ MEÆ PRÆCEPTOREM.

Pindarici Carminis Specimen.

1694.

Et te, Pinhorni, Musa Trisantica
Salutat, ardens disciplinam tuam
Gratè fateri: nunc Athenas,
Nunc Latias per amœnitates

[2] Job iv. 6. [3] Luke xxii. 44. [4] Zech. xii. 7. [5] Col. ii. 15. [6] Luke xxii. 24.

Tutò pererrans te recolit ducem,
Te quondam teneros et Ebraia per aspera gressus
Non durâ duxisse manu.
Tuo patescunt lumine Thespii
Campi atque ad arcem Pieridûm iter:
En altus assurgens Homerus
Arma deosque virosque miscens
Occupat ætherеum Parnassi culmen: Homeri
Immensos stupeo manes——
Te, Maro, dulcè canens sylvas, te bella sonantem
Ardua, da veniam tenui venerare camœnâ;
Tuæque accipias, Thebane vates,
Debita Thura Lyræ.
Vobis, magna trias! clarissimâ nomina semper
Scrinia nostra patent, et pectora nostra patebunt,
Quum mihi cunque levem concesserit otia et horam
Divina Mosis pagina.

Flaccus ad hanc triadem ponatur, at ipsa pudendas
Deponat veneres: venias sed "purus et insons [7]
Ut te collaudem, dum sordes et mala lustra"
Ablutus, Venusine, canis ridesve. Recisæ
Hâc lege accedunt satiræ Juvenalis, amari
Terrores vitiorum. At longè cæcus abesset
Persius, obscurus vates, nisi lumina circum-
fusa forent, sphingisque ænigmata, Bonde, scidisses.
Grande sonans Senecæ fulmen, grandisque cothurni
Pompa Sophoclei celso ponantur eodem
Ordine, et ambabus simul hos amplectar in ulnis.
Tutò, Poëtæ, tutò habitabitis
Pictos abacos: improba tinea
Obiit, nec audat sæva castas
Attingere blatta camœnas.
At tu renidens fœda epigrammatum
Farrago inertûm, stercoris impii
Sentina fœtens, Martialis,
In barathrum relegandus imum
Aufuge, et hinc tecum rapias Catullum
Insulsè mollem, naribus, auribus
Ingrata castis carmina, et improbi
Spurcos Nasonis amores.

Nobilis extremâ gradiens Caledonis ab orâ
En Buchananus adest. Divini psaltis imago
Jessiadæ, salveto; potens seu numinis iras
Fulminibus miscere, sacro vel lumine mentis
Fugare noctes, vel citharæ sono
Sedare fluctus pectoris.
Tu mihi hærebis comes ambulanti,
Tu domi astabis socius perennis,
Seu levi mensæ simul assidere
Dignabere, seu lecticæ.
Mox recumbentis vigilans ad aurem
Aureos suadebis inire somnos
Sacra sopitis superinferens ob-
-livia curis,
Stet juxtà Casimirus [8], huic nec parciùs ignem
Natura indulsit nec Musa armavit alumnum
Sarbivium [8] rudiore lyrâ.

Quanta Polonum levat aura cygnum!
Humana linquens [9] (en sibi devii
Montes recedunt) luxuriantibus
Spatiatur in aëre pennis.
Seu tu fortè virum tollis ad æthera,
Cognatosve thronos et patrium polum
Visurus consurgis ovans,

Visum fa igas, aciemque fallis,
Dum tuum à longè stupeo volatum,
O non imitabilis ales.

Sarbivii ad nomen gelida incalet
Musa, simul totus fervescere
Sentio, stellatas levis induor
Alas et tollor in altum.
Jam juga Zionis radens pede
Elato inter sidera radens vertice
Longè despecto mortalia.
Quam juvat altisonis volitare per æthera pennis,
Et ridere procul fallacia gaudia sæcli
Terrellæ grandia inania,
Quæ mortale genus (heu malè) deperit!
O curas hominum miseras! Cano
Et miseras nugas diademata,
Ventosæ sortis ludibrium.
En mihi subsidunt terrenæ à pectore fæces,
Gestit et efirænis divinum effundere carmen
Mens afflata Deo——
——— at vos heroes et arma
Et procul este Dii, ludicra numina.
Quid mihi cum vestræ pondere lanceæ,
Pallas! aut vestris, Dyonyse, thyrsis?
Et Clava, et Anguis, et Leo, et Hercules,
Et brutum tonitru fictitii Patris,
Abstate à carmine nostro.

Te, Deus Omnipotens! te nostra sonabit Jesu
Musa, nec assueto cœlestes barbiton ausû
Tentabit numeros. Vasti sine limite numen et
Immensum sine lege Deum numeri sine lege sona-
bunt.

Sed musam magna pollicentem destituit vigor; Divino jubare perstringitur oculorum acies. En labascit pennis, tremit artubus, ruit deorsum per inane ætheris, jacet victa, obstupescit, silet.

Ignoscas, reverende vir, vano conamini; fragmen hoc rude licet et impolitum æqui boni consulas, et gratitudinis jam diu debitæ in partem reponas.

VOTUM: SEU VITA IN TERRIS BEATA,

AD VIRUM DIGNISSIMUM

JOHANNEM HARTOPPIUM, Baronetum.

1702.

Hartoppi, eximio stemmate nobilis
Venaque ingenii divite, si roges
Quem mea Musa beat,
Ille mihi felix ter et ampliùs,
Et similes superis annos agit
"Qui sibi sufficiens semper adest sibi."
Hunc longè à curis mortalibus
Inter agros, sylvasque silentes
Se musisque suis tranquillâ in pace fruentem
Sol oriens videt et recumbens.

Non suæ vulgi favor insolentis
(Plausus insani tumidus popelli)
Mentis ad sacram penetrabit arcem,
Feriat licèt æthera clamor.
Nec gaza flammans divitis Indiæ,
Nec, Tage, vestra fulgor arenulæ
Ducent ab obscurâ quiete
Ad laquear radiantis aulæ,

[7] Horat. lib. i. sat. 6.
[8] M. Casimirus Sarbiewski, poeta insignis Polonis.
[9] Lib. ii. od. v.

O si daretur stamina proprii
Tractare fusi pollice proprio,
Atque meum mihi fingere fatum;
Candidus vitæ color innocentis
Fila nativo decoraret albo
Non Tyria vitiata conchâ.

Non aurum, non gemma nitens, nec purpura telæ
Intertexta forent invidiosa meæ.
Longè à triumphis, et sonitu tubæ
Longè remotos transigerem dies:
Abstate faces (splendida vanitas)
Et vos abstate, coronæ.

Pro meo tecto casa sit, salubres
Captet Auroras, procul urbis atro
Distet à fumo, fugiatque longè
Dura phthisis mala, dura tussis.
Displicet Byrsa et fremitu molesto
Turba mercantûm; gratiùs alvear
Demulcet aures murmure, gratiùs
Fons salientis aquæ.

Litigiosa fori me terrent jurgia, lenes
Ad sylvas properans rixosas execror artes
Eminus in tuto a linguis———
Blandimenta artis simul æquus odi.
Valete, cives, et amœna fraudis
Verba; proh mores! et inane sacri
Nomen amici!

Tuque quæ nostris inimica musis
Felle sacratum vitias amorem,
Absis æternùm, diva libidinis
Et pharetrate puer!
Hinc, hinc, Cupido, longiùs avola!
Nil mihi cum fœdis, puer, ignibus;
Æthereâ fervent face pectora,
Sacra mihi Venus est Urania,
Et juvenis Jessæus amor mihi.

Cœleste carmen (nec taceat lyra
Jessæa) lætis auribus insonet,
Nec Watsianis è medullis
Ulla dies rapiet vel hora.
Sacri libelli, deliciæ meæ,
Et vos, sodales, semper amabiles,
Nunc simul adsitis, nunc vicissim,
Et fallite tædia vitæ.

TO

MRS. SINGER, AFTERWARDS MRS. ROWE,

ON THE SIGHT OF SOME OF HER DIVINE POEMS, NEVER PRINTED.

July 19, 1706.

On the fair banks of gentle Thames
I tun'd my harp; nor did celestial themes
Refuse to dance upon my strings:
There beneath the evening sky
I sung my cares asleep, and rais'd my wishes high
To everlasting things.
Sudden from Albion's western coast
Harmonious notes come gliding by,
The neighbouring shepherds knew the silver sound;
"'Tis Philomela's voice," the neighbouring shep-
At once my strings all silent lie, [herds cry.
At once my fainting Muse was lost,
In the superior sweetness drown'd.
In vain I bid my tuneful powers unite;
My soul retir'd, and left my tongue;
I was all ear, and Philomela's song
Was all divine delight.

Now be my heart for ever dumb,
My Muse, attempt no more. 'Twas long ago
I bid adieu to mortal things,
To Grecian tales, and wars of Rome,
'Twas long ago I broke all but th' immortal strings:
Now those immortal strings have no employ,
Since a fair angel dwells below,
To tune the notes of Heaven, and propagate the joy.
Let all my powers with awe profound,
While Philomela sings,
Attend the rapture of the sound,
And my devotion rise on her seraphic wings.

STANZAS TO

LADY SUNDERLAND,

AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

1712.

Fair Nymph, ascend to Beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone:
Let favourites take thy lower sphere,
Not monarchs are thy rivals here.

The court of Beauty, built sublime,
Defies all powers but time and Time;
Envy, that clouds the hero's sky,
Aims but in vain her light so high.

Not Blenheim's field, nor Ister's flood,
Nor standards dyed in Gallic blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's house, than Spencer's face.

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is less commanding than her charms;
His lightning strikes with less surprise
Than sudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; she enslaves the mind:
We follow with a pleasing pain,
And bless the conqueror and the chain.

The Muse, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her presence in despair,
And owns th' inimitable fair.

HORÆ LYRICÆ.

BOOK III.

SACRED TO

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

AN EPITAPH ON KING WILLIAM III.

OF GLORIOUS MEMORY,

Who died March the 8th, 1701.

Beneath these honours of a tomb,
Greatness in humble ruin lies:
(How earth confines in narrow room
What heroes leave beneath the skies!)

Preserve, O venerable pile,
Inviolate thy sacred trust;
To thy cold arms the British Isle,
Weeping, commits her richest dust.

Ye gentlest ministers of Fate,
Attend the monarch as he lies,
And bid the softest slumbers wait
With silken cords to bind his eyes.

Rest his dear sword beneath his head,
Round him his faithful arms shall stand:
Fix his bright ensigns on his bed,
The guards and honours of our land.

Ye sister arts of Paint and Verse,
Place Albion fainting by his side,
Her groans arising o'er the hearse,
And Belgia sinking when he died.

High o'er the grave Religion set
In solemn gold; pronounce the ground
Sacred, to bar unhallow'd feet,
And plant her guardian Virtues round.

Fair Liberty, in sables drest,
Write his lov'd name upon his urn,
"William, the scourge of tyrants past,
And awe of princes yet unborn."

Sweet Peace his sacred relics keep,
With olives blooming round her head,
And stretch her wings across the deep,
To bless the nations with the shade.

Stand on the pile, immortal Fame,
Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe,
Thy thousand voices sound his name
In silver accents round the globe.

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound,
While hoary Truth inspires the song;
Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
And Slander gnaw her forky tongue.

Night and the Grave, remove your gloom,
Darkness becomes the vulgar dead;
But Glory bids the royal tomb
Disdain the horrours of a shade.

Glory with all her lamps shall burn,
And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
Till the last trumpet rouse his urn
To aid the triumphs of the day.

ON

THE SUDDEN DEATH OF MRS. MARY PEACOCK.

AN ELEGIAC SONG, SENT IN A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE TO MR. N. P. MERCHANT, AT AMSTERDAM.

Hark! She bids all her friends adieu;
Some angel calls her to the spheres;
Our eyes the radiant saint pursue
Through liquid telescopes of tears.

Farewell, bright soul, a short farewell!
Till we shall meet again above
In the sweet groves where pleasures dwell,
And trees of life bear fruits of love.

There glory sits on every face;
There friendship smiles in every eye;
There shall our tongues relate the grace
That led us homeward to the sky.

O'er all the names of Christ our King
Shall our harmonious voices rove;
Our harps shall sound from every string
The wonders of his bleeding Love.

Come, sovereign Lord, dear Saviour, come,
Remove these separating days,
Send thy bright wheels to fetch us home;
That golden hour, how long it stays!

How long must we lie lingering here,
While saints around us take their flight?
Smiling they quit this dusky sphere,
And mount the hills of heavenly light.

Sweet soul, we leave thee to thy rest,
Enjoy thy Jesus and thy God,
Till we, from bands of clay releas'd,
Spring out, and climb the shining road.

While the dear dust she leaves behind
Sleeps in thy bosom, sacred Tomb!
Soft be her bed, her slumbers kind,
And all her dreams of joy to come.

EPITAPHIUM

VIRI VENERABILIS DOM. N. MATHER,

CARMINE LAPIDARIO CONSCRIPTUM.

M. S.
Reverendi admodum Viri
NATHANAELIS MATHERI.

Quod mori potuit hic subtus depositum est.
Si quæris, hospes, quantus et qualis fuit,
Fidus enarrabit lapis.

Nomen à familiâ duxit
Sanctioribus studiis et evangelio devotâ,
Et per utramque Angliam celebri,
Americanam sc. atque Europæam.
Et hinc quoque in sancti ministerii spem eductus
Non fallacem:
Et hunc utraque novit Anglia
Doctum et docentem.
Corpore fuit procero, formâ placidè verendâ;
At supra corpus et formam sublimè eminuerunt
Indoles, ingenium, atque eruditio:
Supra hæc pietas, et (si fas dicere)
Supra pietatem modestia,
Cæteras enim dotes obumbravit.
Quoties in rebus divinis peragendis
Divinitas afflatæ mentis specimina
Præstantiora edidit,
Toties hominem sedulus occuluit
Ut solus conspiceretur Deus:
Voluit totus latere, nec potuit;
Heu quantum tamen sui nos latet!
Et majorem laudis partem sepulchrale marmor
Invita obruit silentio.
Gratiam Jesu Christi salutiferam
Quam abundè hausit ipse, aliis propinavit,
Puram ab humanâ fæce.
Veritatis evangelicæ decus ingens,
Et ingens propugnaculum.
Concionator gravis aspectu, gestu, voce;
Cui nec aderat pompa oratoria,
Nec decrat;
Flosculos rhetorices supervacaneos fecit
Rerum dicendarum Majestas, et Deus præsens:
Hinc arma militiæ suæ non infelicia,
Hinc toties fugatus Satanas.
Et hinc victoriæ
Ab inferorum portis toties reportatæ.
Solers ille ferreis impiorum animis infigere
Altum et salutare vulnus:
Vulneratas idem tractare leniter solers,
Et medelam adhibere magis salutarem.
Ex defæcato cordis fonte
Divinis eloquiis affatim scatebant labia,
Etiam in familiari contubernio:
Spirabat ipse undique cœlestes suavitates,
Quasi oleo lætitiæ semper recèns delibutus,
Et semper supra socios;
Gratumque dilectissimi sui Jesu odorem
Quaquaversùs et latè diffudit.
Dolores tolerans supra fidem,
Ærumnæque heu quam assiduæ!
Invicto animo, victrice patientiâ
Varias curarum moles pertulit
Et in stadio et in metâ vitæ:
Quam ubi propinquam vidit
Plerophoriâ fidei quasi curru alato vectus
Properè et exultim attigit.
Natus est in agro Lancastriensi 20° Martii, 1630.
Inter Nov-Anglos theologiæ tyrocinia fecit.
Pastorali munere diu Dublinii in Hibernia functus,
Tandem (ut semper) Providentiam secutus ducem,
Cœtui fidelium apud Londinenses præpositus est,
Quos doctrinâ, precibus, et vitâ beavit:
Ah brevi!
Corpore solutus 26° Julii, 1697. Ætat. 67.
Ecclesiis mœrorem, theologis exemplar reliquit.
Probis piisque omnibus
Infandum sui desiderium:
Dum pulvis Christo charus hic dulcè dormit
Expectans stellam matutinam.

TO

THE REV. MR. JOHN SHOWER,

ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER,

MRS. ANNE WARNER.

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,

How great soever was my sense of your loss, yet I did not think myself fit to offer any lines of comfort: your own meditations can furnish you with many a delightful truth in the midst of so heavy a sorrow; for the covenant of grace has brightness enough in it to gild the most gloomy providence; and to that sweet covenant your soul is no stranger. My own thoughts were much impressed with the tidings of your daughter's death; and though I made many a reflection on the vanity of mankind in its best estate, yet I must acknowledge that my temper leads me most to the pleasant scenes of Heaven, and that future world of blessedness. When I recollect the memory of my friends that are dead, I frequently rove into the world of spirits, and search them out there. Thus I endeavoured to trace Mrs. Warner; and these thoughts crowding fast upon me, I set them down for my own entertainment. The verse breaks off abruptly, because I had no design to write a finished elegy; and besides, when I was fallen upon the dark side of death, I had no mind to tarry there. If the lines I have written be so happy as to entertain you a little, and divert your grief, the time spent in composing them shall not be reckoned among my lost hours, and the review will be more pleasing to,

sir,
your affectionate humble servant,
I. W.

December 22, 1707.

AN ELEGIAC THOUGHT ON MRS. ANNE WARNER,

WHO DIED OF THE SMALL-POX, DECEMBER 18, 1707, AT ONE OF THE CLOCK IN THE MORNING; A FEW DAYS AFTER THE BIRTH AND DEATH OF HER FIRST CHILD.

Awake, my Muse, range the wide world of souls,
And seek Vernera fled. With upward aim
Direct thy wing; for she was born from Heaven,
Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd on high.

The midnight watch of angels, that patrole
The British sky, have notic'd her ascent
Near the meridian star; pursue the track
To the bright confines of immortal Day
And Paradise, her home. Say, my Urania,
(For nothing 'scapes thy search, nor canst thou miss
So fair a spirit) say, beneath what shade
Of amaranth, or cheerful ever-green,
She sits, recounting to her kindred minds,
Angelic or humane, her mortal toil
And travels through this howling wilderness;
By what divine protection she escap'd
Those deadly snares when youth and Satan leagu'd
In combination to assail her virtue
(Snares set to murder souls); but Heaven secur'd
The favourite nymph, and taught her victory.

Or does she seek, or has she found her babe
Amongst the infant-nation of the blest,
And clasp'd it to her soul, to satiate there
The young maternal passion, and absolve
The unfulfill'd embrace? Thrice happy child!
That saw the light and turn'd its eyes aside
From our dim regions to th' Eternal Sun,
And led the parent's way to glory! There
Thou art for ever hers, with powers enlarg'd
For love reciprocal and sweet converse.

Behold her ancestors (a pious race)
Rang'd in fair order, at her sight rejoice,
And sing her welcome. She along their seats
Gliding salutes them all with honours due,
Such as are paid in Heaven: and last she finds
A mansion fashion'd of distinguish'd light,
But vacant: "This (with sure presage she cries)
Awaits my father; when will he arrive?
How long, alas, how long!" (Then calls her mate)
"Die, thou dear partner of my mortal cares,
Die, and partake my bliss; we are for ever one."

Ah me! where roves my fancy! What kind dreams
Crowd with sweet violence on my waking mind!
Perhaps illusions all! Inform me, Muse,
Chooses she rather to retire apart,
To recollect her dissipated powers,
And call her thoughts her own? so lately freed
From Earth's vain scenes, gay visits, gratulations,
From Hymen's hurrying and tumultuous joys,
And fears and pangs, fierce pangs that wrought her death.
Tell me on what sublimer theme she dwells
In contemplation, with unerring clue
Infinite truth pursuing. (When, my soul,
O when shall thy release from cumbrous flesh
Pass the great seal of Heaven? What happy hour
Shall give thy thoughts a loose to soar and trace
The intellectual world? Divine delight!
Vernera's lov'd employ!) Perhaps she sings
To some new golden harp th' almighty deeds,
The names, the honours of her Saviour-God,
His cross, his grave, his victory, and his crown:
Oh could I imitate th' exalted notes,
And mortal ears could bear them!——

Or lies she now before th' eternal throne
Prostrate in humble form, with deep devotion
O'erwhelm'd, and self-abasement at the sight
Of the uncover'd Godhead face to face?
Seraphic crowns pay homage at his feet,
And hers amongst them, not of dimmer ore,
Nor set with meaner gems. But vain ambition,
And emulation vain, and fond conceit,
And pride for ever banish'd flies the place,
Curst pride, the dress of Hell. Tell me, Urania,
How her joys heighten, and her golden hours
Circle in love. O stamp upon my soul
Some blissful image of the fair deceas'd,
To call my passions and my eyes aside
From the dear breathless clay; distressing sight!
I look and mourn and gaze with greedy view
Of melancholy fondness: tears bedewing
That form so late desir'd, so late belov'd,
Now loathsome and unlovely. Base Disease,
That leagu'd with Nature's sharpest pains, and spoil'd
So sweet a structure! The impoisoning taint
O'erspreads the building wrought with skill divine,
And ruins the rich temple to the dust!

Was this the countenance, where the world admir'd
Features of Wit and Virtue? this the face
Where Love triumph'd? and Beauty on these cheeks,
As on a throne, beneath her radiant eyes
Was seated to advantage; mild, serene,
Reflecting rosy light? So sits the Sun
(Fair eye of Heaven!) upon a crimson cloud
Near the horizon, and with gentle ray
Smiles lovely round the sky, till rising fogs,
Portending night, with foul and heavy wing
Involve the golden star, and sink him down
Oppress with darkness.——

ON

THE DEATH OF AN AGED AND HONOURED RELATIVE, MRS. M. W.

JULY 13, 1693.

I KNOW the kindred-mind. 'Tis she, 'tis she;
Among the heavenly forms I see
The kindred-mind from fleshly bondage free;
O how unlike the thing was lately seen
Groaning and panting on the bed,
With ghastly air and languish'd head,
Life on this side, there the dead,
While the delaying flesh lay shivering between!

Long did the earthy house restrain
In toilsome slavery that ethereal guest;
Prison'd her round in walls of pain,
And twisted cramps and aches with her chain;
Till by the weight of numerous days opprest,
The earthy house began to reel,
The pillars trembled, and the building fell;
The captive soul became her own again:
Tir'd with the sorrows and the cares,
A tedious train of fourscore years,
The prisoner smil'd to be releas'd,
She felt her fetters loose, and mounted to her rest.

Gaze on, my soul, and let a perfect view
Paint her idea all anew;
Rase out those melancholy shapes of woe
That hang around the memory, and becloud it so.
Come Fancy, come, with essences refin'd,
With youthful green, and spotless white;
Deep be the tincture, and the colours bright
T' express the beauties of a naked mind.

Provide no glooms to form a shade;
All things above of varied light are made,
Nor can the heavenly piece require a mortal aid.
But if the features too divine
Beyond the power of Fancy shine, [shrine.
Conceal th' inimitable strokes behind a graceful

Describe the saint from head to feet,
Make all the lines in just proportion meet;
But let her posture be
Filling a chair of high degree;
Observe how near it stands to the Almighty seat.
Paint the new graces of her eyes;
Fresh in her looks let sprightly youth arise,
And joys unknown below the skies.
Virtue, that lives conceal'd below,
And to the breast confin'd,
Sits here triumphant on the brow,
And breaks with radiant glories through
The features of the mind.
Express her passion still the same,
But more divinely sweet;
Love has an everlasting flame,
And makes the work complete.

The painter-Muse with glancing eye
Observ'd a manly spirit nigh [1],
That Death had long disjoin'd:
"In the fair tablet they shall stand
United by a happier band:" [mind.
She said, and fix'd her sight, and drew the manly
Recount the years, my song, (a mournful round!)
Since he was seen on Earth no more:
He fought in lower seas and drown'd;
But victory and peace are found
On the superior shore.
There now his tuneful breath in sacred songs
Employs the European and the Eastern tongues.
Let th' awful truncheon and the flute,
The pencil and the well known lute,
Powerful numbers, charming wit,
And every art and science meet, [his feet.
And bring their laurels to his hand, or lay them at

'Tis done. What beams of glory fall
(Rich varnish of immortal art)
To gild the bright original!
'Tis done. The Muse has now perform'd her part.
Bring down the piece, Urania, from above,
And let my honour and my love
Dress it with chains of gold to hang upon my heart.

A FUNERAL POEM

ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Presented to the Right Hon. the Lady Abney, Lady Mayoress of London.

July 1701.

MADAM,

HAD I been a common mourner at the funeral of the dear gentleman deceased, I should have laboured after more of art in the following composition, to supply the defect of nature, and to feign a sorrow; but the uncommon condescension of his friendship to me, the inward esteem I pay his memory, and the vast and tender sense I have of the loss, make all the methods of art needless, whilst natural grief supplies more than all.

I had resolved indeed to lament in sighs and silence, and frequently checked the too forward Muse: but the importunity was not to be resisted; long lines of sorrow flowed in upon me ere I was aware, whilst I took many a solitary walk in the garden adjoining to his seat at Newington; nor could I free myself from the crowd of melancholy ideas. Your ladyship will find throughout the poem, that the fair and unfinished building which he had just raised for himself, gave almost all the turns of mourning to my thoughts; for I pursue no other topics of elegy than what my passion and my senses lead me to.

The poem roves, as my eyes and grief did, from one part of the fabric to the other. It rises from the foundation, salutes the walls, the doors, and the windows, drops a tear upon the roof, and climbs the turret, that pleasant retreat, where I promised myself many sweet hours of his conversation: there my song wanders amongst the delightful subjects divine and moral, which used to entertain our happy leisure; and thence descending to the fields and the shady walks, where I so often enjoyed his pleasing discourse, my sorrows diffuse themselves there without a limit. I had quite forgotten all scheme and method of writing, till I correct myself, and rise to the turret again to lament that desolate seat. Now if the critics laugh at the folly of the Muse for taking too much notice of the golden ball, let them consider that the meanest thing that belonged to so valuable a person still gave some fresh and doleful reflections: and I transcribe nature without rule, and represent friendship in a mourning dress, abandoned to deepest sorrow, and with a negligence becoming woe unfeigned.

Had I designed a complete elegy, madam, on your dearest brother, and intended it for public view, I should have followed the usual forms of poetry, so far at least as to spend some pages in the character and praises of the deceased, and thence have taken occasion to call mankind to complain aloud of the universal and unspeakable loss: but I wrote merely for myself, as a friend of the dead, and to ease my full soul by breathing out my own complaints; I knew his character and virtues so well, that there was no need to mention them while I talked only with myself; for the image of them was ever present with me, which kept the pain at the heart intense and lively, and my tears flowing with my verse.

Perhaps your ladyship will expect some divine thoughts and sacred meditations, mingled with a subject so solemn as this is. Had I formed a design of offering it to your hands, I had composed a more Christian poem; but it was grief purely natural for a death so surprising that drew all the strokes of it, and therefore my reflections are chiefly of a moral strain. Such as it is, your ladyship requires a copy of it; but let it not touch your soul too tenderly, nor renew your own mournings. Receive it, madam, as an offering of love and tears at the tomb of a departed friend, and let

[1] My grandfather, Mr. Thomas Watts, had such acquaintance with the mathematics, painting, music, and poesy, &c. as gave him considerable esteem among his contemporaries. He was commander of a ship of war, 1656, and by blowing up of the ship in the Dutch war he was drowned in his youth.

it abide with you as a witness of that affectionate respect and honour that I bore him; all which, as your ladyship's most rightful due, both by merit and by succession, is now humbly offered, by,

madam,

your ladyship's most hearty

and obedient servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE DEAR MEMORY OF MY MUCH HONOURED FRIEND,

THOMAS GUNSTON, ESQ.

Who died Nov. 11, 1700, when he had just finished his Seat at Newington.

Of blasted hopes, and of short withering joys,
Sing, heavenly Muse. Try thine ethereal voice
In funeral numbers, and a doleful song;
Gunston the just, the generous, and the young,
Gunston, the friend, is dead. O empty name
Of earthly bliss! 'tis all an airy dream,
All a vain thought! Our soaring fancies rise
On treacherous wings! and hopes that touch the skies
Drag but a longer ruin through the downward air,
And plunge the falling joy still deeper in despair.

How did our souls stand flatter'd and prepar'd
To shout him welcome to the seat he rear'd!
There the dear man should see his hopes complete,
Smiling, and tasting every lawful sweet
That peace and plenty brings, while numerous years
Circling delightful play'd around the spheres:
Revolving Suns should still renew his strength,
And draw the uncommon thread to an unusual length:
But hasty Fate thrusts her dread shears between,
Cuts the young life off, and shuts up the scene.
Thus airy Pleasure dances in our eyes,
And spreads false images in fair disguise,
T' allure our souls, till just within our arms
The vision dies, and all the painted charms
Flee quick away from the pursuing sight,
Till they are lost in shades, and mingle with the night.

Muse, stretch thy wings, and thy sad journey bend
To the fair fabric that thy dying friend
Built nameless: 'twill suggest a thousand things
Mournful and soft as my Urania sings.

How did he lay the deep foundations strong,
Marking the bounds, and rear the walls along
Solid and lasting! There a numerous train
Of happy Gunstons might in pleasure reign,
While nations perish, and long ages run,
Nations unborn, and ages unbegun:
Not Time itself should waste the blest estate,
Nor the tenth race rebuild the ancient seat.
How fond our fancies are! The founder dies
Childless; his sisters weep, and close his eyes,
And wait upon his hearse with never-ceasing cries.
Lofty and slow it moves to meet the tomb,
While weighty sorrow nods on every plume;
A thousand groans his dear remains convey
To his cold lodging in a bed of clay,
His country's sacred tears well-watering all the way.
See the dull wheels roll on the sable load;
But no dear son to tread the mournful road,
And fondly drop his kind young sorrows there,
The father's urn bedewing with a filial tear.
O had he left us one behind, to play
Wanton about the painted hall, and say,
"This was my father's," with impatient joy
In my fond arms I'd clasp the smiling boy,
And call him my young friend: but awful Fate
Design'd the mighty stroke as lasting as 'twas great.

And must this building then, this costly frame,
Stand here for strangers? Must some unknown name
Possess these rooms, the labours of my friend?
Why were these walls rais'd for this hapless end?
Why these apartments all adorn'd so gay?
Why his rich fancy lavish'd thus away?
Muse, view the paintings, how the hovering light
Plays o'er the colours in a wanton flight,
And mingled shades wrought in by soft degrees,
Give a sweet foil to all the charming piece;
But night, eternal night, hangs black around
The dismal chambers of the hollow ground,
And solid shades unmingled round his bed
Stand hideous: earthy fogs embrace his head,
And noisome vapours glide along his face
Rising perpetual. Muse, forsake the place,
Flee the raw damps of the unwholesome clay,
Look to his airy spacious hall, and say,
"How has he chang'd it for a lonesome cave,
Confin'd and crowded in a narrow grave!"

Th' unhappy house looks desolate, and mourns,
And every door groans doleful as it turns;
The pillars languish; and each lofty wall,
Stately in grief, laments the master's fall
In drops of briny dew. The fabric bears
His faint resemblance, and renews my tears:
Solid and square it rises from below:
A noble air without a gaudy show
Reigns through the model, and adorns the whole,
Manly and plain. Such was the builder's soul.

O how I love to view the stately frame,
That dear memorial of the best-lov'd name!
Then could I wish for some prodigious cave
Vast as his seat, and silent as his grave,
Where the tall shades stretch to the hideous roof,
Forbid the day, and guard the sun-beams off;
Thither, my willing feet, should ye be drawn
At the gray twilight, and the early dawn;
There sweetly sad should my soft minutes roll,
Numbering the sorrows of my drooping soul.
But these are airy thoughts! substantial grief
Grows by those objects that should yield relief;
Fond of my woes, I heave my eyes around,
My grief from every prospect courts a wound;
Views the green gardens, views the smiling skies,
Still my heart sinks, and still my cares arise;
My wandering feet round the fair mansion rove,
And there to soothe my sorrows I indulge my love.

Oft have I laid the awful Calvin by,
And the sweet Cowley, with impatient eye
To see those walls, pay the sad visit there,
And drop the tribute of an hourly tear:
Still I behold some melancholy scene,
With many a pensive thought, and many a sigh between.
Two days ago we took the evening air,
I, and my grief, and my Urania there;

Say, my Urania, how the western Sun
Broke from black clouds, and in full glory shone
Gilding the roof, then dropp'd into the sea,
And sudden night devour'd the sweet remains of day:
Thus the bright youth just rear'd his shining head
From obscure shades of life, and sunk among the dead.
The rising Sun adorn'd with all his light
Smiles on these walls again: but endless Night
Reigns uncontrol'd where the dear Gunston lies;
He 's set for ever, and must never rise.
Then why these beams, unseasonable star,
These lightsome smiles descending from afar,
To greet a mourning house? In vain the day
Breaks through the windows with a joyful ray,
And marks a shining path along the floors,
Bounding the evening and the morning hours;
In vain it bounds them: while vast emptiness
And hollow silence reign through all the place,
Nor heed the cheerful change of Nature's face.
Yet Nature's wheels will on without control,
The Sun will rise, the tuneful spheres will roll,
And the two mighty Bears walk round and watch the pole.

See while I speak, high on her sable wheel
Old Night advancing climbs the eastern hill:
Troops of dark clouds prepare her way; behold
How their brown pinions edg'd with evening gold
Spread shadowing o'er the house, and glide away,
Slowly pursuing the declining day;
O'er the broad roof they fly their circuit still,
Thus days before they did, and days to come they will;
But the black cloud that shadows o'er his eyes,
Hangs there unmoveable, and never flies:
Fain would I bid the envious gloom be gone;
Ah fruitless wish! how are his curtains drawn
For a long evening that despairs the dawn!

Muse, view the turret: just beneath the skies
Lonesome it stands, and fixes my sad eyes,
As it would ask a tear. O sacred seat,
Sacred to Friendship! O divine retreat!
Here did I hope my happy hours t' employ,
And fed before-hand on the promis'd joy,
When weary of the noisy town, my friend
From mortal cares retiring, should ascend
And lead me thither. We alone would sit
Free and secure of all intruding feet: [rise,
Our thoughts would stretch their longest wings, and
Nor bound their soarings by the lower skies:
Our tongues should aim at everlasting themes,
And speak what mortals dare, of all the names
Of boundless joys and glories, thrones and seats
Built high in Heaven for souls: we'd trace the streets
Of golden pavement, walk each blissful field,
And climb and taste the fruits the spicy mountains yield;
Then would we swear to keep the sacred road,
And walk right upwards to that blest abode:
We'd charge our parting spirits there to meet,
There hand in hand approach th' Almighty seat,
And bend our heads adoring at our Maker's feet.
Thus should we mount on bold adventurous wings
In high discourse, and dwell on heavenly things,
While the pleas'd hours in sweet succession move,
And minutes measur'd as they are above,
By ever-circling joys and ever-shining love.

Anon our thoughts should lower their lofty flight,
Sink by degrees, and take a pleasing sight,
A large round prospect of the spreading plain,
The wealthy river and his winding train,
The smoky city and the busy men.
How we should smile to see degenerate worms
Lavish their lives, and fight for airy forms
Of painted Honour, dreams of empty sound,
Till Envy rise, and shoot a second wound
At swelling Glory: straight the bubble breaks,
And the scenes vanish, as the man awakes;
Then the tall titles insolent and proud
Sink to the dust, and mingle with the crowd.

Man is a restless thing: still vain and wild,
Lives beyond sixty, nor outgrows the child:
His hurrying lusts still break the sacred bound
To seek new pleasures on forbidden ground,
And buy them all too dear. Unthinking fool,
For a short dying joy to sell a deathless soul!
'Tis but a grain of sweetness they can sow,
And reap the long sad harvest of immortal woe.

Another tribe toil in a different strife,
And banish all the lawful sweets of life,
To sweat and dig for gold, to hoard the ore,
Hide the dear dust yet darker than before,
And never dare to use a grain of all the store.

Happy the man that knows the value just
Of earthly things, nor is enslav'd to dust.
'Tis a rich gift the skies but rarely send
To favourite souls. Then happy thou, my friend,
For thou hadst learnt to manage and command
The wealth that Heaven bestow'd with liberal hand:
Hence this fair structure rose; and hence this seat
Made to invite my not unwilling feet:
In vain 'twas made! for we shall never meet,
And smile, and love, and bless each other here:
The envious Tomb forbids thy face t' appear,
Detains thee, Gunston, from my longing eyes,
And all my hopes lie buried, where my Gunston lies.

Come hither, all ye tenderest souls, that know
The heights of fondness and the depths of woe;
Young mothers, who your darling babes have found
Untimely murder'd with a ghastly wound;
Ye frighted nymphs, who on the bridal bed
Clasp'd in your arms your lovers cold and dead;
Come, in the pomp of all your wild despair,
With flowing eye-lids and disorder'd hair,
Death in your looks; come, mingle grief with me,
And drown your little streams in my unbounded sea.

You sacred mourners of a nobler mould,
Born for a friend, whose dear embraces hold
Beyond all Nature's t' es; you that have known
Two happy souls made intimately one,
And felt a parting stroke: 'tis you must tell
The smart, the twinges, and the racks I feel:
This soul of mine that dreadful wound has borne,
Off from its side its dearest half is torn,
The rest lies bleeding, and but lives to mourn.
Oh infinite distress! such raging grief
Should command pity, and despair relief.
Passion, methinks, should rise from all my groans,
Give sense to rocks, and sympathy to stones.

Ye dusky woods and echoing hills around,
Repeat my cries with a perpetual sound:

Be, all ye flowery vales, with thorns o'ergrown,
Assist my sorrows, and declare your own;
Alas! your lord is dead. The humble plain
Must ne'er receive his courteous feet again:
Mourn, ye gay smiling meadows, and be seen
In wintery robes, instead of youthful green;
And bid the brook, that still runs warbling by,
Move silent on, and weep his useless channel dry.
Hither, methinks, the lowing herd should come,
And moaning turtles murmur o'er his tomb:
The oak shall wither, and the curling vine
Weep his young life out, while his arms untwine
Their amorous folds, and mix his bleeding soul
with mine.
Ye stately elms, in your long order mourn[2];
Strip off your pride, to dress your master's urn:
Here gently drop your leaves instead of tears:
Ye elms, the reverend growth of ancient years,
Stand tall and naked to the blust'ring rage
Of the mad winds; thus it becomes your age
To show your sorrows. Often ye have seen
Our heads reclin'd upon the rising green;
Beneath your sacred shade diffus'd we lay,
Here Friendship reign'd with an unbounded sway;
Hither our souls their constant offerings brought,
The burthens of the breast, and labours of the
thought;
Our opening bosoms on the conscious ground
Spread all the sorrows and the joys we found,
And mingled every care; nor was it known
Which of the pains and pleasures were our own;
Then with an equal hand and honest soul
We share the heap, yet both possess the whole,
And all the passions there through both our bo-
soms roll.
By turns we comfort, and by turns complain,
And bear and ease by turns the sympathy of pain.

Friendship! mysterious thing, what magic powers
Support thy sway, and charm these minds of ours?
Bound to thy foot we boast our birth-right still,
And dream of freedom, when we've lost our will,
And chang'd away our souls: at thy command,
We snatch new miseries from a foreign hand,
To call them ours; and, thoughtless of our ease,
Plague the dear self that we were born to please.
Thou tyranness of minds, whose cruel throne
Heaps on poor mortals sorrows not their own;
As though our mother Nature could no more
Find woes sufficient for each son she bore,
Friendship divides the shares, and lengthens out
the store.
Yet we are fond of thine imperious reign,
Proud of thy slavery, wanton in our pain,
And chide the courteous hand when Death dis-
solves the chain.

Virtue, forgive the thought! the raving Muse,
Wild and despairing, knows not what she does,
Grows mad in grief, and in her savage hours
Affronts the name she loves and she adores.
She is thy votaress too; and at thy shrine,
O sacred Friendship! offer'd songs divine
While Gunston liv'd, and both our souls were thine.
Here to these shades at solemn hours we came,
To pay devotion with a mutual flame,

[2] There was a long row of tall elms then standing where some years after the lower garden was made.

Partners in bliss. Sweet luxury of the mind!
And sweet the aids of sense! Each ruder wind
Slept in its caverns, while an evening breeze
Fann'd the leaves gently, sporting through the trees:
The linnet and the lark their vespers sung,
And clouds of crimson o'er th' horizon hung;
The slow-declining Sun with sloping wheels
Sunk down the golden day behind the western hills.

Mourn, then, ye gardens, ye unfinish'd gates,
Ye green enclosures, and ye growing sweets,
Lament; for ye our midnight hours have known,
And watch'd us walking by the silent Moon
In conference divine, while heavenly fire
Kindling our breasts did all our thoughts inspire
With joys almost immortal; then our zeal
Blaz'd and burnt high to reach th' ethereal hill,
And love refin'd, like that above the poles,
Threw both our arms round one another's souls
In rapture and embraces. Oh forbear,
Forbear, my song! this is too much to hear,
Too dreadful to repeat; such joys as these
Fled from the Earth for ever!——

Oh for a general grief! Let all things share
Our woes, that knew our loves: the neighbouring air
Let it be laden with immortal sighs,
And tell the gales, that every breath that flies
Over these fields should murmur and complain,
And kiss the fading grass, and propagate the pain.
Weep, all ye buildings, and, the groves around,
For ever weep: this is an endless wound,
Vast and incurable. Ye buildings knew
His silver tongue, ye groves have heard it too:
At that dear sound no more shall ye rejoice,
And I no more must hear the charming voice:
Woe to my drooping soul! that heavenly breath,
That could speak life, lies now congeal'd in death;
While on his folded lips all cold and pale
Eternal chains and heavy silence dwell.

Yet my fond hope would hear him speak again,
Once more at least, one gentle word, and then
Gunston aloud I call. In vain I cry
Gunston aloud; for he must ne'er reply.
In vain I mourn, and drop these funeral tears,
Death and the Grave have neither eyes nor ears:
Wandering I tune my sorrows to the groves,
And vent my swelling griefs, and tell the winds
our loves;
While the dear youth sleeps fast, and hears them
not;
He hath forgot me: in the lonesome vault,
Mindless of Watts and Friendship, cold he lies,
Deaf and unthinking clay.——

But whither am I led? This artless grief
Hurries the Muse on, obstinate and deaf
To all the nicer rules, and bears her down
From the tall fabric to the neighbouring ground:
The pleasing hours, the happy moments past
In these sweet fields, reviving on my taste,
Snatch me away resistless with impetuous haste.

Spread thy strong pinions once again, my song,
And reach the turret thou hast left so long:
O'er the wide roof its lofty head it rears,
Long waiting our converse; but only hears
The noisy tumults of the realms on high;
The winds salute it whistling as they fly,
Or jarring round the windows; rattling showers
Lash the fair sides; above, loud thunder roars;

But still the master sleeps; nor hears the voice
Of sacred Friendship, nor the tempest's noise:
An iron slumber sits on every sense, [thence.
In vain the heavenly thunders strive to rouse it

One labour more, my Muse, the golden sphere
Seems to demand. See through the dusky air
Downward it shines upon the rising Moon;
And, as she labours up to reach her noon,
Pursues her orb with repercussive light,
And streaming gold repays the paler beams of night:
But not one ray can reach the darksome grave,
Or pierce the solid gloom that fills the cave
Where Gunston dwells in death. Behold it flames
Like some new meteor with diffusive beams
Through the mid-heaven, and overcomes the stars;
"So shines thy Gunston's soul above the spheres,"
Raphael replies, and wipes away my tears.
"We saw the flesh sink down with closing eyes,
We heard thy grief shriek out, He dies, He dies.
Mistaken grief! to call the flesh the friend!
On our fair wings did the bright youth ascend,
All Heaven embrac'd him with immortal love,
And sung his welcome to the courts above.
Gentle Ithuriel led him round the skies,
The buildings struck him with immense surprise;
The spires all radiant and the mansions bright,
The roof high-vaulted with ethereal light:
Beauty and strength on the tall bulwarks sate
In heavenly diamond; and for every gate
On golden hinges a broad ruby turns,
Guards off the foe, and as it moves it burns;
Millions of glories reign through every part;
Infinite power, and uncreated art,
Stand here display'd, and to the stranger show
How it outshines the noblest seats below.
The stranger fed his gazing powers awhile
Transported: then, with a regardless smile,
Glanc'd his eye downward through the crystal floor,
And took eternal leave of what he built before."

Now, fair Urania, leave the doleful strain;
Raphael commands: assume thy joys again.
In everlasting numbers sing, and say,
"Gunston has mov'd his dwelling to the realms of day;
Gunston the friend lives still: and give thy groans away."

AN ELEGY ON MR. THOMAS GOUGE.

TO MR. ARTHUR SHALLET, MERCHANT.

WORTHY SIR,

THE subject of the following elegy was high in your esteem, and enjoyed a large share of your affections. Scarce doth his memory need the assistance of the Muse to make it perpetual; but when she can at once pay her honours to the venerable dead, and by this address acknowledge the favours she has received from the living, it is a double pleasure to,

sir,

your obliged humble servant,

I. WATTS.

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REVEREND MR. THOMAS GOUGE,

Who died Jan. 8th, 1699-1700.

YE virgin souls, whose sweet complaint
Could teach Euphrates[1] not to flow,
Could Sion's ruin so divinely paint,
Array'd in beauty and in woe:
Awake, ye virgin souls, to mourn, [urn.
And with your tuneful sorrows dress a prophet's
O could my lips or flowing eyes
But imitate such charming grief,
I'd teach the seas, and teach the skies,
Wailings, and sobs, and sympathies:
Nor should the stones or rocks be deaf;
Rocks shall have eyes, and stones have ears,
While Gouge's death is mourn'd in melody and tears.

Heaven was impatient of our crimes,
And sent his minister of Death
To scourge the bold rebellion of the times,
And to demand our prophet's breath;
He came commission'd for the Fates
Of awful Mead, and charming Bates;
There he essay'd the vengeance first, [to dust.
Then took a dismal aim, and brought great Gouge

Great Gouge to dust! how doleful is the sound!
How vast the stroke is! and how wide the wound!
O painful stroke! distressing death!
A wound unmeasurably wide;
No vulgar mortal died
When he resign'd his breath.
The Muse that mourns a nation's fall
Should wait at Gouge's funeral,
Should mingle majesty and groans,
Such as she sings to sinking thrones,
And in deep-sounding numbers tell,
How Sion trembled when this pillar fell.
Sion grows weak, and England poor,
Nature herself with all her store
Can furnish such a pomp for Death no more.

The reverend man let all things mourn;
Sure he was some ethereal mind,
Fated in flesh to be confin'd,
And order'd to be born.
His soul was of th' angelic frame,
The same ingredients, and the mould the same,
When the Creator makes a minister of flame;
He was all form'd of heavenly things;
Mortals, believe what my Urania sings,
For she has seen him rise upon his flamy wings.

How would he mount, how would he fly
Up through the ocean of the sky,
Tow'rd the celestial coast!
With what amazing swiftness soar,
Till Earth's dark ball was seen no more,
And all its mountains lost!
Scarce could the Muse pursue him with her sight:
But, angels, you can tell,
For oft you meet his wondrous flight,
And knew the stranger well;
Say, how he pass'd the radiant spheres,
And visited your happy seats,

[1] Psal. 137. Lament. i. 2, 3.

And trac'd the well-known turnings of the golden streets,
And walk'd among the stars.

Tell how he climb'd the everlasting hills,
Surveying all the realms above,
Borne on a strong-wing'd Faith, and on the fiery wheels
Of an immortal Love.
'T was there he took a glorious sight
Of the inheritance of saints in light,
And read their title in their Saviour's right.
How oft the humble scholar came,
And to your songs he rais'd his ears
To learn th' unutterable name,
To view th' eternal base that bears
The new creation's frame.
The countenance of God he saw,
Full of mercy, full of awe,
The glories of his power, and glories of his grace:
There he beheld the wondrous springs
Of those celestial sacred things,
The peaceful gospel, and the fiery law
In that majestic face.
That face did all his gazing powers employ,
With most profound abasement and exalted joy,
The rolls of Fate were half unseal'd,
He stood adoring by;
The volume open'd to his eye,
And sweet intelligence he held
With all his shining kindred of the sky.

Ye seraphs, that surround the throne,
Tell how his name was through the palace known,
How warm his zeal was, and how like your own:
Speak it aloud, let half the nation hear,
And hold blasphemers shrink and fear [2]:
Impudent tongues! to blast a prophet's name!
The poison sure was fetch'd from Hell,
Where the old blasphemers dwell,
To taint the purest dust, and blot the whitest fame!
Impudent tongues! You should be darted through,
Nail'd to your own black mouths, and lie
Useless and dead till slander die,
Till slander die with you.

"We saw him," said th' ethereal throng,
"We saw his warm devotions rise,
We heard the fervour of his cries,
And mix'd his praises with our song:
We knew the secret flights of his retiring hours,
Nightly he wak'd his inward powers,
Young Israel rose to wrestle with his God,
And with unconquer'd force scal'd the celestial towers,
To reach the blessing down for those that sought his blood.
Oft we beheld the Thunderer's hand
Rais'd high to crush the factious foe;
As oft we saw the rolling vengeance stand
Doubtful t' obey the dread command,
While his ascending prayer upheld the falling blow."

Draw the past scenes of thy delight,
My Muse, and bring the wondrous man to sight,
Place him surrounded as he stood
With pious crowds, while from his tongue
A stream of harmony ran soft along,
And every ear drank in the flowing good;

Softly it ran its silver way,
Till warm devotion rais'd the current strong:
Then fervid zeal on the sweet deluge rode,
Life, love and glory, grace and joy,
Divinely roll'd promiscuous on the torrent-flood,
And bore our raptur'd sense away, and thoughts and souls to God.
O might we dwell for ever there!
No more return to breathe this grosser air,
This atmosphere of sin, calamity, and care.

But heavenly scenes soon leave the sight
While we belong to clay,
Passions of terrour and delight
Demand alternate sway.
Behold the man, whose awful voice
Could well proclaim the fiery law,
Kindle the flames that Moses saw,
And swell the trumpet's warlike noise.
He stands the herald of the threatening skies,
Lo, on his reverend brow the frowns divinely rise,
All Sinai's thunder on his tongue, and lightning in his eyes.

Round the high roof the curses flew,
Distinguishing each guilty head,
Far from th' unequal war the atheist fled,
His kindled arrows still pursue,
His arrows strike the atheist through,
And o'er his inmost powers a shuddering horrour spread.
The marble heart groans with an inward wound;
Blaspheming souls of hardened steel
Shriek out amaz'd at the new pangs they feel,
And dread the echoes of the sound.
The lofty wretch, arm'd and array'd
In gaudy pride, sinks down his impious head,
Plunges in dark despair, and mingles with the dead.

Now, Muse, assume a softer strain,
Now sooth the sinner's raging smart,
Borrow of Gouge the wondrous art
To calm the surging conscience, and assuage the pain;
He from a bleeding God derives
Life for the souls that Guilt had slain,
And straight the dying rebel lives,
The dead arise again;
The opening skies almost obey
His powerful song; a heavenly ray
Awakes despair to light, and sheds a cheerful day.
His wondrous voice rolls back the spheres,
Recalls the scenes of ancient years,
To make the Saviour known;
Sweetly the flying charmer roves
Through all his labours and his loves,
The anguish of his cross, and triumphs of his throne.

Come, he invites our feet to try
The steep ascent of Calvary,
And sets the fatal tree before our eye:
See here celestial sorrow reigns;
Rude nails and ragged thorns lay by,
Ting'd with the crimson of redeeming veins.
In wondrous words he sung the vital flood
Where all our sins were drown'd,
Words fit to heal and fit to wound,
Sharp as the spear, and balmy as the blood.
In his discourse divine
Afresh the purple fountain flow'd;
Our falling tears kept sympathetic time,
And trick'd to the ground,
While every accent gave a doleful sound,
Sad as the breaking heart-strings of th' expiring God.

[2] Though he was so great and good a man, he did not escape censure.

Down to the mansions of the dead,
With trembling joy our souls are led,
The captives of his tongue;
There the dear Prince of light reclines his head,
Darkness and shades among.
With pleasing horrour we survey
The caverns of the tomb,
Where the belov'd Redeemer lay,
And shed a sweet perfume.
Hark, the old earthquake roars again
In Gouge's voice, and breaks the chain
Of heavy Death, and rends the tombs:
The rising God! he comes, he comes,
With throngs of waking saints, a long triumphing train.

See the bright squadrons of the sky,
Downward on wings of joy and haste they fly,
Meet their returning sovereign, and attend him high.
A shining car the conqueror fills,
Form'd of a golden cloud;
Slowly the pomp moves up the azure hills,
Old Satan foams and yells aloud,
And gnaws th' eternal brass that binds him to the wheels.
The opening gates of bliss receive their King,
The Father-God smiles on his Son,
Pays him the honours he has won,
The lofty thrones adore, and little cherubs sing.
Behold him on his native throne,
Glory sits fast upon his head;
Dress'd in new light, and beamy robes,
His hand rolls on the seasons, and the shining globes,
And sways the living worlds, and regions of the dead.

Gouge was his envoy to the realm below,
Vast was his trust, and great his skill,
Bright the credentials he could show,
And thousands own'd the seal;
His hallow'd lips could well impart
The grace, the promise, and command;
He knew the pity of Immanuel's heart,
And terrours of Jehovah's hand.
How did our souls start out, to hear
The embassies of love he bare,
While every ear in rapture hung
Upon the charming wonders of his tongue!
Life's busy cares a sacred silence bound,
Attention stood with all her powers,
With fixed eyes and awe profound,
Chain'd to the pleasure of the sound,
Nor knew the flying hours.

But O my everlasting grief!
Heaven has recall'd his envoy from our eyes,
Hence deluges of sorrow rise,
Nor hope th' impossible relief.
Ye remnants of the sacred tribe
Who feel the loss, come share the smart,
And mix your groans with mine:
Where is the tongue that can describe
Infinite things with equal art,
Or language so divine?
Our passions want the heavenly flame,
Almighty Love breathes faintly in our songs,
And awful threatenings languish on our tongues:
Howe is a great but single name:
Amidst the crowd he stands alone;
Stands yet, but with his starry pinions on,
Drest for the flight, and ready to be gone.
Eternal God, command his stay,
Stretch the dear months of his delay;
O we could wish his age were one immortal day!
But when the flaming chariot 's come,
And shining guards, t' attend thy prophet home,
Amidst a thousand weeping eyes,
Send an Elisha down, a soul of equal size,
Or burn this worthless globe, and take us to the skies.

DIVINE SONGS

ATTEMPTED IN

EASY LANGUAGE

FOR THE USE OF

CHILDREN.

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.

Matt. xxi. 16.

PREFACE,

TO ALL THAT ARE CONCERNED IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

MY FRIENDS,

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world, and that to come, are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish for virtue and religion ought, in the first place, to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The ancients, among the Jews and the Heathens, taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Moses, Deut. xxxi. 19, 30, and we are directed in the New Testament, not only to sing "with grace in the heart, but to teach and admonish one another by hymns and songs," Ephes. v. 19. And there are these four advantages in it.

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre, that will incline children to make this part of their business a diversion. And you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of these songs every week, if they fulfil the business of the week well, and promising them the book itself, when they have learnt ten or twenty songs out of it.

II. What is learnt in verse is longer retained in memory, and sooner recollected. The like sounds, and the like number of syllables, exceedingly assist the remembrance. And it may often happen, that the end of a song running in the mind may be an effectual means to keep off some temptations, or to incline to some duty, when a word of scripture is not upon their thoughts.

III. This will be a constant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have something to think upon when alone, and sing over to themselves. This may sometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raise a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to seek relief for an emptiness of mind, out of the loose and dangerous sonnets of the age.

IV. These Divine Songs may be a pleasant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worship, to sing one in the family, at such time as the parents or governors shall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verse to the most usual psalm tunes.

The greatest part of this little book was composed several years ago, at the request of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechising a very great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant skill and success. So that you will find here nothing that savours of a party: the children of high and low degree, of the church of England or Dissenters, baptised in infancy, or not, may all join together in these Songs. And as I have endeavoured to sink the language to the level of a child's understanding, and yet to keep it, if possible, above contempt; so I have designed to profit all, if possible, and offend none. I hope the more general the sense is, these composures may be of the more universal use and service.

I have added at the end, some attempts of sonnets on moral subjects, for children, with an air of pleasantry, to provoke some fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the Almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education; may he succeed your cares with his abundant grace, that the rising generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Christian world, and a blessing to the Earth!

DIVINE SONGS

FOR

CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A GENERAL SONG OF PRAISE TO GOD.

How glorious is our heavenly King,
Who reigns above the sky!
How shall a child presume to sing
His dreadful majesty?

How great his power is, none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below, nor saints that dwell
On high before his face.

Not angels that stand round the Lord
Can search his secret will;
But they perform his heavenly word,
And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
And my first offerings bring;
Th' eternal God will not disdain
To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels shall rejoice,
To hear their mighty Maker's praise
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

PRAISE FOR CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

I sing th' Almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The Sun to rule the day;
The Moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That fill'd the Earth with food:
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky,

There 's not a plant or flower below,
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care;
There 's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

In Heaven he shines with beams of love,
With wrath in Hell beneath:
'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard;
He keeps me with his eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

SONG III.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR OUR REDEMPTION.

Blest be the wisdom and the power,
The justice and the grace,
That join'd in counsel to restore
And save our ruin'd race!

Our father ate forbidden fruit,
And from his glory fell;
And we his children thus were brought
To Death and near to Hell.

Blest be the Lord, that sent his Son
To take our flesh and blood!
He for our lives gave up his own,
To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd;
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.

Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high:
He pleads his merit, there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his power divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of Sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sovereign voice
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

SONG IV.

PRAISE FOR MERCIES SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food, while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold.

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal;
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours day by day
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

SONG V.

PRAISE FOR BIRTH AND EDUCATION IN A CHRISTIAN LAND.

Great God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sovereign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heavenly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation sound.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand,
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where Ignorance and Darkness reigns!
They know no Heaven, they fear no Hell,
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me t' escape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to Heaven;
Nor will I run the road to Death,
And waste the blessings thou hast given.

SONG VI.

PRAISE FOR THE GOSPEL.

Lord, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen, or a Jew.

What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have given,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd and brought from Heaven!

How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

Then if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

SONG VII.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THE BIBLE.

Great God! with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to Heaven.

The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law;
Show what my thoughts have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from Hell:
Not all the books on Earth beside
Such heavenly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

PRAISE TO GOD FOR LEARNING TO READ.

The praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learn'd so young
To read his holy word:

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin:

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;

And whither shall a sinner flee
To save himself from Hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go,
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To show the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe!

Then shall I praise the Lord
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

SONG IX.

THE ALL-SEEING GOD.

Almighty God, thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There 's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the Sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot asham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down every fault!

SONG X.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS OF GOD AND DEATH.

There is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heavens, and earth, and seas:
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law which he has writ,
To teach us all that we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face;
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come:
A thousand children young as I,
Are call'd by Death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled;
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to Heaven or Hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

HEAVEN AND HELL.

There is beyond the sky
A Heaven of joy and love;
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful Hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die
I shall to Heaven ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

THE ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGION.

Happy 's the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well;
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to Hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'T is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower when offered in the bud
Is no vain sacrifice.

'T is easier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'T will save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee,
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

THE DANGER OF DELAY.

Why should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
To seek for Heaven, or think of death?"
A flower may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heaven,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance given.

What if the Lord grow wroth, and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he 'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place?

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His power and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his Almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to Hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face.

SONG XIV.

EXAMPLES OF EARLY PIETY.

What bless'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wondering stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And bless'd their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learn'd so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

SONG XV.

AGAINST LYING.

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Though they should speak the thing that 's true;
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Saphira die,
When she came in, and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but every liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and Hell,
Since God a book of reckoning keeps
For every lie that children tell.

SONG XVI.

AGAINST QUARRELLING AND FIGHTING.

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too.

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man,
And God his Father too.

Now Lord of All he reigns above,
And from his heavenly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

LOVE BETWEEN BROTHERS AND SISTERS.

Whatever brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

Hard names at first, and threatening words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The Devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurried on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wise will make their anger cool
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That, as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

AGAINST SCOFFING AND CALLING NAMES.

Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he 's in danger of hell-fire,
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock and jeer and scoff
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go,"

God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood and groans and tears.

Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

AGAINST SWEARING, AND CURSING, AND TAKING GOD'S NAME IN VAIN.

Angels, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in Hell,
Beneath the terrours of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they 're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain?

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in Heaven.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose power I fear;
That heavenly Father whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I 'll leave their friendship, when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

SONG XXI.

AGAINST EVIL COMPANY.

Why should I join with those in play,
In whom I 've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight?

I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend mine ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I 'll turn mine eyes,
Nor with the scoffers go;
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk, or dwell
With sinful children here;
Then let me not be sent to Hell,
Where none but sinners are.

SONG XXII.

AGAINST PRIDE IN CLOTHES.

Why should our garments, made to hide
Our parents' shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin,
Till Eve, our mother, learn'd to sin.

When first she put her covering on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.

How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silk-worm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers, exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mould:
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on Earth should I appear;
Then go to Heaven and wear it there;
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

SONG XXIII.

OBEDIENCE TO PARENTS.

Let children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers say;
With reverence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How cursed is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this Earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

THE CHILD'S COMPLAINT.

Why should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of Heaven and Hell;
And then forget to pray?

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults!

Make me thy heavenly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

SONG XXV.

A MORNING SONG.

My God, who makes the Sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

When from the chambers of the East
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest;
But round the world he shines.

So, like the Sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

AN EVENING SONG.

And now another day is gone,
I 'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts every hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins how great their sum!
Lord, give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And through the hours of darkness keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG XXVII.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY MORNING.

This is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The power of Death and Hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word:
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I 'll leave my sport, to read and pray,
And so prepare for Heaven:
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the seven!

SONG XXVIII.

FOR THE LORD'S-DAY EVENING.

Lord, how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of Heaven, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little Heaven below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my memory, Lord,
The texts and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, OUT OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

PUT INTO SHORT RHIME FOR CHILDREN.

Exodus, Chap. xx.

1. Thou shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Nor dare the sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

THE SUM OF THE COMMANDMENTS, OUT OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

Matthew xxii. 37.

With all thy soul love God above,
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

OUR SAVIOUR'S GOLDEN RULE.

Matthew vii. 12.

Be you to others kind and true,
As you 'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

DUTY TO GOD AND OUR NEIGHBOUR.

Love God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind:
And love your neighbour as yourself,
Be faithful, just and kind.

Deal with another, as you 'd have
Another deal with you;
What you 're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

[Out of my Book of Hymns I have here added the Hosanna, and Glory to the Father, &c. to be sung at the end of any of these Songs, according to the direction of parents or governors.]

THE HOSANNA:

OR

SALVATION ASCRIBED TO CHRIST.

LONG METRE.

Hosanna to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superiour throne:
We bless the prince of heavenly birth,
Who brings salvation down on Earth.

Let every nation, every age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her king.

COMMON METRE.

Hosanna to the Prince of Grace;
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

Hosanna to th' eternal Word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

SHORT METRE.

Hosanna to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole Earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with Heaven.

GLORY TO THE FATHER AND THE SON, &c.

LONG METRE.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One;
Be honour, praise and glory given,
By all on Earth, and all in Heaven.

COMMON METRE.

Now let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

SHORT METRE.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

A SLIGHT SPECIMEN OF MORAL SONGS.

Such as I wish some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform much better.

The sense and subjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences of civil life, both in city and country (which would also afford matter for other divine songs). Here the language and measures should be easy, and flowing with cheerfulness, with or without the solemnities of religion, or the sacred names of God and holy things; that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from those idle, wanton, or profane songs, which give so early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the seeds of future vices.

I. *THE SLUGGARD.*

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number;
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags:
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind:
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me:
That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

II. *INNOCENT PLAY.*

Abroad in the meadows to see the young lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white;
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love, without anger or rage,
How much may we learn from the sight!

If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves, or as lambs,
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures.

Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should hinder another in jesting or play;
For he 's still in earnest that 's hurt:
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There 's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you "'Tis all but in sport."

III. *THE ROSE.*

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I 'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty:
This will scent like a rose when I 'm dead.

IV. *THE THIEF.*

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.

'T is a foolish self-deceiving
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that 's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us
When they stole forbidden fruit!

Oft we see a young beginner
Practise little pilfering ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Though we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of Heaven,
Lest I covet what 's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not given,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

V. *THE ANT OR EMMET.*

These emmets how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There 's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time.
When Death or Old Age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven:
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when Death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in Heaven.

VI. *GOOD RESOLUTIONS.*

Though I 'm now in younger days,
Nor can tell what shall befall me,
I 'll prepare for every place,
Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
Others shall partake my goodness;
I 'll supply the poor with meat,
Never showing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I 'll kindly treat them;
I deserve to feel the same
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
Why should I return them railing,
Since I best revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing?

When I hear them telling lies,
Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
First I 'll try to make them wise,
Or I 'll soon go out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
I 'll engage the rich to love me,
While I 'm modest, neat and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
I shall meet, I hope, with pity,
Since I love to help the weak,
Though they 're neither fair nor witty.

I 'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What 's amiss I 'll strive to mend,
And endure what can 't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion,
As to speak and do no ill,
Though it should be all the fashion!

Wicked fashions lead to Hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying;
But in life behave so well,
Not to be afraid of dying.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the Sun,
How lovely a id joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
But now the fair traveller 's come to the West,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
Like the Sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears: then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way:
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting Sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

Some copies of the following Hymn having got abroad already into several hands, the author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in public, at the end of these Songs for Children.

A CRADLE HYMN.

Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment.
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from Heaven he descended,
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,
Spotless fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures!
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursed sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger!
Did they thus affront their Lord?

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard;
'T is thy { [1] mother / nurse that } sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they serv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

[1] Here you may use the words brother, sister, neighbour, friend, &c.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy-child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here 's no danger,
Here 's no ox a-near thy bed.

'T was to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

Mayst thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

THE

POEMS

OF

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

——hic cæstus artemque repono. VIRG.

THE

LIFE OF PHILIPS.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

Of the birth or early part of the life of Ambrose Philips I have not been able to find any account. His academical education he received at St. John's College in Cambridge[1], where he first solicited the notice of the world by some English verses, in the collection published by the university on the death of queen Mary.

From this time how he was employed, or in what station he passed his life, is not yet discovered. He must have published his Pastorals before the year 1708, because they are evidently prior to those of Pope.

He afterwards (1709) addressed to the universal patron, the duke of Dorset, a Poetical Letter from Copenhagen, which was published in the Tatler, and is by Pope in one of his first letters mentioned with high praise, as the production of a man "who could write very nobly."

Philips was a zealous Whig, and therefore easily found access to Addison and Steele; but his ardour seems not to have procured him any thing more than kind words; since he was reduced to translate the Persian Tales for Tonson, for which he was afterwards reproached, with this addition of contempt, that he worked for half-a-crown. The book is divided into many sections, for each of which if he received half-a-crown, his reward, as writers then were paid, was very liberal; but half-a-crown had a mean sound.

He was employed in promoting the principles of his party, by epitomising Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams. The original book is written with such depravity of genius, such mixture of the fop and pedant, as has not often appeared. The epitome is free enough from affectation, but has little spirit or vigour[2].

In 1712 he brought upon the stage The Distrest Mother, almost a translation of Racine's Andromaque. Such a work requires no uncommon powers; but the friends of Philips exerted every art to promote his interest. Before the appearance of the play, a whole Spectator, none indeed of the best, was devoted to its praise: while it yet continued to be acted, another Spectator was written, to tell what impression it made upon sir Roger; and on the first night a select audience, says Pope[3], was called together to applaud it.

[1] He took his degrees, A. B. 1696, A. M. 1700. *C.*

[2] This ought to have been noticed before. It was published in 1700, when he appears to have obtained a fellowship of St. John's. *C.*

[3] Spence.

It was concluded with the most successful epilogue that was ever yet spoken on the English theatre. The three first nights it was recited twice; and not only continued to be demanded through the run, as it is termed, of the play, but whenever it is recalled to the stage, where by peculiar fortune, though a copy from the French, it yet keeps its place, the epilogue is still expected, and is still spoken.

The propriety of epilogues in general, and consequently of this, was questioned by a correspondent of The Spectator, whose letter was undoubtedly admitted for the sake of the answer, which soon followed, written with much zeal and acrimony. The attack and the defence equally contributed to stimulate curiosity and continue attention. It may be discovered in the defence, that Prior's epilogue to Phædra had a little excited jealousy; and something of Prior's plan may be discovered in the performance of his rival. Of this distinguished epilogue the reputed author was the wretched Budgel, whom Addison used to denominate[1] "the man who calls me cousin;" and when he was asked how such a silly fellow could write so well, replied, "The epilogue was quite another thing when I saw it first." It was known in Tonson's family, and told to Garrick, that Addison was himself the author of it, and that, when it had been at first printed with his name, he came early in the morning, before the copies were distributed, and ordered it to be given to Budgel, that it might add weight to the solicitation which he was then making for a place.

Philips was now high in the ranks of literature. His play was applauded; his translations from Sappho had been published in The Spectator; he was an important and distinguished associate of clubs, witty and political; and nothing was wanting to his happiness, but that he should be sure of its continuance.

The work which had procured him the first notice from the public was his Six Pastorals, which, flattering the imagination with Arcadian scenes, probably found many readers, and might have long passed as a pleasing amusement, had they not been unhappily too much commended.

The rustic poems of Theocritus were so highly valued by the Greeks and Romans, that they attracted the imitation of Virgil, whose Eclogues seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind; for no shepherds were taught to sing by any succeeding poet, till Nemesian and Calphurnius ventured their feeble efforts in the lower age of Latin literature.

At the revival of learning in Italy, it was soon discovered that a dialogue of imaginary swains might be composed with little difficulty; because the conversation of shepherds excludes profound or refined sentiment; and, for images and descriptions, Satyrs and Fauns, and Naiads and Dryads, were always within call; and woods and meadows, and hills and rivers, supplied variety of matter, which, having a natural power to sooth the mind, did not quickly cloy it.

Petrarch entertained the learned men of his age with the novelty of modern pastorals in Latin. Being not ignorant of Greek, and finding nothing in the word *Eclogue* of rural meaning, he supposed it to be corrupted by the copiers, and therefore called his own productions *Aigloga*, by which he meant to express the talk of goatherds, though it will mean only the talk of goats. This new name was adopted by subsequent writers, and amongst others by our Spenser.

More than a century afterwards (1498) Mantuan published his Bucolics with such success, that they were soon dignified by Badius with a comment; and, as Scaliger com-

[1] Spence.

plained, received into schools, and taught as classical: his complaint was vain; and the practice, however injudicious, spread far, and continued long. Mantuan was read, at least in some of the inferior schools of this kingdom, to the beginning of the present century. The speakers of Mantuan carried their disquisitions beyond the country, to censure the corruptions of the church; and from him Spenser learned to employ his swains on topics of controversy.

The Italians soon transferred pastoral poetry into their own language: Sannazaro wrote Arcadia, in prose and verse: Tasso and Guarini wrote Favole Boschareccie, or Sylvan Dramas; and all nations of Europe filled volumes with *Thyrsis* and *Damon*, and *Thestylis* and *Phyllis*.

Philips thinks it "somewhat strange to conceive, how, in an age so addicted to the Muses, pastoral poetry never comes to be so much as thought upon." His wonder seems very unseasonable; there had never, from the time of Spenser, wanted writers to talk occasionally of *Arcadia* and *Strephon*; and half the book in which he first tried his powers consists of dialogues on queen Mary's death, between *Tityrus* and *Corydon*, or *Mopsus* and *Menalcas*. A series or book of pastorals, however, I know not that any one had then lately published.

Not long afterwards Pope made the first display of his powers in four Pastorals, written in a very different form. Philips had taken Spenser, and Pope took Virgil, for his pattern. Philips endeavoured to be natural, Pope laboured to be elegant.

Philips was now favoured by Addison, and by Addison's companions, who were very willing to push him into reputation. The Guardian gave an account of pastoral, partly critical, and partly historical; in which, when the merit of the modern is compared, Tasso and Guarini are censured for remote thoughts and unnatural refinements; and, upon the whole, the Italians and French are all excluded from rural poetry; and the pipe of the pastoral Muse is transmitted by lawful inheritance from Theocritus to Virgil, from Virgil to Spenser, and from Spenser to Philips.

With this inauguration of Philips, his rival Pope was not much delighted; he therefore drew a comparison of Philips's performance with his own; in which, with an unexampled and unequalled artifice of irony, though he has himself always the advantage, he gives the preference to Philips. The design of aggrandising himself he disguised with such dexterity, that, though Addison discovered it, Steele was deceived, and was afraid of displeasing Pope by publishing his paper. Published, however, it was (Guard. 40.): and from that time Pope and Philips lived in a perpetual reciprocation of malevolence.

In poetical powers, of either praise or satire, there was no proportion between the combatants; but Philips, though he could not prevail by wit, hoped to hurt Pope with another weapon, and charged him, as Pope thought, with Addison's approbation, as disaffected to the government.

Even with this he was not satisfied; for, indeed, there is no appearance that any regard was paid to his clamours. He proceeded to grosser insults, and hung up a rod at Button's, with which he threatened to chastise Pope, who appears to have been extremely exasperated; for in the first edition of his Letters he calls Philips "rascal," and in the last still charges him with detaining in his hands the subscriptions for Homer delivered to him by the Hanover Club.

I suppose it was never suspected that he meant to appropriate the money; he only delayed, and with sufficient meanness, the gratification of him by whose prosperity he was pained.

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Men sometimes suffer by injudicious kindness: Philips became ridiculous, without his own fault, by the absurd admiration of his friends, who decorated him with honorary garlands, which the first breath of contradiction blasted.

When upon the succession of the house of Hanover every Whig expected to be happy, Philips seems to have obtained too little notice; he caught few drops of the golden shower, though he did not omit what flattery could perform. He was only made a commissioner of the lottery (1717), and, what did not much elevate his character, a justice of the peace.

The success of his first play must naturally dispose him to turn his hopes towards the stage: he did not, however, soon commit himself to the mercy of an audience, but contented himself with the fame already acquired, till after nine years he produced (1722) The Briton, a tragedy which, whatever was its reception, is now neglected: though one of the scenes, between Vanoc, the British prince, and Valens, the Roman general, is confessed to be written with great dramatic skill, animated by spirit truly poetical.

He had not been idle, though he had been silent; for he exhibited another tragedy the same year, on the story of Humphry Duke of Gloucester. This tragedy is only remembered by its title.

His happiest undertaking was of a paper called The Freethinker, in conjunction with associates, of whom one was Dr. Boulter, who, then only minister of a parish in Southwark, was of so much consequence to the government, that he was made first bishop of Bristol, and afterwards primate of Ireland, where his piety and his charity will be long honoured.

It may easily be imagined, that what was printed under the direction of Boulter would have nothing in it indecent or licentious; its title is to be understood as implying only freedom from unreasonable prejudice. It has been reprinted in volumes, but is little read; nor can impartial criticism recommend it as worthy of revival.

Boulter was not well qualified to write diurnal essays; but he knew how to practise the liberality of greatness and the fidelity of friendship. When he was advanced to the height of ecclesiastical dignity, he did not forget the companion of his labours. Knowing Philips to be slenderly supported, he took him to Ireland, as partaker of his fortune; and, making him his secretary [5], added such preferments as enabled him to represent the county of Armagh in the Irish parliament.

In December 1726 he was made secretary to the lord chancellor; and in August 1733 became judge of the Prerogative Court.

After the death of his patron he continued some years in Ireland; but at last longing, as it seems, for his native country, he returned (1748) to London, having doubtless survived most of his friends and enemies, and among them his dreaded antagonist Pope. He found, however, the duke of Newcastle still living, and to him he dedicated his poems collected into a volume.

Having purchased an annuity of four hundred pounds, he now certainly hoped to pass some years of life in plenty and tranquillity; but his hope deceived him: he was struck with a palsy, and died [6] June 18, 1749, in his seventy-eighth year.

Of his personal character all that I have heard is, that he was eminent for bravery and skill in the sword, and that in conversation he was solemn and pompous. He

[5] The archbishop's Letters, published in 1769, (the originals of which are now in Christ Church library, Oxford) were collected by Mr. Philips. *C.*

[6] At his house in Hanover-street, and was buried in Audley chapel. *C.*

had great sensibility of censure, if judgment may be made by a single story which I heard long ago from Mr. Ing, a gentleman of great eminence in Staffordshire. "Philips," said he, "was once at table, when I asked him, How came thy king of Epirus to drive oxen, and to say 'I'm goaded on by love?' After which question he never spoke again."

Of The Distrest Mother not much is pretended to be his own, and therefore it is no subject of criticism: his other two tragedies, I believe, are not below mediocrity, nor above it. Among the poems comprised in the late collection, the Letter from Denmark may be justly praised; the Pastorals, which by the writer of the Guardian were ranked as one of the four genuine productions of the rustic Muse, cannot surely be despicable. That they exhibit a mode of life which did not exist, nor ever existed, is not to be objected: the supposition of such a state is allowed to pastoral. In his other poems he cannot be denied the praise of lines sometimes elegant; but he has seldom much force, or much comprehension. The pieces that please best are those which, from Pope and Pope's adherents, procured him the name of *Namby Pamby*, the poems of short lines, by which he paid his court to all ages and characters, from Walpole the "steerer of the realm," to miss Pulteney in the nursery. The numbers are smooth and sprightly, and the diction is seldom faulty. They are not loaded with much thought; yet, if they had been written by Addison, they would have had admirers: little things are not valued but when they are done by those who can do greater.

In his translations from Pindar, he found the art of reaching all the obscurity of the Theban bard, however he may fall below his sublimity; he will be allowed, if he has less fire, to have more smoke.

He has added nothing to English poetry, yet at least half his book deserves to be read: perhaps he valued most himself that part which the critic would reject.

TO HIS GRACE

THOMAS, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD,

THE honours of your ancient and illustrious family, which that noble writer, Algernon Sidney, places among the first in these kingdoms for prerogative of birth, the titles which you have long worn with distinguished lustre, and the high station which you have many years filled, and now fill, in the government, give your grace a just preeminence in the community; but they are excellencies of a more exalted kind to which this tribute of my respect is paid: Your early zeal in the cause of liberty, which manifested itself at the close of a late reign, when the worst of schemes were promoted against this nation by the worst of men, the association (of which I had the honour to be a humble member) into which you then entered, with some others, eminent for their birth, fortune, and knowledge, for securing the succession of the house of Hanover to the throne of these kingdoms, your taste of useful and polite literature, and the encouragement which you have been always ready to give to it, your friendly regard to, and connection with, that university which has been the nurse of the greatest statesmen, heroes, philosophers, and poets, of English growth, and the open liberality of your heart on all laudable occasions, must give you a place in the affections of all Englishmen who know the interest of their native country: and to those virtues, more than to the private friendship with which your grace has long honoured me, I make this offering of the few poetical pieces, which were the produce of my leisure, but some of my most pleasant hours: your grace will be able to distinguish those which have been printed before from those which now make their first appearance; and I number among the felicities of my days this opportunity of approaching you with something perhaps not unworthy your acceptance; and I have the honour to be,

my lord,

your grace's

most devoted, obliged,

and most humble servant,

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

April, 1748.

PREFACE TO THE PASTORAL POEMS.

IT is somewhat strange to conceive, in an age so addicted to the Muses, how pastoral poetry comes to be never so much as thought upon; considering, especially, that it is of the greatest antiquity, and hath ever been accounted the foremost, among the smaller poems, in dignity. Virgil and Spenser made use of it as a prelude to epic poetry: but, I fear, the innocency of the subject makes it so little inviting.

There is no kind of poem, if happily executed, but gives delight; and herein may the pastoral boast after a peculiar manner: for, as in painting, so in poetry, the country affords not only the most delightful scenes and prospects, but likewise the most pleasing images of life.

Gassendus (I remember) observes, that Peireskius was a great lover of music, especially the melody of birds; because their simple strains have less of passion and violence, but more of a sedate and quiet harmony; and, therefore, do they rather befriend contemplation. In like manner, the pastoral song gives a sweet and gentle composure to the mind; whereas the epic and tragic poems, by the vehemency of their emotions, raise the spirits into a ferment.

To view a fair stately palace, strikes us indeed with admiration, and swells the soul with notions of grandeur: but when I see a little country-dwelling, advantageously situated amidst a beautiful variety of hills, meadows, fields, woods, and rivulets, I feel an unspeakable sort of satisfaction, and cannot forbear wishing my kinder fortune would place me in such a sweet retirement.

Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, are the only poets who seem to have hit upon the true nature of pastoral compositions: so that it will be sufficient praise for me, if I have not altogether failed in my attempt.

POEMS

OF

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

PASTORAL POEMS.

Nostra, nec erubuit sylvas habitare, Thalia.
Virg. Ecl. vi. 2.

THE FIRST PASTORAL.

LOBBIN.

If we, O Dorset, quit the city-throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your command, be present: and, O bring
The Muse along! the Muse to you shall sing:
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the fam'd Sicilian swain.

Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd-boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cool'd the sultry air,
His number'd sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plain'd him of his dreary discontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs
He, solitary, sat to breathe his vows,
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art:
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His sighs were lavish'd thus on Lucy bright.

"Ah, well-a-day! how long must I endure
This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows.
And now the Moon begins in clouds to rise;
The brightening stars increase within the skies;
The winds are hush; the dews distil; and sleep
Hath clos'd the eyelids of my weary sheep:
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrain'd
All night to wake: with hunger he is pain'd,
And I, with love. His hunger he may tame;
But who can quench, O cruel Love, thy flame?
Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
Up-raise my heedless head, then void of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherds' arts,
To please the lads and win the lasses' hearts!
How deftly, to mine oaten-reed so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well-devised tale from me to learn?
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering Sun adown the sky:
But, ah! since Lucy coy, deep-wrought her spite
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
Oh, quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair!
Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she would have prov'd more kind.
O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
Thy virgin-bloom will not for ever stay,
And flowers, though left ungather'd, will decay:
The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring!
But beauty faded has no second spring.
My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes;
Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
She gads where'er her roving fancy leads,
Yet still from me. Ah me, the tiresome chase!
Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace:
She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.
No cruel purpose, in my speed, I bear;
'Tis only love; and love why should'st thou fear?
What idle fears a maiden-breast alarm!
Stay, simple girl; a lover cannot harm.
Two sportive kidlings, both fair-fleck'd, I rear;
Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear:
A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
And teach the fondling from my hand to feed:
Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
Of every dewy sweet the morning yields:
From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
Receive gay garlands, blooming o'er thy brow;

And when—But why these unavailing pains?
Thé gifts, alike, and giver she disdains:
And now, left heiress of the glen, she 'll deem
Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem:
Yet, was she born, like me, of shephe d-sire;
And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,
How would I wander, every day, to find
The choice of wildings, blushing through the rind!
For glossy plums how lightsome climb the tree,
How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee!
Or! if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
Thou Lobbin's flock and Lobbin shalt possess:
And, fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
The bordering flowers less beauteous than they grow?
O! come, my love; nor think th' employment mean,
The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean,
To drive a-field, by morn, the fattening ewes,
Ere the warm Sun drink-up the cooly dews,
While, with my pipe and with my voice, I cheer
Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear.
How would the crook beseem thy lily-hand!
How would my younglings round thee gazing stand!
Ah, witless younglings! gaze not on her eye,
Thence all my sorrow; thence the death I die.
O, killing beauty!. and O, sore desire!
Must then my sufferings, but with life, expire?
Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
Spring after spring I wither, nipt with scorn:
Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my flock; for, happy, ye may take
Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake."

Now to the waning Moon the nightingale,
In slender warblings, tun'd her piteous tale;
The love-sick shepherd, listening, felt relief,
Pleas'd with so sweet a partner in his grief,
Till, by degrees, her notes and silent Night
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

THE SECOND PASTORAL.

THENOT, COLINET.

THENOT.

Is it not Colinet I lonesome see,
Leaning with folded arms against the tree?
Or is it age of late bedims my sight?
'T is Colinet, indeed, in woful plight.
Thy cloudy look, why melting into tears,
Unseemly, now the sky so bright appears!
Why in this mournful manner art thou found,
Unthankful lad, when all things smile around?
Or hear'st not lark and linnet jointly sing,
Their notes blithe-warbling to salute the Spring?

COLINET.

Though blithe their notes, not so my wayward fate;
Nor lark would sing, nor linnet, in my state.
Each creature, Thenot, to his task is born;
As they to mirth and music, I to mourn.
Waking, at midnight, I my woes renew,
My tears oft mingling with the falling dew.

THENOT.

Small cause, I ween, has lusty youth to plain:
Or who may, then, the weight of eld sustain,
When every slackening nerve begins to fail,
And the load presseth as our days prevail?
Yet, though with years my body downward tend,
As trees beneath their fruit in autumn bend;
Spite of my snowy head, and icy veins,
My mind a cheerful temper still retains.
And why should man, mishap what will, repine,
Sour every sweet, and mix with tears his wine?
But tell me, then: it may relieve thy woe,
To let a friend thine inward ailment know.

COLINET.

Idly 't will waste thee, Thenot, the whole day,
Shouldst thou give ear to all my grief can say.
Thine ewes will wander; and the heedless lambs,
In loud complaints, require their absent dams.

THENOT.

See Lightfoot; he shall tend them close: and I,
'Tween whiles, across the plain will glance mine eye.

COLINET.

Where to begin I know not, where to end.
Does there one smiling hour my youth attend!
Though few my days, as well my follies show,
Yet are those days all clouded o'er with woe:
No happy gleam of sunshine doth appear,
My lowering sky and wintery months to cheer.
My piteous plight in yonder naked tree,
Which bears the thunder-scar, too plain I see:
Quite destitute it stands of shelter kind,
The mark of storms, and sport of every wind:
The riven trunk feels not th' approach of spring;
Nor birds among the leafless branches sing:
No more, beneath thy shade, shall shepherds throng,
With jocund tale, or pipe, or pleasing song.
Ill-fated tree! and more ill-fated I!
From thee, from me, alike the shepherds fly.

THENOT.

Sure thou in hapless hour of time wast born,
When blighting mildews spoil the rising corn,
Or blasting winds o'er blossom'd hedge-rows pass,
To kill the promis'd fruits, and scorch the grass;
Or when the Moon, by wizard charm'd, fore-
shows,
Blood-stain'd in foul eclipse, impending woes.
Untimely born, ill-luck betides thee still.

COLINET.

And can there, Thenot, be a greater ill?

THENOT.

Nor fox, nor wolf, nor rat among our sheep,
From this good shepherd's care his flock may keep:
Against ill-luck, alas! all forecast fails;
Nor toil by day, nor watch by night, avails.

COLINET.

Ah me, the while! ah me, the luckless day!
Ah, luckless lad! befits me more to say.
Unhappy hour! when fresh in youthful bud,
I left, Sabrina fair, thy silvery flood.
Ah, silly I! more silly than my sheep,
Which on thy flowery banks I wont to keep.
Sweet are thy banks! Oh, when shall I once more,
With ravish'd eyes, review thine amell'd shore?
When, in the crystal of thy water, scan
Each feature faded and my colour wan?
When shall I see my hut, the small abode
My-elf did raise, and cover o'er with sod?
Small though it be, a mean and humble cell,
Yet is there room for Peace and me to dwell.

THENOT.

And what enticement charm'd thee, far away
From thy lov'd home, and led thy heart astray?

COLINET.

A lewd desire, strange lads and swains to know:
Ah, God! that I ever should covet woe!
With wandering feet unblest, and fond of fame,
I sought I know not what besides a name.

THENOT.

Or, sooth to say, didst thou not hither roam
In search of gains more plenty than at home?
A rolling-stone is ever bare of moss;
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.

COLINET.

Small need there was, in random search of gain,
To drive my pining flock athwart the plain,
To distant Cam. Fine gain at length, I trow,
To hoard up to myself such deal of woe!
My sheep quite spent, through travel and ill-fare,
And, like their keeper, ragged grown and bare,
The damp cold greensward for my nightly bed,
And some slant willow's trunk to rest my head.
Hard is to bear of pinching cold the pain;
And hard is want to the unpractis'd swain:
But neither want, nor pinching cold, is hard,
To blasting storms of calumny compar'd:
Unkind as hail it falls; the pelting shower
Destroys the tender herb, and budding flower.

THENOT.

Slander we shepherds count the vilest wrong:
And what wounds sorer than an evil tongue?

COLINET.

Untoward lads, the wanton imps of spite,
Make mock of all the ditties I indite.
In vain, O Colinet, thy pipe, so shrill,
Charms every vale and gladdens every hill:
In vain thou seek'st the coverings of the grove,
In the cool shade to sing the pains of love:
Sing what thou wilt, ill-nature will prevail;
And every elf hath skill enough to rail:
But yet, though poor and artless be my vein,
Menalcas seems to like my simple strain:
And, while that he delighteth in my song,
Which to the good Menalcas doth belong,
Nor night, nor day, shall my rude music cease;
I ask no more, so I Menalcas please.

THENOT.

Menalcas, lord of these fair fertile plains,
Preserves the sheep, and o'er the shepherds reigns:
For him our yearly wakes, and feasts, we hold,
And choose the fairest firstlings from the fold:
He, good to all, who good deserve, shall give
Thy flock to feed, and thee at ease to live,
Shall curb the malice of unbridled tongues,
And bounteously reward thy rural songs.

COLINET.

First, then, shall high-some birds forget to fly,
The briny ocean turn to pastures dry,
And every rapid river cease to flow,
Ere I unmindful of Menalcas grow.

THENOT.

This night thy care with me forget; and fold
Thy flock with mine, to ward th' injurious cold.
New milk, and clouted cream, mild cheese and curd,
With some remaining fruit of last year's hoard,
Shall be our evening fare, and, for the night,
Sweet herbs and moss, which gentle sleep invite:
And now behold the Sun's departing ray,
O'er yonder hill, the sign of ebbing day:
With songs the jovial hinds return from plow;
And unyok'd heifers, loitering homeward, low.

THE THIRD PASTORAL.

ALBINO.

When Virgil thought no shame the Doric reed
To tune, and flocks on Mantuan plains to feed,
With young Augustus' name he grac'd his song:
And Spenser, when amid the rural throng
He carol'd sweet, and graz'd along the wood
Of gentle Thames, made every sounding wood
With good Eliza's name to ring around;
Eliza's name on every tree was found:
Since, then, through Anna's cares at ease we live,
And see our cattle unmolested thrive,
While from our Albion her victorious arms
Drive wasteful warfare, loud in dire alarms,
Like them will I my slender music raise,
And teach the vocal valleys Anna's praise.
Meantime, on oaten pipe, a lowly lay,
As my kids browse, obscure in shades I play:
Yet, not obscure, while Dorset thinks no scorn
To visit woods, and swains ignobly born.
Two valley swains, both musical, both young,
In friendship mutual, and united long,
Retire within a mossy cave, to shun
The crowd of shepherds, and the noon-day sun.
A gloom of sadness overcasts their mind:
Revolving now, the solemn day they find,
When young Albino died. His image dear
Bedews their cheeks with many a trickling tear:
To tears they add the tribute of their verse;
These Angelot, those Palin, did rehearse.

ANGELOT.

Thus, yearly circling, by-past times return;
And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.
Sent into life, alas! how short thy stay:
How sweet the rose! how speedy to decay!
Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,
Sad-sounding wide from every village bell?
Can we forget how sorely Albion moan'd,
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groan'd,
Presaging future woe, when, for our crimes,
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times,
Fair boast of this fair Island, darling joy
Of nobles high, and every shepherd-boy?
No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,
Nor shepherd found upon the grassy green,
No cattle graz'd the field, nor drank the flood,
No birds were heard to warble through the wood.
In yonder gloomy grove out-stretch'd he lay
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay;
On his cold cheek the rosy hue decay'd,
And o'er his lips the deadly blue display'd:
Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,
And mourning shepherds come in crowds to weep.
Young Bucklers comes: and, is there no redress?
As if the grave regarded our distress!
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,
And give, aloud, the lamentations due.
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress:
Ye trees! and conscious fountains, even attest
With what sad accents, and what piercing cries,
She fill'd the grove, and import'd the skies,

And every star upbraided with his death,
When, in her widow'd arms, devoid of breath,
She clasp'd her son: nor did the nymph, for this,
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,
Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield,
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.
As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,
And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,
So thou, to thine, an ornament wast born.
Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains,
In labour'd furrows sow the choice of wheat,
And, over empty sheaves, in harvest sweat;
A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield;
And thorns and thistles overspread the field.
How all our hope is fled like morning dew!
And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view.
Who, now, shall teach the pointed spear to throw,
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,
To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,
With sinewy force, to pitch the massy bar?
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,
To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,
In foreign realms to purchase early fame,
And add new glories to the British name:
O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest!
The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast;
Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground.

PALIN.

No more, mistaken Angelot, complain:
Albino lives; and all our tears are vain:
Albino lives, and will for ever live,
With myriads mixt who never know to grieve,
Who welcome every stranger-guest, nor fear
Ever to mourn his absence with a tear;
Where cold, nor heat, nor irksome toil annoy,
Nor age, nor sickness, comes to damp their joy:
And now the royal nymph who bore him deigns
The land to rule, and shield the simple swains,
While, from above, propitious he looks down:
For this, the welkin does no longer frown.
Each planet shines, indulgent, from his sphere,
And we renew our pastimes with the year.
Hills, dales, and woods, with shrilling pipes resound:
The boys and virgins dance, with chaplets crown'd,
And hail Albino blest: the valleys ring
Albino blest! O now, if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip which in meadow grows,
The fountain violet, and the garden rose,
Marsh-lilies sweet, and tufts of daffodil,
With what ye cull from wood or verdant hill,
Whether in open sun or shade they blow,
More early some, and some unfolding slow,
Bring in heap'd canisters of every kind,
As if the summer had with spring combin'd,
And Nature, forward to assist your care,
Did not profusion for Albino spare.
Your hamlets strew, and every public way;
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day:
Myself will lavish all my little store,
And deal about the gob'let flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there shall harp, young Myco sing,
And Cuddy dance the round amid the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play;
To thee these honours, yearly, will we pay;
Nor fail to mention thee in all our cheer,
And teach our children the remembrance dear,
When we our shearing-feast, or harvest keep,
To speed the plough, and bless our thriving sheep.
While willow kids, and herbage lambs pursue,
While bees love thyme, and locusts sip the dew,
While birds delight in woods their notes to strain,
Thy name and sweet memorial shall remain.

THE FOURTH PASTORAL.

MYCO, ARGOL.

MYCO.

This place may seem for shepherd's leisure made,
So close these elms inweave their lofty shade;
The twining woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Refreshing sweets around on all beneath:
The ground with grass of cheerful green bespread,
Through which the springing flower up-rears the head:
Lo, here the kingcup of a golden hue,
Medley'd with daisies white and endive blue,
And honeysuckles of a purple die,
Confusion gay! bright waving to the eye.
Hark, how they warble in that brambly bush,
The gaudy goldfinch, and the speckly thrush,
The linnet green, with others fram'd for skill,
And blackbird fluting through his yellow bill:
In sprightly concert how they all combine,
Us prompting in the various songs to join:
Up, Argol, then, and to thy lip apply
Thy mellow pipe, or voice more sounding, try:
And since our ewes have graz'd, what harms if they
Lie round and listen while the lambkins play?

ARGOL.

Well, Myco, can thy dainty wit express
Fair Nature's bounties in the fairest dress:
'T is rapture all! the place, the birds, the sky;
And rapture works the singer's fancy high.
Sweet breathe the fields, and now a gentle breeze
Moves every leaf, and trembles through the trees:
Ill such incitements suit my rugged lay,
Befitting more the music thou canst play.

MYCO.

No skill of music kon I, simple swain,
No fine device thine ear to entertain:
Albeit some deal I pipe, rude though it be,
Sufficient to divert my sheep and me;
Yet Colinet (and Colinet hath skill)
Oft guides my fingers on the tuneful quill,
And fain would teach me on what sounds to dwell,
And where to sink a note, and where to swell.

ARGOL.

Ah, Myco! half my flock would I bestow,
Should Colinet to me his cunning show:
So trim his sonnets are, I pr'ythee, swain,
Now give us, once, a sample of his strain:
For wonders of that lad the shepherds say,
How sweet his pipe, how ravishing his lay!
The sweetness of his pipe and lay rehearse;
And ask what boon thou willest for thy verse.

MYCO.

Since then thou list, a mournful song I choose:
A mournful song relieves a mournful Muse.
Past by the river on a bank he sate,
To weep the lovely maid's untimely fate,

Fair Stella hight: a lovely maid was she,
Whose fate he wept, a faithful shepherd he.

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"O woeful day! O day of woe to me!
That ever I should live such day to see!
That ever she could die! O most unkind,
To go and leave thy Colinet behind!
From blameless love and plighted troth to go,
And leave to Colinet a life of woe!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"And yet, why blame I her? Full fain would she
With dying arms have clasp'd herself to me:
I clasp'd her too, but Death prov'd over-strong:
Nor vows nor tears could fleeting life prolong:
Yet how shall I from vows and tears refrain?
And why should vows, alas! and tears be vain!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"Aid me to grieve, with bleating moan, my sheep,
Aid me, thou ever-flowing stream, to weep;
Aid me, ye faint, ye hollow winds, to sigh,
And thou, my woe, assist me thou to die.
Me flock, nor stream, nor winds, nor woes, relieve;
She lov'd through life, and I through life will grieve."

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"Ye gentler maids, companions of my fair,
With downcast look, and with dishevell'd hair,
All beat the breast, and wring your hands, and moan;
Her hour, untimely, might have prov'd your own:
Her hour, untimely, help me to lament;
And let your hearts at Stella's name relent."

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"In vain th' endearing lustre of your eyes
We dote upon, and you as vainly prize.
What though your beauty bless the faithful swain,
And in th' enamour'd heart like queens ye reign;
Yet in their prime does Death the fairest kill,
As ruthless winds the tender blossoms spill."

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"Such Stella was; yet Stella might not live!
And what could Colinet in ransom give?
Oh! if or Music's voice, or Beauty's charm,
Could milden Death, and stay his lifted arm,
My pipe her face, her face my pipe might save,
Redeeming each the other from the grave."

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"Ah, fruitless wish! fell Death's uplifted arm
Nor Beauty can arrest, nor Music charm.
Behold! oh, baleful sight! see where she lies!
The budding flower, unkindly blasted, dies:
Nor, though I live the longest day to mourn,
Will she again to life and me return."

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"Unhappy Colinet! what boots thee now,
To weave fresh girlonds for thy Stella's brow?
Nor girlond ever more may Stella wear,
Nor see the flowery season of the year,
Nor dance, nor sing, nor ever sweetly smile,
And every toil of Colinet beguile."

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"Throw by the lily, daffodil, and rose;
Wreaths of black yew, and willow pale, compose,
With baneful hemlock, deadly nightshade, drest,
Such chaplets as may witness thine unrest,
If aught can witness: O, ye shepherds, tell,
When I am dead, no shepherd lov'd so well!"

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"Alack, my sheep! and thou, dear spotless lamb,
By Stella nurs'd, who wean'd thee from the dam,
What heed give I to aught but to my grief,
My whole employment, and my whole relief!
Stray where ye list, some happier master try:
Yet once, my flock, was none so blest as I."

Awake, my pipe; in every note express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

"My pipe, whose soothing sound could passion move,
And first taught Stella's virgin heart to love,
Shall silent hang upon this blasted oak,
Whence owls their dirges sing, and ravens croak:
Nor lark, nor linnet, shall my day delight,
Nor nightingale suspend my moan by night:
The night and day shall undistinguish'd be,
Alike to Stella, and alike to me."

No more, my pipe; here cease we to express
Fair Stella's death and Colinet's distress.

Thus, sorrowing, did the gentle shepherd sing,
And urge the valley with his wail to ring.
And now that sheep-hook for my song I crave.

ARGOL.

Not this, but one more costly, shalt thou have,
Of season'd elm, where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month, and year;
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle torn'd,
And richly by the carver's skill adorn'd.

O, Colinet, how sweet thy grief to hear!
How does thy verse subdue the listening ear!
Soft falling as the still, refreshing dew,
To slake the drought, and herbage to renew:
Not half so sweet the midnight winds, which move
In drowsy murmurs o'er the waving grove,
Nor valley brook that, hid by alders, speeds
O'er pebbles warbling, and through whispering reeds,
Nor dropping waters, which from rocks distil,
And welly-grots with tinkling echoes fill.
Thrice happy Colinet, who can relieve
Heart-anguish sore, and make it sweet to grieve!
And next to thee shall Myco bear the bell,
Who can repeat thy peerless song so well;
But see! the hills increasing shadows cast;
The Sun, I ween, is leaving us in haste:
His weakly rays faint glimmer through the wood,
And bluey mists arise from yonder flood.

MYCO.

Bid then our dogs to gather in the sheep. [sleep.
Good shepherds, with their flock, betimes should
Who late lies down, thou know'st, as late will rise,
And, sluggard-like, to noon-day snoring lies,
While in the fold his injur'd ewes complain,
And after dewy pastures bleat in vain.

THE FIFTH PASTORAL.

CUDDY.

In rural strains we first our music try,
And bashful into woods and thickets fly,
Mistrusting then our skill; yet if through time
Our voice, improving, gain a pitch sublime,
Thy growing virtues, Sackville, shall engage
My riper verse, and more aspiring age.

The Sun, now mounted to the noon of day,
Began to shoot direct his burning ray; [shade
When, with the flocks, their feeders sought the
A venerable oak wide-spreading made:
What should they do to pass the loitering time?
As Fancy led, each form'd his tale in rhyme:
And some the joys, and some the pains, of love,
And some to set out strange adventures, strove;
The trade of wizards some, and Merlin's skill,
And whence, to charms, such empire o'er the will.
Then Cuddy last (who Cuddy can excel
In neat device?) his tale began to tell.

"When shepherds flourish'd in Eliza's reign,
There liv'd in high repute a jolly swain,
Young Colin Clout; who well could pipe and sing,
And by his notes invite the lagging Spring.
He, as his custom was, at leisure laid
In woodland bower, without a rival play'd,
Soliciting his pipe to warble clear,
Enchantment sweet as ever wont to hear
Belated wayfarers, from wake or fair
Detain'd by music, hovering on in air:
Drawn by the magic of th' enticing sound,
What troops of mute admirers flock'd around!
The steerlings left their food; and creatures, wild
By Nature form'd, insensibly grew mild.
He makes the gathering birds about him throng,
And loads the neighbouring branches with his song:
There, with the crowd, a nightingale of fame,
Jealous, and fond of praise, to listen came:
She turn'd her ear, and pause by pause, with pride,
Like echo to the shepherd's pipe replied.
The shepherd heard with wonder, and again,
To try her more, renew'd his various strain:
To all the various strain she plies her throat,
And adds peculiar grace to every note.
If Colin in complaining accent grieve,
Or brisker motion to his measure give,
If gentle sounds he modulate, or strong,
She, not a little vain, repeats the song;
But so repeats, that Colin half-despis'd
His pipe and skill, around the country priz'd:
'And sweetest songster of the winged kind,
What thanks,' said he, 'what praises, shall I find
To equal thy melodious voice? In thee
The rudeness of my rural fife I see;
From thee I learn no more to vaunt my skill:'
Aloft in air she sate, provoking still
The vanquish'd swain. Provok'd, at last, he strove
To show the little minstrel of the grove
His utmost powers, determin'd once to try
How Art, exerting, might with Nature vie;
For vie could none with either in their part,
With her in Nature, nor with him in Art.
He draws in breath, his rising breath to fill:
Throughout the wood his pipe is heard to shrill.
From note to note, in haste, his fingers fly;
Still more and more the numbers multiply:
And now they trill, and now they fall and rise,
And swift and slow they change with sweet surprise.
Attentive she doth scarce the sounds retain;
But to herself first cons the puzzling strain,
And tracing, heedful, note by note repays
The shepherd in his own harmonious lays,
Through every changing cadence runs at length,
And adds in sweetness what she wants in strength.
Then Colin threw his fife disgrac'd aside,
While she loud triumph sings, proclaiming wide
Her mighty conquest, and within her throat
Twirls many a wild unimitable note,
To foil her rival. What could Colin more?
A little harp of maple ware he bore:
The little harp was old, but newly strung,
Which, usual, he across his shoulders hung.
'Now take, delightful bird, my last farewel,'
He said, 'and learn from hence thou dost excel
No trivial artist:' and anon he wound
The murmuring strings, and order'd every sound;
Then earnest to his instrument he bends,
And both hands pliant on the strings extends:
His touch the strings obey, and various move,
The lower answering still to those above:
His fingers, restless, traverse to and fro,
As in pursuit of harmony they go:
Now, lightly skimming, o'er the strings they pass,
Like winds which gently brush the plying grass,
While melting airs arise at their command:
And now, laborious, with a weighty hand
He sinks into the chords with solemn pace,
To give the swelling tones a bolder grace;
And now the left, and now by turns the right,
Each other chase, harmonious both in flight:
Then his whole fingers blend a swarm of sounds,
Till the sweet tumult through the harp rebounds.
Cease, Colin, cease, thy rival cease to vex;
The mingling notes, alas! her ear perplex:
She warbles, diffident, in hope and fear,
And hits imperfect accents here and there,
And fain would utter forth some double tone,
When soon she falters, and can utter none:
Again she tries, and yet again she fails;
For still the harp's united power prevails.
Then Colin play'd again, and playing sung:
She, with the fatal love of glory stung,
Hears all in pain: her heart begins to swell:
In piteous notes she sighs, in notes which tell
Her bitter anguish: he, still singing, plies
His limber joints: her sorrows higher rise.
How shall she bear a conqueror, who, before,
No equal through the grove in music bore!
She droops, she hangs her flagging wings, she moans,
And fetcheth from her breast melodious groans.
Oppress with grief at last too great to quell,
Down, breathless, on the guilty harp she fell.
Then Colin loud lamented o'er the dead,
And unavailing tears profusely shed,
And broke his wicked strings, and curs'd his skill;
And best to make atonement for the ill,
If, for such ill, atonement might be made,
He builds her tomb beneath a laurel shade,
Then adds a verse, and sets with flowers the ground,
And makes a fence of winding osiers round.
'A verse and tomb is all I now can give;
And here thy name at least,' he said, 'shall live.'"

Thus ended Cuddy with the setting Sun,
And, by his tale, unenvied praises won.

THE SIXTH PASTORAL.

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

How still the sea, behold! how calm the sky!
And how, in sportive chase, the swallows fly!
My goats, secure from harm, small tendance need,
While high on yonder hanging rock they feed:
And here below, the banky shore along,
Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song
Prepare. As eldest, Hobbinol, begin;
And Lanquet's rival verse, by turns, come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,
Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill:
For praise we sing, nor wager aught beside;
And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide.

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice and skill commend,
A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

GERON.

Begin then, boys; and vary well your song:
Begin; nor fear, from Geron's sentence, wrong.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
I to the victor give: no mean reward,
If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd.

HOBBINOL.

The snows are melted; and the kindly rain
Descends on every herb, and every grain:
Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky;
The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love;
The turtle's moan is heard in every grove;
The pastures change; the warbling linnets sing:
Prepare to welcome-in the gaudy spring.

HOBBINOL.

When locusts in the ferny bushes cry,
When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lie,
Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain,
Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye see
The ground bestrew'd with fruits of every tree,
And stormy winds are heard, think winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining year.

HOBBINOL.

Woe then, alack! befall the spendthrift swain,
When frost, and snow, and hail, and sleet, and rain,
By turns chastise him, while, through little care,
His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air.

LANQUET.

The lad of forecast then untroubled sees
The white-bleak plains, and silvery-frosted trees:
He fends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cot the wintery blast defies.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O blest Eliza! would I praise
Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days:
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend:
Eternal blessings on his shade attend!

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now! for Dorset loves
The country Muse, and our resounding groves,
While Anna reigns: O, ever may she reign!
And bring on Earth the golden age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in secret all, repaid;
This coming night she plights her troth to me:
Divine her name, and thou the victor be.

LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, unharmful as the dove,
True as the turtle, is the maid I love:
How we in secret love, I shall not say:
Divine her name, and I give up the day.

HOBBINOL.

Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I
Together lay; a brook ran murmuring by:
A thousand tender things to me she said;
And I a thousand tender things repaid.

LANQUET.

In summer shade, behind the cocking hay,
What kind endearing words did she not say!
Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,
And strok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye winds; ye waters, gently flow;
Shield her, ye trees; ye flowers, around her grow:
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by;
My love, in yonder vale, asleep does lie.

LANQUET.

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind:
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by;
She blush'd, and at me glanc'd a sidelong eye:
Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she tried
Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide.

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the sedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet oft she stopp'd, and oft she turn'd her eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw (would I had never seen!)
Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties as she mov'd,
Poor heedless wretch! at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest,
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come, Rosalind, O come! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a desert is to me.
Come, Rosalind, O come! My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all are thine.

LANQUET.

Come, Rosalind, O come! Here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers:
Come, Rosalind! Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste the live-long time away.

HOBBINOL.

In vain the seasons of the Moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow;
No herb there is, no season, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
And ghosts, and goblins, order as I will,
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
The sprite that breaks my quiet night and day?

HOBBINOL.

O that, like Colin, I had skill in rhymes,
To purchase credit with succeeding times!
Sweet Colin Clout! who never, yet, had peer;
Who sung through all the seasons of the year.

LANQUET.

Let me, like Merlin, sing: his voice had power
To free the 'clipsing Moon at midnight hour:
And, as he sung, the Fairies with their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

HOBBINOL.

Last eve of May did I not hear them sing,
And see their dance? And I can show the ring,
Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light:
The grass springs greener from their tread by night.

LANQUET.

But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,
Fam'd Oberon, with damask'd robe so gay,
And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,
And azure sceptre, pointed with a star?

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
To each I give. A mizzling mist descends
Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends
Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive;
And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.

THE STRAY NYMPH.

CEASE your music, gentle swains:
Saw ye Delia cross the plains?
Every thicket, every grove,
Have I rang'd, to find my love:
A kid, a lamb, my flock, I give,
Tell me only, doth she live?
White her skin as mountain-snow;
In her cheek the roses blow;
And her eye is brighter far
Than the beamy morning star.
When her ruddy lip ye view,
'T is a berry moist with dew:
And her breath, oh, 't is a gale
Passing o'er a fragrant vale,
Passing, when a friendly shower
Freshens every herb and flower.
Wide her bosom opens, gay
As the primrose-dell in May,
Sweet as violet-borders growing
Over fountains ever-flowing.
Like the tendrils of the vine,
Do her auburn tresses twine,
Glossy ringlets all behind
Streaming buxom to the wind,
When along the lawn she bounds,
Light, as hind before the hounds:
And the youthful ring she fires,
Hopeless in their fond desires,
As her flitting feet advance,
Wanton in the winding dance.
Tell me, shepherds, have ye seen
My delight, my love, my queen?

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

HAVE ye seen the morning sky,
When the dawn prevails on high,
When, anon, some purply ray
Gives a sample of the day,
When, anon, the lark, on wing,
Strives to soar, and strains to sing?
Have ye seen th' ethereal blue
Gently shedding silvery dew,
Spangling o'er the silent green,
While the nightingale, unseen,
To the Moon and stars, full bright,
Lonesome chants the hymn of night?
Have ye seen the broider'd May
All her scented bloom display,
Breezes opening, every hour,
This, and that, expecting flower,
While the mingling birds prolong,
From each bush, the vernal song?
Have ye seen the damask-rose
Her unsullied blush disclose,
Or the lily's dewy bell,
In her glossy white, excell,
Or a garden varied o'er
With a thousand glories more?
By the beauties these display,
Morning, evening, night, or day,
By the pleasures these excite,
Endless sources of delight!
Judge, by them, the joys I find,
Since my Rosalind was kind,
Since she did herself resign
To my vows, for ever mine.

EPISTLES.

TO A FRIEND,

WHO DESIRED ME TO WRITE

ON THE DEATH OF KING WILLIAM.

April 20, 1702.

TRUST me, dear George, could I in verse but show
What sorrow I, what sorrow all men, owe
To Nassau's fate; or could I hope to raise
A song proportion'd to the monarch's praise;
Could I his merits, or my grief, express,
And proper thoughts in proper language dress;
Unbidden should my pious numbers flow,
The tribute of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe:
But, rather than profane his sacred hearse
With languid praises, and unhallow'd verse,
My sighs I to myself in silence keep,
And inwardly, with secret anguish, weep.
Let Halifax's Muse (he knew him well)
His virtues to succeeding ages tell.
Let him, who sung the warrior on the Boyne,
(Provoking Dorset in the task to join)
And show'd the hero more than man before,
Let him th' illustrious mortal's fate deplore;

A mournful theme: while, on raw pinions, I
But flutter, and make weak attemps to fly:
Content, if, to divert my vacant time,
I can but like some love-sick fopling rhyme,
To some kind-hearted mistress make my court,
And, like a modish wit, in sonnet sport.
Let others, more ambitious, rack their brains
In polish'd sentiments, and labour'd strains:
To blooming Phyllis I a song compose,
And, for a rhyme, compare her to the rose;
Then, while my fancy works, I write down morn,
To paint the blush that does her cheek adorn;
And, when the whiteness of her skin I show,
With ecstasy bethink myself of snow.
Thus, without pains, I tinkle in the close,
And sweeten into verse insipid prose.
The country scraper, when he wakes his crowd,
And makes the tortur'd cat-gut squeak aloud,
Is often ravish'd, and in transport lost:
What more, my friend, can fam'd Corelli boast,
When Harmony herself from heaven descends,
And on the artist's moving bow attends?
Why then, in making verses, should I strain
For wit, and of Apollo beg a vein?
Who study Horace and the Stagyrite?
Why cramp my dullness, and in torment write?
Let me transgress by nature, not by rule,
An artless idiot, not a studied fool,
A Withers, not a Rymer, since I aim
At nothing less, in writing, than a name.

FROM HOLLAND, TO A FRIEND IN ENGLAND, IN THE YEAR 1703.

From Utrecht's silent walks, by winds, I send
Health and kind wishes to my absent friend.
The winter spent, I feel the poet's fire;
The Sun advances, and the fogs retire:
The genial Spring unbinds the frozen earth,
Dawns on the trees, and gives the primrose birth.
Loos'd from their friendly harbours, once again
Confederate fleets assemble on the main:
The voice of war the gallant soldier wakes;
And weeping Cloë parting kisses takes.
On new-plum'd wings the Roman eagle soars;
The Belgic lion in full fury roars.
Dispatch the leader from your happy coast,
The hope of Europe, and Britannia's boast:
O, Marlborough, come! fresh laurels for thee rise:
One conquest more; and Gallia will grow wise.
Old Lewis makes his last effort in arms,
And shows how, ev'n in age, ambition charms.
Meanwhile, my friend, the thickening shades I haunt,
And smooth canals, and after rivulets pant:
The smooth canals, alas, too lifeless show!
Nor to the eye, nor to the ear, they flow.
Studious of ease, and fond of humble things,
Below the smiles, below the frowns of kings,
Thanks to my stars, I prize the sweets of life:
No sleepless nights I count, no days of strife.
Content to live, content to die, unknown,
Lord of myself, accountable to none;
I sleep; I wake, I drink; I sometimes love;
I read, I write; I settle, and I rove,
When, and where-e'er, I please: thus, every hour
Gives some new proof of my despotic power.
All, that I will, I can; but then, I will
As reason bids; I meditate no ill;
And, pleas'd with things which in my level lie,
Leave it to madmen o'er the clouds to fly.
But this is all romance, a dream to you,
Who fence and dance, and keep the court in view.
White staffs and truncheons, seals and golden keys,
And silver stars, your towering genius please:
Such manly thoughts in every infant rise,
Who daily for some tinsel trinket cries.
Go on, and prosper, sir: but first from me
Learn your own temper; for I know you free.
You can be honest; but you cannot bow,
And cringe, beneath a supercilious brow:
You cannot fawn; your stubborn soul recoils
At baseness; and your blood too highly boils.
From Nature some submissive tempers have:
Unkind to you, she form'd you not a slave.
A courtier must be supple, full of guile,
Must learn to praise, to flatter, to revile,
The good, the bad, an enemy, a friend,
To give false hopes, and on false hopes depend.
Go on, and prosper, sir: but learn to hide
Your upright spirit: 't will be construed pride.
The splendour of a court is all a cheat;
You must be servile, ere you can be great.
Besides, your ancient patrimony wasted,
Your youth run out, your schemes of grandeur blasted,
You may perhaps retire in discontent,
And curse your patron, for no strange event:
The patron will his innocence protest,
And frown in earnest, though he smil'd in jest.
Man, only from himself, can suffer wrong;
His reason fails, as his desires grow strong:
Hence, wanting ballast, and too full of sail,
He lies expos'd to every rising gale.
From youth to age, for happiness he's bound:
He splits on rocks, or runs his bark aground;
Or, wide of land; a desert ocean views,
And, to the last, the flying port pursues:
Yet, to the last, the port he does not gain,
And dying finds, too late, he liv'd in vain.

TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the Moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:

There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear;
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field. [yield,
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintery charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads [meads:
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

ONE OF THE LORDS JUSTICES APPOINTED BY HIS MAJESTY. 1714.

PATRON of verse, O Halifax, attend,
The Muse's favourite, and the poet's friend!
Approaching joys my ravish'd thoughts inspire:
I feel the transport; and my soul 's on fire!
Again Britannia rears her awful head:
Her fears, transplanted, to her foes are fled.
Again her standard she displays to view;
And all its faded lilies bloom anew.
Here beauteous Liberty salutes the sight,
Still pale, nor yet recover'd of her fright,
Whilst here Religion, smiling to the skies,
Her thanks expresses with up-lifted eyes.
But who advances next, with cheerful grace,
Joy in her eye, and plenty in her face?
A wheaten garland does her head adorn:
O Property! O goddess, English-born!
Where hast thou been? How did the wealthy mourn!
The bankrupt nation sigh'd for thy return,
Doubtful for whom her spreading funds were fill'd,
Her fleets were freighted, and her fields were till'd.
No longer now shall *France* and *Spain*, *combin'd*,
Strong in their golden Indies, awe mankind.
Brave Catalans, who for your freedom strive,
And in your shatter'd bulwarks yet survive,
For you alone, worthy a better fate,
O, may this happy change not come too late!
Great in your sufferings!—But, my Muse, forbear;
Nor damp the public gladness with a tear:
The hero has receiv'd their just complaint,
Grac'd with the name of our fam'd patron-saint:
Like him, with pleasure he forgoes his rest,
And longs, like him, to succour the distrest.
Firm to his friends, tenacious of his word,
As Justice calls, he draws or sheaths the sword;
Matur'd by thought, his councils shall prevail:
Nor shall his promise to his people fail.
He comes, desire of nations! England's boast!
Already has he reach'd the Belgian coast.
Our great deliverer comes! and with him brings
A progeny of late-succeeding kings,
Fated to triumph o'er Britannia's foes
In distant years, and fix the world's repose.
The floating squadrons now approach the shore;
Lost in the sailors' shouts the cannons' roar:
And now, behold, the sovereign of the main,
High on the deck, amidst his shining train,
Surveys the subject flood. An eastern gale
Plays through the shrouds, and swells in every sail:
Th' obsequious waves his new dominion own,
And gently waft their monarch to his throne.
Now the glad Britons hail their king to land,
Hang on the rocks, and blacken all the strand:
But who the silent ecstasy can show,
The passions which in nobler bosoms glow?
Who can describe the godlike patriot's zeal?
Or who, my lord, your generous joys reveal?
Ordain'd, once more, our treasure to advance,
Retrieve our trade, and sink the pride of France;
Once more the long-neglected arts to raise,
And form each *rising genius* for the bays.
Accept the present of a grateful song;
This prelude may provoke the learned throng:
To Cam and Isis shall the joyful news,
By me convey'd, awaken every Muse.
E'en now the vocal tribe in verse conspires;
And I already hear their sounding lyres:
To them the mighty labour I resign,
Give up the theme, and quit the tuneful Nine.
So when the Spring first smiles among the trees,
And blossoms open to the vernal breeze,
The watchful nightingale, with early strains,
Summons the warblers of the woods and plains,
But drops her music, when the choir appear,
And listens to the concert of the year.

TO

THE HONOURABLE JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.,

SECRETARY AT WAR, AT HAMPTON-COURT. 1717.

THOUGH Britain's hardy troops demand your care,
And cheerful friends your hours of leisure share;
O, Craggs, for candour known! indulge awhile
My fond desire, and on my labour smile:
Nor count it always an abuse of time
To read a long epistle, though in rhyme.
To you I send my thoughts, too long confin'd,
And ease the burthen of a loyal mind;

To you my secret transports I disclose,
That rise above the languid powers of prose.
But, while these artless numbers you peruse,
Think 't is my heart that dictates, not the Muse;
My heart, which at the name of Brunswick fires,
And no assistance from the Muse requires.
Believe me, sir, your breast, that glows with zeal
For George's glory, and the public weal,
Your breast alone feels more pathetic heats;
Your heart alone with stronger raptures beats.
When I review the great examples past,
And to the former ages join the last;
Still, as the godlike heroes to me rise,
In arms triumphant, and in councils wise,
The king is ever present to my mind;
His greatness, trac'd in every page, I find:
The Greek and Roman pens his virtues tell,
And under shining names on Brunswick dwell.
At Hampton while he breathes untainted air,
And seems, to vulgar eyes, devoid of care;
The british Muses to the grove will press,
Tune their melodious harps, and claim access:
But let them not too rashly touch the strings;
For Fate allows no solitude to kings.
Hail to the shades, where William, great in arms,
Retir'd from conquest to Maria's charms!
Where George serene in majesty appears,
And plans the wonders of succeeding years!
There, as he walks, his comprehensive mind
Surveys the globe, and takes-in all mankind:
While, Britain, for thy sake he wears the crown;
To spread thy power as wide as his renown:
To make thee umpire of contending states,
And poise the balance in the world's debates.
From the smooth terrass as he casts his eye,
And sees the current sea-ward rolling by;
What schemes of commerce rise in his designs!
Pledges of wealth! and unexhausted mines!
Through winds and waves, beneath inclement skies,
Where stars, distinguish'd by no name, arise,
Our fleets shall undiscover'd lands explore,
And a new people hear our cannons roar.
The rivers, long in ancient story fam'd,
Shall flow obscure, nor with the Thames be nam'd:
Nor shall our poets copy from their praise,
And Nymphs and Syrens to thy honour raise;
Nor make thy banks with Tritons' shells resound,
Nor bind thy brows with humble sedges round:
But paint thee as thou art, a peopled stream!
The boast of merchants, and the sailors' theme!
Whose spreading floods unnumber'd ships sustain,
And pour whole towns afloat into the main;
While the redundant seas waft up fresh stores,
The daily tribute of far distant shores.
Back to thy source I try thy silver-train,
That gently winds through many a fertile plain;
Where flocks and lowing herds in plenty feed,
And shepherds tune at ease the vocal reed:
Ere yet thy waters meet the briny tide,
And freighted vessels down thy channel ride;
Ere yet thy billows leave their banks behind,
Swell into state, and foam before the wind:
Thy sovereign's emblem! in thy course complete!
When I behold him in his lov'd retreat,
Where rural scenes their pleasing views disclose,
A sylvan deity the monarch shows;
And if he only knew the woods to grace,
To rouse the stag, and animate the chase:
While every hour, from thence, his high commands,
By speedy winds convey'd to various lands,
Control affairs; give weighty councils birth;
And sway the mighty rulers of the Earth.
Were he, our island's glory and defence,
To reign inactive, at the world's expense;
Say, generous Craggs, who then should quell the rage
Of lawless Faction, and reform the age?
Who should our dear-bought liberties maintain?
Who fix our leagues with France, and treat with Spain?
Who check the headstrong Swede; assuage the Czar;
Secure our peace, and quench the northern war?
The Turk, though he the Christian name defies,
And curses Eugene, yet from Eugene flies,
His cause to Brunswick's equity dare trust;
He knows him valiant, and concludes him just:
He knows his fame in early youth acquir'd,
When turban'd hosts before his sword retir'd.
Thus while his influence to the poles extends,
Or where the day begins, or where it ends,
Far from our coasts he drives off all alarms;
And those his power protects, his goodness charms.
Great in himself, and undebas'd with pride,
The sovereign lays his regal state aside,
Pleas'd to appear without the bright disguise
Of pomp; and on his inborn worth relies.
His subjects are his guests; and daily boast
The condescension of their royal host:
While crowds succeeding crowds on either hand,
A ravish'd multitude, admiring stand.
His manly wit and sense, with candour join'd,
His speech with every elegance refin'd,
His winning aspect, his becoming ease,
Peculiar graces all, conspire to please,
And render him to every heart approv'd;
The king respected, and the man belov'd.
Nor is his force of genius less admir'd:
When most from crowds or public cares retir'd,
The learned arts, by turns, admittance find;
At once unbend and exercise his mind.
The secret springs of Nature, long conceal'd,
And to the wise by slow degrees reveal'd,
(Delightful search!) his piercing thought descries.
Oft through the concave azure of the skies
His soul delights to range, a boundless space,
Which myriads of celestial glories grace;
Worlds behind worlds, that deep in ether lie,
And suns, that twinkle to the distant eye;
Or call them stars, on which our fates depend,
And every ruling star is Brunswick's friend.
Soon as the rising Sun shoots o'er the stream,
And gilds the palace with a ruddy beam,
You to the healthful chase attend the king,
And hear the forest with the huntsmen ring:
While in the dusty town we rule the state,
And from gazettes determine England's fate.
Our groundless hopes and groundless fears prevail
As artful brokers comment on the mail.
Deafen'd with news, with politics opprest,
I wish the wind ne'er varied from the west.
Secure, on George's councils I rely,
Give up my cares, and Britain's foes defy.
What though cabals are form'd, and impious leagues?
Though Rome fills Europe with her dark intrigues?
His vigilance, on every state intent,
Defeats their plots, and over-rules th' event.
But whither do my vain endeavours tend?
Or how shall I my rash attempt defend?

Divided in my choice, from praise to praise
I rove, bewilder'd in the pleasing maze.
One virtue mark'd, another I pursue,
While yet another rises to my view.
Unequal to the task, too late I find
The growing theme unfinish'd left behind.
Thus, the deluded bee, in hopes to drain
At once the thymy treasure of the plain,
Wide ranging, on her little pinions toils,
And skims o'er hundred flowers for one she spoils:
When, soon o'erburthen'd with the fragrant weight,
Homeward she flies, and flags beneath her freight.

TO

LORD CARTERET,

DEPARTING FROM DUBLIN. 1726.

Behold, Britannia waves her flag on high,
And calls forth breezes from the western sky,
And beckons to her son, and smooths the tide,
That does Hibernia from her cliffs divide.
Go, Carteret, go; and, with thee, go along
The nation's blessing, and the poet's song;
Loud acclamations, with melodious lays,
The kindest wishes, and sincerest praise.
Go, Carteret, go; and bear my joys away!
So speaks the Muse, that fain would bid thee stay:
So spoke the virgin to the youth unkind,
Who gave his vows, and canvass, to the wind,
And promis'd to return; but never more
Did he return to the Threïcian shore.
Go, Carteret, go: alas, a tedious while
Hast thou been absent from thy mother-isle;
A slow-pac'd train of months to thee and thine,
A flight of moments to a heart like mine,
That feels perfections, and resigns with pain
Enjoyments I may never know again.
O, while mine eye pursues the fading sails,
Smooth roll, ye waves, and steady breathe, ye gales,
And urge with gentle speed to Albion's strand
A household fair, amidst the fairest land,
In every decency of life polite,
A freight of virtues, wafting from my sight!
And now farewell, O early in renown,
Illustrious, young, in labours for the crown,
Just, and benign, and vigilant, in power,
And elegant to grace the vacant hour,
Relaxing sweet! Nor are we born to wear
The brow still bent, and give up life to care.
And thou, mild glory, beaming round his fame,
Francisca, thou, his first, his latest flame;
Parent of bloom! in pleasing arts refin'd!
Farewell thy hand, and voice, in music join'd;
Thy courtesy, as soothing as thy song,
And smiles soft-gleaming on the courtly throng:
And thou, Charissa, hastening to thy prime,
And Carolina, chiding tardy Time,
Who every tender wish of mine divide,
For whom I strung the lyre, once laid aside,
Receive, and bear in mind, my fond farewell,
Thrive on in life! and, thriving on, excell!
Accept this token, Carteret, of good-will,
The voice of nature, undebas'd by skill,
These parting numbers, cadenc'd by my grief,
For thy lov'd sake, and for my own relief,
If aught, alas, thy absence may relieve,
Now I am left, perhaps, through life to grieve:
Yet would I hope, yet hope I know not why,
(But hopes and wishes in one balance lie)
Thou mayst revisit, with thy wonted smiles,
Ierna, island set around with isles:
May the same heart, that bids thee now adieu,
Salute thy sails, and hail thee into view!

ODES.

SONG.

From White's and Will's
To purling rills
The love-sick Strephon flies;
There, full of woe,
His numbers flow,
And all in rhyme he dies.

The fair coquet,
With feign'd regret,
Invites him back to town;
But, when in tears
The youth appears,
She meets him with a frown.

Full oft the maid
This prank had play'd,
Till angry Strephon swore,
And, what is strange,
Though loth to change,
Would never see her more.

SONG.

Why we love, and why we hate,
Is not granted us to know:
Random chance, or wilful fate,
Guides the shaft from Cupid's bow.

If on me Zelinda frown,
Madness 't is in me to grieve:
Since her will is not her own,
Why should I uneasy live?

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's cries,
Ask not me the reason why:
Seek the riddle in the skies.

TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

MAY 25, 1724.

Little Syren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire,
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart!
O, too pleasing in thy strain,
Hence, to southern climes again;
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE

EARL OF HALIFAX.

JUNE 30, 1718.

Weeping o'er thy sacred urn,
Ever shall the Muses mourn;
Sadly shall their numbers flow,
Ever elegant in woe.
Thousands, nobly born, shall die,
Thousands in oblivion lie,
Names, which leave no trace behind,
Like the clouds before the wind,
When the dusky shadows pass,
Lightly fleeting o'er the grass.
But, O Halifax, thy name
Shall through ages rise in fame:
Sweet remembrance shalt thou find,
Sweet in every noble mind.

TO THE HONOURABLE

MISS CARTERET.

Bloom of beauty, early flower
Of the blissful bridal bower,
Thou, thy parents pride and care,
Fairest offspring of the fair,
Lovely pledge of mutual love,
Angel seeming from above,
Was it not thou day by day
Dost thy very sex betray,
Female more and more appear,
Female, more than angel dear,
How to speak thy face and mien,
(Soon too dangerous to be seen)
How shall I, or shall the Muse,
Language of resemblance choose?
Language like thy mien and face,
Full of sweetness, full of grace!
By the next returning spring,
When again the linnets sing,
When again the lambkins play,
Pretty sportlings full of May,
When the meadows next are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green,
And the year in fresh attire
Welcomes every gay desire,
Blooming on shalt thou appear
More inviting than the year,
Fairer sight than orchard shows,
Which beside a river blows:
Yet another spring I see,
And a brighter bloom in thee:
And another round of time,
Circling, still improves thy prime:
And, beneath the vernal skies,
Yet a verdure more shall rise,
Ere thy beauties, kindling slow,
In each finish'd feature glow,
Ere, in smiles and in disdain,
Thou exert thy maiden reign,
Absolute to save, or kill,
Fond beholders, at thy will.
Then the taper-moulded waist
With a span of ribbon brac'd,
And the swell of either breast,
And the wide high-vaulted chest,
And the neck so white and round,
Little neck with brilliants bound,
And the store of charms which shine
Above, in lineaments divine,
Crowded in a narrow space
To complete the desperate face,
These alluring powers, and more,
Shall enamour'd youths adore;
These, and more, in courtly lays,
Many an aching heart shall praise.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who, in courtship greatly sped,
Wins the damsel to his bed,
Bears the virgin-prize away,
Counting life one nuptial day:
For the dark-brown dusk of hair,
Shadowing thick thy forehead fair,
Down the veiny temples growing,
O'er the sloping shoulders flowing,
And the smoothly pencil'd brow,
Mild to him in every vow,
And the fringed lid below,
Thin as thinnest blossoms blow,
And the hazely-lucid eye,
Whence heart-winning glances fly,
And that cheek of health, o'erspread
With soft-blended white and red,
And the witching smiles which break
Round those lips, which sweetly speak,
And thy gentleness of mind,
Gentle from a gentle kind,
These endowments, heavenly dower!
Brought him in the promis'd hour,
Shall for ever bind him to thee,
Shall renew him still to woo thee.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM EARL COWPER. 1723.

STROPHE I.

Wake the British harp again,
To a sad melodious strain;
Wake the harp, whose every string,
When Halifax resign'd his breath,
Accus'd inexorable Death;
For I, once more, must in affliction sing,
One song of sorrow more bestow,
The burthen of a heart o'ercharg'd with woe:
Yet, O my soul, if aught may bring relief,
Full many, grieving, shall applaud thy grief,
The pious verse, that Cowper does deplore,
Whom all the boasted powers of verse cannot restore.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Not to her, his fondest care,
Not to his lov'd offspring fair,
Nor his country ever dear,
From her, from them, from Britain torn:
With her, with them, does Britain mourn:
His name, from every eye, calls forth a tear;
And, intermingling sighs with praise,
All good men wish the number of his days
Had been to him twice told, and twice again,
In that seal'd book, where all things which pertain
To mortal man, whatever things befall,
Are from eternity confirm'd, beyond recall:

EPODE I.

Where every loss, and every gain,
Where every grief, and every joy,
Every pleasure, every pain,
Each bitter, and each sweet alloy,
To us uncertain though they flow,
Are pre-ordain'd, and fix'd, above.
Too wretched state, did man foreknow
Those ills, which man cannot remove!
Vain is wisdom for preventing
What the wisest live lamenting.

STROPHE II.

Hither sent, who knows the day
When he shall be call'd away?
Various is the term assign'd:
An hour, a day, some months, or years,
The breathing soul on Earth appears:
But, through the swift succession of mankind,
Swarm after swarm, a busy race,
The strength of cities, or of courts the grace,
Or who in camps delight, or who abide
Diffus'd o'er lands, or float on oceans wide,
Of them, though many here long-lingering dwell,
And see their children's children, yet, how few excel!

ANTISTROPHE II.

Here we come, and hence we go,
Shadows passing to and fro,
Seen a while, forgotten soon:
But thou, to fair distinction born,
Thou, Cowper, beamy in the morn
Of life, still brightening to the pitch of noon,
Scarce verging to the steep decline,
Hence summon'd while thy virtues radiant shine,
Thou singled out the fosterling of Fame,
Secure of praise, nor less secur'd from blame,
Shall be remember'd with a fond applause,
So long as Britons own the same indulgent laws.

EPODE II.

United in one public weal,
Rejoicing in one freedom, all,
Cowper's hand applied the seal,
And levell'd the partition-wall.
The chosen seeds of great events
Are thinly sown, and slowly rise:
And Time the harvest-scythe presents,
In season, to the good and wise:
Hymning to the harp my story,
Fain would I record his glory.

STROPHE III.

Pouring forth, with heavy heart,
Truth unleaven'd, pure of art,
Like the hallow'd bard of yore,
Who chanted in authentic rhymes
The worthies of the good old times,
Ere living Vice in verse was varnish'd o'er,
And Virtue died without a song.
Support of friendless right, to powerful wrong
A check, behold him in the judgment-seat!
Twice, there, approv'd, in righteousness complete:
In just awards, how gracious! tempering law
With mercy, and reproving with a winning awe.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Hear him speaking, and you hear
Reason tuneful to the ear!
Lips with thymy language sweet,
Distilling on the hearer's mind
The balm of wisdom, speech refin'd,
Celestial gifts!—Oh, when the nobles meet,
When next, thou sea-surrounded land,
Thy nobles meet at Brunswick's high command,
In vain they shall the charmer's voice desire,
In vain those lips of eloquence require,
That mild conviction, which the soul assails
By soft alarms, and with a gentle force prevails!

EPODE III.

To such persuasion willing yields
The liberal mind, in freedom train'd,
Freedom, which, in crimson'd fields,
By hardy toil our fathers gain'd,
Inheritance of long descent!
The sacred pledge so dearly priz'd
By that blest spirit we lament:
Grief-casing lays, by grief devis'd,
Plaintive numbers, gently flowing,
Sooth the sorrows to him owing!

STROPHE IV.

Early on his growing heir
Stamp what time may not impair,
As he grows, that coming years,
Or youthful pleasures, or the vain
Gigantic phantom of the brain,
Ambition, breeding monstrous hopes and fears,
Or worthier cares to youth unknown,
Ennobling manhood, flower of life full-blown,
May never wear the bosom-image faint:
O, let him prove what words but weakly paint,
The lively lovely semblance of his sire,
A model to his son! that ages may admire!

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Every virtue, every grace,
Still renewing in the race,
Once thy father's pleasing hope,
Thy widow'd mother's comfort now,
No fuller bliss does Heaven allow,
While we behold yon wide-spread azure cope,
With burning stars thick-luster'd o'er,
Than to enjoy, and to deserve, a store
Of treasur'd fame, by blameless deeds acquir'd,
By all unenvied, and by all desir'd,
Free-gift of men, the tribute of good-will!
Rich in this patrimony fair, increase it still.

EPODE IV.

The fullness of content remains
Above the yet unfathom'd skies,
Where, triumphant, gladness reigns,
Where wishes cease, and pleasures rise
Beyond all wish; where bitter tears
For dying friends are never shed;
Where, sighing, none desire past years
Recall'd, or wish the future fled.
Mournful measures, O relieve me!
Sweet remembrance! cease to grieve me.

STROPHE V.

He the robe of justice wore
Sullied not as heretofore,
When the magistrate was sought
With yearly gifts. Of what avail
Are guilty hoards? for life is frail;
And we are judg'd where favour is not bought.
By him forewarn'd, thou frantic isle,
How did the thirst of gold thy sons beguile!
Beneath the specious ruin thousands groan'd,
By him, alas, forewarn'd, by him bemoan'd.
Where shall his like, on Earth, be found? oh, when
Shall I, once more, behold the most belov'd of men!

ANTISTROPHE V.

Winning aspect! winning mind!
Soul and body aptly join'd!
Searching thought, engaging wit,
Enabled to instruct or please,
Uniting dignity with ease,
By Nature form'd for every purpose fit,
Endearing excellence!—O, why
Is such perfection born, and born to die!
Or do such rare endowments still survive,
As plants, remov'd to milder regions, thrive
In one eternal spring? and we bewail
The parting soul, new-born to life that cannot fail,

EPODE V.

Where sacred friendship, plighted love,
Parental joys unmixt with care,
Through perpetual time improve?
Or do the deathless blessed share
Sublimer raptures, unreveal'd,
Beyond our weak conception pure?
But, while those glories lie conceal'd,
The righteous count the promise sure,
Trials to the last enduring,
To the last their hope securing.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PULTENEY, ESQ.

MAY 1, 1723.

Who, much distinguish'd, yet is blest?
Who, dignified above the rest,
Does still unenvied live?
Not to the man whose wealth abounds,
Nor to the man whose fame resounds,
Does Heaven such favour give,
Nor to the noble-born, nor to the strong,
Nor to the gay, the beautiful, or young.

Whom then, secure of happiness,
Does every eye beholding bless,
And every tongue commend?
Him, Pulteney, who, possessing store,
Is not solicitous of more,
Who, to mankind a friend,
Nor envies, nor is envied by, the great,
Polite in courts, polite in his retreat:

Whose unambitious, active soul
Attends the welfare of the whole,
When public storms arise,
And, in the calm, a thousand ways
Diversifies his nights and days,
Still elegantly wise;
While books, each morn, the lightsome soul invite,
And friends, with season'd mirth, improve the night.

In him do men no blemish see;
And factions in his praise agree,
When most they vex the state:
Distinguish'd favourite of the skies,
Belov'd he lives, lamented dies:
Yet, shall he not to Fate
Submit entire; the rescuing Muse shall save
His precious name, and win him from the grave.

Too frail is brass and polish'd stone;
Perpetual fame the Muse alone
On Merit can bestow:
Yet, must the time-enduring song,
The verse unrival'd by the throng,
From Nature's bounty flow:
Th' ungifted tribe in metre pass away,
Oblivion's sport, the poets of a day.

What laws shall o'er the Ode preside?
In vain would Art presume to guide
The chariot-wheels of Praise,
When Fancy, driving, ranges free,
Fresh flowers selecting, like the bee,
And regularly strays,
While Nature does, disdaining aids of skill,
The mind with thought, the ears with numbers fill.

As when the Theban hymns divine
Make proud Olympian victors shine
In an eternal blaze,
The varying measures, ever new,
Unbeaten tracks of Fame pursue,
While through the glorious maze
The poet leads his heroes to renown,
And weaves in verse a never-fading crown.

TO MISS MARGARET PULTENEY,

(DAUGHTER OF DANIEL PULTENEY, ESQ.)

IN THE NURSERY.

April 27, 1727.

Dimply damsel, sweetly smiling,
All caressing, none beguiling,
Bud of beauty, fairly blowing,
Every charm to Nature owing,
This and that new thing admiring,
Much of this and that inquiring,
Knowledge by degrees attaining,
Day by day some virtue gaining,
Ten years hence, when I leave chiming,
Beardless poets, fondly rhyming,
(Fescued now, perhaps, in spelling,)
On thy riper beauties dwelling,
Shall accuse each killing feature
Of the cruel, charming creature,
Whom I knew complying, willing,
Tender, and averse from killing.

TO

MISS CHARLOTTE PULTENEY, IN HER MOTHER'S ARMS.

May 1, 1724.

Timely blossom, infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn, and every night,
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please,
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue,
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,

Yet too innocent to blush,
Like the linnet in the bush,
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat,
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May,
Flitting to each bloomy spray,
Wearied then, and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest.
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time, will be forgot:
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. ROBERT WALPOLE, ESQ.

June 15, 1724.

VOTARY to public zeal,
Minister of England's weal,
Have you leisure for a song,
Tripping lightly o'er the tongue,
Swift and sweet in every measure,
Tell me, Walpole, have you leisure?
Nothing lofty will I sing,
Nothing of the favourite king,
Something, rather, sung with ease,
Simply elegant to please.
Fairy virgin, British Muse,
Some unheard-of story choose:
Choose the glory of the swain,
Gifted with a magic strain,
Swaging grief of every kind,
Healing, with a verse, the mind:
To him came a man of power,
To him, in a cheerless hour;
When the swain, by Druids taught,
Soon divin'd his irksome thought,
Soon the maple harp he strung,
Soon, with silver-accent, sung,
" Steerer of a mighty realm,
Pilot waking o'er the helm,
Blessing of thy native soil,
Weary of a thankless toil,
Cast repining thought behind,
Give thy trouble to the wind.
Mortal, destin'd to excel,
Bear the blame of doing well,
Like the worthies great of old,
In the list of Fame enroll'd.
What, though titles thou decline?
Still the more thy virtues shine.
Envy, with her serpent eye,
Marks each praise that soars on high.
To thy lot resign thy will:
Every good is mixt with ill.
See, the white unblemish'd rose
On a thorny bramble blows:
See, the torrent pouring rain
Does the limpid fountain stain:
See, the giver of the day
Urgeth on, through clouds, his way:
Nothing is entirely blest;
Envy does thy worth attest.
" Pleasing visions, at command,
Answer to my voice and hand;
Quick, the blissful scene prepare,
Sooth the patriot's heavy care:
Visions, cheering to the sight,
Give him earnest of delight.
" Wise disposer of affairs,
View the end of all thy cares!
Forward cast thy ravish'd eyes,
See the gladdening harvest rise:
Lo, the people reap thy pain!
Thine the labour, theirs the gain.
Yonder turn, awhile, thy view,
Turn thee to yon spreading yew,
Once the gloomy tree of Fate,
Once the plighted virgin's hate:
Now, no longer does it grow,
Parent of the warring bow:
See, beneath the guiltless shade,
Peasants shape the plow and spade,
Rescued ever from the fear
Of the whistling shaft and spear.
Lo, where Plenty comes, with Peace!
Hear the breath of murmur cease:
See, at last, unclouded days;
Hear, at last, unenvied praise.
Nothing shall thy soul molest;
Labour is the price of rest.
" Mortal, destin'd to excel,
Bless the toil of doing well!"

SUPPLICATION FOR MISS CARTERET IN THE SMALL-POX.

Dublin, July 31, 1725.

POWER o'er every power supreme,
Thou the poet's hallow'd theme,
From thy mercy-seat on high,
Hear my numbers, hear my cry.
Breather of all vital breath,
Arbiter of life and death,
Oh, preserve this innocence,
Yet unconscious of offence,
Yet in life and virtue growing,
Yet no debt to Nature owing.
Thou, who giv'st angelic grace
To the blooming virgin face,
Let the fell disease not blight
What thou mad'st for man's delight:
O'er her features let it pass
Like the breeze o'er springing grass,
Gentle as refreshing showers
Sprinkled over opening flowers.
O, let years alone diminish
Beauties thou wast pleas'd to finish.
To the pious parents give
That the darling fair may live:
Turn to blessings all their care,
Save their fondness from despair.
Mitigate the lurking pains
Lodg'd within her tender veins;
Soften every throb of anguish,
Suffer not her strength to languish;
Take her to thy careful keeping,
And prevent the mother's weeping.

TO MISS GEORGIANA,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER TO

LORD CARTERET,

August 10, 1725.

Little charm of placid mien,
Miniature of beauty's queen,
Numbering years, a scanty Nine,
Stealing hearts without design,
Young inveigler, fond in wiles,
Prone to mirth, profuse in smiles,
Yet a novice in disdain,
Pleasure giving without pain,
Still caressing, still caress'd,
Thou and all thy lovers bless'd,
Never teas'd, and never teasing,
O, for ever pleas'd and pleasing!
Hither, British Muse of mine,
Hither all the Grecian Nine,
With the lovely Graces three,
And your promis'd nurseling see:
Figure on her waxen mind
Images of life refin'd;
Make it as a garden gay,
Every bud of thought display,
Till, improving year by year,
The whole culture shall appear,
Voice, and speech, and action, rising,
All to human sense surprising:
Is the silken web so thin
As the texture of her skin?
Can the lily and the rose
Such unsullied hue disclose?
Are the violets so blue
As her veins expos'd to view?
Do the stars, in wintery sky,
Twinkle brighter than her eye?
Has the morning lark a throat
Sounding sweeter than her note?
Who e'er knew the like before thee?
They who knew the nymph that bore thee.
From thy pastime and thy toys,
From thy harmless cares and joys,
Give me now a moment's time:
When thou shalt attain thy prime,
And thy bosom feel desire,
Love the likeness of thy sire,
One ordain'd, through life, to prove
Still thy glory, still thy love.
Like thy sister, and like thee,
Let thy nurtur'd daughters be:
Semblance of the fair who bore thee,
Trace the pattern set before thee,
Where the Liffy meets the main,
Has thy sister heard my strain:
From the Liffy to the Thames,
Minstrel echoes sing their names,
Wafting to the willing ear
Many a cadence sweet to hear,
Smooth as gently breathing gales
O'er the ocean and the vales,
While the vessel calmly glides
O'er the level glassy tides,
While the summer flowers are springing,
And the new-fledg'd birds are singing.

EPIGRAMS AND SHORT POEMS.

UPON THE TOASTS OF THE HANOVER CLUB.

The reigning fair on polish'd crystal shine,
Enrich our glasses, and improve our wine.
The favourite names we to our lips apply,
Indulge our thoughts, and drink with ecstasy.
While these, the chosen beauties of our isle,
Propitious on the cause of freedom smile,
The rash Pretender's hopes we may despise,
And trust Britannia's safety to their eyes.

ON

A COMPANY OF BAD DANCERS TO GOOD MUSIC [1].

How ill the motion with the music suits!
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

EPIGRAM.

George came to the crown without striking a blow:
Ah, quoth the Pretender, would I could do so!

IN ANSWER TO THE QUESTION,

WHAT IS THOUGHT?

The hermit's solace in his cell,
The fire that warms the poet's brain,
The lover's Heaven, or his Hell,
The madman's sport, the wise man's pain.

TO

MR. ADDISON ON CATO.

The mind to virtue is by verse subdu'd,
And the true poet is a public good:
This Britain feels, while, by your lines inspir'd,
Her free-born sons to glorious thoughts are fir'd.
In Rome had you espous'd the vanquish'd cause,
Inflam'd her senate and upheld her laws,
Your manly scenes had liberty restor'd,
And given the just success to Cato's sword,
O'er Cæsar's arms your genius had prevail'd,
And the Muse triumph'd where the Patriot fail'd.

ON WIT AND WISDOM,

A FRAGMENT.

In search of Wisdom far from Wit I fly:
Wit is a harlot beauteous to the eye,
In whose bewitching arms our early time
We waste, and vigour of our youthful prime:
But when reflection comes with riper years,
And manhood with a thoughtful brow appears,

[1] This epigram is claimed by Mr. Jeffreys, and is printed in his Works.

We cast the mistress off to take a wife,
And, wed to Wisdom, lead a happy life.

EPITAPH.

The following Epitaph on the monument of my kinswoman was written at the request of her husband.

WITHIN the burial-vault near this Marble, lieth the body of PENELOPE, youngest daughter (and coheir with her sister ELIZABETH) to ROBERT PHILIPS of Newton-Regis, in the county of Warwick, esquire. She died in her six-and-thirtieth year, on the 25th day of January, 1726.

LET THIS INSCRIPTION
(Appealing yet to testimonies manifold)
Recall to every surviving witness,
And, for ensample, record to posterity,
Her endowments,
Whether owing to the indulgency of Nature,
Or to the assiduous lessons of education,
Or to the silent admonitions of reflection.
To her parents, husband, children,
In no care, no duty, no affection,
Was she wanting,
Receiving, deserving, winning,
From them respectively,
Equal endearments.
Of countenance and of disposition,
Open, cheerful, modest;
Of behaviour, humble, courteous, easy;
Of speech, affable, free, discreet;
In civilities, punctual, sincere, and elegant;
Prone to offices of kindness and good-will;
To enmity a stranger;
Forward, earnest, impatient,
To succour the distrest,
To comfort the afflicted;
Solicitous for the poor,
And rich in store of alms:
Whereby she became
The delight, the love, the blessing, of all.
In her household flourished
Cheerfulness, due order, thrift, and plenty.
In the closet retired,
In the temple public.
Morning and evening did she worship;
By instruction, by example,
Sedulous to nurture her children in godliness:
So prevalent her love to them,
Visited with that sore disease,
Which too often kills or blights
The mother's fondest hopes,
That (regardless of self-preservation)
In piously watching over their lives,
She, catching the infection, lost her own,
Triumphing, through resignation,
Over sickness, pain, anguish, agony,
And (encompassed with tears and lamentations)
Expiring in the fervour of prayer.

To the Memory, ever dear and precious, of his most affectionate, most beloved, and most deserving wife, is this monument raised by HENRY VERNON, of Hilton, in the county of Stafford, esquire. To him she bore five son sand two daughters, all surviving, save ELIZABETH; who, dying in her second year of the small-pox, some few days before, resteth by her mother.

THE FABLE OF THULE,

UNFINISHED.

FAR northward as the Dane extends his sway,
Where the Sun glances but a sloping ray,
Beneath the sharpest rigour of the skies,
Disdainful Thule's wintery island lies.
Unhappy maid! thy tale, forgotten long,
Shall virgins learn from my instructive song,
And every youth, who lingers in despair,
By thy example warn the cruel fair.
In Cyprus, sacred to the queen of love,
(Where stands her temple, and her myrtle grove,)
Was Thule born, uncertain how: 't is said
Once Venus won Adonis to her bed,
And pregnant grew, the birth to chance assign'd,
In woods, and foster'd by the feather'd kind.
With flowers some strew the helpless orphan round,
With downy moss some spread the carpet ground,
Some ripen'd fruits, some fragrant honey, bring;
And some fetch water from the running spring;
While others warble from the boughs, to cheer
Their infant-charge, and tune her tender ear.
Soon as the Sun forsakes the evening skies,
And hid in shades the gloomy forest lies,
The nightingales their tuneful vigils keep,
And lull her, with their gentler strains, to sleep.
This the prevailing rumour: as she grew,
No dubious tokens spoke the rumour true.
In every forming feature might be seen
Some bright resemblance of the Cyprian queen:
Nor was it hard the hunter youth to trace,
In all her early passion of the chase:
And when, on springing flowers reclin'd, she sung,
The birds upon the bending branches hung,
While, warbling, she express'd their various strains,
And, at a distance, charm'd the listening swains:
So sweet her voice resounding through the wood,
They thought the nymph some Syren from the flood.
Half human thus by lineage, half divine,
In forests did the lonely beauty shine,
Like woodland flowers which paint the desert glades,
And waste their sweets in unfrequented shades.
No human face she saw, and rarely seen
By human face: a solitary queen
She rul'd, and rang'd, her shady empire round.
No horn the silent huntress bears; no hound,
With noisy cry, disturbs her solemn chase,
Swift, as the bounding stag, she wings her pace:
And, bend whene'er she will her ebon bow,
A speedy death arrests the flying foe.
The bow the hunting goddess first supplied,
And ivory quiver cross her shoulders tied.
Th' imperious queen of Heaven, with jealous eyes,
Beholds the blooming virgin from the skies,
At once admires, and dreads her growing charms,
And sees the god already in her arms:
In vain, she finds, her bitter tongue reproves
His broken vows, and his clandestine loves:
Jove still continues frail: and all in vain
Does Thule in obscurest shades remain,
While Maja's son, the thunderer's winged spy,
Informs him where the lurking beauties lie.
What sure expedient then shall Juno find,
To calm her fears, and ease her boding mind?
Delays to jealous minds a torment prove;
And Thule ripens every day for love.
She mounts her car, and shakes the silken reins;
The harness'd peacocks spread their painted trains,
And smooth their glossy necks against the Sun:
The wheels along the level azure run.

Eastward the goddess guides her gaudy team,
And perfects, as she rides, her forming scheme.
The various orbs now pass'd, adown the steep
Of Heaven the chariot whirls, and plunges deep
In fleecy clouds, which o'er the mid-land main
Hang pois'd in air, to bless the isles with rain:
And here the panting birds repose a while:
Nor so their queen; she gains the Cyprian isle,
By speedy Zephyrs borne in thicken'd air:
Unseen she seeks, unseen she finds, the fair.
Now o'er the mountain tops the rising Sun
Shot purple rays: now Thule had begun
Her morning chase, and printed in the dews
Her fleeting steps. The goddess now pursues,
Now overtakes her in her full career,
And flings a javelin at the flying deer.
Amaz'd, the virgin huntress turns her eyes;
When Juno (now Diana in disguise),
"Let no vain terrours discompose thy mind;
My second visit, like my first, is kind.
Thy ivory quiver, and thy ebon bow,
Did not I give?"—Here sudden blushes glow
On Thule's cheeks: her busy eyes survey
The dress, the crescent; and her doubts give way.
"I own thee, goddess bright," the nymph replies,
"Goddess, I own thee, and thy favours prize:
Goddess of woods, and lawns, and level plains,
Fresh in my mind thine image still remains."
Then Juno, "Beauteous ranger of the grove,
My darling care, fair object of my love,
Hither I come, urg'd by no trivial fears,
To guard thy bloom, and warn thy tender years."

TRANSLATIONS.

THE FIRST OLYMPIONIQUE OF PINDAR.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE,

VICTORIOUS IN THE HORSE-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

The poet praises Hiero for his justice, his wisdom, and his skill in music. He likewise celebrates the horse that won the race, and the place where the Olympic games were performed. From the place (namely Peloponnesus) he takes an occasion of digressing to the known fable of Tantalus and Pelops; whence, returning to Hiero, he sets forth the felicity of the Olympian victors. Then he concludes, by praying to the gods to preserve the glory and dignity of Hiero, admonishing him to moderation of mind, in his high station; and lastly, glories in his own excellency in compositions of this kind.

STROPHE I. Measures 18.

Each element to water yields;
And gold, like blazing fire by night,
Amidst the stores of wealth that builds
The mind aloft, is eminently bright:
But if, my soul, with fond desire
To sing of games thou dost aspire,
As thou by day canst not descry,
Through all the liquid waste of sky,
One burnish'd star, that like the Sun does glow,
And cherish every thing below,
So, my sweet soul, no toil divine,
In song, does like th' Olympian shine:
Hence do the mighty poets raise
A hymn, of every tongue the praise,
The son of Saturn to resound,
When far, from every land, they come
To visit Hiero's regal dome,
Where peace, where plenty, is for ever found:

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 18.

Lord of Sicilia's fleecy plains,
He governs, righteous in his power,
And, all excelling while he reigns,
From every lovely virtue crops the flower:
In music, blossom of delight,
Divinely skill'd, he cheers the night,
As we are wont, when friends design
To feast and wanton o'er their wine:
But from the wall the Dorian harp take down,
If Pisa, city of renown,
And if the fleet victorious steed,
The boast of his unrival'd breed,
Heart-pleasing raptures did inspire,
And warm thy breast with sacred fire,
When late, on Alpheus' crowded shore,
Forth-springing quick, each nerve he strain'd,
The warning of the spur disdain'd,
And swift to victory his master bore.

EPODE I. Measures 16.

The lov'd Syracusian, the prince of the course,
The king, who delights in the speed of the horse:
Great his glory, great his fame,
Throughout the land where Lydian Pelops came
To plant his men, a chosen race,
A land the ocean does embrace,
Pelops, whom Neptune, ruler of the main,
Was known to love, when into life again,
From the reviving cauldron warm,
Clotho produc'd him whole, his shoulder-blade,
And its firm brawn, of shining ivory made:
But truth, unvarnish'd, oft neglected lies,
When fabled tales, invented to surprise,
In miracles mighty, have power to charm,
Where fictions, happily combin'd,
Deceive and captivate the mind:

STROPHE II. Measures 18.

Thus Poesy, harmonious spell,
The source of pleasures ever new,
With dignity does wonders tell;
And we, amaz'd, believe each wonder true.
Day after day brings truth to light,
Unveil'd and manifest to sight:
But, of the blest, those lips which name
Foul deeds aloud, shall suffer blame.
Thee, son of Tantalus, my faithful song
Shall vindicate from every wrong,
The glories of thy house restore,
And baffle falsehoods told before:
Now, in his turn, thy sire prepar'd
A banquet; when the Gods appear'd
At Sipylus, his sweet abode,
To grace the due proportion'd feast:
There, first, the trident-bearing guest
Beheld thy lovely form; and now, he glow'd;

ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 18.

And now, his soul subdued by love,
Thee in his golden car he bore
Swift to the lofty towers of Jove,
Whose name the nations all around adore;

Thus Ganymede was caught on high,
To serve the power who rules the sky.
When thou no longer didst appear,
And those who sought a pledge so dear,
Without thee to thy widow'd mother came,
Some envious neighbour, to defame
Thy father's feast, a rumour spread,
The rumour through the country fled,
That thou, to heighten the repast,
Wast into seething water cast,
Fierce bubbling o'er the raging fire,
Thy limbs without compassion carv'd,
Thy sodden flesh in messes serv'd,
To gorge the gods, and a voracious sire:

EPODE II. Measures 16.

But, in thought ever pure, shall I deem it amiss,
Vile gluttons to call the partakers of bliss:
Let me then refrain, and dread:
A curse hangs over the blasphemer's head.
If they, who supervise and ward
The Heavens, did ever show regard
To mortal man, this Tantalus might boast,
Of mortal men that he was honour'd most:
But he not able to digest
The glut, the surfeit, of immortal joys,
One heinous forfeit all his bliss destroys:
For over him the godhead hung, in air,
A ponderous stone, a dreadful poise of care!
From his head to remove it, with terrour opprest,
In vain he tries, and seeks in vain
One cheerful moment to regain:

STROPHE III. Measures 18.

A life of woe beyond relief,
His portion now; ordain'd before
To torments of a three-fold grief,
This fourth was added to complete his store,
Since, high presuming in his soul,
He nectar and ambrosia stole,
To give to men; by which he knew
That, tasting, he immortal grew:
But be not man deceiv'd: the gods reveal
What most we labour to conceal:
For this the powers, who deathless reign,
To Earth sent down his son again,
To dwell with men, a short-liv'd race,
Whose sudden fates come on apace.
His flowery age in all its pride,
When, o'er his chin, a blackening shade
Of down was cast, a vow he made,
Deep in his soul, to win the proffer'd bride:

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 18.

Hippodamia, boasted name,
From her great sire, the Pisan proud.
Alone, by night, the lover came
Beside the hoary sea, and call'd aloud
On him who sways the triple spear,
And fills with din the deafen'd ear;
When, at his feet, the god arose:
Then Pelops, eager to disclose
His mighty care, "O Neptune, if thy mind
In love did ever pleasure find;
Let not Oenomaüs prevail,
And let this brazen javelin fail:
Oh! bear me hence on wheels of speed.
To Elis, to the glorious meed:
To victory, oh! whirl me, straight:
Since, after ten, and other three,
Bold suiters slain, yet still we see,
From year to year, the promis'd nuptials wait

EPODE III. Measures 16.

"Of his daughter. No perilous toil can excite
The dastard in heart, who despairs of his might.
Since we all are born to die,
Who, overcast, would in oblivion lie,
In unreputed age decay,
And meanly squander life away,
Cut off from every praise? Then let me dare
This conflict, in the dusty lists, to share;
And prosper thou my glowing wheels."
Thus Pelops spoke; nor was his fervent prayer
Pour'd forth in fruitless words, to waft in air:
The deity his whole ambition grants;
Nor shining car, nor coursers now he wants:
In the golden bright chariot new vigour he feels,
Exulting in the horses' feet,
Unwearied ever, ever fleet:

STROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Oenomaüs, he triumphs o'er
Thy prowess, and, to share thy bed,
Claims the bright maid; who to him bore
Six princely sons, to manly virtues bred.
Now, solemniz'd with steaming blood,
And pious rites, near Alpheus' flood
Entomb'd, he sleeps, where th' altar stands,
That draws the vows of distant lands:
And round his tomb the circling racers strive:
And round the wheeling chariots drive.
In thy fam'd courses, Pelops, rise
Th' Olympian glories to the skies,
And shine afar: there we behold
The stretch of manhood, strenuous, bold,
In sore fatigues, and there the strife
Of winged feet. Thrice happy he,
Who overcomes! for he shall see
Unclouded days, and taste the sweets of life.

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 18.

Thy boon, O victory! thy prize.
The good that, in a day obtain'd,
From day to day fresh joy supplies,
Is the supreme of bliss to man ordain'd:
But let me now the rider raise
And crown him with Æolian lays,
The victor's due: and I confide,
Though every welcome guest were tried,
Not one, in all the concourse, would be found
For fairest knowledge more renown'd,
Nor yet a master more to twine,
In lasting hymns, each wreathing line.
The guardian god, who watchful guides
Thy fortunes, Hiero, presides
O'er all thy cares with anxious power:
And soon, if he does not deny
His needful aid, my hopes run high
To sing more pleasing in the joyful hour,

EPODE IV. Measures 16.

On thy chariot, triumphant when thou shalt appear
And fly o'er the course with a rapid career,
Tracing paths of language fair,
As I to Cronion's sunny mount repair.
Even now the Muse prepares to raise
Her growth, the strongest dart of praise,
For me to wield. Approv'd in other things,
Do others rise, conspicuous, only kings,
High mounting on the summit fix:
There bound thy view, wide-spread, nor vainly try
Further to stretch the prospect of thine eye:

Be, then, thy glorious lot to tread sublime,
With steady steps, the measur'd tract of time;
Be mine, with the prize-bearing worthies to mix,
In Greece, throughout the learned throng,
Proclaim'd unrival'd in my song.

THE SECOND OLYMPIONIQUE.

TO THERON OF AGRIGENTUM,

VICTORIOUS IN THE CHARIOT-RACE.

ARGUMENT.

He praises Theron king of Agrigentum, on account of the victory obtained in the Olympic games, with a chariot and four horses; likewise for his justice, his hospitality, his fortitude, and the illustriousness of his ancestors, whose adventures are occasionally mentioned: then he interweaves digressions to Semele, Ino, Peleus, Achilles, and others, and describes the future state of the righteous and of the wicked. Lastly, he concludes with extolling his own skill in panegyric, and the benevolence and liberality of Theron.

STROPHE I. Measures 16.

Sovereign hymns, whose numbers sway
The sounding harp, what god, what hero, say,
What man, shall we resound?
Is not Pisa Jove's delight?
And did not Hercules, with conquest crown'd,
To him ordain
Th' Olympiad for an army slain,
Thank-offering of the war?
And must we not, in Theron's right,
Exert our voice, and swell our song?
Theron, whose victorious car
Four coursers whirl, fleeting along,
To stranger-guests indulgent host,
Of Agrigentum the support and boast,
Cities born to rule and grace,
Fair blossom of his ancient race,

ANTISTROPHE I. Measures 16.

Worthies sore perplex'd in thought, [sought,
Till, wandering far, they found; what long they
A sacred seat, fast by
Where the stream does rapid run,
And reign'd, of Sicily the guardian eye,
When happy days,
And wealth, and favour flow'd, and praise,
That in-born worth inflames.
Saturnian Jove! O Rhea's son!
Who o'er Olympus dost preside,
And the pitch of lofty games,
And Alpheus, of rivers the pride,
Rejoicing in my songs, do thou
Incline thine ear, propitious to my vow,
Blessing, with a bounteous hand,
The rich hereditary land

EPODE I. Measures 10.

Through their late lineage down. No power can
Whether deeds of right or wrong, [actions past,
As things not done recall,
Not even Time, the father, who produces all;
Yet can Oblivion, waiting long,
Gathering strength
Through the length
Of prosperous times, forbid these deeds to last:
Such force has sweet-healing joy
The festering smart of evils to destroy.

STROPHE II. Measures 16.

When felicity is sent
Down by the will supreme with full content:
Thy daughters, Cadmus, they,
Greatly wretched here below,
Blest evermore, this mighty truth display.
No weight of grief,
But, whelm'd in pleasures, find relief,
Sunk in the sweet abyss.
Thou, Semele, with hair a-flow;
Thou by thunder doom'd to die,
Mingling with the gods in bliss,
Art happy, for ever on high:
Thee Pallas does for ever love,
Thee chiefly Jupiter, who rules above;
Thee thy son holds ever dear,
Thy son with the ivy-wreath'd spear.

ANTISTROPHE II. Measures 16.

Beauteous Ino, we are told,
With the sea-daughters dwells of Nereus old;
And has, by lot, obtain'd
Lasting life, beneath the deep,
A life within no bounds of time restrain'd.
The hour of death,
The day when we resign our breath,
That offspring of the Sun,
Which bids us from our labours sleep,
In vain do mortals seek to know,
Or who destin'd is to run
A life uncntangled with woe;
For none are able to disclose
The seasons of th' uncertain ebbs and flows
Now of pleasures, now of pains,
Which hidden Fate to men ordains:

EPODE II. Measures 10.

Thus Providence, that to thy ancestry long-fam'd
Portions out a pleasing share
Of heaven-sprung happiness,
Does, ceasing in another turn of time to bless,
Distribute some reverse of care,
As from years
Past appears,
Since the predestin'd son, at Pytho nam'd,
Did Laius, blindly meeting, kill,
And the oracle, of old pronounc'd, fulfil:

STROPHE III. Measures 16.

Fell Erinnys, quick to view
The deed, his warlike sons in battle slew,
Each by the other's rage:
But to Polynices slain
Surviv'd Thersander, glory of his age,
For feats of war,
And youthful contests, honour'd far,
The scion, kept alive
To raise th' Adrastian house again:
From whence Æsidamus' heir
Does his spreading root derive,
To branch out a progeny fair;
Who, springing foremost in the chase
Of Fame, demands we should his triumph grace,
Tuning lyres to vocal lays,
Sweet union of melodious praise;

ANTISTROPHE III. Measures 16.

For not only has he borne
Th' Olympian prize, but, with his brother, worn
The garland of renown,

At Pytho and at Isthmus; where,
Victorious both, they shar'd th' allotted crown,
Joint-honour, won
In twelve impetuous courses, run
With four unwearied steeds.
To vanquish in the strife severe
Does all anxiety destroy:
And to this, if wealth succeeds
With virtues enamell'd, the joy
Luxuriant grows; such affluence
Does glorious opportunities dispense,
Giving depth of thought to find
Pursuits which please a noble mind.

EPODE III. Measures 10.

Refulgent star! to man the purest beam of light!
The possessor of this store,
Far-future things discerning, knows [woes
Obdurate wretches, once deceas'd, to immediate
Consign'd, too late their pains deplore;
For below
Ere they go,
Sits one in judgment, who pronounces right
On crimes in this wide realm of Jove;
Whose dire decrée no power can e'er remove:

STROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the good, alike by night,
Alike by day, the Sun's unclouded light
Beholding, ever blest,
Live an unlaborious life,
Nor anxious interrupt the hallow'd rest
With spade and plow,
The earth to vex, or with the prow
The briny sea, to eat
The bread of care in endless strife.
The dread divinities among,
The few unaccustomed to wrong,
Who never broke the vow they swore,
A tearless age enjoy for evermore;
While the wicked hence depart
To torments which appall the heart:

ANTISTROPHE IV. Measures 16.

But the souls who greatly dare,
Thrice tried in either state, to persevere
From all injustice pure,
Journeying onward in the way
Of Jupiter, in virtue still secure,
Along his road
Arrive at Saturn's rais'd abode;
Where soft sea-breezes breathe
Round the island of the blest; where gay
The trees with golden blossoms glow;
Where, their brows and arms to wreathe,
Bright garlands on every side below;
For, springing thick in every field,
The earth does golden flowers spontaneous yield;
And, in every limpid stream,
The budding gold is seen to gleam:

EPODE IV. Measures 10.

Fair heritage! by righteous Rhadamanth's award:
Who, coequal, takes his seat
With Saturn, sire divine,
Thy consort, Rhea, who above the rest doth shine,
High-thron'd, thou matron-goddess great:
These among
(Blissful throng!)
Does Peleus and does Cadmus find regard;
And, through his mother's winning prayer
To Jove, Achilles dwells immortal there:

STROPHE V. Measures 16.

He who Hector did destroy,
The pillar firm, the whole support, of Troy,
And Cycnus gave to die,
And Aurora's Æthiop son.
My arm beneath yet many darts have I,
All swift of flight,
Within my quiver, sounding right
To every skilful ear:
But, of the multitude, not one
Discerns the mystery unexplain'd.
He transcendent does appear
In knowledge, from Nature who gain'd
His store: but the dull-letter'd crowd,
In censure vehement, in nonsense loud,
Clamour idly, wanting skill,
Like crows, in vain, provoking still

ANTISTROPHE V. Measures 16.

The celestial bird of Jove:
But, to the mark address thy bow, nor rove,
My soul: and whom do I
Single out with fond desire,
At him to let illustrious arrows fly?
My fixt intent,
My aim, on Agrigentum bent,
A solemn oath I plight,
Sincere as honest minds require,
That through an hundred circling years,
With recorded worthies bright,
No rivalling city appears
To boast a man more frank to impart
Kind offices to friends with open heart,
Or, with hand amidst his store,
Delighting to distribute more

EPODE V. Measures 10.

Than Theron: yet foul Calumny, injurious blame,
Did the men of rancour raise
Against his fair renown,
Defamers, who by evil actions strove to drown
His good, and to conceal his praise.
Can the sand,
On the strand,
Be number'd o'er? Then, true to Theron's fame,
His favours, showering down delight
On thousands, who is able to recite?

THE FIRST ODE OF ANACREON.

ON HIS LUTE.

The line of Atreus will I sing;
To Cadmus will I tune the string:
But, as from string to string I move,
My lute will only sound of love.
The chords I change through every screw,
And model the whole lute anew,
Once more, in song, my voice I raise,
And, Hercules, thy toils I praise:
My lute does still my voice deny,
And in the tones of love reply.
"Ye heroes then, at once farewell:
Loves only echo from my shell."

THE SECOND ODE.

ON WOMEN.

Nature the bull with horns supplies,
The horse with hoofs she fortifies,

The fleeting foot on hares bestows,
On lions teeth, two dreadful rows!
Grants fish to swim, and birds to fly,
And on their skill bids men rely.
Women alone defenceless live;
To women what does Nature give?
Beauty she gives instead of darts,
Beauty, instead of shields, imparts;
Nor can the sword, nor fire, oppose
The fair, victorious where she goes.

THE THIRD ODE.
ON LOVE.

One midnight, when the Bear did stand
A-level with Bootes' hand,
And, with their labour sore opprest,
The race of men were laid to rest,
Then to my doors, at unawares,
Came Love, and tried to force the bars.
"Who thus assails my doors?" I cried:
"Who breaks my slumbers?" Love replied,
"Open: a child alone is here!
A little child!—you need not fear:
Here through the moonless night I stray,
And, drench'd in rain, have lost my way."
Then mov'd to pity by his plight,
Too much in haste my lamp I light,
And open: when a child I see,
A little child he seem'd to me;
Who bore a quiver, and a bow;
And wings did to his shoulders grow.
Within the hearth I bid him stand,
Then chafe and cherish either hand
Between my palms, and wring, with care,
The trickling water from his hair.
"Now come," said he, no longer chill,
"We 'll bend this bow, and try our skill,
And prove the string, how far its power
Remains unslacken'd by the shower."
He bends his bow, and culls his quiver,
And pierces, like a breeze, my liver:
Then leaping, laughing, us he fled,
"Rejoice with me, my host," he said,
"My bow is sound in every part,
And you shall rue it at your heart."

A HYMN TO VENUS,
FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

O venus, beauty of the skies,
To whom a thousand temples rise,
Gaily false in gentle smiles,
Full of love-perplexing wiles,
O, goddess! from my heart remove
The wasting cares and pains of love.

If ever thou hast kindly heard
A song in soft distress preferr'd,
Propitious to my tuneful vow,
O, gentle goddess! hear me now.
Descend, thou bright immortal guest,
In all thy radiant charms confest.

Thou once didst leave almighty Jove,
And all the golden roofs above:
The car thy wanton sparrows drew;
Hovering in air they lightly flew;
As to my bower they wing'd their way,
I saw their quivering pinions play.

The birds, dismiss'd (while you remain),
Bore back their empty car again:
Then you, with looks divinely mild,
In every heavenly feature smil'd,
And ask'd, what new complaints I made,
And why I call'd you to my aid?

What phrensy in my bosom rag'd,
And by what care to be assuag'd?
What gentle youth I would allure,
Whom in my artful toils secure?
Who does thy tender heart subdue,
Tell, me, my Sappho, tell me who?

Though now he shuns thy longing arms,
He soon shall court thy slighted charms;
Though now thy offerings he despise,
He soon to thee shall sacrifice;
Though now he freeze, he soon shall burn,
And be thy victim in his turn.

Celestial visitant, once more
Thy needful presence I implore!
In pity come and ease my grief,
Bring my distemper'd soul relief:
Favour thy suppliant's hidden fires,
And give me all my heart desires.

A FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

'T was this depriv'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd, in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrours thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

TO MR AMBROSE PHILIPS,
ON HIS DISTREST MOTHER.
ANONYMOUS; FROM STEELE'S COLLECTION.

Long have the writers of this warlike age
With human sacrifices drench'd the stage;
That scarce one hero dares demand applause,
Till, weltering in his blood, the ground he gnaws:
As if, like swans, they only could delight
With dying strains, and, while they please, affright.
Our Philips, though 't were to oblige the fair,
Dares not destroy, where Horace bids him spare:
His decent scene like that of Greece appears;
No deaths our eyes offend, no fights our ears.
While he from Nature copies every part,
He forms the judgment, and affects the heart.
Oft as Andromache renews her woe,
The mothers sadden and their eyes o'erflow.
Hermione, with love and rage possest,
Now sooths, now animates, each maiden breast.
Pyrrhus, triumphant o'er the Trojan walls,
Is greatly perjur'd, and as greatly falls.
Love, and Despair, and Furies are combin'd
In poor Orestes, to distract his mind.
From first to last, alternate passions reign;
And we resist the poet's will in vain.

THE

POEMS

OF

GILBERT WEST, LL.D.

Res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Georg. ii.

THE

LIFE OF WEST,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

GILBERT WEST is one of the writers of whom I regret my inability to give a sufficient account; the intelligence which my inquiries have obtained is general and scanty.

He was the son of the reverend Dr. West; perhaps him [1] who published Pindar, at Oxford, about the beginning of this century. His mother was sister to sir Richard Temple, afterwards lord Cobham. His father, purposing to educate him for the church, sent him first to Eton, and afterwards to Oxford; but he was seduced to a more airy mode of life, by a commission in a troop of horse, procured him by his uncle.

He continued some time in the army; though it is reasonable to suppose that he never sunk into a mere soldier, nor ever lost the love, or much neglected the pursuit, of learning; and afterwards, finding himself more inclined to civil employment, he laid down his commission, and engaged in business under the lord Townshend, then secretary of state, with whom he attended the king to Hanover.

His adherence to lord Townshend ended in nothing but a nomination (May 1729) to be clerk-extraordinary of the privy council, which produced no immediate profit; for it only placed him in a state of expectation and right of succession, and it was very long before a vacancy admitted him to profit.

Soon afterwards he married, and settled himself in a very pleasant house at Wickham in Kent, where he devoted himself to learning and to piety. Of his learning the late collection exhibits evidence, which would have been yet fuller, if the dissertations which accompany his version of Pindar had not been improperly omitted. Of his piety the influence has, I hope, been extended far by his Observations on the Resurrection, published in 1747, for which the university of Oxford created him a doctor of laws by diploma (March 30, 1748), and would doubtless have reached yet further had he lived to complete what he had for some time meditated, The Evidences of the Truth of the New Testament. Perhaps it may not be without effect to tell, that he read the prayers of the public liturgy every morning to his family, and that on Sunday evening he called his servants into the parlour, and read to them first a sermon and then prayers. Crashaw is now not the only maker of verses to whom may be given the two venerable names of Poet and Saint.

[1] Certainly him. It was published in 1697. *C.*

He was very often visited by Lyttelton, and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt; and, what is of far more importance, at Wickham Lyttelton received that conviction which produced his Dissertation on St. Paul.

These two illustrious friends had for a while listened to the blandishments of infidelity: and when West's book was published, it was bought by some who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of new objections against Christianity; and as infidels do not want malignity, they revenged the disappointment by calling him a Methodist.

Mr. West's income was not large; and his friends endeavoured, but without success, to obtain an augmentation. It is reported, that the education of the young prince was offered to him, but that he required a more extensive power of superintendance than it was thought proper to allow him.

In time, however, his revenue was improved; he lived to have one of the lucrative clerkships of the privy council (1752); and Mr. Pitt at last had it in his power to make him treasurer of Chelsea Hospital.

He was now sufficiently rich; but wealth came too late to be long enjoyed; nor could it secure him from the calamities of life; he lost (1755) his only son; and the year after (March 26) a stroke of the palsy brought to the grave one of the few poets to whom the grave might be without its terrours.

Of his Translations I have only compared the first Olympic ode with the original, and found my expectation surpassed, both by its elegance and its exactness. He does not confine himself to his author's train of stanzas; for he saw that the difference of the languages required a different mode of versification. The first strophe is eminently happy; in the second he has a little strayed from Pindar's meaning, who says, "if thou, my soul, wishest to speak of games, look not in the desert sky for a planet hotter than the Sun; nor shall we tell of nobler games than those of Olympia." He is sometimes too paraphrastical. Pindar bestows upon Hiero an epithet, which, in one word, signifies *delighting in horses*; a word which, in the translation, generates these lines:

> Hiero's royal brows, whose care
> Tends the courser's noble breed,
> Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,
> Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.

Pindar says of Pelops, that "he came alone in the dark to the White Sea;" and West,

> Near the billow-beaten side
> Of the foam-besilver'd main,
> Darkling, and alone, he stood:

which, however, is less exuberant than the former passage.

A work of this kind must, in a minute examination, discover many imperfections; but West's version, so far as I have considered it, appears to be the product of great labour and great abilities.

His Institution of the Garter (1712) is written with sufficient knowledge of the manners that prevailed in the age to which it is referred, and with great elegance of diction; but, for want of a process of events, neither knowledge nor elegance preserves the reader from weariness.

His Imitations of Spenser are very successfully performed, both with respect to the metre, the language, and the fiction; and being engaged at once by the excellence of the sentiments, and the artifice of the copy, the mind has two amusements together. But such compositions are not to be reckoned among the great achievements of intellect, because their effect is local and temporary; they appeal not to reason or passion, but to memory, and pre-suppose an accidental or artificial state of mind. An imitation of Spenser is nothing to a reader, however acute, by whom Spenser has never been perused. Works of this kind may deserve praise, as proofs of great industry, and great nicety of observation; but the highest praise, the praise of genius, they cannot claim. The noblest beauties of art are those of which the effect is co-extended with rational nature, or at least with the whole circle of polished life; what is less than this can be only pretty, the plaything of fashion, and the amusement of a day.

There is in The Adventurer a paper of verses given to one of the authors as Mr. West's, and supposed to have been written by him. It should not be concealed, however, that it is printed with Mr. Jago's name in Dodsley's Collection, and is mentioned as his in a letter of Shenstone's. Perhaps West gave it without naming the author; and Hawkesworth, receiving it from him, thought it his; for his he thought it, as he told me, and as he tells the public.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

WILLIAM PITT, Esq.

PAYMASTER-GENERAL OF HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES,

ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL;

AND TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR GEORGE LYTTELTON, Bart.

ONE OF THE LORDS COMMISSIONERS OF THE TREASURY:

THESE POEMS

ARE INSCRIBED BY THE AUTHOR;

WHO IS DESIROUS THAT THE FRIENDSHIP,

WITH WHICH THEY HAVE FOR MANY YEARS HONOURED HIM,

AND THE SINCERE AFFECTION AND HIGH ESTEEM,

WHICH HE HATH CONCEIVED FOR THEM,

FROM A LONG AND INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE

OF THEIR WORTH AND VIRTUE,

MAY BE KNOWN

WHEREVER THE PUBLICATION OF THE ENSUING PIECES

SHALL MAKE KNOWN THE NAME OF

GILBERT WEST.

PREFACE.

OF all the great writers of antiquity, no one was ever more honoured and admired while living, as few have obtained a larger and fairer portion of fame after death, than Pindar. Pausanias tells us, that the character of poet was really and truly consecrated in his person, by the god of poets himself [1]; who was pleased by an express oracle to order the inhabitants of Delphi to set apart for Pindar one half of the first-fruit offerings brought by the religious to his shrine; and to allow him a place in his temple; where in an iron chair he was used to sit and sing his hymns, in honour of that god. This chair was remaining in the time of Pausanias [2] (several hundred years after) to whom it was shown as a relic not unworthy the sanctity and magnificence of that holy place. Pan [3] likewise, another musical divinity, is reported to have skipped and jumped for joy, while the nymphs were dancing in honour of the birth of this prince of lyric poetry; and to have been afterwards so much delighted with his compositions, as to have sung his odes in the hearing even of the poet himself [4]. Unhappily for us, and indeed for Pindar, those parts of his works, which procured him these extraordinary testimonies from the gods, (or from mortals rather, who by the invention of these fables meant only to express the high opinion they entertained of this great poet,) are all lost: I mean his Hymns to the several deities of the heathen world. And even of those writings, to which his less extravagant, but more serious and more lasting glory is owing, only the least, and, according to some people, the worst part is now remaining. These are his Odes inscribed to the conquerors in the four sacred games of Greece. By these odes, therefore, are we now left to judge of the merit of Pindar, as they are the only living evidences of his character.

Among the moderns [5] those men of learning of the truest taste and judgment, who have read and considered the writings of this author in their original language, have all agreed to confirm the great character given of him by the ancients. And to such who are still able to examine Pindar himself, I shall leave him to stand or fall by his own merit; only bespeaking their candour in my own behalf, if they should think it worth their while to peruse the following translations of some of his odes; which I here offer chiefly to the English reader, to whom alone I desire to address a few considerations, in order to prepare him to form a right judgment, and indeed to have any relish of the compositions of this great lyric poet, who, notwithstanding, must needs appear before him under great disadvantages.

To begin with removing some prejudices against this author, that have arisen from certain writings known by the name of Pindaric Odes; I must insist that very few, which I remember to have read under that title, not excepting even those written by the admired Mr. Cowley, whose wit and fire first brought them into reputation, have the least resemblance to the manner of the author, whom they pretend to imitate, and from whom they derive their name; or, if any, it is such a resemblance only as is expressed by the Italian word *caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted likeness. This observation has been already made by Mr. Congreve in his preface [6] to two admirable odes, written professedly in imitation of Pindar; and I may add, so much in his true manner and spirit, that he ought by all means to be excepted out of the number of those who have brought this author into discredit by pretending to resemble him.

Neither has Mr. Cowley, though he drew from the life, given a much truer picture of Pindar in the translations he made of two of his odes. I say not this to detract from Mr. Cowley, whose genius, perhaps, was not inferiour to that of Pindar himself, or either of those other two great poets, Horace and Virgil, whose names have been bestowed upon him, but chiefly to apologize for my having ventured to translate the same odes, and to prepare the reader for the wide difference he will find between many parts of his translations and mine.

[1] Paus. in Bœot. [2] Paus. in Phoc. [3] Philostratus in Icon. [4] Plut. in Numa.

[5] See abbé Fraguier's Character of Pindar, printed in the 3d vol. of Memoires de l'Academie Royale, &c. and Kennet's Life of Pindar, in the Lives of the Greek Poets.

[6] Preserved in the present collection.

Mr. Cowley and his imitators (for all the Pindaric writers since his time have only mimicked him, while they fancied they were imitating Pindar) have fallen themselves, and by their examples have led the world, into two mistakes with regard to the character of Pindar; both which are pointed out by Mr. Congreve in the preface above mentioned, and in the following words:

"The character of these late Pindarics is a bundle of rambling incoherent thoughts, expressed in a like parcel of irregular stanzas, which also consist of such another complication of disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed verses and rhymes. And I appeal to any reader, if this is not the condition in which these titular odes appeared.

"On the contrary (adds he) there is nothing more regular than the odes of Pindar, both as to the exact observation of the measures and numbers of his stanzas and verses, and the perpetual coherence of his thoughts: for though his digressions are frequent, and his transitions sudden, yet is there ever some secret connection, which, though not always appearing to the eye, never fails to communicate itself to the understanding of the reader."

Upon these two points, namely, the regularity of measure in Pindar's odes, and the connection of his thoughts, I shall beg leave to make a few observations.

These odes were all composed to be sung by a chorus, either at the entertainments given by the conquerors (to whom they were inscribed) or their friends, on account of their victories, or at the solemn sacrifices made to the gods upon those occasions. They consist generally of three stanzas, of which the following account was communicated to me by a learned and ingenious friend.

"Besides what is said of the Greek ode in the Scholiast upon Pindar, I find (says he) the following passage in the Scholia on Hephæstion; it is the very last paragraph of those Scholia."

The passage cited by him is in Greek, instead of which I shall insert the translation of it in English.

You must know that the ancients (in their odes) framed two larger stanzas, *and* one less; *the* first *of the* larger stanzas *they called* strophé, *singing it on their festivals at the altars of the gods, and dancing at the same time. The* second *they called* antistrophé, *in which they inverted the dance. The* lesser *stanza was named the* epode, *which they sung standing still. The* strophé, *as they say, denoted the motion of the* higher sphere, *the* antistrophé *that of the* planets, *the* epode *the* fixed station *and repose of the* Earth.

"From this passage it appears evident, that these odes were accompanied with dancing; and that they danced one way while the strophe was singing, and then danced back again while the antistrophe was sung: which shows why those two parts consisted of the same length and measure; then, when the dancers were returned to the place whence they set out, before they renewed the dance they stood still while the epode was sung.

"If the same persons both danced and sung, when we consider how much breath is required for a full song, perhaps one may incline to think, that the strophe and antistrophe partook something of the recitative manner, and that the epode was the more complete air.

"There is a passage in the ancient grammarian, Marius Victorinus, which is much to the same purpose as this above, though he does not distinctly speak of dancing. The passage is this:

"Pleraque lyricorum carminum, quæ versu, colisque et commatibus componuntur, ex strophé, antistrophé, et epodo, ut Græci appellant, ordinata subsistunt. Quorum ratio talis est. Antiqui deorum laudes carminibus comprehensas, circum aras eorum eunies canebant. Cujus primum ambitum, quem ingrediebantur ex parte dextrâ, strophen vocabant; reversionem autem sinistrorsum factam, completo priore orbe, antistrophen appellabant. Deinde in conspectu deorum soliti consistere cantici, reliqua consequebantur, appellantes id epodon.

"The writers I have quoted speak only of odes sung in the temples; but Demetrius Triclinius, upon the measures of Sophocles, says the same thing upon the odes of the tragic chorus.

"What the Scholiast upon Hephæstion, cited above, adds about the heavenly motions, &c. is also said by Victorinus, and by Demetrius Triclinius, and likewise by the Scholiast on Pindar. Yet I consider this in no other light than I do the fantastical conceits with which the writers on music abound. Ptolemy, out of his three books of Harmonics, employs one almost entirely upon comparing the principles of music with the motions of the planets, the faculties of the mind, and other such ridiculous imaginations. And Aristides Quintilianus, supposed an older author, is full of the same fooleries. Marius Victorinus has another scheme also, viz. that the dancing forwards and backwards was invented by Theseus, in memory of the labyrinth out of which he escaped. But all this is taking much unnecessary pains to account why, when dances have gone as far as they can one way, they should return back again; or at least not dance in the same circle till they are giddy."

Such was the structure of the Greek ode, in which the strophé and the antistrophé, i. e. the first

and second stanzas, contained always the same number and the same kind of verses. The epode was of a different length and measure; and if the ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into triplets of stanzas, the two first being constantly of the same length and measure, and all the epodes in like manner corresponding exactly with each other: from all which the regularity of this kind of compositions is sufficiently evident. There are indeed some odes, which consist of strophés, and antistrophés without any epode; and others which are made up of strophés only, of different lengths and measures. But the greatest number of Pindar's odes are of the first kind.

I have in the translation retained the names of strophé and antistrophé, on purpose to imprint the more strongly on the mind of the English reader the exact regularity observed by Pindar in the structure of his odes; and have even followed his example in one, which in the original consists only of two strophés.

Another charge against Pindar relates to the supposed wildness of his imagination, his extravagant digressions, and sudden transitions, which leads me to consider the second point, viz. the connection of his thoughts. Upon which I shall say but little in this place, having endeavoured to point out the connection, and account for many of the digressions, in my arguments and notes to the several odes which I have translated. Here therefore I shall only observe in general, that whoever imagines the victories and praises of the conquerors are the proper subjects of the odes inscribed to them, will find himself mistaken. These victories indeed gave occasion to these songs of triumph, and are therefore constantly taken notice of by the poet, as are also any particular and remarkable circumstances relating to them, or to the lives and characters of the conquerors themselves: but, as such circumstances could rarely furnish out matter sufficient for an ode of any length, so would it have been an indecency unknown to the civil equality and freedom, as well as to the simplicity of the age in which Pindar lived, to have filled a poem intended to be sung in public, and even at the altars of the gods, with the praises of one man only; who, besides, was often no otherwise considerable, but as the victory which gave occasion to the ode had made him. For these reasons, the poet, in order to give his poem its due extent, was obliged to have recourse to other circumstances, arising either from the family or country of the conqueror, from the games in which he had come off victorious, or from the particular deities who had any relation to the occasion, or in whose temples the ode was intended to be sung. All these and many other particulars, which the reading the odes of Pindar may suggest to an attentive observer, gave hints to the poet, and led him into those frequent digressions, and quick transitions, which it is no wonder should appear to us at this distance of time and place both extravagant and unaccountable.

Upon the whole, I am persuaded that whoever will consider the odes of Pindar with regard to the manners and customs of the age in which they were written, the occasions which gave birth to them, and the places in which they were intended to be recited, will find little reason to censure Pindar for want of order and regularity in the plans of his compositions. On the contrary, perhaps, he will be inclined to admire him, for raising so many beauties from such trivial hints, and for kindling, as he sometimes does, so great a flame from a single spark, and with so little fuel.

There is still another prejudice against Pindar, which may arise in the minds of those people who are not thoroughly acquainted with ancient history, and who may therefore be apt to think meanly of odes inscribed to a set of conquerors, whom possibly they may look upon only as so many prize-fighters and jockeys. To obviate this prejudice, I have prefixed to my translation of Pindar's odes a Dissertation[7] on the Olympic Games; in which the reader will see what kind of persons these conquerors were, and what was the nature of those famous games, of which every one, who has but just looked into the history of Greece, must know enough to desire to be better acquainted with them. The collection is as full as I have been able to make it, assisted by the labours of a learned Frenchman, Pierre du Faur, who, in his book entitled Agonisticon, hath gathered almost every thing that is mentioned in any of the Greek or Latin writers relating to the Grecian games, which he has thrown together in no very clear order; as is observed by his countryman Mons. Burette, who hath written several pieces on the subject of the gymnastic exercises, inserted in the second volume of Memoires de l'Academie Royale, &c. printed at Amsterdam, 1719. In this dissertation I have endeavoured to give a complete history of the Olympic games; of which kind there is not, that I know of, any treatise now extant; those written upon this subject by some of the ancients being all lost, and not being supplied by any learned modern, at least not so fully as might have been done, and as so considerable an article of the Grecian antiquities seemed

[7] For this dissertation, and the learned author's copious notes, which are not inserted in the present collection, we must refer the curious reader to the work at large. *N.*

to demand. As I flatter myself that even the learned reader will in this dissertation meet with many points which have hitherto escaped his notice, and much light reflected from thence upon the odes of Pindar in particular, as well as upon many passages in other Greek writers, I shall rather desire him to excuse those errours and defects which he may happen to discover in it, than apologize for the length of it.

Having now removed the chief prejudices and objections which have been too long and too generally entertained against the writings of Pindar, I need say but little of his real character; as the principal parts of it may be collected from the very faults imputed to him; which are indeed no other than the excesses of great and acknowledged beauties, such as a poetical imagination, a warm and enthusiastic genius, a bold and figurative expression, and a concise and sententious style. These are the characteristical beauties of Pindar; and to these his greatest blemishes, generally speaking, are so near allied, that they have sometimes been mistaken for each other. I cannot however help observing, that he is so entirely free from any thing like the far-fetched thoughts, the witty extravagances, and puerile *conceits* of Mr. Cowley and the rest of his imitators, that I cannot recollect so much as even a single *antithesis* in all his odes.

Longinus indeed confesses, that Pindar's flame is sometimes extinguished, and that he now and then sinks unexpectedly and unaccountably; but he prefers him, with all his faults, to a poet who keeps on in one constant tenour of mediocrity, and who, though he seldom falls very low, yet never rises to those astonishing heights, which sometimes make the head even of a great poet giddy, and occasion those slips which they at the same time excuse.

But, notwithstanding all that has or can be said in favour of Pindar, he must still appear, as I before observed, under great disadvantages, especially to the English reader. Much of this fire, which formerly warmed and dazzled all Greece, must necessarily be lost even in the best translation. Besides, to say nothing of many beauties peculiar to the Greek, which cannot be expressed in English, and perhaps not in any other language, there are in these odes so many references to secret history; so many allusions to persons, things, and places, now altogether unknown, and which, were they known, would very little interest or affect the reader, and withal such a mixture of mythology and antiquity, that I almost despair of their being relished by any, but those who have, if not a great deal of classical learning, yet somewhat at least of an antique and classical taste.

Every reader, however, may still find in Pindar something to make amends for the loss of those beauties, which have been set at too great a distance, and in some places worn off and obliterated by time; namely, a great deal of good sense, many wise reflections, and many moral sentences, together with a due regard to religion; and from hence he may be able to form to himself some idea of Pindar as a man, though he should be obliged to take his character as a poet from others.

But, that he may not for this rely altogether upon my opinion, I shall here produce the testimonies of two great poets, whose excellent writings are sufficient evidences both of their taste and judgment. The first was long and universally admired, and is still as much regretted, by the present age: the latter, who wrote about seventeen hundred years ago, was the delight and ornament of the politest and most learned age of Rome. And though even to him, Pindar, who lived some centuries before him, must have appeared under some of the disadvantages above mentioned, yet he had the opportunity of seeing all his works which were extant in his time, and of which he hath given a sort of catalogue, together with their several characters: an advantage which the former wanted, who must therefore be understood to speak only of those odes which are now remaining. And indeed he alludes to those only, in the following passage of his Temple of Fame. Pope's Works, 8vo edit. vol. 3. p. 17. ver. 210.

Four swans [8] sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:
Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.

[8] *Four swans sustain &c.*] Pindar, being seated in a chariot, alludes to the horse-races he celebrated in the Grecian games. The swans are emblems of poetry; their soaring posture intimates the sublimity and activity of his genius. Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian games. This note is of the same author.

The figur'd games of Greece the column grace,
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race:
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they rrn;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
The champions in distorted postures threat;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

The other passage is from Horace, lib. 4. ode ii. viz.

Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari, &c.

which, for the benefit of the English reader, I have thus translated:

He, who aspires to reach the towering height
Of matchless Pindar's heaven-ascending strain,
Shall sink, unequal to the arduous flight,
Like him, who, falling, nam'd th' Icarian main;
Presumptuous youth! to tempt forbidden skies!
And hope above the clouds on waxen plumes to rise!

Pindar, like some fierce torrent swoln with showers,
Or sudden cataracts of melting snow,
Which from the Alps its headlong deluge pours,
And foams and thunders o'er the vales below,
With desultory fury borne along,
Rolls his impetuous, vast, unfathomable song.

The Delphic laurel ever sure to gain;
Whether with lawless dithyrambic rage
Wild and tumultuous flows the sounding strain;
Or in more order'd verse sublimely sage
To gods and sons of gods his lyre he strings,
And of fierce Centaurs slain, and dire Chimæra sings.

Or whether Pisa's victors be his theme,
The valiant champion and the rapid steed;
Who from the banks of Alpheus, sacred stream,
Triumphant bear Olympia's olive meed;
And from their bard receive the tuneful boon,
Richer than sculptur'd brass, or imitating stone.

Or whether with the widow'd mourner's tear,
He mingles soft his elegiac song;
With Dorian strains to deck th' untimely bier
Of some disastrous bridegroom fair and young;
Whose virtues, in his deifying lays,
Through the black gloom of death with star-like radiance blaze.

When to the clouds, along th' ethereal plain,
His airy way the Theban swan pursues,
Strong rapid gales his sounding plumes sustain:
While, wondering at his flight, my timorous Muse
In short excursions tires her feeble wings,
And in sequester'd shades and flowery gardens sings.

There, like the bee, that, from each odorous bloom,
Each fragrant offspring of the dewy field,
With painful art, extracts the rich perfume,
Solicitous her honeyed dome to build,
Exerting all her industry and care,
She toils with humble sweets her meaner verse to rear.

The remainder of this ode has no relation to the present subject, and is therefore omitted.

The following collection of poems (to borrow the metaphor made use of by Horace) consists wholly of sweets, drawn from the rich and flowery fields of Greece. And if in these translations any of the native spirit and fragrancy of the originals shall appear to be transfused, I shall content myself with the humble merit of the little laborious insect above mentioned. But I must not here omit acquainting the reader, that among these, immediately after the odes of Pindar, is inserted a translation of an ode [1] of Horace, done by a gentleman, the peculiar excellence of whose genius hath often revealed what his modesty would have kept a secret. And to this I might have trusted to inform the world, that the translation I am now speaking of, though inserted amongst mine, was not done by me, were I not desirous of testifying the pride and pleasure I take in seeing, in this and some other instances, his admirable pieces blended and joined with mine; an evidence and emblem at the same time of that friendship which hath long subsisted between us, and which I shall always esteem a singular felicity and honour to myself.

The authors, from whom the other pieces are translated, are so well known, that I need say nothing of them in this place; neither shall I detain the reader with any further account of the translations themselves, than only to acquaint him, that I translated the dramatic poem of Lucian upon the Gout, when I was myself under an attack of that incurable distemper, which I mention by way of excuse; and that all the other pieces, excepting only the Hymn of Cleanthes, were written many years ago, at a time when I read and wrote, like most other people, for amusement only. If the reader finds they give any to him, I shall be very glad of it; for it is doing some service to human society, to amuse innocently; and they know very little of human nature, who think it can bear to be always employed either in the exercise of its duties, or in high and important meditations.

[1] This ode, in full conformity to Mr. West's intention, is still (though restored to its proper writer) preserved in the present volume.

ODE

OCCASIONED BY READING

MR. WEST'S TRANSLATION OF PINDAR.

BY

THE REV. MR. JOSEPH WARTON.

I. 1.

ALBION, exult! thy sons a voice divine have heard,
The Man of Thebes hath in thy vales appear'd!
Hark! with fresh rage and undiminish'd fire,
The sweet enthusiast smites the British lyre;
The sounds that echoed on Alphéus' streams,
Reach the delighted ear of listening Thames;
Lo! swift across the dusty plain
Great Theron's foaming coursers strain!
What mortal tongue e'er roll'd along
Such full impetuous tides of nervous song?

I. 2.

The fearful, frigid lays of cold and creeping Art,
Nor touch, nor can transport th' unfeeling heart:
Pindar, our inmost bosom piercing, warms
With glory's love, and eager thirst of arms:
When Freedom speaks in his majestic strain,
The patriot-passions beat in every vein:
We long to sit with heroes old,
'Mid groves of vegetable gold,
Where Cadmus and Achilles [1] dwell,
And still of daring deeds and dangers tell.

I. 3.

Away, enervate bards, away,
Who spin the courtly, silken lay,
As wreaths for some vain Louis' head [2],
Or mourn some soft Adonis dead:
No more your polish'd lyrics boast,
In British Pindar's strength o'erwhelm'd and lost:
As well might ye compare
The glimmerings of a waxen flame
(Emblem of verse correctly tame)
To his own Etna's sulphur-spouting caves [3],
When to Heaven's vault the fiery deluge raves,
When clouds and burning rocks dart through the troubled air.

II. 1.

In roaring cataracts down Andes' channell'd steeps
Mark how enormous Orellana sweeps!
Monarch of mighty floods! supremely strong,
Foaming from cliff to cliff he whirls along,
Swoln with a hundred hills' collected snows:
Thence over nameless regions widely flows,
Round fragrant isles, and citron-groves,
Where still the naked Indian roves,
And safely builds his leafy bower,
From slavery far, and curst Iberian power.

II. 2.

So rapid Pindar flows.—O parent of the lyre,
Let me for ever thy sweet sons admire!
O ancient Greece, but chief the bard whose lays
The matchless tale of Troy divine emblaze;
And next Euripides, soft Pity's priest,
Who melts in useful woes the bleeding breast;
And him, who paints th' incestuous king,
Whose soul amaze and horrour wring;
Teach me to taste their charms refin'd,
The richest banquet of th' enraptur'd mind:

II. 3.

For the blest man, the Muse's child [4],
On whose auspicious birth she smil'd,
Whose soul she form'd of purer fire,
For whom she tun'd a golden lyre,
Seeks not in fighting fields renown:
No widows' midnight shrieks, nor burning town,
The peaceful poet please:
Nor ceaseless toils for sordid gains,
Nor purple pomp, nor wide domains,
Nor heaps of wealth, nor power, nor statesman's schemes,
Nor all deceiv'd Ambition's feverish dreams,
Lure his contented heart from the sweet vale of ease.

[1] See 2d Olymp. Od.
[2] Alluding to the French and Italian lyric poets.
[3] See 1st Pyth. Od.
[4] Hor. lib. iv. od. 3.

POEMS

OF

GILBERT WEST.

ODES OF PINDAR.

Olympiacæ miratus præmia palmæ.

VIRG. Georg. l. iii.

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Hiero of Syracuse, who, in the seventy-third Olympiad, obtained the victory in the race of single horses.

ARGUMENT.

The subject of this ode being a victory obtained by Hiero in the Olympic games, Pindar sets out with showing the superiority and pre-eminence of those games over all others; among which, he says, they hold the same rank as water (which, according to the opinion of Thales and other philosophers, was the original of all things) among the elements, and gold among the gifts of Fortune. Wherefore, continues he, O my heart, if thou art inclined to sing of games, it would be as absurd to think of any other but the Olympic games, as to look for stars in the sky when the Sun is shining in his meridian glory; especially as all the guests at Hiero's table (among which number it is not improbable that Pindar was one at this time) are singing odes upon that subject. From the mention of Hiero, he falls into a short panegyric upon his virtues, and then passes to what gave occasion to this ode, viz. his Olympic victory; under which head he makes honourable mention of his horse Phrenicus, (for that was his name) who gained the victory, and spread his master's glory as far as Pisa, or Olympia, the ancient residence of Pelops the son of Tantalus; into a long account of whom he digresses: and ridiculing, as absurd and impious, the story of his having been cut in pieces by his father Tantalus, boiled and served up at an entertainment given by him to the gods, relates another story, which he thought more to the honour both of Pelops and the gods. This relation he concludes with the account of Pelops vanquishing Oenomaus, king of Pisa, in the chariot-race, and by that victory gaining his daughter Hippodamia, settling at Pisa, and being there honoured as a god. From this relation the poet falls again naturally into an account of the Olympic games; and, after a short reflection upon the felicity of those who gained the Olympic crown, returns to the praises of Hiero; with which, and some occasional reflections on the prosperity of Hiero, to whom he wishes a continuance of his good fortune and a long reign, he closes his ode.

STROPHE I.

CHIEF of Nature's works divine,
  Water claims the highest praise:
Richest offspring of the mine,
  Gold, like fire, whose flashing rays
From afar conspicuous gleam,
  Through the night's involving cloud,
First in lustre and esteem,
  Decks the treasures of the proud:
So among the lists of Fame
  Pisa's honour'd games excell;
Then to Pisa's glorious name
  Tune, O Muse, thy sounding shell.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Who along the desert air
  Seeks the faded starry train,
When the Sun's meridian car
  Round illumes th' ethereal plain?
Who a nobler theme can choose
  Than Olympia's sacred games?
What more apt to fire the Muse,
  When her various songs she frames?
Songs in strains of wisdom drest,
  Great Saturnius to record,
And by each rejoicing guest
  Sung at Hiero's feastful board.

EPODE I.

In pastoral Sicilia's fruitful soil
The righteous sceptre of imperial power
Great Hiero weilding, with illustrious toil
Plucks every blooming virtue's fairest flower,
His royal splendour to adorn:
Nor doth his skilful hand refuse
Acquaintance with the tuneful Muse,
When round the mirthful board the harp is borne.

STROPHE II.

Down, then, from the glittering nail
Take, O Muse, thy Dorian lyre;
If the love of Pisa's vale
Pleasing transports can inspire;
Or the rapid-footed steed
Could with joy thy bosom move,
When, unwhipp'd, with native speed
O'er the dusty course he drove;
And where deck'd with olives flows,
Alpheus, thy immortal flood,
On his lord's triumphant brows
The Olympic wreath bestow'd:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Hiero's royal brows, whose care
Tends the courser's noble breed;
Pleas'd to nurse the pregnant mare,
Pleas'd to train the youthful steed.
Now on that heroic land
His far-beaming glories beat,
Where with all his Lydian band
Pelops fix'd his honour'd seat:
Pelops, by the god belov'd
Whose strong arms the globe embrace;
When, by Jove's high orders mov'd,
Clotho bless'd the healing vase.

EPODE II.

Forth from the cauldron to new life restor'd,
Pleas'd with the lustre of his ivory arm
Young Pelops rose; so ancient tales record,
And oft these tales unheeding mortals charm;
While gaudy Fiction, deck'd with art,
And dress'd in every winning grace,
To Truth's unornamented face
Preferr'd, seduces oft the human heart.

STROPHE III.

Add to these sweet Poesy,
Smooth enchantress of mankind,
Clad in whose false majesty
Fables easy credit find.
But ere long the rolling year
The deceitful tale explodes;
Then, O man, with holy fear
Touch the characters of gods.
Of their heavenly natures say
Nought unseemly, nought profane,
So shalt thou due honour pay,
So be free from guilty stain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Differing then from ancient fame,
I thy story will record:
How the gods, invited, came
To thy father's genial board;
In his turn the holy feast
When on Sipylus he spread;
To the tables of the blest
In his turn with honour led.
Neptune then thy lovely face,
Son of Tantalus, survey'd,
And with amorous embrace
Far away the prize convey'd.

EPODE III.

To the high palace of all-honour'd Jove
With Pelops swift the golden chariot rolls.
There, like more ancient Ganymede, above
For Neptune he prepares the nectar'd bowls.
But for her vanquish'd son, in vain
When long his tender mother sought,
And tidings of his fate were brought
By none of all her much-inquiring train;

STROPHE IV.

O'er the envious realm with speed
A malicious rumour flew,
That, his heavenly guests to feed,
Thee thy impious father slew:
In a cauldron's seething flood
That thy mangled limbs were cast,
Thence by each voracious god
On the board in messes plac'd.
But shall I the blest abuse?
With such tales to stain her song
Far, far be it from my Muse!
Vengeance waits th' unhallow'd tongue.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

Sure, if e'er to man befel
Honour from the powers divine,
Who on high Olympus dwell,
Tantalus, the lot was thine.
But, alas! his mortal sense,
All too feeble to digest
The delights of bliss immense,
Sicken'd at the heavenly feast,
Whence, his folly to chastise,
O'er his head with pride elate,
Jove, great father of the skies,
Hung a rock's enormous weight.

EPODE IV.

Now, vainly labouring with incessant pains
Th' impending rock's expected fall to shun,
The fourth distressful instance he remains
Of wretched man by impious pride undone;
Who to his mortal guests convey'd
Th' incorruptible food of gods,
On which in their divine abodes
Himself erst feasting was immortal made.

STROPHE V.

Vain is he who hopes to cheat
The all-seeing eyes of Heaven:
From Olympus' blissful seat,
For his father's theft was driven
Pelops, to reside once more
With frail man's swift-passing race,
Where (for now youth's blowing flower
Deck'd with opening pride his face;
And with manly beauty sprung
On each cheek the downy shade)
Ever burning for the young,
Hymen's fires his heart invade.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Anxious then th' Elean bride
From her royal sire to gain,
Near the billow-beaten side
Of the foam-besilver'd main,
Darkling and alone he stood,
Invocating oft the name
Of the trident-bearing god;
Straight the trident-bearer came:

"If the sweet delights of love
Which from beauty's queen descend,
Can thy yielding bosom move,
Mighty god, my cause befriend.

EPODE V.

"With strong prevention let thy hand control
The brazen lance of Pisa's furious king;
And to the honours of th' Elean goal
Me with unrival'd speed in triumph bring.
Transfixt by his unerring spear,
Already thirteen youths have died,
Yet he persists with cruel pride,
Hippodamia's nuptials to defer.

STROPHE VI.

"In the paths of dangerous fame
Trembling cowards never tread:
Yet since all of mortal frame
Must be number'd with the dead,
Who in dark inglorious shade
Would his useless life consume,
And, with deedless years decay'd,
Sink unhonour'd to the tomb?
I that shameful lot disdain;
I this doubtful list will prove;
May my vows from thee obtain
Conquest, and the prize of love!"

ANTISTROPHE VI.

Thus he pray'd, and mov'd the god;
Who, his bold attempt to grace,
On the favour'd youth bestow'd
Steeds unwearied in the race;
Steeds, with winged speed endued,
Harness'd to a golden car.
So was Pisa's king subdued;
Pelops so obtain'd the fair;
From whose womb a noble brood,
Six illustrious brothers came,
All with virtuous minds endow'd,
Leaders all of mighty fame.

EPODE VI.

Now in the solemn service of the dead,
Rank'd with immortal gods, great Pelops shares;
While to his altar, on the watery bed
Of Alpheus rais'd, from every clime repairs
The wondering stranger, to behold
The glories of th' Olympic plain;
Where, the resplendent wreath to gain,
Contend the swift, the active, and the bold.

STROPHE VII.

Happy he, whose glorious brow
Pisa's honour'd chaplets crown!
Calm his stream of life shall flow,
Shelter'd by his high renown.
That alone is bliss supreme,
Which, unknowing to decay,
Still with ever-shining beam
Gladdens each succeeding day.
Then for happy Hiero weave
Garlands of Æolian strains;
Him these honours to receive
The Olympic law ordains.

ANTISTROPHE VII.

No more worthy of her lay
Can the Muse a mortal find;
Greater in imperial sway,
Richer in a virtuous mind;
Heaven, O king, with tender care
Waits thy wishes to fulfil.
Then ere long will I prepare,
Plac'd on Cronium's sunny hill,
Thee in sweeter verse to praise,
Following thy victorious steeds;
If to prosper all thy ways
Still thy guardian god proceeds.

EPODE VII.

Fate hath in various stations rank'd mankind:
In royal power the long gradations end.
By that horizon prudently confin'd,
Let not thy hopes to further views extend.
Long mayst thou wear the regal crown!
And may thy bard his wish receive,
With thee, and such as thee to live,
Around his native Greece for wisdom known!

THE SECOND OLYMPIC ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Theron king of Agrigentum, who came off conqueror in the race of chariots drawn by four horses, in the seventy-seventh Olympiad.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, in answer to the question, What God, what hero, and what mortal he should sing, (with which words this ode immediately begins) having named Jupiter and Hercules, not only as the first of gods and heroes, but as they were peculiarly related to his subject; the one being the protector, and the other the founder, of the Olympic games; falls directly into the praises of Theron: by this method artfully insinuating, that Theron held the same rank among all mortals, as the two former did among the gods and heroes. In enumerating the many excellencies of Theron, the poet having made mention of the nobility of his family, (a topic seldom or never omitted by Pindar) takes occasion to lay before him the various accidents and vicissitudes of human life, by instances drawn from the history of his own ancestors, the founders of Agrigentum; who, it seems, underwent many difficulties, before they could build, and settle themselves in that city; where afterwards, indeed, they made a very considerable figure, and were rewarded for their past sufferings with wealth and honour; according to which method of proceeding, the poet (alluding to some misfortunes that had befallen Theron) beseeches Jupiter to deal with their posterity, by recompensing their former afflictions with a series of peace and happiness for the future; in the enjoyment of which they would soon lose the memory of whatever they had suffered in times past: the constant effect of prosperity being to make men forget their past adversity; which is the only reparation that can be made to them for the miseries they have undergone. The truth of this position he makes appear from the history of the same family; by the further instances of Semele, Ino, and Thersander; and lastly, of Theron himself, whose former cares and troubles, he insinuates, are repaid by his present happiness and victory in the Olympic games: for his success in which, the poet however intimates, that Theron was no less indebted

to his riches than to his virtue, since he was enabled by the one, as well as disposed by the other, to undergo the trouble and expense that was necessary to qualify him for a candidate for the Olympic crown in particular, and, in general, for the performance of any great and worthy action: for the words are general. From whence he takes occasion to tell him, that the man who possesses these treasures, viz. riches and virtue, that is, the means and the inclination of doing good and great actions, has the further satisfaction of knowing, that he shall be rewarded for it hereafter; and go among the heroes into the Fortunate Islands, (the Paradise of the ancients) which he here describes; some of whose inhabitants are likewise mentioned by way of inciting Theron to an imitation of their actions; as Peleus, Cadmus, and Achilles. Here the poet, finding himself, as well from the abundance of matter, as from the fertility of his own genius, in danger of wandering too far from his subject, recalls his Muse, and returns to the praise of Theron; whose beneficence and generosity, he tells us, were not to be equalled: with which, and with some reflections upon the enemies and maligners of Theron, he concludes.

STROPHE I.

Ye choral hymns, harmonious lays,
Sweet rulers of the lyric string,
What god? what hero's god-like praise?
What mortal shall we sing?
With Jove, with Pisa's guardian god,
Begin, O Muse, th' Olympic Ode.
Alcides, Jove's heroic son.
The second honours claims;
Who, offering up the spoils from Augeas won,
Establish'd to his sire th' Olympic Games;
Where bright in wreaths of conquest Theron shone.
Then of victorious Theron sing!
Of Theron hospitable, just, and great!
Fam'd Agrigentum's honour'd king,
The prop and bulwark of her towering state;
A righteous prince! whose flowering virtues grace
The venerable stem of his illustrious race:

ANTISTROPHE I.

A race, long exercis'd in woes,
Ere, smiling o'er her kindred flood,
The mansion of their wish'd repose,
Their sacred city stood;
And through amaz'd Sicilia shone
The lustre of their fair renown.
Thence, as the milder Fates decreed,
In destin'd order born,
Auspicious hours with smoother pace succeed;
While power and wealth the noble line adorn,
And public favour, Virtue's richest meed.
O son of Rhea, god supreme!
Whose kingly hands th' Olympian sceptre wield!
Rever'd on Alpheus' sacred stream!
And honour'd most in Pisa's listed field!
Propitious listen to my soothing strain!
And to the worthy sons their father's rights maintain!

EPODE I.

Peace on their future life, and wealth bestow;
And bid their present moments calmly flow.
The deed once done no power can abrogate,
Not the great sire of all things, Time, nor Fate.
But sweet oblivion of disastrous care,
And good succeeding, may the wrong repair.
Lost in the brightness of returning day,
The gloomy terrours of the night decay;
When Jove commands the Sun of joy to rise,
And opens into smiles the cloud-envelop'd skies.

STROPHE II.

Thy hapless daughters' various fate
This moral truth, O Cadmus, shows;
Who vested now with god-like state
On heavenly thrones repose;
And yet Affliction's thorny road
In bitter anguish once they trod.
But bliss superior hath eras'd
The memory of their woe;
While Semele, on high Olympus plac'd,
To heavenly zephyrs bids her tresses flow,
Once by devouring lightnings all defac'd.
There, with immortal charms improv'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven's serene abodes
She dwells, by virgin Pallas lov'd,
Lov'd by Saturnius, father of the gods;
Lov'd by her youthful son, whose brows divine,
In twisting ivy bound, with joy eternal shine.

ANTISTROPHE II.

To Ino, goddess of the main,
The Fates an equal lot decree,
Rank'd with old Ocean's Nereid train,
Bright daughters of the sea.
Deep in the pearly realms below,
Immortal happiness to know.
But here our day's appointed end
To mortals is unknown;
Whether distress our period shall attend,
And in tumultuous storms our sun go down,
Or to the shades in peaceful calms descend.
For various flows the tide of life,
Obnoxious still to Fortune's veering gale;
Now rough with anguish, care, and strife,
O'erwhelming waves the shatter'd bark assail:
Now glide serene and smooth the limpid streams;
And on the surface play Apollo's golden beams.

EPODE II.

Thus, Fate, O Theron, that with bliss divine
And glory once enrich'd thy ancient line,
Again reversing every gracious deed,
Woe to thy wretched sires and shame decreed;
What time, encountering on the Phocian plain,
By luckless Oedipus was Laius slain.
To parricide by Fortune blindly led,
His father's precious life the hero shed;
Doom'd to fulfill the oracles of Heaven, [given.
To Thebes' ill-destin'd king by Pythian Phœbus

STROPHE III.

But with a fierce avenging eye
Erinnys the foul murder view'd,
And bade his warring offspring die,
By mutual rage subdued.
Piere'd by his brother's hateful steel
Thus haughty Polynices fell.
Thersander, born to calmer days,
Surviv'd his falling sire,
In youthful games to win immortal praise;
Renown in martial combats to acquire,
And high in power th' Adrastian house to raise.

Forth from this venerable root
Ænesidamus and his Theron spring;
For whom I touch my Dorian flute,
For whom triumphant strike my sounding string.
Due to his glory is th' Aonian strain,
Whose virtue gain'd the prize in fam'd Olympia's plain.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Alone in fam'd Olympia's sand
The victor's chaplet Theron wore;
But with him on the Isthmian strand,
On sweet Castalia's shore,
The verdant crowns, the proud reward
Of victory, his brother shar'd,
Copartner in immortal praise,
As warm'd with equal zeal
The light-foot courser's generous breed to raise,
And whirl around the goal the fervid wheel.
The painful strife Olympia's wreath repays:
But wealth with nobler virtue join'd
The means and fair occasions must procure;
In glory's chase must aid the mind,
Expense, and toil, and danger to endure;
With mingling rays they feed each other's flame,
And shine the brightest lamp in all the sphere of fame.

EPODE III.

The happy mortal, who these treasures shares,
Well knows what fate attends his generous cares;
Knows, that beyond the verge of life and light,
In the sad regions of infernal night,
The fierce, impracticable, churlish mind
Avenging gods and penal woes shall find;
Where strict inquiring Justice shall bewray
The crimes committed in the realms of day.
Th' impartial judge the rigid law declares,
No more to be revers'd by penitence or prayers.

STROPHE IV.

But in the happy fields of light,
Where Phœbus with an equal ray
Illuminates the balmy night,
And gilds the cloudless day,
In peaceful, unmolested joy,
The good their smiling hours employ.
Them no uneasy wants constrain
To vex th' ungrateful soil,
To tempt the dangers of the billowy main,
And break their strength with unabating toil,
A frail disastrous being to maintain.
But in their joyous calm abodes,
The recompense of justice they receive;
And in the fellowship of gods
Without a tear eternal ages live.
While, banish'd by the Fates from joy and rest,
Intolerable woes the impious soul infest

ANTISTROPHE IV.

But they who, in true virtue strong,
The third purgation can endure;
And keep their minds from fraudful wrong
And guilt's contagion pure;
They through the starry paths of Jove
To Saturn's blissful seat remove;
Where fragrant breezes, vernal airs,
Sweet children of the main,
Purge the blest island from corroding cares,
And fan the bosom of each verdant plain:
Whose fertile soil immortal fruitage bears;
Trees, from whose flaming branches flow,
Array'd in golden bloom, refulgent beams;
And flowers of golden hue, that blow
On the fresh borders of their parent streams;
These, by the blest in solemn triumph worn,
Their unpolluted hands and clustering locks adorn.

EPODE IV.

Such is the righteous will, the high behest,
Of Rhadamanthus, ruler of the blest;
The just assessor of the throne divine,
On which, high rais'd above all gods, recline,
Link'd in the golden bands of wedded love,
The great progenitors of thundering Jove.
There, in the number of the blest enroll'd,
Live Cadmus, Peleus, heroes fam'd of old;
And young Achilles, to those isles remov'd
Soon as, by Thetis won, relenting Jove approv'd:

STROPHE V.

Achilles, whose resistless might
Troy's stable pillar overthrew,
The valiant Hector, firm in fight,
And hardy Cygnus slew,
And Memnon, offspring of the morn,
In torrid Æthiopia born—
Yet in my well-stor'd breast remain
Materials to supply
With copious argument my moral strain,
Whose mystic sense the wise alone descry,
Still to the vulgar sounding harsh and vain.
He only, in whose ample breast
Nature hath true inherent genius pour'd,
The praise of wisdom may contest;
Not they who, with loquacious learning stor'd,
Like crows and chattering jays, with clamorous cries
Pursue the bird of Jove, that sails along the skies.

ANTISTROPHE V.

Come on! thy brightest shafts prepare,
And bend, O Muse, thy sounding bow;
Say, through what paths of liquid air
Our arrows shall we throw?
On Agrigentum fix thine eye,
Thither let all thy quiver fly.
And thou, O Agrigentum, hear,
While, with religious dread,
And taught the laws of justice to revere,
To heavenly vengeance I devote my head,
If aught to truth repugnant now I swear,
Swear, that no state, revolving o'er
The long memorials of recorded days,
Can show in all her boasted store
A name to parallel thy Theron's praise;
One to the acts of friendship so inclin'd,
So fam'd for bounteous deeds, and love of human kind.

EPODE V.

Yet hath obstreperous Envy sought to drown
The goodly music of his sweet renown;
While, by some frantic spirits borne along
To mad attempts of violence and wrong.
She turn'd against him Faction's raging flood,
And strove with evil deeds to conquer good.
But who can number every sandy grain
Wash'd by Sicilia's hoarse-resounding main?
Or who can Theron's generous works express,
And tell how many hearts his bounteous virtues bless!

THE THIRD OLYMPIC ODE.

This ode is likewise inscribed to Theron king of Agrigentum, upon the occasion of another victory obtained by him in the chariot-race at Olympia; the date of which is unknown.

ARGUMENT.

The scholiast acquaints us, that as Theron was celebrating the Theoxenia (a festival instituted by Castor and Pollux in honour of all the gods) he received the news of a victory obtained by his chariot in the Olympic games: from this circumstance the poet takes occasion to address this ode to those two deities and their sister Helena, in whose temple, the same scholiast informs us, some people with greatest probability conjectured, it was sung, at a solemn sacrifice there offered by Theron to those deities, and to Hercules, also, as may be inferred from a passage in the third strophe of the translation. But there is another, and a more poetical propriety in Pindar's invoking these divinities, that is suggested in the ode itself: for, after mentioning the occasion of his composing it, namely, the Olympic victory of Theron, and saying that a triumphal song was a tribute due to that person upon whom the hellenodic, or judge of the games, bestowed the sacred olive, according to the institution of their first founder Hercules, he proceeds to relate the fabulous, but legendary story, of that hero's having brought that plant originally from Scythia, the country of the Hyperboreans, to Olympia; having planted it there near the temple of Jupiter, and ordered that the victors in those games should, for the future, be crowned with the branches of this sacred tree. To this he adds, that Hercules, upon his being removed to Heaven, appointed the twin-brothers, Castor and Pollux, to celebrate the Olympic games, and execute the office of bestowing the olive-crown upon those who obtained the victory; and now, continues Pindar, he comes a propitious guest, to this sacrifice of Theron, in company with the two sons of Leda, who, to reward the piety and zeal of Theron and his family, have given them success and glory; to the utmost limits of which he insinuates that Theron is arrived, and so concludes with affirming, that it would be in vain for any man, wise or unwise, to attempt to surpass him.

TO

THERON KING OF AGRIGENTUM.

STROPHE I.

While to the fame of Agragas I sing,
For Theron wake th' Olympic string,
And with Aonian garlands grace
His steeds unwearied in the race;
O may the hospitable twins of Jove,
And bright-hair'd Helena, the song approve!
For this the Muse bestow'd her aid,
As in new measures I essay'd
To harmonize the tuneful words,
And set to Dorian airs my sounding chords.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! the conquering steeds, whose tossing heads
Olympia's verdant wreath bespreads,
The Muse-imparted tribute claim,
Due, Theron, to thy glorious name;
And bid me temper in their master's praise
The flute, the warbling lyre, and melting lays.
Lo! Pisa too the song requires;
Elean Pisa, that inspires
The glowing bard with eager care
His heaven-directed present to prepare:

EPODE I.

The present offer'd to his virtuous fame,
On whose ennobled brows
The righteous umpire of the sacred game,
Th' Ætolian judge, bestows
The darksome olive, studious to fulfil
The mighty founder's will,
Who this fair ensign of Olympic toil
From distant Scythia's fruitful soil,
And Hyperborean Ister's woody shore,
With fair entreaties gain'd, to Grecian Elis bore.

STROPHE II.

The blameless servants of the Delphic god
With joy the valued gifts bestow'd;
Mov'd by the friendly chief to grant,
On terms of peace, the sacred plant,
Destin'd at once to shade Jove's honour'd shrine,
And crown heroic worth with wreaths divine.
For now full-orb'd the wandering Moon
In plenitude of brightness shone,
And on the spacious eye of night
Pour'd all the radiance of her golden light:

ANTISTROPHE II.

Now on Jove's altars blaz'd the hallow'd flames,
And now were fix'd the mighty games,
Again, when e'er the circling Sun,
Four times his annual course had run,
Their period to renew, and shine again
On Alpheus' craggy shores and Pisa's plain:
But subject all the region lay
To the fierce Sun's insulting ray,
While upon Pelops' burning vale
No shade arose his fury to repell.

EPODE II.

Then traversing the hills, whose jutting base
Indents Arcadia's meads,
To where the virgin goddess of the chase
Impells her foaming steeds,
To Scythian Ister he directs his way,
Doom'd by his father to obey
The rigid pleasures of Mycenæ's king,
And thence the rapid hind to bring,
Whom, sacred present for the Orthian maid,
With horns of branching gold, Taygeta array'd.

STROPHE III.

There as the longsome chase the chief pursued,
The spacious Scythian plains he view'd;
A land beyond the chilling blast
And northern caves of Boreas cast:
There too the groves of olive he survey'd,
And gaz'd with rapture on the pleasing shade,
Thence by the wondering hero borne
The goals of Elis to adorn.
And now to Theron's sacred feast
With Leda's twins he comes, propitious guest!

ANTISTROPHE III.

To Leda's twins (when Heaven's divine abodes
He sought, and mingled with the gods)

He gave th' illustrious games to hold,
And crown the swift, the strong, and bold.
Then, Muse, to Theron and his house proclaim
The joyous tidings of success and fame,
By Leda's twins bestow'd to grace,
Emmenides, thy pious race,
Who, mindful of Heaven's high behests,
With strictest zeal observe their holy feasts.

EPODE III.

As water's vital streams all things surpass,
As gold's all-worship'd ore
Holds amid Fortune's stores the highest class;
So to that distant shore,
To where the pillars of Alcides rise,
Fame's utmost boundaries,
Theron, pursuing his successful way,
Hath deck'd with glory's brightest ray
His lineal virtues.—Further to attain,
Wise, and unwise, with me despair: th' attempt were vain.

THE FIFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Psaumis of Camarina (a town in Sicily), who, in the eighty-second Olympiad, obtained three victories; one in the race of chariots drawn by four horses; a second in the race of the apené, or chariot drawn by mules, and a third in the race of single horses.

Some people (it seems) have doubted, whether this ode be Pindar's, for certain reasons, which, together with the arguments on the other side, the learned reader may find in the Oxford edition and others of this author; where it is clearly proved to be genuine. But, besides the reasons there given for doubting if this ode be Pindar's, there is another (though not mentioned, as I know of, by any one) which may have helped to bias people in their judgment upon this question. I shall therefore beg leave to consider it a little, because what I shall say upon that head will tend to illustrate both the meaning and the method of Pindar in this ode. In the Greek editions of this author there are two odes (of which this is the second) inscribed to the same Psaumis, and dated both in the same Olympiad. But they differ from each other in several particulars, as well in the matter as the manner. In the second ode, notice is taken of three victories obtained by Psaumis; in the first, of only one, viz. that obtained by him in the race of chariots drawn by four horses: in the second, not only the city of Camarina, but the lake of the same name, many rivers adjoining to it, and some circumstances relating to the present state, and the rebuilding of that city (which had been destroyed by the Syracusians some years before) are mentioned; whereas in the first, Camarina is barely named, as the country of the conqueror, and as it were out of form: from all which I conclude, that these two odes were composed to be sung at different times, and in different places; the first at Olympia, immediately upon Psaumis's being proclaimed conqueror in the chariot-race, and before he obtained his other two victories. This may with great probability be inferred, as well from no mention being there made of those two victories, as from the prayer which the poet subjoins immediately to his account of the first, viz. that Heaven would in like manner be favourable to the rest of the victor's wishes; which prayer, though it be in general words, and one frequently used by Pindar in other of his odes, yet has a peculiar beauty and propriety, if taken to relate to the other two exercises, in which Psaumis was still to contend; and in which he afterwards came off victorious. That it was the custom for a conqueror, at the time of his being proclaimed, to be attended by a chorus, who sung a song of triumph in honour of his victory, I have observed in the dissertation prefixed to these odes[1]. In the second, there are so many marks of its having been made to be sung at the triumphal entry of Psaumis into his own country, and those so evident, that, after this hint given, the reader cannot help observing them as he goes through the ode. I shall therefore say nothing more of them in this place; but that they tend, by showing for what occasion this ode was calculated, to confirm what I said relating to the other; and jointly with that to prove, that there is no reason to conclude from there being two odes inscribed to the same person, and dated in the same Olympiad, that the latter is not Pindar's, especially as it appears, both in the style and spirit, altogether worthy of him.

ARGUMENT.

The poet begins with addressing himself to Camarina, a sea nymph, from whom the city and lake were both named, to bespeak a favourable reception of his ode, a present which he tells her was made to her by Psaumis, who rendered her city illustrious at the Olympic games; where having obtained three victories, he consecrated his fame to Camarina, by ordering the herald, when he proclaimed him conqueror, to style him of that city. This he did at Olympia; but now, continues Pindar, upon his coming home, he is more particular, and inserts in his triumphal song the names of the principal places and rivers belonging to Camarina; from whence the poet takes occasion to speak of the rebuilding of that city, which was done about this time, and of the state of glory, to which, out of her low and miserable condition, she was now brought by the means of Psaumis, and by the lustre cast on her by his victories; victories (says he) not to be obtained without much labour and expense, the usual attendants of great and glorious actions; but the man who succeeded in such-like undertakings was sure to be rewarded with the love and approbation of his country. The poet then addresses himself to Jupiter in a prayer, beseeching him to adorn the city and state of Camarina with virtue and glory; and to grant to the victor Psaumis a joyful and contented old age, and the happiness of dying before his children: after which he concludes with an exhortation to Psaumis, to be contented with his condition; which he insinuates was as happy as that of a mortal could be, and it was to no purpose for him to wish to be a god.

[1] See Mr. West's Preface, p. 142.

STROPHE.

Fair Camarina, daughter of the main,
With gracious smiles this choral song receive,
Sweet fruit of virtuous toils; whose noble strain
Shall to th' Olympic wreath new lustre give:
This Psaumis, whom on Alpheus' shore
With unabating speed
The harness'd mules to conquest bore,
This gift to thee decreed;
Thee, Camarina, whose well-peopled towers
Thy Psaumis render'd great in fame,
When to the twelve Olympian powers
He fed with victims the triumphal flame.
When, the double altars round,
Slaughter'd bulls bestrew'd the ground;
When, on five selected days,
Jove survey'd the list of praise;
While along the dusty course
Psaumis urg'd his straining horse,
Or beneath the social yoke
Made the well-match'd coursers smoke;
Or around th' Elean goal
Taught his mule-drawn car to roll.
Then did the victor dedicate his fame
To thee, and bade the herald's voice proclaim
Thy new-establish'd walls, and Acron's honour'd name.

ANTISTROPHE.

But now return'd from where the pleasant seat
Once of Oenomaus and Pelops stood,
Thee, Civic Pallas, and thy chaste retreat,
He bids me sing, and fair Oanus' flood,
And Camarina's sleeping wave,
And those sequester'd shores,
Through which, the thirsty town to lave,
Smooth flow the watery stores
Of fishy Hipparis, profoundest stream,
Adown whose wood-envelop'd tide
The solid pile and lofty beam,
Materials for the future palace, glide.
Thus, by war's rude tempests torn,
Plung'd in misery and scorn,
Once again, with power array'd,
Camarina lifts her head,
Gayly brightening in the blaze,
Psaumis, of thy hard-earn'd praise.
Trouble, care, expense, attend
Him who labours to ascend
Where, approaching to the skies,
Virtue holds the sacred prize,
That tempts him to achieve the dangerous deed:
But, if his well-concerted toils succeed, [meed.
His country's just applause shall be his glorious

EPODE.

O Jove! protector of mankind!
O cloud-enthroned king of gods!
Who, on the Chronian mount reclin'd,
With honour crown'st the wide-stream'd floods
Of Alpheus, and the solemn gloom
Of Ida's cave! to thee I come
Thy suppliant, to soft Lydian reeds,
Sweet breathing forth my tuneful prayer,
That, grac'd with noble, valiant deeds,
This state may prove thy guardian care;
And thou, on whose victorious brow
Olympia bound the sacred bough,
Thou whom Neptunian steeds delight,
With age, content, and quiet crown'd,
Calm may'st thou sink to endless night,
Thy children, Psaumis, weeping round.
And since the gods have given thee fame and wealth,
Join'd with that prime of earthly treasures, health,
Enjoy the blessings they to man assign,
Nor fondly sigh for happiness divine.

THE SEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Diagoras, the son of Damagetus of Rhodes, who in the seventy-ninth Olympiad obtained the victory in the exercise of the cæstus.

This ode was in such esteem among the ancients, that it was deposited in a temple of Minerva, written in letters of gold.

ARGUMENT.

The poet begins this noble song of triumph with a simile, by which he endeavours to show his great esteem for those who obtain the victory in the Olympic and other games; as also the value of the present that he makes them upon that occasion; a present always acceptable, because fame and praise is that which delights all mortals; wherefore the Muse, says he, is perpetually looking about for proper objects to bestow it upon; and seeing the great actions of Diagoras, takes up a resolution of celebrating him, the Isle of Rhodes his country, and his father Damagetus (according to the form observed by the herald in proclaiming the conquerors); Damagetus, and consequently Diagoras, being descended from Tlepolemus, who led over a colony of Grecians from Argos to Rhodes, where he settled, and obtained the dominion of that island. From Tlepolemus, therefore, Pindar declares he will deduce his song; which he addresses to all the Rhodians in common with Diagoras, who were descended from Tlepolemus, or from those Grecians that came over with him; that is, almost all the people of Rhodes, who indeed are as much (if not more) interested in the greatest part of this ode, as Diagoras the conqueror. Pindar accordingly relates the occasion of Tlepolemus's coming to Rhodes, which he tells was in obedience to an oracle, that commanded him to seek out that island; which, instead of telling us its name, Pindar, in a more poetical manner, characterizes by relating of it some legendary stories (if I may so speak) that were peculiar to the Isle of Rhodes; such as the Golden Shower, and the occasion of Apollo's choosing that island for himself; both which stories he relates at large with such a flame of poetry as shows his imagination to have been extremely heated and elevated with his subjects. Neither does he seem to cool in the short account that he gives, in the next place, of the passion of Apollo for the nymph Rhodos, from whom the island received its name, and from whom were descended its original inhabitants (whom just before the poet therefore called the sons of Apollo): and particularly the three brothers, Camirus, Lindus, and Jalysus; who divided that country into three kingdoms, and built the three principal cities which retained their names. In this island

Tlepolemus (says the poet, returning to the story of that hero) found rest, and a period to all his misfortunes, and at length grew into such esteem with the Rhodians, that they worshipped him as a god, appointing sacrifices to him, and instituting games in his honour. The mention of those games naturally brings back the poet to Diagoras; and gives him occasion, from the two victories obtained by Diagoras in those games, to enumerate all the prizes won by that famous conqueror in all the games of Greece: after which enumeration, he begs of Jupiter, in a solemn prayer, to grant Diagoras the love of his country, and the admiration of all the world, as a reward for the many virtues for which he and his family had always been distinguished, and for which their country had so often triumphed: and then, as if he had been a witness of the extravagant transports of the Rhodians, (to which, not the festival only occasioned by the triumphal entry of their countryman, and the glory reflected upon them by his victories, but much more the flattering and extraordinary eulogiums bestowed upon the whole nation in this ode, might have given birth) the poet on a sudden changes his hand, and checks their pride by a moral reflection on the vicissitude of Fortune, with which he exhorts them to moderation, and so concludes.

HEROIC STANZAS.

As when a father in the golden vase,
The pride and glory of his wealthy stores,
Bent his lov'd daughter's nuptial torch to grace
The vineyard's purple dews profusely pours;

Then to his lips the foaming chalice rears,
With blessings hallow'd, and auspicious vows,
And, mingling with the draught transporting tears,
On the young bridegroom the rich gift bestows;

The precious earnest of esteem sincere,
Of friendly union and connubial love:
The bridal train the sacred pledge revere,
And round the youth in sprightly measures move.

He to his home the valued present bears,
The grace and ornament of future feasts;
Where, as his father's bounty he declares,
Wonder shall seize the gratulating guests.

Thus on the valiant, on the swift, and strong,
Castalia's genuine nectar I bestow;
And, pouring forth the Muse-descended song,
Bid to their praises the rich numbers flow.

Grateful to them resounds th' harmonic Ode,
The gift of Friendship and the pledge of Fame.
Happy the mortal, whom th' Aonian God
Cheers with the music of a glorious name!

The Muse her piercing glances throws around,
And quick discovers every worthy deed:
And now she wakes the lyre's enchanting sound,
Now fills with various strains the vocal reed:

But here each instrument of song divine,
The vocal reed and lyre's enchanting string,
She tunes; and bids their harmony combine
Thee, and thy Rhodes, Diagoras, to sing;

Thee and thy country, native of the flood, [name,
Which from bright Rhodos draws her honour'd

Fair nymph, whose charms subdued the Delphic god,
Fair blooming daughter of the Cyprian dame:

To sing thy triumphs in th' Olympic sand,
Where Alpheus saw thy giant-temples crown'd;
Fam'd Pythia too proclaim'd thy conquering hand,
Where sweet Castalia's mystic currents sound.

Nor Damagetus will I pass unsung,
Thy sire, the friend of Justice and of Truth;
From noble ancestors whose lineage sprung,
The chiefs who led to Rhodes the Argive youth.

There, near to Asia's wide-extended strand,
Where jutting Embolus the waves divides,
In three divisions they possess'd the land,
Enthron'd amid the hoarse-resounding tides.

To their descendants will I tune my lyre,
The offspring of Alcides bold and strong;
And from Tlepolemus, their common sire,
Deduce the national historic song.

Tlepolemus of great Alcides came,
The fruits of fair Astydameïa's love,
Jove-born Amyntor got the Argive dame:
So either lineage is deriv'd from Jove.

But wrapt in errour is the human mind,
And human bliss is ever insecure:
Know we what fortune yet remains behind?
Know we how long the present shall endure?

For lo! the founder of the Rhodian state[1],
Who from Saturnian Jove his being drew,
While his fell bosom swell'd with vengeful hate,
The bastard-brother of Alcmena slew.

With his rude mace, in fair Tirynthia's walls,
Tlepolemus inflicts the horrid wound:
E'en at his mother's door Licymnius falls,
Yet warm from her embrace, and bites the ground.

Passion may oft the wisest heart surprise:
Conscious and trembling for the murderous deed,
To Delphi's oracle the hero flies,
Solicitous to learn what Heaven decreed.

Him bright-hair'd Phœbus, from his odorous fane,
Bade set his flying sails from Lerna's shore,
And, in the bosom of the eastern main,
That sea-girt region hasten to explore;

That blissful island, where a wondrous cloud
Once rain'd, at Jove's command, a golden shower;
What time, assisted by the Lemnian god,
The king of Heaven brought forth the virgin power.

By Vulcan's art the father's teeming head
Was open'd wide, and forth impetuous sprung,
And shouted fierce and loud, the warrior maid:
Old Mother Earth and Heaven affrighted rung.

Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
Did to his children the strange tale reveal:
He warn'd them straight the sacrifice to slay,
And worship the young power with earliest zeal.

So would they sooth the mighty father's mind,
Pleas'd with the honours to his daughter paid;
And so propitious ever would they find
Minerva, warlike, formidable maid.

On staid precaution, vigilant and wise,
True virtue and true happiness depend;

[1] Tlepolemus.

But oft Oblivion's darkening clouds arise,
And from the destin'd scope our purpose bend.

The Rhodians, mindful of their sire's behest,
Straight in the citadel an altar rear'd;
But with imperfect rites the power address'd,
And without fire their sacrifice prepar'd.

Yet Jove, approving, o'er th' assembly spread
A yellow cloud, that dropp'd with golden dews;
While in their opening hearts the blue-ey'd maid
Deigh'd her celestial science to infuse.

Thence in all arts the sons of Rhodes excel,
Though best their forming hands the chissel guide;
This in each street the breathing marbles tell,
The stranger's wonder, and the city's pride.

Great praise the works of Rhodian artists find,
Yet to their heavenly mistress much they owe;
Since art and learning cultivate the mind,
And make the seeds of genius quicker grow.

Some say, that when by lot th' immortal gods
With Jove these earthly regions did divide,
All undiscover'd lay Phœbean Rhodes,
Whelm'd deep beneath the salt Carpathian tide;

That, absent on his course, the god of day
By all the heavenly synod was forgot,
Who, his incessant labours to repay,
Nor land nor sea to Phœbus did allot;

That Jove reminded would again renew
Th' unjust partition, but the god denied;
And said, "Beneath yon hoary surge I view
An isle emerging through the briny tide:

"A region pregnant with the fertile seed
Of plants, and herbs, and fruits, and foodful grain;
Each verdant hill unnumber'd flocks shall feed;
Unnumber'd men possess each flowery plain."

Then straight to Lachesis he gave command,
Who binds in golden cauls her jetty hair,
He bade the fatal sister stretch her hand,
And by the Stygian rivers bade her swear;

Swear to confirm the Thunderer's decree,
Which to his rule that fruitful island gave,
When from the ouzy bottom of the sea
Her head she rear'd above the Lycian wave.

The fatal sister swore, nor swore in vain;
Nor did the tongue of Delphi's prophet err;
Up-sprung the blooming island through the main;
And Jove on Phœbus did the boon confer.

In this fam'd isle, the radiant sire of light,
The god whose reins the fiery steeds obey,
Fair Rhodos saw, and, kindling at the sight,
Seiz'd, and by force enjoy'd the beauteous prey:

From whose divine embraces sprung a race
Of mortals, wisest of all human-kind;
Seven sons, endow'd with every noble grace;
The noble graces of a sapient mind.

Of these Ialysus and Lindus came,
Who with Camirus shar'd the Rhodian lands;
Apart they reign'd, and, sacred to his name,
Apart each brother's royal city stands.

Here a secure retreat from all his woes
Astydameia's hapless offspring found;
Here, like a god in undisturb'd repose,
And like a god with heavenly honours crown'd,
His priests and blazing altars he surveys,
And hecatombs, that feed the odorous flame;
With games, memorial of his deathless praise;
Where twice, Diagoras, unmatch'd in fame,

Twice on thy head the livid poplar shone,
Mix'd with the darksome pine, that binds the brows
Of Isthmian victors, and the Nemean crown,
And every palm that Attica bestows.

Diagoras th' Arcadian vase obtain'd;
Argos to him adjudg'd her brazen shield;
His mighty hands the Theban tripod gain'd,
And bore the prize from each Bœotian field.

Six times in rough Ægina he prevail'd;
As oft Pellene's robe of honour won;
And still at Megara in vain assail'd,
He with his name hath fill'd the victor's stone.

O thou, who, high on Atabyrius thron'd,
Seest from his summits all this happy isle,
By thy protection be my labours crown'd;
Vouchsafe, Saturnius, on my verse to smile!

And grant to him, whose virtue is my theme,
Whose valiant heart th' Olympic wreaths proclaim,
At home his country's favour and esteem,
Abroad eternal, universal fame.

For well to thee Diagoras is known;
Ne'er to injustice have his paths declin'd:
Nor from his sires degenerates the son,
Whose precepts and examples fire his mind.

Then from obscurity preserve a race,
Who to their country joy and glory give;
Their country, that in them views every grace,
Which from their great forefathers they receive.

Yet as the gales of Fortune various blow,
To day tempestuous, and to morrow fair,
Due bounds, ye Rhodians, let your transports know;
Perhaps to morrow comes a storm of care.

THE ELEVENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Agesidamus of Locris, who, in the seventy-fourth Olympiad, obtained the victory in the exercise of the cæstus, and in the class of boys.

The preceding ode in the original is inscribed to the same person; and in that we learn, that Pindar had for a long time promised Agesidamus an ode upon his victory, which he at length paid him, acknowledging himself to blame for having been so long in his debt. To make him some amends for having delayed payment so long, he sent him by way of interest together with the preceding ode, which is of some length, the short one that is here translated, and which in the Greek title is for that reason styled τόκος or interest.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, by two comparisons, with which he begins his ode, insinuates how acceptable to successful merit those songs of triumph are, which give stability and duration to their fame: then declaring that these songs are due to the Olympic conquerors, he proceeds to celebrate the victory of Agesidamus, and the praises of the Locrians, his countrymen, whom he commends for their

having been always reputed a brave, wise, and hospitable nation; from whence he insinuates, that their virtues being hereditary and innate, there was no more likelihood of their departing from them, than there was of the fox and lion's changing their natures.

STROPHE.

To wind-bound mariners most welcome blow
The breezy zephyrs through the whistling shrouds:
Most welcome to the thirsty mountains flow
Soft showers, the pearly daughters of the clouds;
And when on virtuous toils the gods bestow
Success, most welcome sound mellifluous odes,
Whose numbers ratify the voice of Fame,
And to illustrious Worth insure a lasting name.

ANTISTROPHE.

Such Fame, superior to the hostile dart
Of canker'd Envy, Pisa's chiefs attends.
Fain would my Muse th' immortal boon impart,
Th' immortal boon which from high Heaven descends.
And now, inspir'd by Heaven, thy valiant heart,
Agesidamus, she to Fame commends:
Now adds the ornament of tuneful praise, [lays.
And decks thy olive-crown with sweetly-sounding

EPODE.

But while thy bold achievements I rehearse,
Thy youthful victory in Pisa's sand,
With thee partaking in the friendly verse
Not unregarded shall thy Locris stand.
Then haste, ye Muses, join the choral band
Of festive youths upon the Locrian plain;
To an uncivilized and savage land
Think not I now invite your virgin train,
Where barbarous ignorance and foul disdain
Of social Virtue's hospitable lore
Prompts the unmanner'd and inhuman swain
To drive the stranger from his churlish door.
A nation shall ye find, renown'd of yore
For martial valour and for worthy deeds;
Rich in a vast and unexhausted store
Of innate wisdom, whose prolific seeds
Spring in each age. So Nature's laws require:
And the great laws of Nature ne'er expire.
Unchang'd the lion's valiant race remains,
And all his father's wiles the youthful fox retains.

THE TWELFTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Ergoteles the son of Philanor of Himera, who, in the seventy-seventh Olympiad, gained the prize in the foot-race called Dolichos or the long course.

ARGUMENT.

Ergoteles was originally of Crete, but being driven from thence by the fury of a prevailing faction, he retired to Himera, a town of Sicily, where he was honourably received, and admitted to the freedom of the city; after which he had the happiness to obtain, what the Greeks esteemed the highest pitch of glory, the Olympic crown. Pausanias says he gained two Olympic crowns; and the same number in each of the other three sacred games, the Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean. From these remarkable vicissitudes of fortune in the life of Ergoteles, Pindar takes occasion to address himself to that powerful directress of all human affairs, imploring her protection for Himera, the adopted country of Ergoteles. Then, after describing in general terms the universal influence of that deity upon all the actions of mankind, the uncertainty of events, and the vanity of hope, ever fluctuating in ignorance and errour, he assigns a reason for that vanity, viz. That the gods have not given to mortal men any certain evidence of their future fortunes, which often happen to be the very reverse both of their hopes and fears. Thus, says he, it happened to Ergoteles, whose very misfortunes were to him the occasion of happiness and glory; since, had he not been banished from his country, he had probably passed his life in obscurity, and wasted in domestic broils and quarrels that strength and activity, which his more peaceful situation at Himera enabled him to improve, and employ for the obtaining the Olympic crown.

This ode, one of the shortest, is, at the same time, in its order and connection, the clearest and most compact of any to be met with in Pindar.

STROPHE.

Daughter of Eleutherian Jove,
To thee my supplications I prefer!
For potent Himera my suit I move;
Protectress Fortune, hear!
Thy deity along the pathless main
In her wild course the rapid vessel guides;
Rules the fierce conflict on th' embattled plain,
And in deliberating states presides.
Toss'd by thy uncertain gale
On the seas of errour sail
Human hopes, now mounting high
On the swelling surge of joy;
Now with unexpected woe
Sinking to the depths below.

ANTISTROPHE.

For sure presage of things to come
None yet on mortals have the gods bestow'd;
Nor of futurity's impervious gloom
Can wisdom pierce the cloud.
Oft our most sanguine views th' event deceives,
And veils in sudden grief the smiling ray:
Oft, when with woe the mournful bosom heaves,
Caught in a storm of anguish and dismay,
Pass some fleeting moments by,
All at once the tempests fly:
Instant shifts the clouded scene;
Heaven renews its smiles serene;
And on joy's untroubled tides
Smooth to port the vessel glides,

EPODE.

Son of Philanor[1]! in the secret shade
Thus had thy speed unknown to Fame decay'd;
Thus, like the crested bird of Mars[2], at home
Engag'd in foul domestics jars,
And wasted with intestine wars,
Inglorious hadst thou spent thy vigorous bloom;

[1] Ergoteles. [2] The cock.

Had not Sedition's civil broils
Expell'd thee from thy native Crete,
And driven thee with more glorious toils
Th' Olympic crown in Pisa's plain to meet.
With olive now, with Pythian laurels grac'd,
And the dark chaplets of the Isthmian pine,
In Himera's adopted city plac'd,
To all, Ergoteles, thy honours shine,
And raise her lustre by imparting thine.

THE FOURTEENTH OLYMPIC ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Asophicus, the son of Cleodemus of Orchomenus; who, in the seventy-sixth Olympiad, gained the victory in the simple foot-race, and in the class of boys.

ARGUMENT.

Orchomenus, a city of Bœotia, and the country of the victor Asophicus, being under the protection of the Graces, her tutelary deities, to them Pindar addresses this ode; which was probably sung in the very temple of those goddesses, at a sacrifice offered by Asophicus on occasion of his victory. The poet begins this invocation with styling the Graces queens of Orchomenus, and guardians of the children of Minyas, the first king of that city; whose fertile territories, he says, were by lot assigned to their protection. Then, after describing in general the properties and operations of these deities, both in Earth and Heaven, he proceeds to call upon each of them by name to assist at the singing of this ode; which was made, he tells them, to celebrate the victory of Asophicus, in the glory of which Orchomenus had her share. Then addressing himself to Echo, a nymph that formerly resided on the banks of Cephisus, a river of that country, he charges her to repair to the mansion of Proserpine, and impart to Cleodemus, the father of Asophicus, (who from hence appears to have been dead at that time) the happy news of his son's victory; and so concludes.

MONOSTROPHAIC.

STROPHE I.

Ye powers, o'er all the flowery meads,
Where deep Cephisus rolls his lucid tide,
Allotted to preside,
And haunt the plains renown'd for beauteous steeds,
Queens of Orchomenus the fair,
And sacred guardians of the ancient line
Of Minyas divine,
Hear, O ye Graces, and regard my prayer!
All that's sweet and pleasing here
Mortals from your hands receive:
Splendour ye and fame confer,
Genius, wit, and beauty give,
Nor, without your shining train,
Ever on th' ethereal plain
In harmonious measures move
The celestial choirs above;
When the figur'd dance they lead,
Or the nectar'd banquet spread.
But with thrones immortal grac'd,
And by Pythian Phœbus plac'd,
Ordering through the blest abodes
All the splendid works of gods,
Sit the sisters in a ring,
Round the golden-shafted king:
And with reverential love
Worshipping th' Olympian throne,
The majestic brow of Jove
With unfading honours crown.

STROPHE II.

Aglaia, graceful virgin, hear!
And thou, Euphrosyne, whose ear
Delighted listens to the warbled strain!
Bright daughters of Olympian Jove,
The best, the greatest power above;
With your illustrious presence deign
To grace our choral song!
Whose notes to victory's glad sound
In wanton measures lightly bound.
Thalia, come along!
Come, tuneful maid! for, lo! my string
With meditated skill prepares
In softly soothing Lydian airs
Asophicus to sing;
Asophicus, whose speed, by thee sustain'd,
The wreath for his Orchomenus obtain'd.
Go then, sportive Echo, go,
To the sable dome below,
Proserpine's black dome, repair,
There to Cleodemus bear
Tidings of immortal fame:
Tell, how in the rapid game
O'er Pisa's vale his son victorious fled;
Tell, for thou saw'st him bear away
The winged honours of the day;
And deck'd with wreaths of fame his youthful head.

THE FIRST PYTHIAN ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Hiero of Ætna, King of Syracuse, who, in the twenty-ninth Pythiad, (which answers to the seventy-eighth Olympiad) gained the victory in the chariot-race.

ARGUMENT.

The poet, addressing himself in the first place to his harp, lanches out immediately into a description of the wonderful effects produced in Heaven by the enchanting harmony of that divine instrument, when played upon by Apollo, and accompanied by the Muses; these effects, says he, are to celestial minds delight and rapture; but the contrary to the wicked, who cannot hear, without horrour, this heavenly music. Having mentioned the wicked, he falls into an account of the punishment of Typhœus, an impious giant; who, having presumed to defy Jupiter, was by him cast into Tartarus, and then chained under Mount Ætna, whose fiery eruptions he ascribes to this giant, whom he therefore styles Vulcanian Monster. The description of these eruptions of Mount Ætna, he closes with a short prayer to Jupiter, who had a temple upon that mountain, and from thence passes to, what indeed is more properly the subject of this ode, the Pythian victory of Hiero. This part of the poem is connected with what went before by the means of Ætna, a city built by Hiero, and named after the mountain in whose neighbourhood it stood. Hiero had ordered himself to be styled of Ætna

by the herald who proclaimed his victory in the Pythian games; from which glorious beginning, says Pindar, the happy city presages to herself all kinds of glory and felicity for the future. Then addressing himself to Apollo, the patron of the Pythian games, he beseeches him to make the citizens of Etna great and happy; all human excellencies being the gifts of Heaven. To Hiero, in like manner, he wishes felicity and prosperity for the future, not to be disturbed by the return or remembrance of any past afflictions. The toils indeed and troubles which Hiero had undergone, before he and his brother Gelo obtained the sovereignty of Syracuse, having been crowned with success, will doubtless, says Pindar, recur often to his memory with great delight: and then taking notice of the condition of Hiero, who, it seems, being at that time troubled with the stone, was carried about in the army in a litter, or chariot, he compares him to Philoctetes: this hero, having been wounded in the foot by one of Hercules's arrows, staid in Lemnos to get cured of his wound; but it being decreed by the Fates, that Troy should not be taken without those arrows, of which Philoctetes had the possession, the Greeks fetched him from Lemnos, lame and wounded as he was, and carried him to the siege. As Hiero resembled Philoctetes in one point, may he also, adds the poet, resemble him in another, and recover his health by the assistance of a divinity! Then addressing himself to Dinomenes, the son of Hiero, whom that prince intended to make king of Etna, he enters into an account of the colony, which Hiero had settled in that city: the people of this colony being originally descended from Sparta, were, at their own request, governed by the laws of that famous commonwealth. To this account Pindar subjoins a prayer to Jupiter, imploring him to grant that both the king and people of Etna may, by answerable deeds, maintain the glory and splendour of their race; and that Hiero, and his son Dinomenes, taught to govern by the precepts of his father, may be able to dispose their minds to peace and unity. For this purpose, continues he, do thou, O Jupiter, prevent the Carthaginians and the Tuscans from invading Sicily any more, by recalling to their minds the great losses they had lately sustained from the valour of Hiero and his brothers; into a more particular detail of whose courage and virtue, Pindar insinuates he would gladly enter, was he not afraid of being too prolix and tedious; a fault which is apt to breed in the reader satiety and disgust; and though, continues he, excessive fame produces often the same effects in envious minds, yet do not thou, O Hiero! upon that consideration, omit doing any great or good action; it being far better to be envied than to be pitied. With this, and some precepts useful to all kings in general, and others more peculiarly adapted to the temple of Hiero, whom, as he was somewhat inclined to avarice, he encourages to acts of generosity and munificence, from the consideration of the fame accruing to the princes of that character, and the infamy redounding to tyrants; he concludes; winding up all with observing, that the first of all human blessings consists in being virtuous; the second in being praised; and that he who has the happiness to enjoy both these at the same time, is arrived at the highest point of earthly felicity.

DECADE I.

Hail, golden lyre! whose heaven-invented string
To Phœbus and the black-hair'd Nine belongs;
Who in sweet chorus round their tuneful king
Mix with thy sounding chords their sacred songs.
The Dance, gay queen of pleasure, thee attends;
Thy jocund strains her listening feet inspire:
And each melodious tongue its voice suspends
Till thou, great leader of the heav'nly quire,
With wanton art preluding giv'st the sign—
Swells the full concert then with harmony divine.

DECADE II.

Then, of their streaming lightnings all disarm'd,
The smouldering thunderbolts of Jove expire;
Then, by the music of thy numbers charm'd, [ire.
The birds' fierce monarch [1] drops his vengeful
Perch'd on the sceptre of th' Olympian king,
The thrilling darts of harmony he feels;
And indolently hangs his rapid wing,
While gentle sleep his closing eyelids seals;
And o'er his heaving limbs in loose array
To every balmy gale the rustling feathers play.

DECADE III.

E'en Mars, stern god of violence and war,
Sooths with thy lulling strains his furious breast,
And, driving from his heart each bloody care,
His pointed lance consigns to peaceful rest.
Nor less enraptur'd each immortal mind
Owns the soft influence of enchanting song,
When, in melodious symphony combin'd,
Thy son, Latona, and the tuneful throng
Of Muses, skill'd in wisdom's deepest lore,
The subtle powers of verse and harmony explore.

DECADE IV.

But they, on earth, or the devouring main,
Whom righteous Jove with detestation views,
With envious horrour hear the heavenly strain,
Exil'd from praise, from virtue, and the Muse.
Such is Typhœus, impious foe of gods,
Whose hundred-headed form Cilicia's cave
Once foster'd in her infamous abodes;
Till, daring with presumptuous arms to brave
The might of thundering Jove, subdu'd he fell,
Plung'd in the horrid dungeons of profoundest Hell.

DECADE V.

Now under sulphurous Cuma's sea-bound coast
And vast Sicilia lies his shaggy breast;
By snowy Etna, nurse of endless frost,
The pillar'd prop of Heaven, for ever prest:
Forth from whose nitrous caverns issuing rise
Pure liquid fountains of tempestuous fire,
And veil in ruddy mists the noon-day skies,
While wrapt in smoke the eddying flames aspire,
Or gleaming through the night with hideous roar
Far o'er the reddening main huge rocky fragments pour.

DECADE VI.

But he, Vulcanian monster, to the clouds
The fiercest, hottest inundations throws,
While, with the burthen of incumbent woods
And Etna's gloomy cliffs o'erwhelm'd he glows.

[1] The eagle.

There on his flinty bed out-stretch'd he lies,
Whose pointed rock his tossing carcase wounds;
There with dismay he strikes beholding eyes,
Or frights the distant ear with horrid sounds.
O save us from thy wrath, Sicilian Jove!
Thou, that here reign'st, ador'd in Etna's sacred grove!

DECADE VII.

Etna, fair forehead of this fruitful land!
Whose borrow'd name adorns the royal town
Rais'd by illustrious Hiero's generous hand,
And render'd glorious with his high renown.
By Pythian heralds were her praises sung,
When Hiero triumph'd in the dusty course,
When sweet Castalio with applauses rung,
And glorious laurels crown'd the conquering horse.
The happy city for her future days
Presages hence increase of victory and praise.

DECADE VIII.

Thus when the mariners to prosperous winds,
The port forsaking, spread the swelling sails;
The fair departure cheers their jocund minds
With pleasing hopes of favourable gales,
While o'er the dangerous deserts of the main,
To their lov'd country they pursue their way.
E'en so, Apollo, thou, whom Lycia's plain,
Whom Delus, and Castalia's springs obey,
These hopes regard, and Etna's glory raise
With valiant sons, triumphant steeds, and heavenly lays!

DECADE IX.

For human virtue from the gods proceeds;
They the wise mind bestow'd, and smooth'd the tongue
With elocution, and for mighty deeds
The nervous arm with manly vigour strung.
All these are Hiero's: these to rival lays
Call forth the bard: arise then, Muse, and speed
To this contention; strive in Hiero's praise,
Nor fear thy efforts shall his worth exceed;
Within the lines of truth secure to throw,
Thy dart shall still surpass each vain attempting foe.

DECADE X.

So may succeeding ages, as they roll,
Great Hiero still in wealth and bliss maintain,
And joyous health recalling, on his soul
Oblivion pour of life-consuming pain.
Yet may thy memory with sweet delight
The various dangers and the toils recount,
Which in intestine wars and bloody fight
Thy patient virtue, Hiero, did surmount;
What time, by Heaven above all Grecians crown'd,
The prize of sovereign sway with thee thy brother[2] found.

DECADE XI.

Then like the son of Pæan didst thou war,
Smit with the arrows of a sore disease;
While, as along slow rolls thy sickly car,
Love and amaze the haughtiest bosoms seize.
In Lemnos, pining with th' envenom'd wound,
The son of Pæan, Philoctetes, lay:
There, after tedious quest, the heroes found,
And bore the limping archer thence away;
By whom fell Priam's towers (so Fate ordain'd)
And the long harass'd Greeks their wish'd repose obtain'd.

[2] Gelo.

DECADE XII.

May Hiero too, like Pæan's son, receive
Recover'd vigour from celestial hands!
And may the healing god proceed to give
The power to gain whate'er his wish demands.
But now, O Muse, address thy sounding lays
To young Dinomenes, his virtuous heir.
Sing to Dinomenes, his father's praise;
His father's praise shall glad his filial ear,
For him hereafter shalt thou touch the string,
And chant in friendly strains fair Etna's future king.

DECADE XIII.

Hiero for him th' illustrious city rear'd,
And fill'd with sons of Greece her stately towers,
Where, by the free-born citizen rever'd,
The Spartan laws exert their virtuous powers.
For by the statutes which their fathers gave,
Still must the restive Dorian youth be led;
Who, dwelling once on cold Eurotas' wave,
Where proud Taygetus exalts his head,
From the great stock of Hercules divine
And warlike Pamphilus deriv'd their noble line.

DECADE XIV.

These, from Thessalian Pindus rushing down,
The walls of fam'd Amyclæ once possess'd,
And, rich in Fortune's gifts and high renown,
Dwelt near the twins of Leda, while they press'd
Their milky coursers, and the pastures o'er
Of neighbouring Argos rang'd, in arms supreme.
To king and people on the flowery shore
Of lucid Amena, Sicilian stream,
Grant the like fortune, Jove, with like desert
The splendour of their race and glory to assert.

DECADE XV.

And do thou aid Sicilia's hoary lord
To form and rule his son's obedient mind;
And still in golden chains of sweet accord
And mutual peace the friendly people bind;
Then grant, O son of Saturn, grant my prayer!
The bold Phœnician on his shore detain;
And may the hardy Tuscan never dare
To vex with clamorous war Sicilia's main;
Remembering Hiero, how on Cuma's coast
Wreck'd by his stormy arms their groaning fleets were lost.

DECADE XVI.

What terrours! what destruction them assail'd!
Hurl'd from their riven decks what numbers died!
When o'er their might Sicilia's chief prevail'd,
Their youth o'erwhelming in the foamy tide;
Greece from impending servitude to save.
Thy favour, glorious Athens! to acquire,
Would I record the Salaminian wave
Fam'd in thy triumphs: and my tuneful lyre
To Sparta's sons with sweetest praise should tell,
Beneath Cithæron's shade what Medish archers fell.

DECADE XVII.

But on fair Himera's wide-water'd shores
Thy sons, Dinomenes, my lyre demand,
To grace their virtues with the various stores
Of sacred verse, and sing th' illustrious band
Of valiant brothers, who from Carthage won
The glorious meed of conquest, deathless praise.
A pleasing theme! but Censure's dreaded frown,
Compels me to contract my spreading lays.

In verse conciseness pleases every guest,
While each impatient blames and loaths a tedious feast.

DECADE XVIII.

Nor less distasteful is excessive fame
To the sour palate of the envious mind;
Who hears with grief his neighbour's goodly name,
And hates the fortune that he ne'er shall find.
Yet in thy virtue, Hiero, persevere!
Since to be envied is a nobler fate
Than to be pitied: let strict Justice steer
With equitable hand the helm of state,
And arm thy tongue with truth: O king, beware
Of every step! a prince can never lightly err.

DECADE XIX.

O'er many nations art thou set, to deal
The goods of Fortune with impartial hand;
And, ever watchful of the public weal,
Unnumber'd witnesses around thee stand.
Then, would thy virtuous ear for ever feast
On the sweet melody of well-earn'd fame,
In generous purposes confirm thy breast,
Nor dread expenses that will grace thy name;
But scorning sordid and unprincely gain,
Spread all thy bounteous sails, and launch into the main.

DECADE XX.

When in the mouldering urn the monarch lies,
His fame in lively characters remains,
Or grav'd in monumental histories,
Or deck'd and painted in Aonian strains.
Thus fresh, and fragrant, and immortal, blooms
The virtue, Crœsus, of thy gentle mind:
While Fate to infamy and hatred dooms
Sicilia's tyrant, scorn of human kind;
Whose ruthless bosom swell'd with cruel pride,
When in his brazen bull the broiling wretches died.

DECADE XXI.

Him therefore nor in sweet society
The generous youth conversing ever name
Nor with the harp's delightful melody
Mingle his odious inharmonious fame;
The first, the greatest bliss on man conferr'd
Is, in the acts of virtue to excel;
The second, to obtain their high reward,
The soul-exalting praise of doing well.
Who both these lots attains, is blest indeed,
Since Fortune here below can give no richer meed.

THE FIRST NEMEAN ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Chromius of Etna (a city of Sicily) who gained the victory in the chariot-race, in the Nemean games.

ARGUMENT.

From the praises of Ortygia (an island near Sicily, and part of the city of Syracuse, to which it was joined by a bridge) Pindar passes to the subject or occasion of this ode, viz. the victory obtained by Chromius in the Nemean games; which, as it was the first of that kind gained by him, the poet styles the basis of his future fame, laid by the co-operation of the gods, who assisted and seconded his divine virtues; and, adds he, if Fortune continues to be favourable, he may arrive at the highest summit of glory: by which is meant chiefly, though not solely, the gaining more prizes in the great or sacred games (particularly the Olympic), where the Muses constantly attend to celebrate and record the conquerors. From thence, after a short digression to the general praise of Sicily, he comes to an enumeration of the particular virtues of Chromius, viz. his hospitality, liberality, prudence in council, and courage in war. Then, returning to the Nemean victory, he takes occasion from so auspicious a beginning, to promise Chromius a large increase of glory, in like manner as Tiresias, the famous poet and prophet of Thebes, (the country of Pindar), upon viewing the first exploit of Hercules, which was killing in his cradle the two serpents sent by Juno to devour him, foretold the subsequent achievements of that hero, and the great reward he should receive for all his labours, by being admitted into the number of the gods, and married to Hebe; with which story he concludes the ode.

STROPHE I.

Sister of Delos! pure abode
Of Virgin Cynthia, goddess of the chase!
In whose recesses rests th' emerging flood
Of Alpheus, breathing from his amorous race!
Divine Ortygia! to thy name
The Muse preluding tunes her strings,
Pleas'd with the sweet preamble of thy fame,
To usher in the verse, that sings
Thy triumphs, Chromius; while Sicilian Jove
Hears with delight through Etna's sounding grove
The gratulations of the hymning choir,
Whom thy victorious car and Nemea's palms inspire.

ANTISTROPHE I.

The basis of his future praise
Assisted by the gods hath Chromius laid;
And to its height the towering pile may raise,
If Fortune lends her favourable aid:
Assur'd that all th' Aonian train
Their wonted friendship will afford,
Who with delight frequent the listed plain,
The toils of Virtue to record.
Meantime around this isle, harmonious Muse!
The brightest beams of shining verse diffuse:
This fruitful island, with whose flowery pride
Heaven's awful king endow'd great Pluto's beauteous bride.

EPODE I.

Sicilia with transcendant plenty crown'd
Jove to Proserpina consign'd;
Then with a nod his solemn promise bound,
Still further to enrich her fertile shores
With peopled cities, stately towers,
And sons in arts and arms refin'd;
Skill'd to the dreadful works of war:
The thundering steed to train;
Or mounted on the whirling car
Olympia's all-priz'd olive to obtain.—
Abundant is my theme; nor need I wrong
The fair occasion with a flattering song.

STROPHE II.

To Chromius no unwelcome guest
I come, high sounding my Dircæan chord;
Who for his poet hath prepar'd the feast,
And spread with luxury his friendly board:

For never from his generous gate
Unentertain'd the stranger flies. [great,
While Envy's scorching flame, that blasts the
Quench'd with his flowing bounty, dies.
But envy ill becomes the human mind;
Since various parts to various men assign'd
All to perfection and to praise will lead,
Would each those paths pursue, which Nature bids
him tread.

ANTISTROPHE II.

In action thus heroic might,
In council shines the mind sagacious, wise,
Which to the future casts her piercing sight,
And sees the train of consequences rise.
With either talent Chromius blest
Suppresses not his active powers:
I hate the miser, whose unsocial breast
Locks from the world his useless stores.
Wealth by the bounteous only is enjoy'd,
Whose treasures, in diffusive good employ'd,
The rich returns of fame and friends procure;
And 'gainst a sad reverse, a safe retreat insure.

EPODE II.

Thy early virtues, Chromius, deck'd with praise,
And these first-fruits of Fame, inspire,
The Muse to promise for thy future days
A large increase of merit and renown.
So when of old Jove's mighty son,
Worthy his great immortal sire,
Forth from Alcmena's teeming bed
With his twin-brother came,
Safe through life's painful entrance led
To view the dazzling Sun's reviving flame,
Th' imperial cradle Juno quick survey'd,
Where slept the twins in saffron bands array'd.

STROPHE III.

Then, glowing with immortal rage,
The gold-enthroned empress of the gods
Her eager thirst of vengeance to assuage,
Straight to her hated rival's curs'd abodes
Bade her vindictive serpents haste.
They through the opening valves with speed
On to the chamber's deep recesses past,
To perpetrate their murderous deed:
And now in knotty mazes to infold
Their destin'd prey, on curling spires they roll'd,
His dauntless brow when young Alcides rear'd,
And for their first attempt his infant arms prepar'd.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Fast by the azure necks he held,
And grip'd in either hand his scaly foes;
Till, from their horrid carcases expell'd,
At length the poisonous soul unwilling flows.
Meantime intolerable dread
Congeal'd each female's curdling blood,
All who, attendant on the genial bed,
Around the languid mother stood.
She, with distracting fear and anguish stung,
Forth from her sickly couch impatient sprung;
Her cumbrous robe regardless off she threw,
And to protect her child with fondest ardour flew.

EPODE III.

But, with her shrill, distressful cries alarm'd,
In rush'd each bold Cadmean lord,
In brass refulgent, as to battle arm'd;
With them Amphitryon, whose tumultuous breast
A crowd of various cares infest:
High brandishing his gleaming sword,
With eager, anxious step he came;
A wound so near his heart
Shook with dismay his inmost frame,
And rous'd the active spirits in every part.
To our own sorrows serious heed we give;
But for another's woe soon cease to grieve.

STROPHE IV.

Amaz'd the trembling father stood,
While doubtful pleasure, mixt with wild surprise,
Drove from his troubled heart the vital flood:
His son's stupendous deed with wondering eyes
He view'd, and how the gracious will
Of Heaven to joy had chang'd his fear
And falsified the messengers of ill.
Then straight he calls th' unerring seer,
Divine Tiresias, whose prophetic tongue
Jove's sacred mandates from the tripod sung;
Who then to all th' attentive throng explain'd
What fate th' immortal gods for Hercules ordain'd.

ANTISTROPHE IV.

What fell despoilers of the land
The prophet told, what monsters of the main,
Should feel the vengeance of his righteous hand:
What savage, proud, pernicious tyrant slain,
To Hercules should bow his head,
Hurl'd from his arbitrary throne,
Whose glittering pomp his curs'd ambition fed,
And made indignant nations groan.
Last, when the giant sons of Earth shall dare
To wage against the gods rebellious war,
Pierc'd by his rapid shafts on Phlegra's plain
With dust their radiant locks the haughty foe shall
stain.

EPODE IV.

Then shall his generous toils for ever cease,
With fame, with endless life repaid;
With pure tranquillity and heavenly peace:
Then led in triumph to his starry dome,
To grace his spousal bed shall come,
In Beauty's glowing bloom array'd,
Immortal Hebe ever young.
In Jove's august abodes
Then shall he hear the bridal song;
Then, in the blest society of gods,
The nuptial banquet share, and, rapt in praise
And wonder, round the glittering mansion gaze.

THE ELEVENTH NEMEAN ODE.

This ode is inscribed to Aristagoras, upon occasion of his entering on his office of president or governor of the island of Tenedos; so that, although it is placed among the Nemean odes, it has no sort of relation to those games, and is indeed properly an inauguration-ode, composed to be sung by a chorus at the sacrifices and the feast made by Aristagoras and his colleagues, in the town-hall, at the time of their being invested with the magistracy, as is evident from many expressions in the first strophe and antistrophe.

ARGUMENT.

Pindar opens this ode with an invocation to Vesta (the goddess who presided over the courts of justice, and whose statue and altar were for that reason placed in the town-halls, or prytа-

mæums, as the Greeks called them); beseeching her to receive favourably Aristagoras and his colleagues, who were then coming to offer sacrifices to her, upon their entering on their office of prytans or magistrates of Tenedos: which office continuing for a year, he begs the goddess to take Aristagoras under her protection during that time, and to conduct him to the end of it without trouble or disgrace. From Aristagoras Pindar turns himself, in the next place, to his father Arcesilas, whom he pronounces happy, as well upon account of his son's merit and honour, as upon his own great endowments, and good fortune; such as beauty, strength, courage, riches, and glory resulting from his many victories in the games. But, lest he should be too much puffed-up with these praises, he reminds him at the same time of his mortality, and tells him, that his clothing of flesh is perishable, and that he must ere long be clothed with earth, the end of all things; and yet, continues he, it is but justice to praise and celebrate the worthy and deserving, who from good citizens ought to receive all kinds of honour and commendation; as Aristagoras, for instance, who hath rendered both himself and his country illustrious by the many victories he hath obtained, to the number of sixteen, over the neighbouring youth, in the games exhibited in and about his own country. From whence, says the poet, I conclude he would have come off victorious even in the Pythian and Olympic games, had he not been restrained from engaging in those famous lists by the too timid and cautious love of his parents; upon which he falls into a moral reflection upon the vanity of men's hopes and fears, by the former of which they are oftentimes excited to attempts beyond their strength, which accordingly issue in their disgrace; as, on the other hand, they are frequently restrained by unreasonable and ill-grounded fears, from enterprises, in which they would, in all probability, have come off with honour. This reflection he applies to Aristagoras, by saying it was very easy to foresee what success he was like to meet with, who both by father and mother was descended from a long train of great and valiant men. But here again, with a very artful turn of flattery to his father Arcesilas, whom he had before represented as strong and valiant, and famous for his victories in the games, he observes, that every generation, even of a great and glorious family, is not equally illustrious, any more than the fields and trees are every year equally fruitful; that the gods had not given mortals any certain tokens, by which they might foreknow when the rich years of virtue should succeed; whence it comes to pass that men, out of self-conceit and presumption, are perpetually laying schemes, and forming enterprises, without previously consulting Prudence or Wisdom, whose streams, says he, lie remote, and out of the common road. From all which he infers, that it is better to moderate our desires, and set bounds to our avarice and ambition; with which moral precept he concludes the ode.

STROPHE I.

Daughter of Rhea! thou, whose holy sire
Before the awful seat of Justice flames!
Sister of Heaven's almighty sire!
Sister of Juno, who co-equal claims
With Jove to share the empire of the gods!
O Virgin Vesta! to thy dread abodes,
Lo! Aristagoras directs his pace!
Receive, and near thy sacred sceptre place
Him, and his colleagues, who with honest zeal
O'er Tenedos preside, and guard the public weal.

ANTISTROPHE I.

And lo! with frequent offerings they adoré
Thee, first invok'd in every solemn prayer!
To thee unmixt libations pour,
And fill with odorous fumes the fragrant air,
Around in festive songs the hymning choir
Mix the melodious voice and sounding lyre.
While still, prolong'd with hospitable love,
Are solemniz'd the rites of genial Jove:
Then guard him, Vesta, through his long career,
And let him close in joy his ministerial year.

EPODE I.

But hail, Arcesilas! all hail
To thee! blest father of a son so great!
Thou, whom on Fortune's highest scale
The favourable hand of Heaven hath set,
Thy manly form with beauty hath refin'd,
And match'd that beauty with a valiant mind.
Yet let not man too much presume,
Though grac'd with beauty's fairest bloom;
Though for superior strength renown'd;
Though with triumphal chaplets crown'd:
Let him remember, that in flesh array'd,
Soon shall he see that mortal vestment fade;
Till last imprison'd in the mouldering urn,
To earth, the end of all things, he return.

STROPHE II.

Yet should the worthy from the public tongue
Receive their recompense of virtuous praise;
By every zealous patriot sung,
And deck'd with every flower of heavenly lays.
Such retribution in return for fame,
Such, Aristagoras, thy virtues claim;
Claim from thy country, on whose glorious brows
The wrestler's chaplet still unfaded blows:
Mixt with the great pancratiastic crown,
Which from the neighbouring youth thy early valour won.

ANTISTROPHE II.

And (but his timid parents' cautious love,
Distrusting ever his too forward hand,
Forbade their tender son to prove
The toils of Pythia, or Olympia's sand)
Now by the gods I swear, his valorous might
Had 'scap'd victorious in each bloody fight:
And from Castalia, or where dark with shade
The mount of Saturn rears its olive head,
Great and illustrious home had he return'd;
While by his fame eclips'd his vanquish'd foes had mourn'd.

EPODE II.

Then his triumphal tresses bound
With the dark verdure of th' Olympic grove,
With joyous banquets had he crown'd
The great quinquennial festival of Jove;
And cheer'd the solemn pomp with choral lays,
Sweet tribute which the Muse to Virtue pays.
But, such is man's preposterous fate!
Now with o'er-weeping pride elate,
Too far he aims his shaft to throw,
And straining bursts his feeble bow.

Now pusillanimous, deprest with fear,
He checks his virtue in the mid-career;
And, of his strength distrustful, coward flies
The contest, though impower'd to gain the prize.

STROPHE III.

But who could err in prophesying good
Of him, whose undegenerating breast
Swells with a tide of Spartan blood,
From sire to sire in long succession trac'd
Up to Pisander; who in days of yore
From old Amyclæ to the Lesbian shore
And Tenedos, colleagued in high command
With great Orestes, led th' Æolian band?
Nor was his mother's race less strong and brave,
Sprung from a stock that grew on fair Ismenus' wave.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Though for long intervals obscur'd, again
Oft times the seeds of lineal worth appear.
For neither can the furrow'd plain
Full harvests yield with each returning year:
Nor in each period will the pregnant bloom
Invest the smiling tree with rich perfume.
So, barren often and inglorious pass
The generations of a noble race;
While Nature's vigour, working at the root,
In after-ages swells, and blossoms into fruit.

EPODE III.

Nor hath Jove given us to foreknow
When the rich years of virtue shall succeed;
Yet bold and daring on we go,
Contriving schemes of many a mighty deed.
While Hope, fond inmate of the human mind,
And Self-opinion, active, rash, and blind,
Hold up a false illusive ray,
That leads our dazzled feet astray
Far from the springs, where calm and slow
The secret streams of wisdom flow.
Hence should we learn our ardour to restrain,
And limit to due bounds the thirst of gain.
To rage and madness oft that passion turns,
Which with forbidden flames despairing burns.

THE SECOND ISTHMIAN ODE.

This ode was written upon occasion of a victory obtained in the chariot-race by Xenocrates of Agrigentum in the Isthmian games; it is however addressed not to Xenocrates himself, but to his son Thrasybulus; from whence, and from Pindar's always speaking of Xenocrates in the perfect tense, it is most probable it was written after the death of Xenocrates; and for this reason it has by some been reckoned among the Θρῆνοι or elegies of Pindar.

ARGUMENT.

The introduction contains a sort of an apology for a poet's taking money for his compositions; a thing, says Pindar, not practised formerly by the servants of the Muses, who drew their inspiration from love alone, and wrote only from the heart: but as the world is grown interested, so are the poets become mercenary; observing the truth of that famous saying of Aristodemus the Spartan, "Money makes the man:" a truth, he says, which he himself experienced, having with his riches lost all his friends; and of this truth, continues Pindar, you, Thrasybulus, are not ignorant, for you are a wise man: I shall therefore say no more about it, but proceed to celebrate the victories of Xenocrates: after an enumeration of which, he passes on to the mention of the virtues of Xenocrates, whom he praises for his benevolence, his public spirit, his devotion to the gods, and his constant uninterrupted course of hospitality in all changes of fortune. These virtues of his father he encourages Thrasybulus not to conceal through the fear of exciting the envy of mankind, and bids Nicasippus (by whom this ode was sent to Thrasybulus) to tell him to publish it; concluding with observing, that a poem is not made to continue always, like a mute and motionless statue, in one place.

STROPHE I.

They, Thrasybulus, who in ancient days
Triumphant mounted in the Muses' car,
Tuning their harps to soft and tender lays,
Aim'd their sweet numbers at the young and fair;
Whose beauties, ripe for love, with rapturous fires
Their wanton hearts inflam'd, and waken'd strong desires.

ANTISTROPHE I.

As yet the Muse, despising sordid gain,
Strung not for gold her mercenary lyre:
Nor did Terpsichore adorn her strain
In gilded courtesy and gay attire,
With fair appearances to move the heart,
And recommend to sale her prostituted art.

EPODE I.

But now she suffers all her tuneful train
Far other principles to hold;
And with the Spartan sage maintain,
That man is worthless without gold.
This truth himself by sad experience prov'd,
Deserted in his need by those he lov'd.
Nor to thy wisdom is this truth unknown.
No longer therefore shall the Muse delay
To sing the rapid steeds, and Isthmian crown,
Which the great monarch of the briny flood
On lov'd Xenocrates bestow'd,
His generous cares with honour to repay.

STROPHE II.

Him too, his Agrigentum's brightest star,
Latona's son with favourable eyes
At Crisa view'd, and bless'd his conquering car;
Nor, when, contending for the noble prize,
Nichomachus, on Athens' craggy plain,
With dextrous art control'd the chariot-steering rein,

ANTISTROPHE II.

Did Phœbus blame the driver's skilful hand;
But with Athenian palms his master grac'd;
His master, greeted in th' Olympic sand;
And evermore with grateful zeal embrac'd
By the great priests, whose herald voice proclaims
Th' Elean feasts of Jove, and Pisa's sacred games.

EPODE II.

Him, on the golden lap of Victory
Reclining his illustrious head,
They hail'd with sweetest melody;
And through the land his glory spread,
Through the fam'd Altis of Olympic Jove;
Where in the honours of the sacred grove
The children of Æsidamus shar'd;

For not unknown to victory and praise
Oft, Thrasybulus, hath thy mansion heard
The pleasing concerts of the youthful choir,
Attemper'd to the warbling lyre,
And the sweet mixture of triumphal lays.

STROPHE III.

In smooth and flowery paths th' encominst treads,
When to the mansions of the good and great
In pomp the nymphs of Helicon he leads:
Yet thee, Xenocrates, to celebrate,
Thy all-surpassing gentleness to sing
In equal strains, requires an all-surpassing string.

ANTISTROPHE III.

To all benevolent, revered, belov'd,
In every social virtue he excell'd;
And with his conquering steeds at Corinth prov'd,
How sacred the decrees of Greece he held;
With equal zeal th' immortals he ador'd,
And spread with frequent feasts his consecrated board.

EPODE III.

Nor did he e'er when rose a stormy gale
Relax his hospitable course,
Or gather in his swelling sail:
But, finding ever some resource
The fierce extremes of fortune to allay,
Held on with equal pace his constant way.
Permit not then, through dread of envious tongues,
Thy father's worth to be in silence lost;
Nor from the public keep these choral songs:
Not in one corner is the poet's strain
Form'd, like a statue, to remain,
This, Nicasippus, tell my honour'd host.

TRANSLATIONS
FROM THE
ARGONAUTICS
OF
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

THE SONG OF ORPHEUS, AND THE SETTING OUT OF THE ARGO.

Then too, the jarring heroes to compose,
Th' enchanting bard, Oeagrian Orpheus rose,
And thus, attuning to the trembling strings
His soothing voice of harmony, he sings:
"In the beginning how heaven, earth, and sea,
In one tumultuous chaos blended lay;
Till Nature parted the conflicting foes,
And beauteous order from disorder rose:
How, roll'd incessant o'er th' ethereal plain,
Move in eternal dance the starry train;
How the pale orb of night, and golden Sun, run;
Through months and years their radiant journeys
Whence rose the mountains clad with waving woods,
The rushing rivers, and resounding floods,
With all their nymphs; from what celestial seed
The various tribes of animals proceed.
Next how Ophion held his ancient reign,
With his fam'd consort, daughter of the main:
On high Olympus' snowy head enthron'd,
The new-created world their empire own'd:
Till force superior, and successless war,
Divested of their crowns the regal pair;
On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,
And with his consort's glories Rhea grac'd.
Thence to old Ocean's watery kingdoms hurl'd,
Thus they resign'd the sceptre of the world:
And Saturn rul'd the blest Titanian gods,
While infant Jove possess'd the dark abodes
Of Dicte's cave; his mind yet uninform'd
With heavenly wisdom, and his hand unarm'd:
Forg'd by the Cyclops, Earth's gigantic race,
Flam'd not as yet the lightning's scorching blaze,
Nor roar'd the thunder through the realms above,
The strength and glory of almighty Jove."
This said, the tuneful bard his lyre unstrung,
And ceas'd th' enchanting music of his tongue.
But, with the sound entranc'd, th' attentive ear
Thought him still singing, still stood fixt to hear.
In silent rapture every chief remains,
And feels within his heart the thrilling strains.
Forthwith the bowl they crown with rosy wine,
And pay due honours to the power divine.
The pure libations on the fire they pour,
While rising flames the mystic tongues devour.
Now sable Night ascends her starry throne,
And Argo's chiefs her drowsy influence own.
But when the bright-ey'd Morning rear'd her head,
And look'd o'er Pelion's summits ting'd with red;
Light skimm'd the breezes o'er the watery plain,
And gently swell'd the fluctuating main.
Then Tiphys rose, and, summon'd by his care,
Embark'd the heroes, and their oars prepare.
Portentous now along the winding shores
Hoarse-sounding Pagasæan Neptune roars.
Impatient Argo the glad signal took,
While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke;
Her keel of sacred oak divinely wrought
Itonian Pallas from Dodona brought.
On their allotted posts now rang'd along
In seemly order sate the princely throng:
Fast by each chief his glittering armour flames;
The midmost station bold Ancæus claims,
With great Alcides, whose enormous might
Arm'd with a massy club provokes the fight,
Now plac'd beside him: in the yielding flood
The keel deep-sinking feels the demi-god.
Their hausers now they loose, and on the brine
To Neptune pour the consecrated wine.
Then from his native shores sad Jason turns
His oft-reverted eye, and silent mourns.
As in Ortygia, or the Delphic Fane,
Or where Ismenus laves Bœotia's plain,
Apollo's altars round, the youthful choir,
The dance according with the sounding lyre,
The hallow'd ground with equal cadence beat,
And move in measure their harmonious feet:
Together so Thessalia's princes sweep
With well-tim'd oars the silver-curling deep:
While, raising high the Thracian harp, presides
Melodious Orpheus, and the movement guides.
On either side the dashing surges broke,
And fierce remurmur'd to each mighty stroke;
Thick flash'd the brazen arms with streaming light,
While the swift bark pursues her rapid flight.
And ever as the sea-green tide she cleaves, waves:
Foams the long track behind, and whitens all the
So shines the path, across some verdant plain,
Trac'd by the footsteps of the village swain.
Jove on that day from his celestial throne,
And all th' immortal powers of Heaven look'd down,
The godlike chiefs and Argo to survey,
As through the deep they urg'd their daring way.

Then too on Pelion's cloud-topt summit stood
The nymphs, and fauns, and sisters of the wood,
With wonder viewing the tall pine below,
That shaded once the mountain's shaggy brow,
Now fram'd by Pallas o'er the sounding sea
Thessalia's mighty heroes to convey.
But, lo! from Pelion's highest cliff descends,
And downward to the sea his footsteps bends
The centaur Chiron; on the beach he stood
And dipp'd his fetlocks in the hoary flood.
Then waving his broad hand, the bark he hales,
And speeds with prosperous vows the parting sails.
With him advanc'd his consort to the shore;
The young Achilles in her arms she bore:
Then, raising high in air the pleasing load,
To his fond sire the smiling infant show'd.

THE STORY OF PHINEUS.

The following day Bithynia's coast they reach,
And fix their hausers to the sheltering beach.
There on the margin of the beating flood
The mournful mansions of sad Phineus stood,
Agenor's son; whom Heaven ordain'd to bear
The grievous burthen of unequal care.
For taught by wise Apollo to descry
Th' unborn events of dark futurity,
Vain of his science, the presumptuous seer
Deign'd not Jove's awful secrets to revere;
But wantonly divulg'd to frail mankind
The sacred purpose of th' omniscient mind.
Hence Jove indignant gave him length of days,
But quench'd in endless shade his visual rays.
Nor would the vengeful god permit him taste
The cheerful blessings of the genial feast;
Though the large tribute of the nations round
Their prophet's board with wealth and plenty crown'd.
For, lo! descending sudden from the sky,
Round the pil'd banquet shrieking harpies fly,
Who with rapacious claws incessant tear
Forth from his famish'd lips th' untasted fare.
Yet would some slender pittance oft remain,
What might suffice to keep up life and pain.
But then such odours the foul scraps exhal'd,
That with the stench the loathing stomach fail'd,
Aloof the hungry guests and wondering stood,
While their sick hearts abhorr'd the putrid food.
But now the princely crew approaching near,
The welcome sound invades the prophet's ear.
Taught by th' inspiring god, that now was come
The long-wish'd period of Heaven's vengeful doom,
That by these heroes destin'd aid restor'd,
Peace should thenceforward bless his feastful board.
Then heaves he from the couch his haggard head,
Like some pale, lifeless, visionary shade,
And leaning on his staff, with faltering steps
Along the walls his way exploring creeps.
Diseas'd, enfeebled, and by age unbrac'd,
Trembled his tottering limbs as forth he pass'd.
Shrunk was his form, adust with want and care,
And bursting through his hide the pointed bones appear.
But faint and breathless as he reach'd the gate,
Down on the threshold over-toil'd he sate.
In dizzy fumes involv'd, his brain runs round,
And swims beneath his feet the solid ground.
No more their functions the frail senses keep,
And speechless sinks the seer in death-like sleep.

This saw the chiefs amaz'd, and gather'd round;
When from his labouring lungs a hollow sound,
With breath and utterance scarce recover'd, broke,
And thus th' enlighten'd seer prophetic spoke:
"Princes of Greece, attend; if ye be they
Whom o'er the main Thessalia's pines convey,
And Jason leads to Colchos' magic land,
Such is your cruel tyrant's stern command.
Yes, ye be they; for yet my mental eye
Undimm'd past, present, future, can descry.
Thanks to thy son, Latona, who bestows
This grace, this only solace of my woes.
By Jove, to whom the suppliant's cause belongs,
Who hates the merciless, who avenges wrongs,
By Phœbus, by Saturnia, wife of Jove,
By all the blest immortal powers above,
Who lead you o'er the main with watchful care,
O help! O save from famine and despair
A wretch ill-fated, to affliction born,
Nor leave me here unpitied and forlorn.
For not these orbs alone depriv'd of sight
Vindictive Heaven hath veil'd in doleful night;
But to extreme old age his cruel law
Dooms me th' unwasting thread of life to draw.
Nor end my sorrows here; a heavy chain
Of woes succeeds, and pain still link'd to pain.
From secret haunts aërial, unexplor'd,
Flights of devouring harpies vex my board.
Swift, instantaneous, sudden they descend,
And from my mouth the tasteful morsel rend.
Meanwhile my troubled soul, with woes oppress,
No means of aid, no comfort can suggest.
For when the feast I purpose to prepare,
They see that purpose, and prevent my care.
But cloy'd and glutted with the luscious spoil,
With noisome ordure, parting, they defile
Whate'er remains, if aught perchance remain,
That none approaching may the stench sustain,
Though his strong heart were wrapt in plated mail,
The filthy fragments such dire steams exhale:
Yet me fell Hunger's all-subduing pain
Compells, reluctant, loathing, to remain;
Compells the deadly odours to endure,
And gorge the craving maw with food impure.
From these invaders (so hath Fate decreed)
By Boreas' offspring shall my board be freed.
Nor on a stranger to your house and blood,
O sons of Boreas, is your aid bestow'd!
Phineus behold, Agenor's hapless son,
Once for prophetic skill and riches known;
Who, while I sway'd the Thracian sceptre, led
Your dower'd sister to my spousal bed."
Here Phineus ceas'd; each pitying hero groans,
But chief, O Boreas, thy relenting sons
Feel kind compassion swelling in their souls,
While down their cheeks the generous torrent rolls.
Then Zetes near approaching closely press'd
His hand, and thus the labouring seer address'd:
"O most disastrous of all human kind,
Whence sprang the evils that o'erwhelm thy mind?
Hast thou, intrusted with the book of Fate,
By folly merited celestial hate?
Hence falls this indignation on thy head?
Fain would the sons of Boreas give thee aid;
Fain would they execute what Heaven ordains,
But awful dread their willing hands restrains.
To frighted mortals well thy sufferings prove,
How fierce the vengeance of the gods above.
Then swear, or never shall this righteous sword,
Though drawn for thy deliverance, aid afford;

Swear, that th' assistance which our arms shall lend,
Shall no immortal angry god offend." [wide
He spoke; when straight tow'rd Heaven disclosing
His sightless balls, the senior thus replied:
" My son, th' injustice of thy tongue restrain,
Nor let such thoughts thy pious soul profane:
By Phœbus, heavenly augur, who inspires
My conscious bosom with prophetic fires;
By this my wretched lot of woe and care,
These eyes involv'd in darkening clouds, I swear,
By the fell demons of the realms below,
Whom ever unpropitious may I know,
From their resentments not in death secure,
If falsely their dread godheads I adjure:
That your assisting hands shall never move
Wrath or displeasure in the powers above."
Then acquiescing in the solemn prayer,
To aid the prophet Boreas' sons prepare.
The ready youth a banquet spread, the last
That those fell harpies were decreed to taste:
Nigh stand the brothers, ardent to oppose
With glittering falchions their invading foes.
But scarce the first sweet morsel Phineus took,
When from the clouds with swift prevention broke,
Swift as the lightning's glance, or stormy blast
Whose rapid fury lays the forest waste,
Shrill clamouring for their prey the birds obscene.
The watchful heroes shouting rush'd between;
But they with speediest rage the cates devour'd,
And round intolerable odours pour'd;
Then o'er th' Ægean far away they flew;
Upspringing swift with threatening blades pursue
The feather'd chiefs. That day Saturnius steel'd
Their vigorous nerves with force untaught to yield;
And did not Jove their wearying strength sustain,
Their flitting pinions had they spread in vain:
For when to Phineus furious they repair,
Or quitting Phineus seek the fields of air,
The light-wing'd monsters, fleeter than the wind,
Leave the impetuous zephyrs far behind.
As when the hound experienc'd in the chase,
Through some wide forest o'er the scented grass
A bounding hind or horned goat pursues,
And near his parting prey, and nearer views;
Eager he stretches the short space to gain,
And, snapping, grinds his gnashing fangs in vain:
So ever-near th' insulting chiefs pursued;
The harpies so their catching hands elude.
But now far off in the Sicilian main,
By the wing'd brothers, sons of Boreas, slain,
The race of harpies (though Heaven disallow'd)
Had stain'd the Plotian isles with sacred blood;
Their sore distress had Iris not survey'd,
And, darting from the skies, the heroes staid.
" O sons of Boreas, the dread laws above
Permit ye not to wound the dogs of Jove.
And, lo! my oath I pledge, that never more
Shall those fell dogs approach Bithynia's shore."
This said, adjuring the tremendous floods,
Most fear'd, most honour'd, by th' immortal gods:
By the slow-dripping urn of Styx she swore,
The prophet's peaceful mansions evermore
From those rapacious spoilers should be free;
Such was the fatal sister's fixt decree.
The goddess swore, the brothers straight obey,
And back to Argo wing their airy way.
The Strophades from thence derive their name,
The Plotian islands styl'd by ancient fame.
Then part the harpies and Thaumantian maid,
In thousand various mingling dyes array'd.
These to the grots retir'd and dark retreat
Of Dicte's caverns in Minoian Crete:
While the gay goddess of the watery bow
Gain'd in a moment high Olympus' brow.
Meanwhile the princes in the cleansing wave
With purifying rites their senior lave.
Next from the spoil, which on Bybricia's shore
From vanquish'd Amycus stern Pollux tore,
A victim they select with pious care;
And sooth the gods with sacrifice and prayer.
Then in the palace each heroic guest
Partakes the pleasure of the sumptuous feast.
With them sate Phineus, and refresh'd his soul
With savoury viands and the cheering bowl.
Unsatiated he feeds, and bathes in streams
Of ecstasy beyond the bliss of dreams.

THE HYMN OF CLEANTHES[1].

O UNDER various sacred names ador'd!
Divinity supreme! all potent lord!
Author of Nature! whose unbounded sway
And legislative power all things obey!
Majestic Jove! all hail! To thee belong
The suppliant prayer, and tributary song;
To thee from all thy mortal offspring due;
From thee we came, from thee our being drew;
Whatever lives and moves, great sire! is thine,
Embodied portions of the soul divine.
Therefore to thee will I attune my string,
And of thy wondrous power for ever sing.
The wheeling orbs, the wandering fires above,
That round this earthly sphere incessant move,
Through all this boundless world admit thy sway,
And roll spontaneous where thou point'st the way.
Such is the awe imprest on Nature round
When through the void thy dreadful thunders sound,
Those flaming agents of thy matchless power:
Astonish'd worlds hear, tremble, and adore.
Thus paramount to all, by all obey'd,
Ruling that reason which through all convey'd
Informs this general mass, thou reign'st ador'd,
Supreme, unbounded, universal lord.
For nor in earth, nor earth-encircling floods,
Nor you ethereal pole, the seat of gods,
Is aught perform'd without thy aid divine;
Strength, wisdom, virtue, mighty Jove, are thine!
Vice is the act of man, by passion tost,
And in the shoreless sea of folly lost:
But thou, what vice disorders, canst compose,
And profit by the malice of thy foes;
So blending good with evil, fair with foul,
As hence to model one harmonious whole:
One universal law of truth and right;
But wretched mortals shun the heavenly light;
And, though to bliss directing still their choice,
Hear not, or heed not, Reason's sacred voice,

[1] Cleanthes, the author of this hymn, was a Stoic philosopher, a disciple of Zeno. He wrote many pieces, none of which are come down to us, but this and a few fragments, which are printed by H. Stephens, in a collection of philosophical poems. This hymn was translated at the request of a very learned and ingenious friend of mine, who was pleased to find such just sentiments of the deity in a heathen, and so much poetry in a philosopher.

That common guide ordain'd to point the road,
That leads obedient man to solid good.
Thence, quitting Virtue's lovely paths, they rove,
As various objects various passions move.
Some through opposing crowds and threatening war
Seek Power's bright throne, and Fame's triumphal car.
Some, bent on wealth, pursue with endless pain
Oppressive, sordid, and dishonest gain:
While others, to soft indolence resign'd,
Drown in corporeal sweets th' immortal mind.
But, O great father, thunder-ruling god!
Who in thick darkness mak'st thy dread abode!
Thou, from whose bounty all good gifts descend,
Do thou from ignorance mankind defend!
The clouds of vice and folly, O control;
And shed the beams of wisdom on the soul!
Those radiant beams, by whose all-piercing flame
Thy justice rules this universal frame.
That, honour'd with a portion of thy light,
We may essay thy goodness to requite
With honorary songs and grateful lays,
And hymn thy glorious work with ceaseless praise,
The proper task of man: and sure to sing
Of Nature's laws, and Nature's mighty king,
Is bliss supreme. Let gods with mortals join!
The subject may transport a breast divine.

THE

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOUT.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF

LUCIAN.

Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram. OVID.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

GODDESS OF THE GOUT.	MESSENGER.
OCYPUS.	MOUNTEBANKS.
PHYSICIAN.	CHORUS.
NURSE.	SPIRITS.

Scene lies in Thebes.

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

Enter Ocypus[1] *lame, and leaning on the* Nurse.

OCYPUS.

WHENCE, without wound, proceeds this horrid pain,
That robs me of the assistance of my feet?

[1] Ocypus, the son of Podalirius and Astasia, was eminent for his strength and beauty, a great lover of hunting, and of all gymnastic exercises. This young man having been accustomed to insult and deride whomsoever he saw grievously afflicted with the gout, telling them at the same time that their pains were nothing, brought upon himself the indignation of the goddess who presides over that distemper, and was at last, by the violence of the disease, driven to a recantation. Lucian had composed an entire drama upon this subject; but as only the beginning of this piece remains, I have translated it, and, with very little alteration in either, have made it a part of his other drama, whose subject is the triumph of the gout over physic.

While, like a bow-string by the forceful arm
Of some bold archer strain'd, the cracking sinews
Labour and stretch; and force me to complain,
That length of time but strengthens the disease.

NURSE.

Raise thyself up, my son, nor bear so hard,
Lest, helpless as thou art, with thee I fall.

OCYPUS.

Less weighty then, to humour thee, I'll lean,
And rest upon my foot, and bear my pain.
For shame it is that youth should ask the aid
Of such a prating, old, decrepit wretch.

NURSE.

Forbear, vain boy, thy scoffing insolence.
Nor vaunt too much thy youth; for well thou know'st,
In sickness youth is impotent as age.
Be govern'd; for, this arm should I withdraw,
Thou fall'st, while my old feet unshaken stand.

OCYPUS.

But if thou fall'st, through age thou fall'st, not sickness:
Old age is weak, though prompt and willing ever—

NURSE.

Leave arguing; and tell me by what chance
This pain hath got possession of thy toe?

OCYPUS.

As in the course I exercis'd, awry
My ancle turn'd, and thence the pain ensued.

NURSE.

Why, as the fellow said, who careless sat
Clipping his grisly beard, then run again.

OCYPUS.

Or wrestling might I not the hurt receive,
When lock'd together were our grappling limbs?

NURSE.

A trusty champion by my troth thou art,
If all thy fury light upon thyself.
But this is a mere circle of evasions,
And I myself the like discourse have held
In former time, and tried to varnish o'er,
E'en to my dearest friends, th' unpleasing truth;
But now, when every swelling member speaks,
And burning dolours torture thy whole body—

Enter Physician.

PHYSICIAN.

O! where is Ocypus, illustrious youth?
For lame, I hear, are his victorious feet;
And therefore to assist him am I come.
But see! where, careless on the couch diffus'd,
Supine he lies!—Heaven grant thee health, my son,
And to thy feet restore their wonted strength!
Declare to me, O Ocypus, the cause
Of thy complaint: perhaps my powerful art
May for thy anguish find some quick relief.

OCYPUS.

Intolerable pain my foot consumes.

PHYSICIAN.

Whence came? how? what accident?—explain.

OCYPUS.

Or in the straining race, or haply while
My gymnic exercises I perform'd,
Some hurt from my companions I receiv'd.

PHYSICIAN.

Then where 's the sore and angry inflammation?
And why no fomentation on the part?

OCYPUS.

The woollen bandage I abhor.

NURSE.

Alas!
How baneful is the pride of handsome looks!

PHYSICIAN.

What therefore must be done? shall I lay open
Thy tumid foot? But, Ocypus, be sure
If once I seize upon it, I shall drain,
At many bleeding wounds, thy arteries.

OCYPUS.

Put all thy new devices now in practice,
So from this horrid pain my foot be freed.

PHYSICIAN.

Then, lo! my steely instrument I draw,
This crooked, sharp, blood-thirsting instrument.

OCYPUS.

Hey! ho!

NURSE.

Physician, what dost thou intend?
Wouldst thou with sharp incisions vex him more?
And, without knowing why, his foot endanger?
He hath abus'd thee with an idle tale.
For neither in the straining race, nor while
His gymnic exercises he perform'd,
From his companions did he hurt receive.
Then listen to my tale: Healthful he came,
And all unwounded home; and greedily
The evening feast devour'd, and drain'd the bowl;
Then falling on the couch securely slept.
But at midnight awaking, loud he roar'd,
As smitten by some god: fear seiz'd us all.
And, "Oh!" he cried, "whence came this dire mischance?
Some torturing demon seizes on my foot!"
Thus on his couch up-sitting, all night long
His foot in sad solemnity he moan'd.
But when the cock's shrill-sounding trump proclaims
The dawning day, lamenting forth he comes,
And on my shoulder leans his feverish hand,
While his disabled footsteps I upheld.
All that he told thee is a forg'd device
To veil the secret of his dire disease,
Which now in every limb begins to rack him,
Nor yet is able to extort the truth.

OCYPUS.

Old Age is ever arm'd with mighty words;
Vaunting in speech, but impotent in action.
He, who when sick his nursing friends deceives,
Like the starv'd wretch that hungry mastic[2] chews,
But cheats himself, and fosters his disease.

PHYSICIAN.

Thou cheatest all; now that, now saying this,
Confessing pain, but not explaining what.

OCYPUS.

And how shall I explain it? I indeed
Know that I suffer pain; and that is all.

PHYSICIAN.

When pain, without apparent cause, invades
The swelling foot, a man may please himself
In hunting after this and that solution,
But can't mistake the nature of his evil.
And now hear this, howe'er unpleasing truth,
"At length with vengeance due, 't is come upon thee."

OCYPUS.

It? what? Alas! what terrible disease,
That needs such preface to its horrid name?

NURSE.

The Gout, O wretched Ocypus, whose pangs
And gnawing tortures thou didst once deride.

OCYPUS.

But what, O skilful artist, what say'st thou?

PHYSICIAN.

Farewell; to serve thee I neglect myself.

OCYPUS.

What accident or business calls thee hence?

PHYSICIAN.

Into a cureless evil thou art fall'n.

OCYPUS.

Must I then, ever lame, tormented ever,
Drag on a life of everlasting woe?

PHYSICIAN.

Fear not: thou shalt not be for ever lame.

OCYPUS.

What worse have I to fear?

PHYSICIAN.

On either leg
Her galling fetters will the goddess bind.

OCYPUS.

Alas! in t' other sympathising foot
Methinks I feel a new unusual pain.
Or am I motionless? Or wherefore dread I [*rising up.*
To place these once so nimble feet on earth?
Seiz'd like a child with vain and sudden fear:
Now by the gods, th' immortal gods, I beg,
If aught thy art suggest of aid or comfort,
Thy friendly help impart, and heal my pain,
Or surely I shall die: within I feel
The secret venom, and the thrilling arrow
That pierces through my feet, and tears my sinews.

PHYSICIAN.

Not to amuse thee with unmeaning words,
Like some of those who call themselves physicians,
But of the healing science nothing know,
I'll briefly show the state of thy complaint:—
An unsurmountable and strong disease
Is fall'n upon thee: bonds more hard and stubborn
Than those steel-temper'd shackles which the hand
Of Justice fixes on the bold offender:
A dreadful, undiscover'd, secret ill,
Whose burthen human nature scarce can bear.

OCYPUS.

Alas! oh! oh! what inward smart is this,
That penetrates my foot? oh! on thy arm
Support me, ere I fall, and lead me on
As the young satyrs reeling Bacchus lead.
[*falls on the couch.*

PHYSICIAN.

There leave him on the couch; refreshing sleep
His much-exhausted spirits will recruit.
[*Exeunt* Nurse *and* Physician.

Ocypus *solus.*

OCYPUS.

O horrid name! detested by the gods!

[2] Mastic is a great strengthener of the stomach, and consequently promotes appetite; which to a man dying of hunger is so far from being a relief, that it rather increases his complaint: this I take to be the meaning of this passage.

Gout, rueful Gout! of sad Cocytus born!
Whom in the mirky caves of Tartarus
The fiend Megæra in her womb conceiv'd,
And nourish'd at her breast: Alecto too
With her fell milk the wayward infant fed.
But oh! what god brought thy disastrous power
To taint this light, and harass human kind?
If punishment condign pursue the dead,
For crimes committed in their days of nature,
What need was there in Pluto's dreary realms
With streams forbidden Tantalus to vex?
To whirl Ixion on the giddy wheel?
And weary Sisyphus with fruitless toil?
It sure had been sufficient punishment
Had each offender the sharp pains endur'd,
That tear this meagre miserable carcase:
While through th' obstructed pores the struggling vapour
And bitter distillation force their way:
E'en through the bowels runs the scalding plague,
And wastes the flesh with floods of eddying fire.
So rage the flames in Etna's sulphurous womb:
So 'twixt Charybdis and vex'd Scylla rave
Th' imprison'd tides, and, in wild whirlpools tost,
Dash 'gainst the mouldering rocks the foaming surge.
O evil unexplor'd! how oft in vain
We fondly try to mitigate thy woes,
And find no comfort, by false hopes abus'd! [*Sleeps.*

Scene *changes, and discovers the* Chorus, *consisting of gouty men and women, marching in procession to the Temple of the Gout, with music and dancing.*

CHORUS.

To tender Attis, beardless boy,
The howling Phrygian throng
On Cybele's high mountain chant
Th' enthusiastic song.

On yellow Tmolus' flowery top
The Lydian youth around
For Comus mix the warbling voice
And flute's melodious sound.

With clashing arms, in frantic mood,
The mad Idæan train
Attemper to the Cretan dance
Their holy ritual strain.

To Mars, the furious god of war,
The swelling trumpets breathe,
Preluding to contentious strife,
To battle, blood, and death.

But we, O Gout, afflictive power!
We, thy sad votaries,
In sighs and groans to thee perform
Our annual sacrifice:

When usher'd by the blushing hours
The genial spring appears;
And every flower-embroider'd vale
Its verdant mantle wears:

When Zephyr on each pregnant tree
Calls forth the tender leaves;
And her sad nest the swallow builds
Beneath the friendly eaves:

When in the grove, at midnight hour,
Disconsolate, alone,
For Itys lost th' Athenian bird
Renews her plaintive moan.

[*Exit* Chorus.

SCENE, A CHAMBER.

Ocypus *solus.*

OCYPUS.

Come, O my comfort, my supporter, come,
My staff, my third best leg! O! now uphold
My tottering footsteps, and direct my way,
That lightly on the earth my foot may tread.
Wretch, from thy pallet raise thy heavy limbs,
And quit the cover'd closeness of the room.
Dispel the cloud, that weighs thy eyelids down,
In open day, and in the golden Sun,
On purer air thy enliven'd spirit feast.
For now my willing mind invites me forth;
But the weak flesh refuses to comply.
Be resolute, my soul; for well thou know'st,
The gouty wretch, that would but cannot move,
Ought to be number'd with th' inactive dead.
Come on. [*Exit* Ocypus.

Scene *changes.*

Enter Ocypus, *who discovers the* Chorus *before a temple offering sacrifices to the Gout, with music and dancing. Dance.*

OCYPUS.

But who are they, whose hands with crutches arm'd,
Whose tossing heads with eldern garlands bound,
Seem in wild dance some feast to celebrate?
Do they to thee, Apollo, Pæans sing?
Then would the Delphic laurel shade their brows.
Or chant they rather Bacchanalian hymns?
Then would their temples be with ivy wreath'd.
Whence are ye, strangers? speak: the truth declare.
Declare, O friends, what deity ye worship.

CHORUS.

But who art thou, who mak'st us this demand?
Thou too, as from thy crutch may be inferr'd,
And hobbling pace, thou art a votary
Of the invincible divinity.

OCYPUS.

I am; nor am unworthy of the name.

CHORUS.

When Cyprian Venus, queen of love,
In pearly dews fell from above,
Nereus amass'd her scatter'd frame,
And form'd the fair-proportion'd dame.

Fast by the fountains of the deep,
Where on their ooze the surges sleep,
On her broad bosom Tethys laid
The partner of Jove's regal bed.

Minerva, virgin bold and wise,
From the great monarch of the skies,
Saturnian Jove, her birth receiv'd,
In his immortal brain conceiv'd.

But old Ophion, hoary god,
Our goddess first embrac'd,
First in his fond paternal arms
The mighty infant plac'd.

What time primeval Chaos ceas'd,
And Night eternal fled;
Bright rose the Morning, and the Sun
His new-born radiance shed.

Then from the womb of Fate sprung forth
The Gout's tremendous power,
Heaven with portentous thunders rung,
And hail'd her natal hour

Clotho receiv'd and swath'd the babe,
Thence at the streaming breast
Of Wealth by fostering Plutus fed,
Her awful force increas'd.

OCYPUS.

Say by what rites mysterious to her altar
Doth the dread power her votaries admit?

CHORUS.

Nor with the biting steel ourselves we wound [3],
Or sprinkle with our blood the hallow'd ground:
Nor are our necks with galling collars worn;
Or livid backs with sounding scourges torn:
Nor at the altar, when the victim dies,
Gorge we the raw and bleeding sacrifice:
But when the Spring the rising sap impells,
And the young elm with genial moisture swells,
When in the hedges on the budding spray
The blackbird modulates her various lay:
Then unperceiv'd she drives her piercing dart,
And wounds the inmost sense with secret smart;
The hip, the nervous thigh, the ancles swell,
The bending knee, and firm-supporting heel:
The strong-knit shoulder and the sinewy arm,
And hand mechanic, feel th' intestine harm;
Through every joint the thrilling anguish pours,
And gnaws, and burns, and tortures, and devours;
Till length of suffering the dire power appease,
And the fierce torments at her bidding cease.

OCYPUS.

Unweeting then her votary am I.
Thou, goddess, gentle and benign, approach!
And I, with these thy votaries, will begin
Thy sacred, solemn, customary song. [*Dance.*

CHORUS.

Thou air, be still; thou sky, serene;
Thy groans, thou gouty wretch, forbear:
Propt on her staff, behold the queen
Deigns at our altars to appear!

The Goddess of the Gout *descends or enters.*

Hail! gentlest of the heavenly powers!
Propitious on thy servants smile;
And grant in Spring's fermenting hours
A quick deliverance from our toil.

GODDESS.

Lives there on Earth to whom I am unknown,
Unconquerable queen of mighty woes?
Whom nor the fuming censer can appease,
Nor victim's blood on blazing altars pour'd.
Me not Apollo's self with all his drugs,
High Heav'n's divine physician, can subdue;
Nor his learn'd son, wise Æsculapius.
Yet, ever since the race of man began,
All have essay'd my fury to repel,
Racking th' invention of still-baffled physic.
Some this receipt 'gainst me, some that explore.
Plantane they bruise, the parsley's odorous herb,
The lenient lettuce, and the purslain wild;
These bitter horehound, and the watery plant
That on the verdant banks of rivers grows;
Those nettles crush, and comfrey's viscid root,
And pluck the lentils in the standing pools;
Some parsnips, some the glossy leaf apply
That shades the downy peach, benumbing henbane,
The poppies' soothing gum, th' emollient bulb,
Rhind of the Punic apple, fleawort hot,
The costly frankincense, and searching root
Of potent hellebore, soft fenugreek
Temper'd with rosy wine, collamphacum,
Nitre and spawn of frogs, the cypress-cone,
And meal of bearded barley, and the leaf
Of coleworts unprepar'd, and ointments made
Of pickled garus, and (O vain conceit!)
The dung of mountain-goats and human ordure,
The flower of beans, and hot sarcophagus.
The poisonous ruddoc [4] some, and shrew-mouse boil,
The weasel some, the frog, the lizard green,
The fell hyena, and the wily fox,
And branching stone-buck [5] bearded like a goat.
What kind of metals have ye left untried?
What juice? what weeping tree's medicinal tear
What beasts, what animals, have not bestow'd
Their bones, or nerves, or hides, or blood, or marrow,
Or milk, or fat, or excrement, or urine?
The draught of four ingredients some compose,
Some eight, but more from seven expect relief;
Some from the purging hiera seek their cure;
On mystic verses vainly some depend;
The tricking Jew gulls other fools with charms;
While to the cooling fountain others fly,
And in the crystal current seek for health.
But to all these fell anguish I denounce,
To all who tempt me ever more severe.
But they who patiently my visit take,
Nor seek to combat me with anodynes,
Still find me gentle and benevolent.
For in my rites whoe'er participates,
His tongue with eloquence I straight endow,
And teach him with facetious wit to please,
A merry, gay, jocose companion boon,
Round whom the noisy crowd incessant laugh,
As to the baths the crippled wretch is borne.
For that dire Até, of whom Homer sings,
That dreaded powerful deity am I:
Who on the heads of men insulting tread,
And silent, soft, and unobserv'd, approach.
But as from me the acid drop descends,
The drop of anguish, I the Gout am call'd.
Now then, my votaries all, my orgies sing,
And praise with hymns th' unconquerable goddess.

CHORUS.

Hear, stubborn virgin, fierce and strong,
Impracticable maid!
O listen to our holy song!
And grant thy servants aid!

Thy power, imperious dame, dismays
The monarch of the dead,
And strikes the ruler of the seas
And thundering Jove with dread.

Thee soft reposing beds delight
And flannels warm embrace,
And bandag'd legs nor swift in flight,
Nor victors in the race.

Thy flames the tumid ancles feel,
The finger maim'd, the burning heel,
And toe that dreads the ground.

[3] The Chorus here allude to several religious ceremonies performed by several priests to their gods. The Scripture mentions the priests of Baal cutting and slashing themselves with knives, &c.

[4] A kind of red land-toad.

[5] A beast with shaggy hair and a beard like a goat, but otherwise like a stag.

Thy pains unclos'd our eyelids keep,
Or grant at best tumultuous sleep
And slumbers never sound.

Thy cramps our limbs distort,
Thy knots our joints invade:
Such is thy cruel sport,
Inexorable maid!

Enter Messenger, *with two* Mountebanks *bound.*

MESSENGER.

O Mistress, opportunely art thou met.
Attend; no vain or idle tale I bring,
But well supported by authentic facts.
As through the town (for so thou didst enjoin)
With slow and gentle pace I lately rang'd,
Searching if haply I might chance to find
A mortal bold enough to brave thy power;
There quiet all, and patient, I beheld,
Subdued, O goddess, by thy mighty arm:
All but these two presumptuous daring wretches,
Who to the gaping crowd with oaths denied
To pay due reverence to thy deity,
Boasting that they would banish thee from Earth:
Wherefore with fetters strong their legs I bound,
And after five days' march have brought them hither,
A weary march of twice five hundred feet.

GODDESS.

Swift hast thou come, my winged messenger.
Say, from what regions, through what rugged paths,
Hast thou thy tedious longsome way pursued?
Explain, that I may comprehend thy s eed.

MESSENGER.

Five stairs, whose weak and dislocated frame
Trembled beneath my tread, descending down,
First to the level pavement I arriv'd,
That 'gainst my feet its jarring surface turn'd;
Which having with uneasy footsteps cross'd,
I enter'd next the rough and flinty street,
Whose pointed stones the gouty foot abhors:
Here meeting with a smooth, though slippery path,
I hurried on, but with back-sliding haste,
The trodden slime my tottering ancle turn'd.
Thus as I journey'd, down on every side
The streaming sweat descended, and my legs,
Faint and relax'd, no longer firmly trod.
Thence labouring in each limb, and overtoil'd,
A broad but dangerous way receiv'd me next:
For on each hand the whirling chariots flew,
And urg'd, and press'd, and drove me faster on;
But I with nimble action plied my feet,
And quick into an alley stepp'd aside,
Till every *rattling* hasty wheel was pass'd.
For, as to thee, O goddess, I belong'd,
Thy votary, I ought not, could not run.

GODDESS.

Servant, thou hast not well perform'd in vain,
Nor shall thy prompt obedience want reward.
In recompense this pleasing boon receive,
Three years of light and gentler pains to bear.
But ye, most impious heaven-abandon'd villains,
What and whence are ye, that so proudly dare
The lists to enter with the mighty Gout,
Whose power not Jove himself can overcome?
Speak, wretches—many a hero have I tam'd,
As all the wise and learn'd can testify.

Priam[1] was gouty, as old poets sing,
And by the gout the swift Achilles fell.
Bellerophon, and Thebes' unhappy lord,
The mighty Oedipus, my prowess own'd,
And, of maim'd Pelops' race, young Plisthenes.
He too, who led to Troy his warrior bands,
The halting son of Pæas, felt my dart,
And by my dart the lord of Ithaca[2],
Not by the poisonous trygon's bone expir'd.
Wherefore, ill-fated wretches, be assur'd,
Your wicked deeds shall meet their due reward.

1st MOUNTEBANK.

Syrians we are, in fair Damascus born;
But, urg'd by want and hungry poverty,
O'er earth and sea like vagabonds we roam,
And with this ointment, which our father gave,
We comfort and relieve the sick and lame.

GODDESS.

What is your ointment, say, and how prepar'd?

2d MOUNTEBANK.

We dare not tell, to secrecy oblig'd
Both by the solemn oath of our profession,
And last injunctions of a dying father;
Who charg'd us to conceal the powerful virtue
Of this our medicine, whose strong efficacy,
O Gout, can e'en thy madding fires allay.

GODDESS.

Ha! miserable wretches, say ye so?
Is there on Earth a medicine whose effect
My power is not sufficient to control?
Come on, upon this issue let us join.
Let us experience now the prevalence
Of your strong medicine or my raging flames.
Hither, tormenting spirits, who preside
O'er my distracting sorrows, hither come.

Spirits *descend.*

Thou from the tender sole to every toe
Round all the foot the burning anguish spread.
Thou in the heel shalt settle, from the thigh
Thou on the knee shalt pour the bitter drop.
And each of you a finger shall torment.

SPIRITS.

Behold, O queen, thy orders are perform'd.
See! where the wretches maim'd and roaring lie,
Their limbs distorted with our fierce attack.

GODDESS.

Now, friends, inform us of the truth; declare
If aught your boasted ointment now avail.
For, if my forces it indeed subdue,
Far, to the dark recesses of the Earth,

[1] *Priam was gouty*, &c.] Lucian had this circumstance from some secret histories that are not come down to us; or possibly there may be some conceit which we do not understand, since one cannot help thinking that he alludes to the lameness of Philoctetes, which he got by the fall of one of Hercules's arrows on his foot; and to the wound which Achilles received in his heel from Paris, which wound was the occasion of his death.

[2] Telegonus, the son of Ulysses by Circe, coming to Ithaca to see his father, was denied entrance by the servants; upon which a quarrel ensued, in which he unfortunately slew his father Ulysses with a spear or arrow, pointed with the bone of a trygon, a poisonous fish.

The depths profound of Tartarus, I'll fly,
Henceforth unknown, unhonour'd, and unseen.

1st MOUNTEBANK.

Behold the ointment is applied! but, oh!
The flames relent not. Oh! I faint! I die!
A secret poison all my leg consumes.
Not so pernicious is the bolt of Jove:
Nor rages so the wild tempestuous sea:
Nor more resistless is the lightning's blast.
Sure three-mouth'd Cerberus my sinews gnaws:
Or on my flesh some poisonous viper preys;
Or to my limbs th' envenom'd mantle clings[3],
Drench'd in the Centaur's black malignant gore!
O queen, have mercy! freely we acknowledge
That, nor our ointment, nor aught else on Earth,
Thy unresisted fury can restrain,
O mighty conqueress of human kind!

OCYPUS.

I too, O potent goddess, grace implore.
Once in the wanton pride of vigorous youth,
Vain of my beauteous limbs and active strength,
I mock'd thy dolours, and thy power defied.
But now, chastis'd by thy afflictive arm,
And by thy nearer influence subdued,
My impious vaunts, O goddess, I retract,
Adore thy might, and deprecate thy wrath.

GODDESS.

Spirits, forbear, and mitigate their woes.
See, they repent them of the dire contention.
Now let the world confess my stubborn power,
Nor mov'd by pity, nor by drugs subdued.
[*Goddess and Spirits re-ascend.*

CHORUS.

In vain with mimic flames Salmoneus strove
To emulate the bolts of thundering Jove;
To deepest Hell with scorching lightning driven,
Too late he own'd the stronger power of Heaven.

The satyr Marsyas blew his boastful reed, [strings."
And, "Phœbus, strike," he cried, "thy rival
Stript of his skin, he mourns the impious deed,
While round the bleeding trophy Pythius sings.

Robb'd of her children, in eternal woe,
In streams eternal while her sorrows flow,
Sad Niobe laments the fatal hour,
That urg'd her to provoke Latona's power.

Thee, Pallas, skill'd in every work divine,
Foolish Arachne at the loom defied;
Incessant thence she draws the filmy twine,
Memorial of her fond presumptuous pride.

Taught by the vengeance of the gods above,
Latona, Pallas, Pythian Phœbus, Jove,
To mortals be this sage instruction given,
"That man, though bold, is not a match for Heaven." [*Dance.*

3 The mantle of the centaur Nessus, who having proffered Hercules his service to carry his wife over the river Evenus, when he had her on the other side would have forced her. Whereupon Hercules shot him with an arrow. Nessus, seeing he must die, in revenge presents Deianira with his mantle stained with his own blood, telling her it was a charm for love. She believing this, when Hercules was sacrificing in Mount Oeta, sent him this mantle to put on; which he no sooner did, but the poison worked so strongly that he grew mad, and threw himself into the fire.

CHORUS.

O awful Gout, whose universal sway
The trembling nations of the Earth obey,
Our torments, gracious sovereign, O assuage!
Be short our pangs, be moderate thy rage!

Many, various, are the woes
That this scene of life compose.
Use with reconciling balm
Can our throbbing sorrows calm;
Can our sharpest pains beguile,
And bid gouty wretches smile.
Hence, companions of my care,
Learn with patient hearts to bear,
To expect with souls unmov'd
Ills ye have already prov'd.
If severer woes invade,
Heaven will grant you strength and aid.
Who, impatient of his pain,
Bites, and gnaws, and shakes the chain,
Laughter he, and scorn shall move,
Such is the decree of Jove.

ON

THE ABUSE OF TRAVELLING.

A CANTO,

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

THE ARGUMENT.

Archimage tempts the Red-cross knight
From love of Fairy land,
With show of foreign pleasures all,
The which he doth withstand.

Wise was that Spartan law-giver of old,
Who rais'd on Virtue's base his well-built state,
Exiling from her walls barbaric gold,
With all the mischiefs that upon it wait,
Corruption, luxury, and envious hate;
And the distinctions proud of rich and poor,
Which among brethren kindle foul debate,
And teach Ambition, that to fame would soar,
To the false lure of wealth her stooping wing to lower.

Yet would Corruption soon have entrance found,
And all his boasted schemes eftsoon decay'd,
Had not he cast a powerful circle round,
Which to a distance the arch felon fray'd,
And ineffectual his foul engines made:
This was, to weet, that politic command,
Which from vain travel the young Spartan stay'd,
Ne suffer'd him forsake his native land,
To learn deceitful arts, and science contraband.

Yet had the ancient world her courts and schools;
Great kings and courtiers civil and refin'd;
Great rabbins, deeply read in wisdom's rules,
And all the arts that cultivate the mind,
Embellish life, and polish human kind.
Such, Asia, birth-place of proud monarchy,
Such, elder Egypt, in thy kingdoms shin'd,
Mysterious Egypt, the rank nursery
Of superstitions fond, and learned vanity.

But what accomplishments, what arts polite,
Did the young Spartan want, his deeds to grace,

Whose manly virtues, and heroic spright,
Check'd by no thought impure, no falsehood base,
With natural dignity might well outface
The glare of manners false, and mimic pride?
And wherefore should they range from place to place,
Who to their country's love so firm were tied,
All homely as she was, that for her oft they died?

And sooth[1] it is (with reverence may ye hear,
And honour due to passion so refin'd)
The strong affection which true patriots bear
To their dear country, zealous is and blind,
And fond as is the love of womankind,
So that they may not her defects espy,
Ne other paragone[2] may ever find,
But gazing on her with an awful eye
And superstitious zeal, her learn to deify.

And, like as is the faith unsound, untrue,
Of him who, wandering aye from fair to fair,
Conceiveth from each object passion new,
Or from his heart quite dryes the troublous care;
So with the patriot-lover doth it fare,
Who, through the world delighting aye to rove,
His country changeth with each change of air,
Or weening the delights of all to prove,
On none, of all alike, bestows his vagrant love.

Als[3] doth corruption in a distant soil,
With double force assay[4] the youthful heart,
Expos'd suspectless to the traitor's wile,
Expos'd unwarn'd to pleasure's poison'd dart,
Expos'd unpractis'd in the world's wide mart,
Where each one lies, imposes, and betrays,
Without a friend due counsel to impart,
Without a parent's awe to rule his ways,
Without the check of shame, or spur of public praise.

Forthy[5], false Archimago, traytor vile,
Who burnt 'gainst Fairy-land with ceaseless ire,
'Gan cast with foreign pleasures to beguile
Her faithful knight, and quench the heavenly fire
That did his virtuous bosom aye inspire
With zeal unfeigned for her service true,
And send him forth in chivalrous attire,
Arm'd at all points adventures to pursue,
And wreak upon her foes his vowed vengeance due.

So as he journeyed upon the way,
Him soon the sly enchaunter over-hent[6],
Clad like a fairy knight in armour gay,
With painted shield, and spear right forward bent,
In knightly guise[7] and show of hardiment[8],
That aye prepared was for bloody fight.
Whereat the Elfin[9] knight with speeches gent
Him first saluted, who, well as he might,
Him fair salutes again, as seemeth[10] courteous knight.

Then 'gan he purpose[11] frame of valiant deeds
Achiev'd by foreign knights of prowess[12] great,
And mighty fame, which emulation breeds
In virtuous breast, and kindleth martial heat;
Of arts and sciences for warriour meet[13],
And knight that would in feats of arms excel,
Or him, who leifer[14] choosing calm retreat,
With Peace and gentle Virtue aye would dwell,
Who have their triumphs, like as hath Bellona fell.

These, as he said, beseemed knight to know,
And all to be in Fairy-lond y-taught,
Where every art and all fair virtues grow;
Yet various climes with various fruits are fraught,
And such in one hath full perfection raught[15]
The which no skill may in another rear.
So gloz'd th' enchaunter till he hath him brought
To a huge rock, that clomb so high in air,
That from it he uneath[16] the murmuring surge mote hear.

Thence the salt wave beyond in prospect wide
A spacious plain the false enchaunter show'd,
With goodly castles deck'd on every side,
And silver streams, that down the champain flow'd,
And wash'd the vineyards that beside them stood,
And groves of myrtle; als the lamp of day
His orient beams display'd withouten cloud,
Which lightly on the glistening waters play,
And tinge the castles, woods, and hills, with purple ray.

So fair a landscape charm'd the wondering knight;
And eke the breath of morning fresh and sweet
Inspir'd his jocund spirit with delight,
And ease of heart for soft persuasion meet.
Then him the traitor base 'gan fair entreat,
And from the rock as downward they descend,
Of that blest lond his praises 'gan repeat,
Till he him moved hath with him to wend[17];
So to the billowy shore their hasty march they bend.

There in a painted bark all trim and gay,
Whose sails full glad embrac'd the wanton wind,
There sat a stranger wight[18] in quaint array,
That seem'd of various garbs attone[19] combin'd,
Of Europe, Afric, east and western Inde.
Als round about him many creatures stood,
Of several nations and of divers kind,
Apes, serpents, birds with human speech endow'd,
And monsters of the land, and wonders of the flood.

He was to weet a mighty traveller,
Who Curiosity thereafter hight[20],
And well he knew each coast and harbour fair,
And every nation's latitude and site,
And how to steer the wandering bark aright.
So to him straight the false enchaunter bore,
And with him likewise brought the Red-cross knight:
Then fairly him besought to waft them o'er;
Swift flew the dauncing bark, and reach'd the adverse shore.

There when they landed were, them ran to greet
A bevy bright of damsels gent and gay,
Who with soft smiles, and salutation sweet,
And courteous violence would force them stay,
And rest them in their bower not far away;
Their bower that most luxuriously was dight[21]
With all the dainties of air, earth, and sea,
All that mote please the taste, and charm the sight,
The pleasure of the board, and charm of beauty bright.

[1] Truth.
[2] Rival, or one to compare with her.
[3] Moreover, besides.
[4] Assault.
[5] Therefore.
[6] Overtook.
[7] Fashion.
[8] Courage.
[9] Fairy.
[10] Beseemeth.
[11] Discourse, or argument.
[12] Might, valour.
[13] Proper, fit.
[14] Rather.
[15] Reached.
[16] Hardly.
[17] To go.
[18] Man or woman.
[19] Together.
[20] Was called.
[21] Adorned, set forth.

Als might he therein hear a mingled sound
Of feast and song and laughing jollity,
That in the noise was all distinction own'd
Of graver sense, or music's harmony.
Yet were there some in that blithe company
That aptly could discourse of virtuous lore,
Of manners, wisdom, and sound policy;
Yet nould[1] they often ope their sacred store,
Ne might their voice be heard mid riot and uproar.

Thereto the joys of idleness and love,
And luxury, that besots the noblest mind,
And custom prevalent at distance drove
All sense and relish of a higher kind,
Whereby the soul to virtue is refin'd.
Instead whereof the arts of Slavery
Were taught, of Slavery perverse and blind,
That vainly boasts her native liberty,
Yet wears the chains of pride, of lust, and gluttony.

Of which the Red-cross knight right well aware,
Would in no wise agree with them to go,
Albeit with courtly glee their leader fair,
Hight[2] Politessa, him did kindly woo.
But all was false pretence, and hollow show,
False as the flowers which to their breasts they tied,
Or those which seemed in their cheeks to glow,
For both were false, and not by Nature dy'd,
False rivals of the Spring and Beauty's rosy pride.

Then from behind them straightway 'gan advance
An uncouth stripling quaintly habited,
As for some revel mask, or antic daunce,
All chequer'd o'er with yellow, blue, and red;
Als in a vizor black he shrouds his head,
The which he tossed to and fro amain,
And eft[3] his lathy falchion brandished,
As if he meant fierce battle to darrain[4],
And like a wanton ape eft skipp'd he on the plain.

And eft about him skipp'd a gaudy throng
Of youthful gallants, frolic, trim, and gay,
Chanting in careless notes their amorous song,
Match'd with like careless guests, like amorous play.
Als were they gorgeous, dress'd in rich array,
And well accepted of that female train,
Whose hearts to joy and mirth devoted aye,
Each proffer'd love receive without disdain,
And part without regret from each late favour'd swain.

And now they do accord in wanton daunce
To join their hands upon the flowery plain;
The whiles with amorous leer and eyes askaunce
Each damsel fires with love her glowing swain;
Till, all impatient of the tickling pain,
In sudden laughter forth at once they break,
And ending so their daunce, each tender twain
To shady bowers forthwith themselves betake,
Deep hid in myrtle groves, beside a silver lake.

Thereat the Red-cross knight was much enmov'd,
And 'gan his heart with indignation swell,
To view in forms so made to be belov'd,
Ne faith, ne truth, ne heavenly virtue dwell;
But lust instead, and falsehood, child of Hell;
And glutton sloth, and love of gay attire:
And sooth to say, them well could parallel
Their lusty paramours[5] in vain desire;
Well fitted to each dame was every gallant squire.

Yet when their sovereign calls them forth to arms,
Their sovereign, whose behests[6] they most revere,
Right wisely can they menage war's alarms,
And wield with valour great the martial spear,
So that their name is dreaded far and near.
Oh! that for liberty they so did fight!
Then need not Fairy-land their prowess fear,
Ne give in charge to her adventurous knight
Their friendship to beware, and sense-deluding sleight.

But not for liberty they wagen war,
But solely to aggrate[7] their mighty lord,
For whom their dearest blood they nillen[8] spare,
When so him listeth draw the conquering sword;
So is that idol vain of them ador'd,
Who ne with might beyond his meanest thrall
Endued, ne with superior wisdom stor'd,
Sees at his feet prostrated millions fall,
And with religious dread obey his princely call.

Thereto so high and stately was his port,
That all the petty kings him sore envy'd,
And would him imitate in any sort,
With all the mimic pageantry of pride,
And worship'd be like him, and deify'd,
Of courtly sycophants and caitifs[9] vile,
Who to those services themselves apply'd,
And in that school of servitude erewhile
Had learn'd to bow, and grin, and flatter, and beguile.

For to that seminary of fashions vain
The rich and noble from all parts repair,
Where grown enamour'd to the gaudy train,
And courteous haviour gent and debonair,
They cast to imitate such semblaunce fair;
And, deeming meanly of their native loud,
Their own rough virtues they disdain to wear;
And back returning drest by foreign hond,
Ne other matter care, ne other understond.

Wherefore th' enchaunter vile, who sore was griev'd
To see the knight reject those damsels gay,
Wherewith he thought him sure to have deceiv'd,
Was minded to that court him to convey,
And daze his eyen with majesty's bright ray:
So to a stately castle he him brought,
Which in the midst of a great garden lay,
And wisely was by cunning craftsmen wrought,
And with all riches deck'd surpassing human thought.

There underneath a sumptuous canopy,
That with bright ore and diamonds glitter'd far,
Sate the swoln form of royal surquedry[10],
And deem'd itself allgates[11] some creature rare;
While its own haughty state it mote compare
With the base countenance of the vas-sal fry,
That seem'd to have nor eye, nor tongue, nor ear;
Ne any sense, ne any faculty,
That did not to his throne owe servile ministry.

[1] Would not. [2] Called. [3] Often.
[4] Attempt.
[5] Lovers. [6] Commands. [7] Please.
[8] Will not. [9] Scoundrels. [10] Pride.
[11] By all means, omnino.

Yet wist he not that half that homage low
Was at a wizard's shrine in private pay'd,
The which conducted all that goodly show,
And as he list th' imperial puppet play'd,
By secret springs and wheels right wisely made,
That he the subtle wires mote not avize[1],
But deem in sooth that all he did or said,
From his own motion and free grace did rise,
And that he justly hight immortal, great, and wise.

And eke to each of that same gilded train,
That meekly round that lordly throne did stand,
Was by that wizard ty'd a magic chain,
Whereby their actions all he mote command,
And rule with hidden influence the land.
Yet to his lord he outwardly did bend,
And those same magic chains within his hand
Did seem to place, albeit by the end
He held them fast, that none them from his gripe mote rend.

He was to weet an old and wrinkled mage,
Deep read in all the arts of policy,
And from experience grown so crafty sage,
That none his secret counsels mote descry,
Ne search the mines of his deep subtlety.
Thereto fair peace he lov'd and cherished;
And traffic did promote and industry,
Whereby the vulgar were in quiet fed,
And the proud lords in ease and plenty wallowed.

Thence all the gorgeous splendor of the court,
Sith[2] the sole business of the rich and great,
Was to that hope-built temple to resort,
And round their earthly god in glory wait,
Who, with their pride to swell his royal state,
Did pour large sums of gold on every one,
Brought him by harpies fell, him to aggrate,
And torn from peasants vile, beneath the throne
Who lay deep sunk in earth, and inwardly did groan.

"Behold," says Archimage, "the envy'd height
Of human grandeur to the gods ally'd!
Behold yon Sun of power, whose glorious light,
O'er this rejoicing land out-beaming wide,
Calls up those princely flowers on every side;
Which, like the painted daughters of the plain,
Ne toil, ne spin, ne stain their silken pride
With care, or sorrow, sith withouten pain
Them in eternal joy those heavenly beams maintain.

"Then morn and evening joy eternal greets,
And for them thousands and ten thousands toil[3],
Gathering from land and ocean honeyed sweets
For them, who in soft indolence the while
And slumbering peace enjoy the luscious spoil;
And as they view around the careful bees
Forespent[4] with labour and incessant toil,
With the sweet contrast learn themselves to please,
And heighten by compare the luxury of ease."

"Ungenerous man," quoth then the Fairy knight,
"That can rejoice to see another's woe!
And thou, unworthy of that glory bright,
Wherewith the gods have deck'd thy princely brow,
That doth on sloth and gluttony bestow
The hard-earn'd fruits of industry and pain,
And to the dogs the labourer's morsel throw,
Unmindful of the hand that sow'd the grain,
The poor earth-trodden root of all thy greatness vain.

"Oh foul abuse of sacred Majesty,
That boasteth her fair self from Heaven y-sprong!
Where are the marks of thy divinity?
Truth, mercy, justice steady, bold and strong,
To aid the meek, and curb oppressive wrong?
Where is the care and love of public good,
That to the people's father doth belong?
Where the vice-gerent of that bounteous God,
Who bids dispense to all, what he for all bestow'd?

"Dwell'st thou not rather, like the prince of Hell,
In Pandemonium full of ugly fiends?
Dissimulation, discord, malice fell,
Reckless ambition, that right onward wends[5],
Though his wild march o'erthrow both fame and friends,
And virtue and his country; crooked guile,
Obliquely creeping to his treacherous ends,
And flattery, curs'd assassin, who the while
He holds the murderous knife, can fawn, and kiss, and smile."

Then 'gan he straight unvail the mirror bright,
The which fair Una[6] gave him heretofore,
Ere he as yet, with Paynim[7] foe to fight,
For foreign land had left his native shore.
This in his careful breast he always bore,
And on it oft would cast his wary eye;
For it by magic framed was of yore,
So that no falshood mote it well abye,
But it was plainly seen, or fearfully did fly.

This on that gay assembly did he turn,
And saw confounded quite the gaudy scene;
Saw the close fire that inwardly did burn,
And waste the throbbing heart with secret teen[8];
Saw base dependence in the haughty mien
Of lords and princes; saw the magic chain
That each did wear, but deem'd he wore unseen,
The whiles with count'nance glad he hid his pain,
And homage did require from each poor lowly swain.

And though to that old image they louted down,
Yet did they dearly wish for his decay:
Als trembled he, and aye upon the throne
Of his great lord his tottering steps did stay,
And oft behind him skulk'd for great dismay;
Als shook the throne, when so the villain crew,
That underneath oppress'd and groveling lay,
Impatient of the grievous burthen grew,
And loudly for redress and liberty did sue.

There mote he likewise see a ribbald train
Of dancers, broiderers, slaves of Luxury,
Who cast o'er all those lords and ladies vain
A veil of semblance fair, and richest dye,
That none their inward baseness mote descry.
But nought was hidden from that mirror bright;
Which when false Archimago 'gan espy,
He feared for himself, and warn'd the knight
From so detested place to maken speedy flight.

[1] Discover, perceive. [2] Since. [3] Work hard.
[4] Quite spent.

[5] Goes.
[6] Una in Spenser represents Truth, see B. 1. Fairy Queen.
[7] Heathen, the usual enemy of knight-errants in Spenser. [8] Pain, anguish.

So on he passed, till he comen hath
To a small river, that full slow did glide,
As it uneath mote find its watry path
For stones and rubbish, that did choak its tide,
So lay the mouldering piles on every side,
Seem'd there a goodly city once had been,
Albeit now fallen were her royal pride,
Yet mote her auncient greatness still be seen,
Still from her ruins prov'd the world's imperial queen.

For the rich spoil of all the continents,
The boast of Art and Nature there was brought,
Corinthian brass, Ægyptian monuments,
With hieroglyphic sculptures all inwrought,
And Parian marbles, by Greek artists taught
To counterfeit the forms of heroes old,
And set before the eye of sober thought
Lycurgus, Homer, and Alcides bold;
All these and many more that may not here be told.

There in the middest of a ruin'd pile,
That seem'd a theatre of circuit vast,
Where thousands might be seated, he erewhile
Discover'd hath an uncouth trophy plac'd;
Seem'd a huge heap of stone together cast
In nice disorder and wild symmetry,
Urns, broken freezes, statues half defac'd,
And pedestals with antique imagery
Emboss'd, and pillars huge of costly porphyry.

Aloft on this strange basis was ypight[1],
With girlonds gay adorn'd, a golden chair,
In which, aye smiling with self-bred delight,
In careless pride reclin'd a lady fair,
And to soft music lent her idle ear;
The which with pleasure so did her enthral,
That for aught else she had but little care,
For wealth, or fame, or honour feminal,
Or gentle love, sole king of pleasures natural.

Als by her side, in richest robes array'd,
An eunuch sate, of visage pale and dead,
Unseemly paramour for royal maid!
Yet him she courted oft and honoured,
And oft would by her place in princely sted[2],
Though from the dregs of earth he springen were,
And oft with regal crowns she deck'd his head,
And oft, to sooth her vain and foolish ear,
She bade him the great names of mighty Kesars[3] bear.

Thereto herself a pompous title bore,
For she was vain of her great auncestry,
But vainer still of that prodigious store
Of arts and learning, which she vaunts to lie
In the rich archives of her treasury.
These she to strangers oftentimes would show,
With grave demean and solemn vanity,
Then proudly claim as to her merit due,
The venerable praise and title of Vertù.

Vertù she was yclept[4], and held her court
With outward shows of pomp and majesty,
To which natheless few others did resort,
But men of base and vulgar industry.
Or such perdy as of them cozen'd be,
Mimes, fidlers, pipers, eunuchs squeaking fine,
Painters and builders, sons of masonry,
Who well could measure with the rule and line,
And all the orders five right craftily define.

But other skill of cunning architect,
How to contrive the house for dwelling best,
With self-sufficient scorn they wont neglect,
As corresponding with their purpose least;
And herein be they copied of the rest,
Who aye pretending love of science fair,
And generous purpose to adorn the breast
With liberal arts, to Vertù's court repair,
Yet nought but tunes and names, and coins away do bear.

For long, to visit her once-honour'd seat
The studious sons of learning have forbore:
Who whilom thither ran with pilgrim feet
Her venerable reliques to adore,
And load their bosom with the sacred store,
Whereof the world large treasure yet enjoys.
But sithence[5] she declin'd from wisdom's lore,
They left her to display her pompous toys
To virtuosi vain, and wonder-gaping boys.

Forthy to her a numerous train doth long[6]
Of ushers in her court well practised,
Who aye about the moneyed stranger throng,
Offering, with shows of courteous bountihed[7],
Him through the rich apartments all to lead,
And show him all the wonders of her state,
Whose names and price they wisely can areed[8],
And tell of coins of old and modern date,
And pictures false and true right well discriminate.

Als are they named after him, whose tongue
Shook the dictator in his curule chair,
And, thundering through the Roman senate, rung
His bold Philippics in Antonius' ear;
Which when the Fairy heard, he sigh'd full dear,
And, casting round his quick discerning eye,
At every deal[9] he dropt a manly tear,
As he the stately buildings mote descry,
Baths, theatres, and fanes, in mouldering fragments lie.

"And, oh! imperial city!" then he said,
"How art thou tumbled from thine Alpine throne!
Whereon, like Jove on high Olympus' head,
Thou sittedst erst unequal'd and alone,
And madest through the world thy greatness known:
While from the western isles, to Indus' shore,
From seven-mouth'd Nilus, to the frozen Don,
Thy dradded bolts the strong-pounc'd eagle bore,
And taught the nations round thy fasces to adore.

"And doth among thy reliques nought remain,
No little portion of that haughty spright,
Which made thee whilom scorn soft Pleasure's chain,
And in free Virtue place thy chief delight,
Whereby through ages shone thy glory bright?
And is there nought remaining to confound
Those who, regardless of thy woeful plight,
With idle wonder view thy ruins round,
And without thought survey thy memorable wound?

[1] Placed. [2] Seat or place.
[3] Emperors. [4] Called or named.
[5] Since. [6] Belong.
[7] Good-nature or civility.
[8] Relate or declare. These under sort of antiquaries, who go about with strangers to show them the antiquities, &c. of Rome, are called Ciceroni.
[9] At every turn, every now and then.

"Arise, thou genuine Cicero, and declare
That all these mighty ruins scatter'd wide
The sepulchres of Roman virtue were,
And trophies vast of luxury and pride,
Those fell diseases whereof Rome erst dy'd.
And do you then with vile mechanic thought
Your course, ye sons of Fairy, hither guide,
That ye those gay refinements may be taught,
Which Liberty's fair lond to shame and thraldom brought?

"Let Rome those vassal arts now meanly boast,
Which to her vanquish'd thralls she erst resign'd;
Ye who enjoy that freedom she has lost,
That great prerogative of human-kind,
Close to your hearts the precious jewel bind,
And learn the rich possession to maintain,
Learn virtue, justice, constancy of mind,
Not tó be mov'd by fear or pleasure's train;
Be these your arts, ye brave; these only are humane."

As he thus spake, th' enchaunter half-asham'd
Wist not what fitting answer to devise,
As was his caitive heart well-nigh inflam'd,
By that same knight so virtuous, brave, and wise,
That long he doubts him farther to entice.
But he was harden'd and remorseless grown,
Through practice old of villainy and vice;
So to his former wiles he turns him soon,
As in another place hereafter shall be shown.

EDUCATION:

A POEM,

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF THE STYLE AND MANNER OF

SPENSER'S FAIRY QUEEN.

INSCRIBED TO LADY LANGHAM,

WIDOW OF SIR JOHN LANGHAM, BART.

Unum studium verè liberale est, quod liberum facit. Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime, forte, magnanimum: cætera pusilla et puerilia sunt.—Plus scire velle quàm sit satis intemperantiæ genus est. Quid, quòd ista liberalium artium consectatio molestos, verbosos, intempestivos, sibi placentes facit, et ideo non dicentes necessaria, quia supervacua didicerunt."

SEN. EP. 88.

O GOODLY Discipline! from Heaven y-sprong!
Parent of Science, queen of arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces and the Nine belong:
O! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright virtue that adorns the mind!
O bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,
Who by thy aid erst humaniz'd mankind,
Inspire, direct, and moralize the strain,
That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain!

And thou, whose pious and maternal care,
The substitute of heavenly Providence,
With tenderest love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly strength and sense;
With mildest awe, and virtuous influence,
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the smooth walks of Truth and Innocence;
Where Happiness heart-felt, Contentment sweet,
Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat.

Thou, most belov'd, most honour'd, most rever'd!
Accept this verse, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not, if, by each tye endear'd,
Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
The whiles this moral thesis I pursue,
And trace the plan of goodly nurture[1] o'er,
I bring thy modest virtues in'o view;
And proudly boast that from thy precious store,
Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
The valued gifts thy careful love bestow'd;
If, imitating thee, well as I may,
I labour to diffuse th' important good,
Till this great truth by all be understood,
"That all the pious duties which we owe,
Our parents, friends, our country, and our God;
The seeds of every virtue here below,
From discipline alone, and early culture, grow."

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The knight, as to Pædia's[2] house
He his young son conveys,
Is staid by Custom; with him fights,
And his vain pride disdays.

A GENTLE knight there was, whose noble deeds
O'er Fairy-land by Fame were blazon'd round:
For warlike enterprize, and sage areeds[3],
Among the chief alike was he renown'd;
Whence with the marks of highest honours crown'd
By Gloriana, in domestic peace,
That port, to which the wise are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
Of bustling busy life, for calm sequester'd ease.

There, in domestic virtue rich and great
As erst in public, 'mid his wide domain,
Long in primeval patriarchal state,
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
He dwelt; and with him, in the golden chain
Of wedded faith y-link'd, a matron sage
Aye dwelt; sweet partner of his joy and pain,
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage.

From this fair union, not of sordid gain,
But merit similar and mutual love,
True source of lineal virtue, sprung a train
Of youths and virgins; like the beauteous grove,
Which round the temple of Olympic Jove,
Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree[4],
The sacred olive; whence old Elis wove.

[1] Education.

[2] Pædia is a Greek word, signifying education.

[3] Counsels.

[4] *Parent tree, the sacred olive.*] This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter at Olympia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred, and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.

Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The guerdons[1] of bold strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
These generous scyons: they with watchful care
Still, as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young shoots to rear;
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a palmer[2] sage instructed were,
Who from deep thought and studious search erewhile
Had learnt to mend the heart, and till the human soil.

For by celestial Wisdom whilom led
Through all th' apartments of th' immortal mind,
He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the sted[3]
To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd;
And how sensation and reflection join'd
To fill with images her darksome grotte,
Where, variously disjointed or combin'd,
As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought,
Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pensive thought.

Alse[4] through the fields of Science had he stray'd
With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
Through each learn'd school, each philosophic shade,
Where Truth and Virtue erst were deem'd to lie;
If haply the fair vagrants he mote[5] spy,
Or hear the music of their charming lore:
But all unable there to satisfy
His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
The sacred writ of Faith: to learn, believe, adore.

Thence foe profess'd of Falsehood and Deceit,
Those sly artificers of tyranny,
Aye[6] holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to knowledge, liberty,
Mankind he led to civil policy,
And mild Religion's charitable law:
That, fram'd by mercy and benignity,
The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
And free-created souls with penal terrours awe.

Ne[7] with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride;
But, stooping from his height, would even deign
The feeble steps of infancy to guide.
Eternal glory him therefore betide,
Let every generous youth his praise proclaim;
Who, wandering through the world's rude forest wide,
By him hath been y-taught his course to frame
To Virtue's sweet abodes, and heaven-aspiring Fame!

For this the Fairy knight with anxious thought,
And fond paternal care, his counsel pray'd;
And him of gentlest courtesy besought
His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid;
The while his tender offspring he convey'd,
Through devious paths to that secure retreat,
Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
'Mid flowery gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar feet.

And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that same virtuous palmer them to guide;
Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
Y-mounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he slow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle squire ensues[8],
With his young lord aye marching side by side,
His counsellour and guard, in goodly thews[9],
Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by every Muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursu'd,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain:
Ere long descending from an hill they view'd
Beneath their eyes out-stretch'd a spacious plain,
That fruitful show'd, and apt for every grain,
For pastures, vines, and flowers; while Nature fair,
Sweet-smiling all around with countenance fain[10],
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care,
Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

Right good, I ween, and bounteous was the soil,
Aye wont in happy season to repay
With tenfold usury the peasant's toil.
But now 't was ruin all, and wild decay;
Untill'd the garden and the fallow lay,
The sheep shorne down with barren brakes[11] o'ergrown,
The whiles the merry peasants sport and play,
All as the public evil were unknown,
Or every public care from every breast was flown.

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
And so deform'd; with wonder and delight
At man's neglect, and Nature's bounty rare,
In studious thought a while the Fairy knight
Bent on that goodly lond[12] his eager sight:
Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
What towns and castles there-in were empight[13];
For towns him seem'd, and castles he did spy,
As to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming eye.

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
To a wide stream, that with tumultuous roar
Amongst rude rocks its winding course did frame;
Black was the wave and sordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and stain'd with infants' gore.
Thereto along th' unlovely margin stood
A birchen grove, that, waving from the shore,
Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

Right on the centre of the vale empight,
Not distant far a forked mountain rose;
In outward form presenting to the sight
That fam'd Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows
The nine Aonian Sisters wont repose;
Listening to sweet Castalia's sounding stream,
Which through the plains of Cirrha murmuring flows:
But this to that compar'd mote justly seem,
Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem.

For this nor founded deep, nor spredden wide,
Nor high up-rais'd above the level plain,
By toiling Art through tedious years applied,
From various parts compil'd with studious pain,
Was erst[14] up-thrown; if so it mote attain,
Like that poetic mountain, to be hight[15]

[1] Rewards.
[2] Pilgrim. The person here signified is Mr. Locke, characterised by his works.
[3] Place, station. [4] Also, further.
[5] Might. [6] Ever. [7] Nor.
[8] Follows. [9] Manners.
[10] Earnest, eager. [11] Briers.
[12] Land. [13] Placed.
[14] Formerly. [15] Called, named.

The noble seat of Learning's goodly train.
Thereto, the more to captivate the sight,
It like a garden fair most curiously was dight [1].
In figur'd plots with leafy walls enclos'd,
By measure and by rule it was out-lay'd;
With symmetry so regular dispos'd,
That plot to plot still answer'd, shade to shade;
Each correspondent twain alike array'd
With like embellishments of plants and flowers,
Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
Through shells of Tritons their ascending showers,
And labyrinths involv'd, and trelice-woven bowers.

There likewise mote be seen on every side
The yew obedient to the planter's will,
And shapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently shorne, and, with preposterous skill,
To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous size;
Huge as that giant-race, who, high on hill
High-heaping, sought with impious vain emprize[2],
Despite of thundering Jove, to scale the steepy skies.

Alse other wonders of the sportive shears
Fair Nature misadorning there were found:
Globes, spiral columns, pyramids and piers
With sprouting urns and budding statues crown'd;
And horizontal dials on the ground
In living box by cunning artists trac'd;
And gallies trim, on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast,
All[3] were their bellying sails out-spread to every blast.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terrasses on terrasses up-thrown;
And all along arrang'd in order'd rows,
And vistos broad, the velvet slopes adown
The ever-verdant trees of Daphne shone.
But, aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains, and Grecian Helicon,
They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mould,
By changeful Summers starv'd, and pinch'd by Winter's cold.

'Amid this verdant grove with solemn state,
On golden thrones of antique form reclin'd,
In mimic majesty nine Virgins sate,
In features various, as unlike in mind:
Alse boasted they themselves of heavenly kind,
And to the sweet Parnassian nymphs allied;
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay they twin'd,
And matching with high names their apish pride,
O'er every learned school aye claim'd they to preside.

In antique garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artists whilom [4] made,
Of various woofs, and variously distain'd,
With tints of every hue, were they array'd;
And here and there ambitiously display'd
A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
Erst by the Muses or th' Aonian maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan bard;
Which o'er each motley vest with uncouth splendour glar'd.

And well their outward vesture did express
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wisdom's antiquated dress,
And usages by time cast far behind.
Thence, to the charms of younger Science blind,
The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and phrase
Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd;
Ne sacred Truth herself would they embrace,
Unwarranted, unknown in their forefathers' days.

Thus ever backward casting their survey
To Rome's old ruins and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay [turn
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they
Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn.
Then, gathering up with superstitious care
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare,
This Ennius, Varro; this the Stagyrite did wear.

Yet, under names of venerable sound, [rod;
While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful
Through all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wise and good.
Alse from each region to their drad [5] abode
Came youth unnumber'd crowding all to taste
The streams of Science; which united flow'd
Adown the mount, from nine rich sources cast;
And to the vale below in one rude torrent pass'd.

O'er every source, protectress of the stream,
One of those virgin sisters did preside;
Who, dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of scholastic pride
Despotical and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide;
Vain love of praise, with adulation join'd,
And disingenuous scorn and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on every side,
In circuit vast a verdant valley spread,
Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led,
By various sluices from one common head;
A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound,
Hight, of Philology the Lake; and fed
By that rude torrent, which with roaring sound
Came tumbling from the hill, and flow'd the level round.

And every where this spacious valley o'er,
Fast by each stream was seen a numerous throng
Of beardless striplings, to the birch-crown'd shore,
By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along:
Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender side
Of their fond mothers, and by faitours [6] strong,
By power made insolent, and hard by pride,
Were driven with furious rage, and lash'd into the tide.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
And, casting round their oft-reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;
But far away th' unheeding father flies,
Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress;
While close behind, assuming the disguise
Of nurturing care, and smiling tenderness,
With secret scourges arm'd, those griesly faitours press.

[1] Drest. [2] Enterprise, attempt.
[3] All, used frequently by the old English poets for although.
[4] Formerly.
[5] Dreadful.
[6] Faitour, doer, from faire, to do, and fait, deed; commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
When the young Sun with flowery Maia rides;
With innocent dismay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides:
The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
Their seely [1] fear; at length impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender sides;
And, all regardless of their piteous moan,
Into the dashing wave compels them furious down.

Thus urg'd by mastering fear and dolorous teen [2]
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd.
Right piteous was the spectacle, I ween,
Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood;
And labouring to attain the distant shore,
Where, holding forth the gown of manhood, stood
The syren Liberty, and evermore
Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

Irksome and long the passage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide,
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vext, [abide
Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill
With head-uplifted o'er the waves to ride.
Whence many wearied ere they had o'erpast
The middle stream (for they in vain have tried)
Again return'd astounded [3] and aghast;
Ne one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some, of a rugged more enduring frame,
Their toilsome course with patient pain pursued;
And, though with many a bruise and muchel [4] blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embrued
Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdued
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last,
But in life's practic lear [5] unskill'd and rude,
Forth in that forked hill they silent pac'd;
Where hid in studious shades their fruitless hours they waste.

Others, of rich and noble lineage bred, [strain'd,
Though with the crowd to pass the flood con-
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides and in all depths sustain'd,
Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, unstain'd,
Save with the sprinkling of the watery spray,
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd,
Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice, and premature decay.

A few, alas, how few! by Heaven's high will
With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
Albe [6] sore mated [7] by the tempests shrill,
That bellow'd fierce and rife the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along
Cut briskly through the waves; and, forces new
Gathering from toil, and ardour from the throng
Of rival youths, outstript the labouring crew,
And to the true Parnasse [8] and heaven-throng'd glory flew.

Dire was the tumult, and from every shore
Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and singults [9] sore
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear,
And furious stripes, and angry threats severe,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound
Of all the various speeches that while-ere [10]
On Shinar's wide-spread champain did astound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proud works confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,
But more his blooming son, whose tender breast
Empierced deep with sympathizing teen
On his pale cheek the signs of drad imprest,
And fill'd his eyes with tears, which, sore distrest,
Up to his sire he rais'd in mournful wise;
Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad surmise;
Then turns his ready steed, and on his journey hies.

But far he had not march'd, ere he was stay'd
By a rude voice, that like th' united sound
Of shouting myriads, through the valley bray'd,
And shook the groves, the floods, and solid ground;
The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
"Arrest, sir Knight," it cried, "thy fond career,
Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
That awful majesty which all revere! [hear
In my commands, sir Knight, the voice of nations

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain,
Advancing tow'rds him with impetuous gait,
And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate
Shone the bright ensign of imperial state;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none;
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft'times over both erect his throne, [own.
While senates, priests and kings his sovran [11] sceptre

Custom he hight; and aye in every land
Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
O'er all he holds; and to his high command
Constrains even stubborn Nature to obey;
Whom dispossessing oft, he doth assay
To govern in her right: and with a pace
So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
That she unwares is caught in his embrace,
And, though deflower'd and thrall'd, nought feels her foul disgrace.

For nurturing, even from their tenderest age,
The docile sons of men withouten pain,
By disciplines and rules to every stage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Insensibly to wear and hug his chain.
Alse his behests or gentle or severe,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily persuades them to revere,
As institutions sage, and venerable lear.

Protector, therefore, of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of those Sisters nine,
Who, there enthron'd, with many a copious rill
Feed the full streams, that through the valley shine,
He deemed was; and aye with rites divine,
Like those which Sparta's hardy race [12] of yore

[1] Simple. [2] Pain, grief. [3] Astonished.
[4] Much. [5] Learning. [6] Although.
[7] Amazed, scared. [8] Parnassus. [9] Sighs.

[10] Formerly. [11] Sovereign.
[12] The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely. And I myself (says Plutarch, in his Life of Lycurgus) have seen several of them endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar of Diana, surnamed Orthia.

Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
He doth constrain his vassals to adore [lore.
Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sacred

And to the Fairy knight now drawing near,
With voice terrific and impetuous mien,
(All was he wont less dreadful to appear,
When known and practis'd then at distance seen)
And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
Him he commandeth, upon threaten'd pain
Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpose to refrain, [train.
And all due honours pay to Learning's reverend

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay,
As one who little car'd to justify
His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,
Upon the Fairy youth with great dismay
In every quaking limb convuls'd, he lay'd:
And proudly stalking o'er the verdant lay [1],
Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
With many his young compeers therein to be em-
bay'd [2].

The knight his tender son's distressful stour [3]
Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew:
Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that power,
Which from submission aye more haughty grew.
For that proud giant's force he wisely knew,
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd
With rash presumption; and with courage true,
Rather than step from Virtue's paths aside,
Oft had he singly scorn'd his all-dismaying pride.

And now, disdaining parle, his courser hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful
spear;
Where-with the giant he so rudely smot,
That him perforce constrain'd to wend arrear [4].
Who, much abash'd at such rebuke severe,
Yet his accustom'd pride recovering soon,
Forth-with his massy sceptre 'gan up-rear;
For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldest fone [5].

With that enormous mace the Fairy knight
So sore he bet [6], that all his armour bray'd [7],
To pieces well-nigh riven with the might
Of so tempestuous strokes; but he was stay'd,
And ever with deliberate valour weigh'd
The sudden changes of the doubtful fray;
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard assay:
So lightly from his steed he leapt upon the lay.

Then swiftly drawing forth his trenchant [8] blade,
High o'er his head he held his fenceful shield;
And, warily forecasting to evade
The giant's furious arm, about him wheel'd,
With restless steps aye traversing the field.
And ever as his foe's intemperate pride,
Through rage defenceless, mote advantage yield,
With his sharp sword so oft he did him gride [9],
That his gold-sandal'd feet in crimson floods were
dy'd.

His baser parts he maim'd with many a wound;
But far above his utmost reach were pight [10]

[1] Mead. [2] Bathed, dipped.
[3] Trouble, misfortune, &c.
[4] Move backwards. [5] Foes. [6] Beat.
[7] Resounded. [8] Cutting. [9] Cut, hack.
[10] Placed.

The forts of life: ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and abolish quite
A power so puissant by his single might
Did he presume to hope: himself alone
From lawless force to free, in bloody fight
He stood; content to bow to Custom's throne,
So Reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.

So well he warded, and so fiercely press'd
His foe, that weary vex'd he of the fray;
Yet nould he algates [11] lower his haughty crest;
But masking in contempt his sore dismay,
Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey,
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly casting on the warlike Fay [12]
A smile of scorn and pity, through the air
Gan blow his shrilling horn; the blast was heard afar.

Eftsoons astonish'd at th' alarming sound,
The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round
Came pouring o'er the plain a numerous throng
Of every sex and order, old and young;
The vassals of great Custom's wide domain,
Who, to his lore inur'd by usage long,
His every summons heard with pleasure fain,
And felt his every wound with sympathetic pain.

They, when their bleeding king they did behold,
And saw an armed knight him standing near,
Attended by that palmer sage and bold, [ere
Whose venturous search of devious truth while-
Spread through the realms of Learning horrours
Y-seized were at first with terrours great; [drear,
And in their boding hearts began to fear,
Dissension factious, controversial hate,
And innovations strange in Custom's peaceful state.

But when they saw the knight his fauchion sheathe,
And climbing to his steed march thence away,
With all his hostile train, they 'gan to breathe
With freer spirit, and with aspect gay
Soon chas'd the gathering clouds of black affray.
Alse their great monarch, cheered with the view
Of myriads, who confess his sovran sway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew;
And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

There-at the multitude, that stood around,
Sent up at once a universal roar
Of boisterous joy: the sudden-bursting sound,
Like the explosion of a warlike store
Of nitrous grain, th' afflicted welkin [13] tore.
Then turning towards the knight, with scoffings
Heart-piercing insults, and revilings sore, [lewd,
Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
As through the throng he pass'd, his parting steps
pursued.

Alse from that forked hill the boasted seat
Of studious Peace and mild Philosophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Mustering their rage; eke baleful Infamy,
Rouz'd from her den of base obscurity
By those same Maidens Nine, began to sound
Her brazen trump of blakening obloquy:
While Satire, with dark clouds encompast round,
Sharp, secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to
wound.

But the brave Fairy knight, no whit dismay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain;

[11] Would not by any means.
[12] Fairy. [13] Sky.

With curious eye observing, as he stray'd
Through the wide provinces of Custom's reign,
What mote afresh admonish him remain
Fast by his virtuous purpose; all around
So many objects mov'd his just disdain;
Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing sound,
In city, village, bower, or castle, mote be found.

In village, city, castle, bower, and hall,
Each sex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual general jubilee.
Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee:
Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
Restraint of law, religion's dread decree,
Intestine desolation, foreign foes,
Nor Heaven's tempestuous threats, nor Earth's convulsive throes.

But chiefly they whom Heaven's disposing hand
Had seated high on Fortune's upper stage;
And plac'd within their call the sacred band
That waits on Nurture and Instruction sage,
If haply their wise hests [1] mote them engage
To climb through knowledge to more noble praise;
And as they mount, enlighten every age
With the bright influence of fair Virtue's rays;
Which from the awful heights of Grandeur brighter blaze.

They, O perverse and base ingratitude!
Despising the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endued
With wealth, authority and eminence,
To the low services of brutal sense
Abus'd the means of pleasures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence;
And fettering on her throne th' immortal Mind,
The guidance of her realm to passions wild resign'd.

Hence thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
Nought worthy of their kind did they essay;
But, or benumb'd with palsied Idleness,
In meerly living loitered life away;
Or, by false taste of pleasure led astray,
For ever wandering in the sensual bowers
Of feverish Debauch, and lustful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active powers,
And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal hours.

Ev'n they to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate, and purer mind,
Though the foul brothel and the wine-stain'd board
Of beastly Comus loathing they declin'd,
Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd;
Like painted insects, through the summer air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd;
And tasting every flower and blossom fair,
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

For choice them needed none, who only sought
With vain amusements to beguile the day;
And wherefore should they take or care or thought,
Whom Nature prompts, and Fortune calls to play?
"Lords of the Earth, be happy as ye may!"
So learn'd, so taught the leaders of mankind;
Th' unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
And, leaving toil and poverty behind,
Ran forth by different ways, the blissful boon to find.

Nor tedious was the seach; for every where,
As nigh great Custom's royal towers the knight
Pass'd through th' adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of festival Delight
Saluting the return of morning bright
With matin-revels, by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended; and again with dewy night,
In cover'd theatres, or leafy bowers,
Offering her evening vows to Pleasure's joybus powers.

And ever on the way mote he espy
Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
By land, by water, passing aye along
With mummers, antics, music, dance, and song,
To Pleasure's numerous temples, that beside
The glistening streams, or tufted groves among,
To every idle foot stood open wide,
And every gay desire with various joys supplied.

For there each earth with diverse charms to move,
The sly enchantress summon'd all her train:
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudful gain,
Who, when blind Fortune throws, directs the die,
And Phœbus tuning his soft Lydian strain
To wanton motions, and the lover's sigh,
And thought-beguiling show, and masking revelry.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth,
Who to true honour meaneth to aspire;
And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire.
The which avizing well, the cautious sire
From that soft syren land of Pleasaunce vain,
With timely haste was minded to retire,
Or ere [2] the sweet contagion mote attain
His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious stain.

So turning from that beaten road aside,
Through many a devious path at length he pac'd,
As that experienc'd palmer did him guide,
Till to a mountain hoare they came at last;
Whose high-rais'd brows with sylvan honours grac'd,
Majestically frown'd upon the plain,
And over all an awful horrour cast.
Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain,
Which spangled all the vale like Flora's painted train.

The hill ascended straight, ere-while they came
To a tall grove, whose thick embowering shade,
Impervious to the Sun's meridian flame,
Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made;
Like to that sober light, which, disarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams,
Through windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd,
Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-musing themes.

Beneath this high o'er-arching canopy
Of clustering oaks, a sylvan colonnade,
Aye listening to the native melody
Of birds sweet-echoing through the lonely shade,
On to the centre of the grove they stray'd;
Which, in a spacious circle opening round,

[1] Behests, precepts, commands.

[2] Before.

Within its sheltering arms securely laid,
Discloss'd to sudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beauties crown'd.

There, on the basis of an ancient pile,
Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the wood,
A venerable matron they ere-while
Discover'd have, beside a murmuring flood
Reclining in right sad and pensive mood.
Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood;
The which her changing cheer by turns exprest,
Now glowing with disdain, with grief now overkest[1].

Her thus immers'd in anxious thought profound
When-as the knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew;
To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
And whence th' occasion of her anguish grew.
For that right noble matron well he knew;
And many perils huge, and labours sore,
Had for her sake endur'd; her vassal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honour to respect, and reverence her lore.

"O dearest drad!" he cried, "fair island queen!
Mother of heroes! empress of the main!
What means that stormy brow of troublous teen?
Sith[2] heaven-born Peace, with all her smiling train
Of sciences and arts, adorns thy reign
With wealth and knowledge, splendour and renown?
Each port how throng'd! how fruitful every plain!
How blithe the country! and how gay the town!
While Liberty secures and heightens every boon!"

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe
By these fair flattering words, she rais'd her head;
And, bending on the knight her frowning brow,
"Mock'st thou my sorrows, Fairy son?" she said.
"Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
To deem that certain, which thy hopes suggest?
To deem them full of life and lustihead[3],
Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are drest,
And with Joy's careless mien and dimpled smiles impress?

"Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause!
And mark'd thy virtue, singly how it stood
Th' assaults of mighty Custom, which o'erawes
The faint and timorous mind, and oft withdraws
From Reason's lore th' ambitious and the vain
By the sweet lure of popular applause,
Against their bitter knowledge, to maintain
The lawless throne of Vice, or Folly's childish reign.

"How vast his influence! how wide his sway!
Thyself ere-while by proof didst understand:
And saw'st, as through his realms thou took'st thy way,
How Vice and Folly had o'erspread the land.
And canst thou then, O Fairy son, demand
The reason of my woe? or hope to ease
The throbbings of my heart with speeches bland,
And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
The once-dear names of Wealth, and Liberty and Peace?

"Peace, Wealth, and Liberty, that noblest boon,
Are blessings only to the wise and good;
To weak and vicious minds their worth unknown,
And thence abus'd, but serve to furnish food
For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
With high-spic'd luxury; whence Strife, Debate,
Ambition, Envy, Faction's viperous brood,
Contempt of order, manners profligate,
The symptoms of a foul, diseas'd and bloated state.

"E'en Wit and Genius, with their learned train
Of Arts and Muses, though from Heaven above
Descended, when their talents they profane
To varnish Folly, kindle wanton Love,
And aid excentric sceptic Pride to rove
Beyond celestial Truth's attractive sphere,
This moral system's central Sun, ay'e prove
To their fond votaries a curse severe,
And only make mankind more obstinately err.

"And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
Have they consider'd well, and understood,
The use and import of those blessings dear,
Which the great Lord of Nature hath bestow'd
As well to prove, as to reward the good?
Whence are these torrents then, these billowy seas
Of Vice, in which, as in his proper flood,
The foll Leviathan licentious plays,
And upon shipwreck'd Faith and sinking Virtue preys?

"To you, ye noble, opulent, and great!
With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal;
Upon your vital influences wait
The health and sickness of the commonweal;
The maladies you cause, yourselves must heal.
In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
Will Truth and Reason make their just appeal;
In vain will sacred Wisdom cry aloud;
And Justice drench in vain her vengeful sword in blood.

"With you must reformation first take place:
You are the head, the intellectual mind
Of this vast body politic; whose base
And vulgar limbs, to drudgery consign'd,
All the rich stores of science have resign'd
To you, that by the craftsman's various toil,
The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,
In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
You, for yourselves and them, may dress the mental soil.

"Bethink you then, my children, of the trust
In you repos'd: ne let your heaven-born mind
Consume in pleasure or unactive rust;
But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
The godlike task to teach and mend mankind:
Learn, that ye may instruct: to Virtue lead
Yourselves the way: the herd will crowd behind,
And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
'Example is a lesson that all men can read.'

"But if (to all or most I do not speak)
In vain and sensual habits now grown old,
The strong Circean charm you cannot break,
Nor re-assume at will your native mould[4],
Yet envy not the state you could not hold;
And take compassion on the rising age:
In them redeem your errours manifold;

[1] Overcast. [2] Since. [3] Strong health, vigour. [4] Shape, form.

And, by due discipline and nurture sage,
In Virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.

"You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn
The prevalence of Custom lewd and vain;
And you, who, though by the rude torrent borne
Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
To his behests, and act what you disdain,
Yet nourish in your hearts the generous love
Of piety and truth, no more restrain
The manly zeal; but all your sinews move
The present to reclaim, the future race improve!

"Eftsoons by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
Yon haughty giant, who so proudly sways
A sceptre by repute alone upheld;
Who, where he cannot dictate, straight obeys.
Accustom'd to conform his flattering phrase
To numbers and high-plac'd authority,
Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
And, drawing after all his menial fry,
Soon teach the general voice your act to ratify.

"Ne for the achievement of this great emprize
The want of means or counsel may ye dread:
From my twin-daughters' fruitful wombs shall rise
A race of letter'd sages, deeply read
In Learning's various writ: by whom y-led
Through each well-cultur'd plot, each beauteous grove,
Where antique Wisdom whilom wont to tread,
With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of knowledge prove.

"Yourselves with virtue thus and knowledge fraught
Of what, in ancient days, of good or great
Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught;
Join'd with whatever else of modern date
Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
Discover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
May by new laws reform the time-worn state
Of cell-bred discipline, and smoothe the road
That leads through Learning's vale to Wisdom's bright abode.

"By you invited to her secret bowers,
Then shall Pædia reascend her throne
With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flowers;
While from their forked mount descending down
Yon supercilious pedant train shall own
Her empire paramount, ere-long by her
Y-taught a lesson in their schools unknown,
'To Learning's richest treasures to prefer
The knowledge of the world, and man's great business there.'

"On this prime science, as the final end
Of all her discipline and nurturing care,
Her eye Pædia fixing aye shall bend
Her every thought and effort to prepare
Her tender pupils for the various war,
Which Vice and Folly shall upon them wage,
As on the perilous march of life they fare
With prudent lore fore-arming every age
'Gainst Pleasure's treacherous joys, and Pain's embattled rage.

"Then shall my youthful sons, to Wisdom led
By fair example and ingenuous praise,
With willing feet the paths of duty tread;
Through the world's intricate or rugged ways
Conducted by Religion's sacred rays;
Whose soul-invigorating influence
Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
Of sordid selfishness and brutal sense,
And swell th' ennobled heart with bless'd benevolence.

"Then also shall this emblematic pile,
By magic whilom fram'd to sympathize
With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
Still, as my sons in fame and virtue rise,
Grow with their growth, and to th' applauding skies
Its radiant cross uplift; the while, to grace
The multiplying niches, fresh supplies
Of worthies shall succeed, with equal pace
Aye following their sires in Virtue's glorious race."

Fir'd with th' idea of her future fame,
She rose majestic from her lowly stead;
While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame,
Out-beaming, with unwonted light o'erspread
That monumental pile; and as her head
To every front she turn'd, discover'd round
The venerable forms of heroes dead,
Who, for their various merit erst renown'd,
In this bright fane of glory shrines of honour found.

On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes
Would often feast; and, ever as she spied
Forth from the ground the lengthening structure rise
With new-plac'd statues deck'd on every side,
Her parent-breast would swell with generous pride.
And now with her in that sequester'd plain,
The Knight awhile constraining to abide,
She to the Fairy youth with pleasure fain
Those sculptur'd chiefs did show, and their great lives explain.

FATHER FRANCIS'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN LORD WESTMORLAND'S HERMITAGE.

Ne gay attire, ne marble hall,
Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall;
Ne cook of Fraunce, ne dainty board
Bestow'd with pyes of Perigord;
Ne power, ne such like idle fancies,
Sweet Agnes, grant to Father Francis:
Let me ne more myself deceive;
Ne more regret the toys I leave:
The world I quit, the proud, the vain,
Corruption's and Ambition's train;
But not the good, perdie, nor fair,
'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne prayer;
But such aye welcome to my cell,
And oft, not always, with me dwell;
Then cast, sweet saint, a circle round,
And bless from fools this holy ground;
From all the foes to worth and truth,
From wanton old, and homely youth;
The gravely dull, and pertly gay,
Oh banish these; and, by my fay,
Right well I ween that in this age,
Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

AN INSCRIPTION ON THE CELL.

Beneath these moss-grown roots, this rustic cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, sequester'd dwell;
Say you, who dare our hermitage disdain,
What drawing-room can boast so fair a train?

AN INSCRIPTION IN THE CELL.

Sweet bird, that sing'st on yonder spray,
Pursue unharm'd thy sylvan lay;
While I beneath this breezy shade
In peace repose my careless head;
And joining thy enraptur'd song,
Instruct the world-enamour'd throng,
That the contented harmless breast
In solitude itself is blest.

INSCRIPTION ON A SUMMER-HOUSE

BELONGING TO MR. WEST, AT WICKHAM, IN KENT.

(An Imitation of Ausonius, Ad Villam.)

Not wrapt in smoky London's sulphurous clouds,
And not far distant, stands my rural cot:
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,
Or the gay city's idle pleasures cloy;
Swift as my changing wish, I change the scene;
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE

LIFE OF COLLINS.

BY DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester, on the twenty-fifth day of December, about 1720. His father was a hatter of good reputation. He was in 1733, as Dr. Warburton has kindly informed me, admitted scholar of Winchester College, where he was educated by Dr. Burton. His English exercises were better than his Latin.

He first courted the notice of the public by some verses To a Lady weeping, published in The Gentleman's Magazine.

In 1740, he stood first in the list of the scholars to be received in succession at New College, but unhappily there was no vacancy. This was the original misfortune of his life. He became a commoner of Queen's College, probably with a scanty maintenance; but was, in about half a year, elected a demy of Magdalen College, where he continued till he had taken a bachelor's degree, and then suddenly left the university; for what reason I know not that he told.

He now (about 1744) came to London a literary adventurer, with many projects in his head, and very little money in his pockets. He designed many works; but his great fault was irresolution; or the frequent calls of immediate necessity broke his scheme, and suffered him to pursue no settled purpose. A man doubtful of his dinner, or trembling at a creditor, is not much disposed to abstracted meditation, or remote inquiries. He published proposals for a History of the Revival of Learning; and I have heard him speak with great kindness of Leo the Tenth, and with keen resentment of his tasteless successor. But probably not a page of his history was ever written. He planned several tragedies, but he only planned them. He wrote now and then odes and other poems, and did something, however little.

About this time I fell into his company. His appearance was decent and manly; his knowlege considerable, his views extensive, his conversation elegant, and his disposition cheerful. By degrees I gained his confidence; and one day was admitted to him when he was immured by a bailiff, that was prowling in the street. On this occasion recourse was had to the booksellers, who, on the credit of a translation of Aristotle's Poetics, which he engaged to write with a large commentary, advanced as much money as enabled him to escape into the country. He showed me the guineas safe in his hand. Soon afterwards his uncle, Mr. Martin, a lieutenant-colonel, left him about two thousand pounds; a sum which Collins could scarcely think

exhaustible, and which he did not live to exhaust. The guineas were then repaid, and the translation neglected.

But man is not born for happiness. Collins, who, while he *studied to live*, felt no evil but poverty, no sooner *lived to study* than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity.

Having formerly written his character [1], while, perhaps it was yet more distinctly impressed upon my memory, I shall insert it here.

"Mr. Collins was a man of extensive literature, and of vigorous faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned tongues, but with the Italian, French, and Spanish languages. He had employed his mind chiefly upon works of fiction, and subjects of fancy; and, by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the water-falls of Elysian gardens.

"This was however the character rather of his inclination than his genius; the grandeur of wildness, and the novelty of extravagance, were always desired by him, but not always attained. Yet, as diligence is never wholly lost, if his efforts sometimes caused harshness and obscurity, they likewise produced in happier moments sublimity and splendour. This idea which he had formed of excellence led him to oriental fictions and allegorical imagery, and perhaps, while he was intent upon description, he did not sufficiently cultivate sentiment. His poems are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire, nor unfurnished with knowledge either of books or life, but somewhat obstructed in its progress by deviation in quest of mistaken beauties.

"His morals were pure, and his opinions pious; in a long continuance of poverty, and long habits of dissipation, it cannot be expected that any character should be exactly uniform. There is a degree of want by which the freedom of agency is almost destroyed; and long association with fortuitous companions will at last relax the strictness of truth, and abate the fervour of sincerity. That this man, wise and virtuous as he was, passed almost unentangled through the snares of life, it would be prejudice and temerity to affirm; but it may be said, that at least he preserved the source of action unpolluted, that his principles were never shaken, that his distinctions of right and wrong were never confounded, and that his faults had nothing of malignity or design, but proceeded from some unexpected pressure, or casual temptation.

"The latter part of his life cannot be remembered but with pity and sadness. He languished some years under that depression of mind which enchains the faculties without destroying them, and leaves reason the knowledge of right without the power of pursuing it. These clouds, which he perceived gathering on his intellects, he endeavoured to disperse by travel, and passed into France; but found himself constrained to yield to his malady, and returned. He was for some time confined in a house of lunatics, and afterwards retired to the care of his sister in Chichester, where death in 1756 came to his relief.

"After his return from France, the writer of this character paid him a visit at

[1] In the Poetical Calendar, a collection of poems by Fawkes and Woty, in several volumes, 1763, &c. C.

Islington, where he was waiting for his sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of disorder discernible in his mind by any but himself; but he had withdrawn from study, and travelled with no other book than an English Testament, such as children carry to the school. When his friend took it into his hand, out of curiosity to see what companion a man of letters had chosen, 'I have but one book,' said Collins, 'but that is the best.'"

Such was the fate of Collins, with whom I once delighted to converse, and whom I yet remember with tenderness.

He was visited at Chichester, in his last illness, by his learned friends Dr. Warton and his brother; to whom he spoke with disapprobation of his Oriental Eclogues, as not sufficiently expressive of Asiatic manners, and called them his Irish Eclogues. He showed them, at the same time, an Ode inscribed to Mr. John Hume, on the Superstitions of the Highlands; which they thought superior to his other works, but which no search has yet found [2].

His disorder was not alienation of mind, but general laxity and feebleness; a deficiency rather of his vital than his intellectual powers. What he spoke wanted neither judgment nor spirit; but a few minutes exhausted him, so that he was forced to rest upon the couch, till a short cessation restored his powers, and he was again able to talk with his former vigour.

The approaches of this dreadful malady he began to feel soon after his uncle's death; and, with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief with which the table and the bottle flatter and seduce. But his health continually declined, and he grew more and more burthensome to himself.

To what I have formerly said of his writings may be added, that his diction was often harsh, unskilfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival; and he puts his words out of the common order, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame, that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure.

Mr. Collins's first production is added here from the Poetical Calendar.

TO MISS AURELIA C——R,

ON HER WEEPING AT HER SISTER'S WEDDING.

Cease, fair Aurelia, cease to mourn;
Lament not Hannah's happy state;
You may be happy in your turn,
And seize the treasure you regret.
With Love united Hymen stands,
And softly whispers to your charms,
"Meet but your lover in my bands,
You'll find your sister in his arms."

[2] It is printed in the late Collection. *R.*

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, *THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.*

SCENE, A VALLEY NEAR BAGDAT.
TIME, THE MORNING.

"YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest, whom Fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell!
'T is virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell."

Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd:
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow—a virtuous mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant Morn resum'd her orient pride;
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their sweets away:
By Tigris' wandering waves he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young.

"Ye Persian dames," he said, "to you belong,
Well may they please, the morals of my song:
No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!
The Morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you those flowers her fragrant hands bestow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
The best kind blessings Heaven can grant the fair!
Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boast but the worth Bassora's pearls display;
Drawn from the deep we own their surface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light:
Such are the maids, and such the charms they boast,
By sense unaided, or to virtue lost.
Self-flattering sex! your hearts believe in vain,
That Love shall blind, when once he fires the swain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As spots on ermine beautify the skin:
Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
Each softer virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender passion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!

"Blest were the days, when Wisdom held her reign,
And shepherds sought her on the silent plain;
With Truth she wedded in the secret grove,
Immortal Truth, and daughters bless'd their love.

"O haste, fair maids! ye Virtues, come away,
Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

"Lost to our fields, for so the Fates ordain,
The dear deserters shall return again.
Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
And shepherd-girls shall own thee for their queen.
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid;
But man the most—not more the mountain doe
Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breast, like flowers that drink the dew,
A silken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone:
Desponding Meekness with her downcast eyes,
And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs;
And Love the last; by these your hearts approve,
These are the virtues that must lead to love."

Thus sung the swain; and antient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along,
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim bless'd his song.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, *THE CAMEL-DRIVER.*

SCENE, THE DESERT. TIME, MID-DAY.

In silent horrour o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd:
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store:
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry Sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
"Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.—
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outshines the silver store,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
To every distant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea:
And are we only yet repaid by thee?
Ah! why was ruin so attractive made;
Or why fond man so easily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?—
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O cease, my fears! All frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And, fearful! oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
They 'tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

"O, hapless youth! for she thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be most undone!
Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When fast she drops her tears, as thus she said:—
'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
Safe o'er the wild, no perils mayst thou see,
No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'—
O, let me safely to the fair return,
Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
Recall'd by Wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."
He said, and call'd on Heaven to bless the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

ECLOGUE III.

ABRA; OR, *THE GEORGIAN SULTANA.*

SCENE, A FOREST. TIME, THE EVENING.

In Georgia's land, where Tefflis' towers are seen
In distant view along the level green,
While evening dews enrich the glittering glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade,
What time 't is sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain:
At morn she came those willing flocks to lead,
Where lilies rear them in the watery mead;
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of odorous flowers she made:
Gay-motley'd pinks[1] and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows;
All-sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By Love conducted from the chase away;
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among:
At length he found, and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove,
To richer scenes of golden power and love!
Go, leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

[1] That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the modern history of Mr. Salmon.

Yet midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain, or the shady grove:
Still with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale and flowery mead inclin'd;
And oft as Spring renew'd the plains with flowers,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant hours,
With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains, and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a duteous band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some simple lay, of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low-roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

Blest was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewel'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone,
Or wreathe, like Abbas, full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
O happy days! the maids around her say;
O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!
"Be every youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
And every Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!"

ECLOGUE IV.

AGIB AND SECANDER; OR, *THE FUGITIVES.*

SCENE, A MOUNTAIN IN CIRCASSIA.
TIME, MIDNIGHT.

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind;
At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the Moon had hung her lamp on high,
And pass'd in radiance through the cloudless sky;
Sad o'er the dews two brother-shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wild ravag'd plains, and valleys stole away.
Along the mountain's bending sides they ran,
Till, faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER.

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey,
Trace our sad flight through all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already past with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
And last this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the saddening wind;
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests, and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Droops its fair honours to the conquering flame:
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land, whose blessings tempt the sword,
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd, and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind,
'Midst fair sultanas lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale:
Fair scenes! but, ah! no more with peace possest,
With ease alluring, and with plenty blest.
No more the shepherd's whitening tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd!
But Ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from far
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war;
Some weightier arms than crooks and staffs prepare,
To shield your harvests, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix to destroy, and stedfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd, and nurst in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th' affrighted shepherds, through the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their flight.

ODES,

DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man assign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:
When first Distress, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waste his destin'd scene,
His wild unsated foe!

By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,

Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!
But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Ilissus' distant side,
Deserted stream, and mute?
Wild Arun[1] too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd by Pity's lute.
There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head,
To him thy cell was shown;
And while he sung the female heart,
With youth's soft notes unspoil'd by art,
Thy turtles mix'd their own.
Come, Pity, come, by Fancy's aid,
E'en now my thoughts, relenting maid,
Thy temple's pride design:
Its southern site, its truth complete,
Shall raise a wild enthusiast heat
In all who view the shrine.
There Picture's toil shall well relate,
How Chance, or hard involving Fate,
O'er mortal bliss prevail:
The buskin'd Muse shall near her stand,
And, sighing, prompt her tender hand
With each disastrous tale.
There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of passion melt away,
Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waste the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
To hear a British shell!

ODE TO FEAR.

Thou, to whom the world unknown
With all its shadowy shapes is shown;
Who seest appall'd th' unreal scene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah, Fear! ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near.
I know thy hurried step, thy haggard eye!
Like thee I start, like thee disorder'd fly,
For, lo, what monsters in thy train appear!
Danger, whose limbs of giant mould
What mortal eye can fixt behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep:
And with him thousand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And those, the fiends, who, near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait;
Who, Fear, this ghastly train can see,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

EPODE.

In earliest Greece, to thee, with partial choice,
The grief-full Muse address'd her infant tongue;
The maids and matrons, on her awful voice,
Silent and pale, in wild amazement hung.
Yet he, the bard[2] who first invok'd thy name,
Disdain'd in Marathon its power to feel:
For not alone he nurs'd the poet's flame,
But reach'd from Virtue's hand the patriot's steel.
But who is he, whom later garlands grace,
Who left a while o'er Hybla's dews to rove,
With trembling eyes thy dreary steps to trace,
Where thou and furies shar'd the baleful grove?
Wrapt in thy cloudy veil th' incestuous queen[3]
Sigh'd the sad call her son and husband heard,
When once alone it broke the silent scene,
And he the wretch of Thebes no more appear'd.
O Fear! I know thee by my throbbing heart,
Thy withering power inspir'd each mournful line;
Though gentle Pity claim her mingled part,
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

ANTISTROPHE.

Thou who such weary lengths hast past,
Where wilt thou rest, mad nymph, at last?
Say, wilt thou shroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in some hollow'd seat,
'Gainst which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning seamen's cries in tempests brought!
Dark power, with shuddering meek submitted thought,
Be mine, to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told.
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true;
Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice-hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghosts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou, whose spirit most possest
The sacred seat of Shakspeare's breast!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions spoke!
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O thou, by Nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong;
Who first on mountains wild,
In Fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and Pleasure's, nurs'd the powers of song!
Thou, who with hermit heart
Disdain'st the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall:
But com'st a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaste, unboastful nymph, to thee I call!
By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,

[1] A river in Sussex.

[2] Æschylus. [3] Jocasta.

By her, whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear:

By old Cephisus deep,
Who spread his wavy sweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whose enamel'd side,
When holy Freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.

O sister meek of Truth,
To my admiring youth
Thy sober aid and native charms infuse!
The flowers that sweetest breathe,
Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues.

While Rome could none esteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureate band;
But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean:
For thou hast left her shrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though Taste, though Genius bless
To some divine excess,
Faint 's the cold work till thou inspire the whole;
What each, what all supply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul!

Of these let others ask,
To aid some mighty task,
I only seek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might sound
To maids and shepherds round,
And all thy sons, O Nature, learn my tale.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

As once, if not with light regard,
I read aright that gifted bard,
(Him whose school above the rest
His loveliest Elfin queen has blest)
One, only one unrival'd fair[1],
Might hope the magic girdle wear,
At solemn tournay hung on high,
The wish of each love-darting eye;
Lo! to each other nymph in turn applied,
As if, in air unseen, some hovering hand,
Some chaste and angel-friend to virgin-fame,
With whisper'd spell had burst the starting band,
It left unblest her loath'd dishonour'd side;
Happier hopeless fair, if never
Her baffled hand with vain endeavour
Had touch'd that fatal zone to her denied!
Young Fancy thus, to me divinest name,
To whom, prepar'd and bath'd in Heaven,
The cest of amplest power is given,
To few the god-like gift assigns,
To gird their blest prophetic loins,
And gaze her visions wild, and feel unmix'd her flame.

[1] Florimel. See Spenser, Leg. 4.

The band, as fairy legends say,
Was wove on that creating day,
When he, who call'd with thought to birth
Yon tented sky, this laughing Earth,
And dress'd with springs, and forests tall,
And pour'd the main, engirting all,
Long by the lov'd enthusiast woo'd,
Himself in some diviner mood,
Retiring, sate with her alone,
And plac'd her on his sapphire throne,
The whiles, the vaulted shrine around,
Seraphic wires were heard to sound,
Now sublimest triumph swelling;
Now on love and mercy dwelling;
And she, from out the veiling cloud,
Breath'd her magic notes aloud:
And thou, thou rich-hair'd youth of morn,
And all thy subject life was born.
The dangerous passions kept aloof,
Far from the sainted growing woof:
But near it sate ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep applauding thunder:
And Truth, in sunny vest array'd,
By whose the Tarsol's eyes were made;
All the shadowy tribes of mind
In braided dance their murmurs join'd,
And all the bright uncounted powers,
Who feed on Heaven's ambrosial flowers.
Where is the bard, whose soul can now
Its high presuming hopes avow?
Where he, who thinks, with rapture blind,
This hallow'd work for him design'd?
High on some cliff, to Heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude access, of prospect wild,
Where, tangled round the jealous steep,
Strange shades o'erbrow the valleys deep,
And holy genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its springs unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head,
An Eden, like his own, lies spread.
I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh spher'd in Heaven its native strains could hear!
On which that antient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle shades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aspiring tongue,
My trembling feet his guiding steps pursue;
In vain—Such bliss to one alone,
Of all the sons of soul was known,
And Heaven, and Fancy, kindred powers,
Have now o'erturn'd th' inspiring bowers,
Or curtain'd close such scene from every future view.

ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By Fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

ODE TO MERCY.

STROPHE.

O thou, who sitt'st a smiling bride
By Valour's arm'd and aweful side,
Gentlest of sky-born forms, and best ador'd:
Who oft with songs, divine to hear,
Winn'st from his fatal grasp the spear,
And hid'st in wreaths of flowers his bloodless sword!
Thou who, amidst the deathful field,
By godlike chiefs alone beheld,
Oft with thy bosom bare art found,
Pleading for him the youth who sinks to ground:
See, Mercy, see, with pure and loaded hands,
Before thy shrine my country's genius stands,
And decks thy altar still, though pierc'd with many a wound!

ANTISTROPHE.

When he, whom e'en our joys provoke,
The fiend of Nature, join'd his yoke,
And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
O'ertook him on his blasted road,
And stopp'd his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
I see recoil his sable steeds,
That bore him swift to savage deeds,
Thy tender melting eyes they own;
O maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
Where Justice bars her iron tower,
To thee we build a roseate bower,
Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share our monarch's throne!

ODE TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
At Wisdom's shrine a while its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!
O goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not my shell's misguided power
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace
With many a rude repeated stroke, [broke.
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments

EPODE.

Yet, e'en where'er the least appear'd
Th' admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wondrous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul;
For sunny Florence, seat of Art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they, whom Science lov'd to name,
(O, who could fear it!) quench'd her flame.
And, lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Though least, not last in thy esteem;
Strike, louder strike th' ennobling strings
To those, whose merchants sons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail, port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak:
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening eagle northward fled.)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those to whom thy stork[1] is dear:
Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feel'st the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail, nymph, ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizard Time has wrought!
The Gaul, 't is held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand[2],
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet through all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm e'en Nature's self confounding,
Withering her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.

[1] The Dutch, amongst whom there are very severe penalties for those who are convicted of killing this bird. They are kept tame in almost all their towns, and particularly at the Hague, of the arms of which they make a part. The common people of Holland are said to entertain a superstitious sentiment, that if the whole species of them should become extinct, they should lose their liberties.

[2] This tradition is mentioned by several of our old historians. Some naturalists too have endeavoured to support the probability of the fact, by arguments drawn from the correspondent disposition of the two opposite coasts. I do not remember that any poetical use has been hitherto made of it.

This pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.
And see; like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mona[3], once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide,
And Wight, who checks the westering tide,
For thee consenting Heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this blest divorce she ow'd, [abode!
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 't is said, an hoary pile,
'Midst the green navel of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul enforcing goddess, stood!
There oft the painted native's feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopeless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place;
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'T were hard for modern song to tell.
Yet still, if truth those beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light embroider'd sky:
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous model still remains,
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to th' immortal string.
How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue or numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
E'en now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic, through the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to chuse,
Each sphere found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er Heaven's purer mould contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;
There on the walls the patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, 'grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame through every age.
Ye forms divine, ye laureate band,
That near her inmost altar stand!

[3] There is a tradition in the Isle of Man, that a mermaid, becoming enamoured of a young man of extraordinary beauty, took an opportunity of meeting him one day as he walked on the shore, and opened her passion to him, but was received with a coldness, occasioned by his horrour and surprise at her appearance. This however was so misconstrued by the sea-lady, that, in revenge for his treatment of her, she punished the whole island, by covering it with a mist, so that all who attempted to carry on any commerce with it, either never arrived at it, but wandered up and down the sea, or were on a sudden wrecked upon its cliffs.

Now soothe her, to her blissful train
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
E'en Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one loud applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
"O, how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, lady, thou shalt rule the West!"

ODE, TO A LADY,
ON THE DEATH OF COL. CHARLES ROSS
IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY.

Written May, 1745.

While, lost to all his former mirth,
Britannia's genius bends to earth,
And mourns the fatal day:
While stain'd with blood he strives to tear
Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of cheerful May:

The thoughts which musing Pity pays,
And fond Remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend:
Still Fancy, to herself unkind,
Awakes to grief the soften'd mind,
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheld's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave,
Where'er the youth is laid:
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind,
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him, whose doom thy virtues grieve,
Aërial forms shall sit at eve,
And bend the pensive head;
And, fall'n to save his injur'd land,
Imperial Honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed!

The warlike dead of every age,
Who fill the fair recording page,
Shall leave their sainted rest:
And, half-reclining on his spear,
Each wondering chief by turns appear
To hail the blooming guest.

Old Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
Shall crowd from Cressy's laurel'd field,
And gaze with fix'd delight:
Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
Again they snatch the gleamy steel,
And wish th' avenging fight.

But, lo! where, sunk in deep despair,
Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
Impatient Freedom lies!
Her matted tresses madly spread,
To every sod which wraps the dead,
She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground,
Till notes of triumph bursting round
Proclaim her reign restor'd:
Till William seek the sad retreat,

And, bleeding at her sacred feet,
Present the sated sword.

If, weak to soothe so soft an heart,
These pictur'd glories nought impart,
To dry thy constant tear:
If yet, in Sorrow's distant eye,
Expos'd and pale thou see'st him lie,
Wild war insulting near:

Where'er from time thou court'st relief,
The Muse shall still, with social grief,
Her gentlest promise keep:
E'en humble Harting's cotting'd vale
Shall learn the sad repeated tale,
And bid her shepherds weep.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

ODE TO PEACE.

O thou, who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies:
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade his storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrines to burn:
But thou, who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike Honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever wed!

THE MANNERS.

AN ODE.

Farewell, for clearer ken design'd;
The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:
Truths which, from action's paths retir'd,
My silent search in vain requir'd!
No more my sail that deep explores,
No more I search those magic shores,
What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams, Opinion, roll:
If e'er I round such fairy field,
Some power impart the spear and shield,
At which the wizard passions fly,
By which the giant follies die!

Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green;
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with doubt in Plato's shade!

Youth of the quick uncheated sight,
Thy walks, Observance, more invite!
O thou, who lov'st that ampler range,
Where life's wide prospects round thee change,
And, with her mingled sons ally'd,
Throw'st the prattling page aside:
To me in converse sweet impart,
To read in man the native heart,
To learn, where Science sure is found,
From Nature as she lives around:
And gazing oft her mirror true,
By turns each shifting image view!

Till meddling Art's officious lore
Reverse the lessons taught before,
Alluring from a safer rule,
To dream in her enchanted school;
Thou, Heaven, whate'er of great we boast,
Hast blest this social science most.
Retiring hence to thoughtful cell,
As Fancy breathes her potent spell,
Not vain she finds the charmful task,
In pageant quaint, in motley mask,
Behold, before her musing eyes,
The countless Manners round her rise;
While, ever varying as they pass,
To some Contempt applies her glass:
With these the white-rob'd maids combine,
And those the laughing satyrs join!
But who is he whom now she views,
In robe of wild contending hues?
Thou by the passions nurs'd; I greet
The comic sock that binds thy feet!
O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone:
Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit,
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side!
By old Miletus[1] who so long
Has ceas'd his love-inwoven song:
By all you taught the Tuscan maids,
In chang'd Italia's modern shades;
By him[2], whose knight's distinguish'd name
Refin'd a nation's lust of fame;
Whose tales e'en now, with echoes sweet,
Castilia's Moorish hills repeat:
Or him[3], whom Seine's blue nymphs deplore,
In watchet weeds on Gallia's shore,
Who drew the sad Sicilian maid,
By virtues in her sire betray'd:
O Nature boon, from whom proceed
Each forceful thought, each prompted deed;
If but from thee I hope to feel,
On all my heart imprint thy seal!
Let some retreating Cynic find
Those oft-turn'd scrolls I leave behind,
The Sports and I this hour agree
To rove thy scene-full world with thee!

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.

Till once, 't is said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for madness rul'd the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose,
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sound so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat; [tween,
And though sometimes, each dreary pause be-
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound; [stole,
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure
Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But, O, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone!
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,

[1] Alluding to the Milesian Tales, some of the earliest romances.

[2] Cervantes.

[3] Monsieur Le Sage, author of the incomparable Adventures of Gil Blas de Santillane, who died in Paris in the year 1745.

The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crown'd sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alley's green;
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round,
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy antient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
Fill thy recording sister's page—
'T is said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found
Cæcilia's mingled world of sound—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece,
Return in all thy simple state!
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

AN EPISTLE

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

While, born to bring the Muse's happier days,
A patriot's hand protects a poet's lays;
While, nurs'd by you, she sees her myrtles bloom,
Green and unwither'd o'er his honour'd tomb:
Excuse her doubts, if yet she fears to tell
What secret transports in her bosom swell:
With conscious awe she hears the critic's fame,
And blushing hides her wreath at Shakespeare's name.
Hard was the lot those injur'd strains endur'd,
Unown'd by science, and by years obscur'd:
Fair Fancy wept; and echoing sighs confess'd
A fixt despair in every tuneful breast.
Not with more grief th' afflicted swains appear,
When wintery winds deform the plenteous year;
When lingering frosts the ruin'd seats invade
Where Peace resorted, and the Graces play'd.

Each rising art by just gradation moves,
Toil builds on toil, and age on age improves:
The Muse alone unequal dealt her rage,
And grac'd with noblest pomp her earliest stage.
Preserv'd through time, the speaking scenes impart
Each changeful wish of Phædra's tortur'd heart:
Or paint the curse that mark'd the Theban's[1] reign,
A bed incestuous, and a father slain.
With kind concern our pitying eyes o'erflow,
Trace the sad tale, and own another's woe.
To Rome remov'd, with wit secure to please,
The comic sisters keep their native ease.
With jealous fear declining Greece beheld
Her own Menander's art almost excell'd!
But every Muse essay'd to raise in vain
Some labour'd rival of her tragic strain;
Ilyssus' laurels, though transferr'd with toil,
Droop'd their fair leaves, nor knew th' unfriendly soil.
As arts expir'd, resistless Dulness rose;
Goths, priests, or Vandals,—all were learning's foes.
Till Julius[2] first recall'd each exil'd maid,
And Cosmo own'd them in th' Etrurian shade:
Then, deeply skill'd in love's engaging theme,
The soft Provencial pass'd to Arno's stream:
With graceful ease the wanton lyre he strung,
Sweet flow'd the lays—but love was all he sung.
The gay description could not fail to move;
For, led by nature, all are friends to love.
But Heaven, still various in its works, decreed
The perfect boast of time should last succeed.
The beauteous union must appear at length,
Of Tuscan fancy, and Athenian strength:
One greater Muse Eliza's reign adorn,
And e'en a Shakespeare to her fame be born!
Yet, ah! so bright her morning's opening ray,
In vain our Britain hop'd an equal day!
No second growth the western isle could bear,
At once exhausted with too rich a year.
Too nicely Jonson knew the critic's part;
Nature in him was almost lost in art.
Of softer mould the gentle Fletcher came,
The next in order, as the next in name.
With pleas'd attention 'midst his scenes we find
Each glowing thought, that warms the female mind;
Each melting sigh, and every tender tear,
The lover's wishes, and the virgin's fear.
His[3] every strain the Smiles and Graces own;
But stronger Shakespeare felt for man alone:
Drawn by his pen, our ruder passions stand
Th' unrival'd picture of his early hand.
With gradual steps,[4] and slow, exacter France
Saw Art's fair empire o'er her shores advance:
By length of toil a bright perfection knew,
Correctly bold, and just in all she drew.

[1] The Œdipus of Sophocles.

[2] Julius II., the immediate predecessor of Leo X.

[3] Their characters are thus distinguished by Mr. Dryden.

[4] About the time of Shakespeare, the poet Hardy was in great repute in France. He wrote, according to Fontenelle, six hundred plays. The French poets after him applied themselves in general to the correct improvement of the stage, which was almost totally disregarded by those of our own country, Jonson excepted.

Till late Corneille, with Lucan's[5] spirit fir'd,
Breath'd the free strain, as Rome and he inspir'd;
And classic judgment gain'd to sweet Racine
The temperate strength of Maro's chaster line.
But wilder far the British laurel spread,
And wreaths less artful crown our poet's head.
Yet he alone to every scene could give
Th' historian's truth, and bid the manners live.
Wak'd at his call I view, with glad surprise,
Majestic forms of mighty monarchs rise.
There Henry's trumpets spread their loud alarms,
And laurel'd Conquest waits her hero's arms.
Here gentler Edward claims a pitying sigh,
Scarce born to honours, and so soon to die!
Yet shall thy throne, unhappy infant, bring
No beam of comfort to the guilty king:
The time shall come when Glo'ster's heart shall bleed
In life's last hours, with horrour of the deed:
When dreary visions shall at last present
Thy vengeful image in the midnight tent:
Thy hand unseen the secret death shall bear,
Blunt the weak sword, and break th' oppressive spear.
Where'er we turn, by Fancy charm'd, we find
Some sweet illusion of the cheated mind.
Oft, wild of wing, she calls the soul to rove
With humbler nature, in the rural grove;
Where swains contented own the quiet scene,
And twilight fairies tread the circled green:
Dress'd by her hand, the woods and valleys smile,
And Spring diffusive decks th' enchanted isle.
O, more than all in powerful genius blest,
Come, take thine empire o'er the willing breast!
Whate'er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal!
There every thought the poet's warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.
O, might some verse with happiest skill persuade
Expressive Picture to adopt thine aid!
What wondrous draughts might rise from every page!
What other Raphaels charm a distant age!
Methinks e'en now I view some free design,
Where breathing Nature lives in every line:
Chaste and subdued the modest lights decay,
Steal into shades, and mildly melt away.
—And see, where Anthony[6], in tears approv'd,
Guards the pale relics of the chief he lov'd:
O'er the cold corse the warrior seems to bend,
Deep sunk in grief, and mourns his murder'd friend!
Still as they press, he calls on all around,
Lifts the torn robe, and points the bleeding wound.
But who is he[7], whose brows exalted bear
A wrath impatient, and a fiercer air?
Awake to all that injur'd worth can feel,
On his own Rome he turns th' avenging steel.
Yet shall not war's insatiate fury fall
(So Heaven ordains it) on the destin'd wall.
See the fond mother, 'midst the plaintive train,
Hung on his knees, and prostrate on the plain!
Touch'd to the soul, in vain he strives to hide
The son's affection in the Roman's pride:
O'er all the man conflicting passions rise,
Rage grasps the sword, while Pity melts the eyes.

[5] The favourite author of the elder Corneille.
[6] See the tragedy of Julius Cæsar.
[7] Coriolanus. See Mr. Spence's dialogue on the Odyssey.

Thus, generous critic, as thy bard inspires,
The sister Arts shall nurse their drooping fires:
Each from his scenes her stores alternate bring,
Blend the fair tints, or wake the vocal string:
Those Sibyl-leaves, the sport of every wind,
(For poets ever were a careless kind)
By thee dispos'd, no farther toil demand,
But, just to Nature, own thy forming hand.
So spread o'er Greece, th' harmonious whole unknown,
E'en Homer's numbers charm'd by parts alone.
Their own Ulysses scarce had wander'd more,
By winds and waters cast on every shore:
When rais'd by Fate, some former Hammer join'd
Each beauteous image of the boundless mind;
And bade, like thee, his Athens ever claim
A fond alliance with the poet's name.

DIRGE IN CYMBELIN,

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,
And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove,
But shepherd lads assemble here,
And melting virgins own their love.

No wither'd witch shall here be seen,
No goblins lead their nightly crew;
The female fays shall haunt the green,
And dress thy grave with pearly dew;

The red-breast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempests shake thy sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead.

ODE
ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

THE SCENE OF THE FOLLOWING STANZAS IS SUPPOSED TO LIE ON THE THAMES, NEAR RICHMOND.

In yonder grave a Druid lies
Where slowly winds the stealing wave:
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
To deck its poet's sylvan grave.

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds
His airy harp[1] shall now be laid,
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds,
May love through life the soothing shade.

[1] The harp of Æolus, of which see a description in the Castle of Indolence.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,
And, while its sounds at distance swell,
Shall sadly seem in Pity's ear
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,
And oft suspend the dashing oar
To bid his gentle spirit rest!

And oft as Ease and Health retire
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,
The friend shall view yon whitening spire[2],
And 'mid the varied landscape weep.

But thou, who own'st that earthly bed,
Ah! what will every dirge avail?
Or tears which Love and Pity shed,
That mourn beneath the gliding sail!

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near?
With him, sweet bard, may Fancy die,
And Joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide
No sedge-crown'd sisters now attend,
Now waft me from the green hill's side
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend!

And see, the fairy valleys fade,
Dun Night has veil'd the solemn view!
Yet once again, dear parted shade,
Meek Nature's child, again adieu!

The genial meads[3] assign'd to bless
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom!
Their hinds and shepherd-girls shall dress
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes,
"O! vales, and wild woods," shall he say,
"In yonder grave your Druid lies!"

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PAPER, WHICH CONTAINED A PIECE OF BRIDE-CAKE.

Ye curious hands, that, hid from vulgar eyes,
By search profane shall find this hallow'd cake,
With Virtue's awe forbear the sacred prize,
Nor dare a theft for Love and Pity's sake!

This precious relic, form'd by magic power,
Beneath the shepherd's haunted pillow laid,
Was meant by Love to charm the silent hour,
The secret present of a matchless maid.

The Cyprian queen, at Hymen's fond request,
Each nice ingredient chose with happiest art;
Fears, sighs, and wishes, of th' enamour'd breast,
And pains that please, are mixt in every part.

With rosy hand the spicy fruit she brought,
From Paphian hills, and fair Cytherea's isle;
And temper'd sweet with these the melting thought,
The kiss ambrosial, and the yielding smile.

Ambiguous looks, that scorn and yet relent,
Denials mild, and firm unalter'd truth,
Reluctant pride, and amorous faint consent,
And meeting ardours, and exulting youth.

Sleep, wayward god! hath sworn, while these remain,
With flattering dreams to dry his nightly tear,
And cheerful Hope, so oft invok'd in vain,
With fairy songs shall soothe his pensive ear.

If, bound by vows to Friendship's gentle side,
And fond of soul, thou hop'st an equal grace,
If youth or maid thy joys and griefs divide,
O, much entreated, leave this fatal place.

Sweet Peace, who long hath shunn'd my plaintive day,
Consents at length to bring me short delight,
Thy careless steps may scare her doves away,
And Grief with raven note usurp the night.

[2] Mr. Thomson was buried in Richmond church.

[3] Mr. Thomson resided in the neighbourhood of Richmond some time before his death.

AN ODE ON THE POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND;

CONSIDERED AS

THE SUBJECT OF POETRY.

INSCRIBED TO MR. JOHN HOME.

Home, thou return'st from Thames, whose Naiads
Have seen thee lingering with a fond delay,
Mid those soft friends, whose hearts some future day
Shall melt, perhaps, to hear thy tragic song[1].
Go, not unmindful of that cordial youth[2]
Whom, long endear'd, thou leav'st by Lavant's side;
Together let us wish him lasting truth
And joy untainted with his destin'd bride.
Go! nor regardless, while these numbers boast
My short-liv'd bliss, forget my social name;
But think, far off, how, on the Southern coast,
I met thy friendship with an equal flame!
Fresh to that soil thou turn'st, where every vale
Shall prompt the poet, and his song demand:
To thee thy copious subjects ne'er shall fail;
Thou need'st but take thy pencil to thy hand,
And paint what all believe, who own thy genial land.

There must thou wake perforce thy Doric quill;
'Tis Fancy's land to which thou sett'st thy feet;
Where still, 't is said, the fairy people meet,
Beneath each birken shade, on mead or hill.
There each trim lass, that skims the milky store
To the swart tribes, their creamy bowls allots;
By night they sip it round the cottage-door,
While airy minstrels warble jocund notes.
There, every herd, by sad experience, knows
How, wing'd with fate, their elf-shot arrows fly,
When the sick ewe her summer food forgoes,
Or, stretch'd on earth, the heart-smit heifers lie.
Such airy beings awe th' untutor'd swain: [lect;
Nor thou, tho' learn'd, his homelier thoughts neg-

[1] How truly did Collins predict Home's tragic powers!

[2] A gentleman of the name of Barrow, who introduced Home to Collins.

Let thy sweet Muse the rural faith sustain;
These are the themes of simple, sure effect,
That add new conquests to her boundless reign,
And fill with double force her heart-commanding strain.

E'en yet preserv'd, how often mayst thou hear,
Where to the pole the Boreal mountains run,
Taught by the father, to his listening son; [ear.
Strange lays, whose power had charm'd a Spenser's
At every pause, before thy mind possest,
Old Runic bards shall seem to rise around,
With uncouth lyres, in many-colour'd vest,
Their matted hair with boughs fantastic crown'd:
Whether thou bidd'st the well-taught hind repeat
The choral dirge that mourns some chieftain brave,
When every shrieking maid her bosom beat,
And strew'd with choicest herbs his scented grave;
Or, whether sitting in the shepherd's shiel [3],
Thou hear'st some sounding tale of war's alarms;
When at the bugle's call, with fire and steel,
The sturdy clans pour'd forth their brawny swarms,
And hostile brothers met, to prove each other's arms.

'T is thine to sing, how, framing hideous spells,
In Sky's lone isle, the gifted wizard-seer,
Lodg'd in the wintery cave with Fate's fell spear,
Or in the depth of Uist's dark forest dwells: [gross,
How they, whose sight such dreary dreams en-
With their own vision oft astonish'd droop;
When, o'er the watery strath, or quaggy moss,
They see the gliding ghosts unbodied troop,
Or, if in sports, or on the festive green,
Their destin'd glance some fated youth descry,
Who now, perhaps, in lusty vigour seen,
And rosy health, shall soon lamented die.
For them the viewless forms of air obey;
Their bidding heed, and at their beck repair.
They know what spirit brews the stormful day,
And heartless, oft like moody madness, stare [pare.
To see the phantom train their secret work pre-

To monarchs dear [4], some hundred miles astray,
Oft have I seen Fate give the fatal blow!
The seer, in Sky, shriek'd as the blood did flow,
When headless Charles warm on the scaffold lay!

[3] A summer hut, built in the high part of the mountains, to tend their flocks in the warm season, when the pasture is fine.

[4] By the public prints we are informed, that a Scotch clergyman lately discovered Collins's rude draught of this poem. It is, however, said to be very imperfect. The fifth stanza, and the half of the sixth, say those prints, being deficient, has been supplied by Mr. Mackenzie; whose lines are here annexed, for the purpose of comparison, and to do justice to the elegant author of the Man of Feeling.

"Or on some bellying rock that shades the deep,
They view the lurid signs that cross the sky,
Where in the west the brooding tempests lie;
And hear their first, faint, rustling pennons sweep.
Or in the arched cave, where deep and dark
The broad, unbroken billows heave and swell,
In horrid musings rapt, they sit to mark
The lab'ring Moon; or list the nightly yell
Of that dread spirit, whose gigantic form
The seer's entranced eye can well survey,
Through the dim air who guides the driving storm,
And points the wretched bark its destin'd prey.
As Boreas threw his young Aurora [5] forth,
In the first year of the first George's reign,
And battles rag'd in welkin of the North,
They mourn'd in air, fell, fell Rebellion slain!
And as, of late, they joy'd in Preston's fight,
Saw at sad Falkirk all their hopes near crown'd!
They rav'd! divining thro' their second sight [6],
Pale, red Culloden, where these hopes were drown'd!
Illustrious William [7]! Britain's guardian name!
One William sav'd us from a tyrant's stroke;
He, for a sceptre gain'd heroic fame, [broke,
But thou, more glorious, Slavery's chain hast
To reign a private man, and bow to Freedom's yoke!

These, too, thou 'lt sing! for well thy magic Muse
Can to the topmost heaven of grandeur soar;
Or stoop to wail the swain that is no more!
Ah, homely swains! your homeward steps ne'er loose;
Let not dank Will [8] mislead you to the heath:
Dancing in mirky night, o'er fen and lake,
He glows, to draw you downward to your death,
In his bewitch'd, low, marshy, willow brake!
What though far off, from some dark dell espied,
His glimmering mazes cheer th' excursive sight,
Yet turn, ye wanderers, turn your steps aside,
Nor trust the guidance of that faithless light;
For watchful, lurking, 'mid th' unrustling reed,
At those mirk hours the wily monster lies,
And listens oft to hear the passing steed,
And frequent round him rolls his sullen eyes,
If chance his savage wrath may some weak wretch surprise.

Ah, luckless swain, o'er all unblest, indeed!
Whom late bewilder'd in the dank, dark fen,
Far from his flocks, and smoking hamlet, then!
To that sad spot where hums the sedgy weed:
On him, enrag'd, the fiend, in angry mood,
Shall never look with pity's kind concern,

Or him who hovers on his flagging wing,
O'er the dire whirlpool, that, in ocean's waste,
Draws instant down whate'er devoted thing
The falling breeze within its reach hath plac'd—
The distant seaman hears, and flies with trembling haste.
Or, if on land the fiend exerts his sway,
Silent he broods o'er quicksand, bog or fen,
Far from the sheltering roof and haunts of men,
When witched darkness shuts the eye of day,
And shrouds each star that wont to cheer the night;
Or, if the drifted snow perplex the way,
With treacherous gleam he lures the fated wight,
And leads him floundering on and quite astray."

[5] By young Aurora, Collins undoubtedly meant the first appearance of the northern lights, which happened about the year 1715; at least, it is most highly probable, from this peculiar circumstance, that no antient writer whatever has taken any notice of them, nor even any one modern, previous to the above period.

[6] Second sight is the term that is used for the divination of the Highlanders.

[7] The late duke of Cumberland, who defeated the pretender at the battle of Culloden.

[8] A fiery meteor, called by various names, such as Will with the Wisp, Jack with the Lantern, &c. It hovers in the air over marshy and fenny places.

But instant, furious, raise the whelming flood
O'er its drown'd banks, forbidding all return!
Or, if he meditate his wish'd escape,
To some dim hill that seems uprising near,
To his faint eye, the grim and grisly shape,
In all its terrours clad, shall wild appear.
Meantime the watery surge shall round him rise,
Pour'd sudden forth from every swelling source!
What now remains but tears and hopeless sighs?
His fear-shook limbs have lost their youthly force,
And down the waves he floats, a pale and breathless corse!

For him in vain his anxious wife shall wait,
Or wander forth to meet him on his way;
For him in vain, at to-fall of the day,
His babes shall linger at th' unclosing gate:
Ah, ne'er shall he return! Alone, if night
Her travell'd limbs in broken slumbers steep,
With drooping willows drest his mournful sprite
Shall visit sad, perchance, her silent sleep:
Then he perhaps, with moist and watery hand,
Shall fondly seem to press her shuddering cheek,
And with his blue-swoln face before her stand,
And, shivering cold, these piteous accents speak:
"Pursue, dear wife, thy daily toils, pursue,
At dawn or dusk, industrious as before;
Nor e'er of me one helpless thought renew,
While I lie weltering on the osier'd shore,
Drown'd by the Kelpie's [9] wrath, nor e'er shall aid thee more!"

Unbounded is thy range; with varied skill
Thy Muse may, like those feathery tribes which spring
From their rude rocks, extend her skirting wing
Round the moist marge of each cold Hebrid isle,
To that hoar pile [10] which still its ruin shows:
In whose small vaults a Pigmy-folk is found,
Whose bones the delver, with his spade upthrows,
And culls them, wond'ring, from the hallow'd ground!
Or thither [11], where beneath the show'ry west
The mighty kings of three fair realms are laid;
Once foes, perhaps, together now they rest,
No slaves revere them, and no wars invade:
Yet frequent now, at midnight solemn hour,
The rifted mounds their yawning cells unfold,
And forth the monarchs stalk with sovereign power,
In pageant robes, and wreath'd with sheeny gold,
And on their twilight tombs aërial council hold.

But, oh, o'er all, forget not Kilda's race, [tides,
On whose bleak rocks, which brave the wasting
Fair Nature's daughter, Virtue, yet abides.
Go! just, as they, their blameless manners trace!
Then to my ear transmit some gentle song,
Of those whose lives are yet sincere and plain,
Their bounded walks the rugged cliffs along,
And all their prospect but the wintery main.
With sparing temperance at the needful time
They drain the scented spring; or, hunger-prest,
Along th' Atlantic rock, undreading, climb,
And of its eggs despoil the solan's [12] nest.
Thus blest in primal innocence they live,
Suffic'd and happy with that frugal fare
Which tasteful toil and hourly danger give.
Hard is their shallow soil, and bleak and bare;
Nor ever vernal bee was heard to murmur there!

Nor need'st thou blush that such false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer stores possest;
For not alone they touch the village breast,
But fill'd in elder time th' historic page.
There, Shakespeare's self, with ev'ry garland crown'd,
Flew to those fairy climes his fancy sheen,
In musing hour; his wayward sisters found,
And with their terrours dress'd the magic scene.
From them he sung, when, 'mid his bold design,
Before the Scot, afflicted, and aghast!
The shadowy kings of Banquo's fated line
Through the dark cave in gleamy pageant pass'd.
Proceed! nor quit the tales which, simply told,
Could once so well my answering bosom pierce;
Proceed, in forceful sounds, and colour bold,
The native legends of thy land rehearse;
To such adapt thy lyre, and suit thy powerful verse.

In scenes like these, which, daring to depart
From sober truth, are still to Nature true,
And call forth fresh delight to Fancy's view,
Th' heroic Muse employ'd her Tasso's art.
How have I trembled, when, at Tancred's stroke,
Its gushing blood the gaping cypress pour'd!
When each live plant with mortal accents spoke,
And the wild blast upheav'd the vanish'd sword!
How have I sat, when pip'd the pensive wind,
To hear his harp by British Fairfax strung!
Prevailing poet! whose undoubting mind
Believ'd the magic wonders which he sung!
Hence, at each sound, imagination glows!
Hence, at each picture, vivid life starts here!
Hence his warm lay with softest sweetness flows!
Melting it flows, pure, murmuring, strong, and clear,
And fills th' empassion'd heart, and wins th' harmonious ear!

All hail, ye scenes that o'er my soul prevail!
Ye splendid friths and lakes, which, far away,
Are by smooth Anan [13] fill'd, or past'ral Tay [13],
Or Don's [13] romantic springs, at distance, hail!
The time shall come, when I, perhaps, may tread
Your lowly glens [14] o'erhung with spreading broom;
Or o'er your stretching heaths, by Fancy led;
Or o'er your mountains creep, in awful gloom!
Then will I dress once more the faded bower,
Where Jonson sat in Drummond's classic shade [15];
Or crop, from Tiviotdale, each lyric flower,
And mourn, on Yarrow's banks, where Willy's laid!
Meantime, ye powers, that on the plains which bore
The cordial youth, on Lothian's plains [16], attend!—
Where'er Home dwells, on hill or lowly moor,
To him I lose, your kind protection lend,
And, touch'd with love like mine, preserve my absent friend!

9 The water fiend.

10 One of the Hebrides is called the Isle of Pigmies; where it is reported that several miniature bones of the human species have been dug up in the ruins of a chapel there.

11 Icolmkill, one of the Hebrides, where near sixty of the ancient Scottish, Irish, and Norwegian kings are interred.

12 An aquatic bird like a goose, on the eggs of which the inhabitants of St. Kilda, another of the Hebrides, chiefly subsist.

13 Three rivers in Scotland. 14 Valleys.

15 Ben Jonson paid a visit on foot, in 1619, to the Scotch poet, Drummond, at his seat of Hawthornden, within four miles of Edinburgh.

16 Barrow, it seems, was at the Edinburgh University, which is in the county of Lothian.

SONG.

THE SENTIMENTS BORROWED FROM SHAKESPEARE.

YOUNG Damon of the vale is dead,
Ye lowland hamlets, moan:
A dewy turf lies o'er his head,
And at his feet a stone.

His shroud, which Death's cold damps destroy,
Of snow-white threads was made:
All mourn'd to see so sweet a boy
In earth for ever laid.

Pale pansies o'er his corpse were plac'd,
Which, pluck'd before their time,
Bestrew'd the boy, like him to waste
And wither in their prime.

But will he ne'er return, whose tongue
Could tune the rural lay?
Ah, no! his bell of peace is rung,
His lips are cold as clay.

They bore him out at twilight hour,
The youth who lov'd so well:
Ah me! how many a true-love shower
Of kind remembrance fell!

Each maid was woe—but Lucy chief,
Her grief o'er all was tried;
Within his grave she dropp'd in grief,
And o'er her lov'd-one died.

OBSERVATIONS
ON THE
ORIENTAL ECLOGUES.

THE genius of the pastoral, as well as of every other respectable species of poetry, had its origin in the East, and from thence was transplanted by the Muses of Greece; but whether from the continent of the lesser Asia, or from Egypt, which, about the era of the Grecian pastoral, was the hospitable nurse of letters, it is not easy to determine. From the subjects, and the manner, of Theocritus, one would incline to the latter opinion, while the history of Bion is in favour of the former.

However, though it should still remain a doubt, through what channel the pastoral travelled westward, there is not the least shadow of uncertainty concerning its oriental origin.

In those ages, which, guided by sacred chronology, from a comparative view of time, we call the early ages, it appears from the most authentic historians, that the chiefs of the people employed themselves in rural exercises, and that astronomers and legislators were at the same time shepherds. Thus Strabo informs us, that the history of the creation was communicated to the Egyptians by a Chaldean shepherd.

From these circumstances it is evident, not only that such shepherds were capable of all the dignity and elegance peculiar to poetry, but that whatever poetry they attempted would be of the pastoral kind; would take its subjects from those scenes of rural simplicity in which they were conversant, and, as it was the offspring of Harmony and Nature, would employ the powers it derived from the former to celebrate the beauty and benevolence of the latter.

Accordingly we find that the most ancient poems treat of agriculture, astronomy, and other objects within the rural and natural systems.

What constitutes the difference between the georgic and the pastoral, is love and the colloquial or dramatic form of composition peculiar to the latter: this form of composition is sometimes dispensed with, and love and rural imagery alone are thought sufficient to distinguish the pastoral. The tender passion, however, seems to be essential to this species of poetry, and is hardly ever excluded from those pieces that were intended to come under this denomination: even in those eclogues of the Amœbean kind, whose only purport is a trial of skill between contending shepherds, love has its usual share, and the praises of their respective mistresses are the general subjects of the competitors.

It is to be lamented that scarce any oriental compositions of this kind have survived the ravages of ignorance, tyranny, and time; we cannot doubt that many such have been extant, possibly as far down as that fatal period, never to be mentioned in the world of letters without horrour, when the glorious monuments of human ingenuity perished in the ashes of the Alexandrian library.

Those ingenious Greeks whom we call the parents of pastoral poetry were, probably, no more than imitators, that derived their harmony from higher and remoter sources, and kindled their poetical fires at those then unextinguished lamps which burned within the tombs of oriental genius.

It is evident that Homer has availed himself of those magnificent images and descriptions so frequently to be met with in the books of the Old Testament; and why may not Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion, have found their archetypes in other eastern writers, whose names have perished with their works? Yet, though it may not be illiberal to admit such a supposition, it would certainly be invidious to conclude, what the malignity of cavillers alone could suggest with regard to Homer, that they destroyed the sources from which they borrowed, and, as it is fabled of the young of the pelican, drained their supporters to death.

As the Septuagint-translation of the Old Testament was performed at the request, and under the patronage, of Ptolemy Philadelphus, it were not to be wondered if Theocritus, who was entertained at that prince's court, had borrowed some of his pastoral imagery from the poetical passages of those books.—I think it can hardly be doubted that the Sicilian poet had in his eye certain expressions of the prophet Isaiah, when he wrote the following lines:

Νυν ια μεν φορειτε βατοι, φορειτε δ' ακαιθαι,
'Α δε καλα Ναρκισσος επ' αρκευθοισι κομασαι·
Παντα δ' αναλλα γενοιτο, και ά πιτυς οχνας ενεικαι,
——και τας κυνας ἠλαφος ἑλκοι.

Let vexing brambles the blue violet bear,
On the rude thorn Narcissus dress his hair—
All, all revers'd—The pine with pears be crown'd,
And the bold deer shall drag the trembling hound.

The cause, indeed, of these phenomena is very different in the Greek from what it is in the Hebrew poet; the former employing them on the death,

the latter on the birth, of an important person: but the marks of imitation are nevertheless obvious.

It might, however, be expected, that if Theocritus had borrowed at all from the sacred writers, the celebrated epithalamium of Solomon, so much within his own walk of poetry, would not certainly have escaped his notice. His epithalamium on the marriage of Helena, moreover, gave him an open field for imitation; therefore, if he has any obligations to the royal bard, we may expect to find them there. The very opening of the poem is in the spirit of the Hebrew song:

Ουτω δη πρωϊζα κατεδραθες, ω φιλε γαμβρε;

The colour of imitation is still stronger in the following passage:

Αως αντελλοισα καλον διεφαινε προσωπον,
Ποτνια νυξ ἀτε, λευκον εαρ χειμανος ανεντος,
Ωδε και ἁ χρυσεα Ἑλενα διεφαινετ' εν ἁμιν,
Πιειρη, μεγαλη. ἀτ' ανεδραμεν ογμος αρουρᾳ,
Η καπῳ κυπαρισσος, η ἁρματι Θεσσαλος ἱππος.

This description of Helen is infinitely above the style and figure of the Sicilian pastoral—"She is like the rising of the golden morning, when the night departeth, and when the winter is over and gone. She resembleth the cypress in the garden, the horse in the chariots of Thessaly." These figures plainly declare their origin; and others, equally imitative, might be pointed out in the same Idyllium.

This beautiful and luxuriant marriage pastoral of Solomon is the only perfect form of the oriental eclogue that has survived the ruins of time, a happiness for which it is, probably, more indebted to its sacred character than to its intrinsic merit. Not that it is by any means destitute of poetical excellence: like all the eastern poetry, it is bold, wild, and unconnected in its figures, allusions, and parts, and has all that graceful and magnificent daring which characterizes its metaphorical and comparative imagery.

In consequence of these peculiarities, so ill adapted to the frigid genius of the North, Mr. Collins could make but little use of it as a precedent for his oriental eclogues; and even in his third eclogue, where the subject is of a similar nature, he has chosen rather to follow the mode of the Doric and the Latin pastoral.

The scenery and subjects then of the following eclogues alone are oriental; the style and colouring are purely European; and, for this reason, the author's preface, in which he intimates that he had the originals from a merchant who traded to the East, is omitted, as being now altogether superfluous.

With regard to the merit of these eclogues, it may justly be asserted, that in simplicity of description and expression, in delicacy and softness of numbers, and in natural and unaffected tenderness, they are not to be equalled by any thing of the pastoral kind in the English language.

ECLOGUE I.

This eclogue, which is entitled Selim, or The Shepherd's Moral, as there is nothing dramatic in the subject, may be thought the least entertaining of the four: but it is by no means the least valuable. The moral precepts which the intelligent shepherd delivers to his fellow-swains and the virgins, their companions, are such as would infallibly promote the happiness of the pastoral life.

In impersonating the private virtues, the poet has observed great propriety, and has formed their genealogy with the most perfect judgment, when he represents them as the daughters of Truth and Wisdom.

The characteristics of Modesty and Chastity are extremely happy and *peinturesque:*

"Come thou, *whose thoughts as limpid springs are clear,*
To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear:
With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
Distrusting all, a wise, suspicious maid;
Cold is her breast, *like flowers that drink the dew,*
A silken veil conceals her from the view."

The two similes borrowed from rural objects are not only much in character, but perfectly natural and expressive. There is, notwithstanding, this defect in the former, that it wants a peculiar propriety; for purity of thought may as well be applied to Chastity as to Modesty; and from this instance, as well as from a thousand more, we may see the necessity of distinguishing, in characteristic poetry, every object by marks and attributes peculiarly its own.

It cannot be objected to this eclogue, that it wants both those essential *criteria* of the pastoral, love and the drama; for though it partakes not of the latter, the former still retains an interest in it, and that too very material, as it professedly consults the virtue and happiness of the lover, while it informs what are the qualities

—that must lead to love.

ECLOGUE II.

All the advantages that any species of poetry can derive from the novelty of the subject and scenery, this eclogue possesses. The route of a camel-driver is a scene that scarce could exist in the imagination of an European, and of its attendant distresses he could have no idea.—These are very happily and minutely painted by our descriptive poet. What sublime simplicity of expression! what nervous plainness in the opening of the poem!

"In silent horrour o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd."

The magic pencil of the poet brings the whole scene before us at once, as it were by enchantment, and in this single couplet we feel all the effect that arises from the terrible wildness of a region unenlivened by the habitations of men. The verses, that describe so minutely the camel-driver's little provisions, have a touching influence on the imagination, and prepare the reader to enter more feelingly into his future apprehensions of distress:

"Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage!"

It is difficult to say whether his apostrophe to the mute companions of his toils, is more to be admired for the elegance and beauty of the poetical imagery, or for the tenderness and humanity of

the sentiment. He who can read it without being affected, will do his heart no injustice, if he concludes it to be destitute of sensibility:

"Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow:
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around."

Yet in these beautiful lines there is a slight errour, which writers of the greatest genius very frequently fall into.—It will be needless to observe to the accurate reader, that in the fifth and sixth verses there is a verbal pleonasm where the poet speaks of the *green* delights of *verdant* vales. There is an oversight of the same kind in the Manners, an Ode; where the poet says

"——Seine's *blue* nymphs deplore
In *watchet* weeds——"

This fault is indeed a common one, but to a reader of taste it is nevertheless disgustful; and it is mentioned here as the errour of a man of genius and judgment, that men of genius and judgment may guard against it.

Mr. Collins speaks like a true poet, as well in sentiment as expression, when, with regard to the thirst of wealth, he says,

"Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we these less pleasing to behold,
Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?"

But however just these sentiments may appear to those who have not revolted from Nature and simplicity, had the author proclaimed them in Lombard-street, or Cheapside, he would not have been complimented with the understanding of the bellman.—A striking proof, that our own particular ideas of happiness regulate our opinions concerning the sense and wisdom of others!

It is impossible to take leave of this most beautiful eclogue, without paying the tribute of admiration so justly due to the following nervous lines:

"What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when Day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
Before them Death with shrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey."

This, amongst many other passages to be met with in the writings of Collins, shows that his genius was perfectly capable of the grand and magnificent in description, notwithstanding what a learned writer has advanced to the contrary. Nothing, certainly, could be more greatly conceived, or more adequately expressed, than the image in the last couplet.

That deception, sometimes used in rhetoric and poetry, which presents us with an object or sentiment contrary to what we expected, is here introduced to the greatest advantage:

"Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not detain,
Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain!
Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise—
Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!"

But this, perhaps, is rather an artificial prettiness, than a real, or natural beauty.

ECLOGUE III.

That innocent and native simplicity of manners, which, in the first eclogue, was allowed to constitute the happiness of love, is here beautifully described in its effects. The sultan of Persia marries a Georgian shepherdess, and finds in her embraces that genuine felicity which unperverted Nature alone can bestow. The most natural and beautiful parts of this eclogue are those where the fair sultana refers with so much pleasure to her pastoral amusements, and those scenes of happy innocence in which she had passed her early years; particularly when, upon her first departure,

"Oft as she went, she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu."

This picture of amiable simplicity reminds one of that passage, where Proserpine, when carried off by Pluto, regrets the loss of the flowers she has been gathering.

Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis:
Tantaque simplicitas puerilibus adfuit annis,
Hæc quoque virgineum movit jactura dolorem.

ECLOGUE IV.

The beautiful but unfortunate country, where the scene of this pathetic eclogue is laid, had been recently torn in pieces by the depredations of its savage neighbours, when Mr. Collins so affectedly described its misfortunes. This ingenious man had not only a pencil to pourtray, but a heart to feel for the miseries of mankind; and it is with the utmost tenderness and humanity he enters into the narrative of Circassin's ruin, while he realizes the scene, and brings the present drama before us. Of every circumstance that could possibly contribute to the tender effect this pastoral was designed to produce, the poet has availed himself with the utmost art and address. Thus he prepares the heart to pity the distresses of Circassia, by representing it as the scene of the happiest love.

"In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was blest, for every maid was kind."

To give the circumstances of the dialogue a more affecting solemnity, he makes the time midnight, and describes the two shepherds in the very act of flight from the destruction that swept over their country:

"Sad o'er the dews, two brother shepherds fled,
Where wildering fear and desperate sorrow led:"

There is a beauty and propriety in the epithet *wildering*, which strikes us more forcibly, the more we consider it.

The opening of the dialogue is equally happy, natural, and unaffected; when one of the shepherds, weary and overcome with the fatigue of flight, calls upon his companion to review the length of way they had passed. This is, certainly, painting

from nature, and the thoughts, however obvious, or destitute of refinement, are perfectly in character. But, as the closest pursuit of nature is the surest way to excellence in general, and to sublimity in particular, in poetical description; so we find that this simple suggestion of the shepherd is not unattended with magnificence. There is grandeur and variety in the landscape he describes:

"And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dangerous path we try'd!
And last this lofty mountain's weary side!"

There is, in imitative harmony, an act of expressing a slow and difficult movement by adding to the usual number of pauses in a verse. This is observable in the line that describes the ascent of the mountain:

And last || this lofty mountain's || weary side ||.

Here we find the number of pauses, or musical bars, which, in a heroic verse, is commonly two, increased to three.

The liquid melody, and the numerous sweetness of expression in the following descriptive lines is almost inimitably beautiful:

"Sweet to the sight is Zabran's flowery plain,
And once by nymphs and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flowery vale."

Nevertheless in this delightful landscape there is an obvious fault: there is no distinction between the plain of Zabran, and the vale of Aly: they are both flowery, and consequently undiversified. This could not proceed from the poet's want of judgment, but from inattention: it had not occurred to him that he had employed the epithet *flowery* twice within so short a compass; an oversight which those who are accustomed to poetical, or, indeed, to any other species of composition, know to be very possible.

Nothing can be more beautifully conceived, or more pathetically expressed, than the shepherd's apprehensions for his fair country-women, exposed to the ravages of the invaders.

"In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair!
Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief shall send;
Those hairs the Tartar's cruel hand shall rend."

There is, certainly, some very powerful charm in the liquid melody of sounds. The editor of these poems could never read or hear the following verse repeated, without a degree of pleasure otherwise entirely unaccountable:

"Their eyes' *blue languish*, and their *golden hair*."

Such are the Oriental Eclogues, which we leave with the same kind of anxious pleasure, we feel upon a temporary parting with a beloved friend.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE ODES, DESCRIPTIVE AND ALLEGORICAL.

The genius of Collins was capable of every degree of excellence in lyric poetry, and perfectly qualified for that high province of the Muse. Possessed of a native ear for all the varieties of harmony and modulation, susceptible of the finest feelings of tenderness and humanity, but above all, carried away by that high enthusiasm, which gives to imagination its strongest colouring, he was, at once, capable of soothing the ear with the melody of his numbers, of influencing the passions by the force of his *pathos*, and of gratifying the fancy by the luxury of his description.

In consequence of these powers, but more particularly in consideration of the last, he chose such subjects for his lyric essays as were most favourable for the indulgence of description and allegory; where he could exercise his powers in moral and personal painting; where he could exert his invention in conferring attributes on images or objects already known, and described, by a determinate number of characteristics; where he might give an uncommon eclat to his figures, by placing them in happier attitudes, or in more advantageous lights, and introduce new forms from the moral and intellectual world into the society of impersonated beings.

Such, no doubt, were the privileges which the poet expected, and such were the advantages he derived from the descriptive and allegorical nature of his themes.

It seems to have been the whole industry of our author (and it is, at the same time, almost all the claim to moral excellence his writings can boast) to promote the influence of the social virtues, by painting them in the fairest and happiest lights.

Melior fieri tuendo,

would be no improper motto to his poems in general, but of his lyric poems it seems to be the whole moral tendency and effect. If, therefore, it should appear to some readers that he has been more industrious to cultivate description than sentiment; it may be observed, that his descriptions themselves are sentimental, and answer the whole end of that species of writing, by embellishing every feature of virtue, and by conveying, through the effects of the pencil, the finest moral lessons to the mind.

Horace speaks of the fidelity of the ear in preference to the uncertainty of the eye; but if the mind receives conviction, it is certainly of very little importance through what medium, or by which of the senses, it is conveyed. The impressions left on the imagination may, possibly, be thought less durable than the deposits of memory, but it may very well admit of a question, whether a conclusion of reason, or an impression of imagination, will soonest make its way to the heart. A moral precept, conveyed in words, is only an account of truth in its effects; a moral picture is truth exemplified; and which is most likely to gain upon the affections, it may not be difficult to determine.

This, however, must be allowed, that those works approach the nearest to perfection which unite these powers and advantages; which at once influence the imagination and engage the memory; the former by the force of animated and striking description, the latter by a brief, but harmonious, conveyance of precept: thus, while the heart is influenced through the operation of the passions or the fancy, the effect, which might otherwise have been transient, is secured by the co-operating power of the memory, which treasures up in a short aphorism the moral scene.

This is a good reason, and this, perhaps, is the only reason that can be given, why our dramatic performances should generally end with a chain of couplets. In these the moral of the whole piece is usually conveyed; and that assistance which the memory borrows from rhyme, as it was probably the original cause of it, gives it usefulness and propriety even there.

After these apologies for the *descriptive* turn of the following odes, something remains to be said on the origin and use of allegory in poetical composition.

By this we are not to understand the trope in the schools, which is defined Aliud verbis, aliud sensu ostendere, and of which Quintilian says, Usus est, ut tristia dicamus melioribus verbis, aut bonæ rei quædam contrariis significemus, &c. It is not the verbal, but the sentimental allegory, not allegorical expression (which, indeed, might come under the term of *metaphor*) but allegorical imagery, that is here in question.

When we endeavour to trace this species of figurative sentiment to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed that the most ancient productions are poetical, and it is certain that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous. Those who had been accustomed to express strength by the image of an elephant, swiftness by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no scruple of substituting, in letters, the symbols for the ideas they had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin of *allegorical expression*, that it arose from the *ashes* of hieroglyphics; and if to the same cause we should refer that figurative boldness of style and imagery which distinguish the oriental writings, we shall, perhaps, conclude more justly than if we should impute it to the superiour grandeur of eastern genius.

From the same source with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *sentimental* allegory, which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or symbolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and in this species of allegory we include the impersonation of passions, affections, virtues, and vices, &c. on account of which, principally, the following odes were properly termed by their author, allegorical.

With respect to the utility of this figurative writing, the same arguments that have been advanced in favour of descriptive poetry, will be of weight likewise here. It is, indeed, from impersonation, or, as it is commonly termed, personification, that poetical description borrows its chief powers and graces. Without the aid of this, moral and intellectual painting would be flat and unanimated, and even the scenery of material objects would be dull without the introduction of fictitious life.

These observations will be most effectually illustrated by the sublime and beautiful odes that occasioned them; in those it will appear how happily this allegorical painting may be executed by the genuine powers of poetical genius, and they will not fail to prove its force and utility by passing through the imagination to the heart.

ODE TO PITY.

" By Pella's Bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy sky-worn robes of tenderest blue,
And eyes of dewy light!"

The propriety of invoking Pity through the mediation of Euripides is obvious.—That admirable poet had the keys of all the tender passions, and, therefore, could not but stand in the highest esteem with a writer of Mr. Collins's sensibility.—He did, indeed, admire him as much as Milton professedly did, and probably for the same reason; but we do not find that he has copied him so closely as the last-mentioned poet has sometimes done, and particularly in the opening of Samson Agonistes, which is an evident imitation of the following passage in the Phœnissæ.

Ἡγου προπαροιθε, θυγατερ, ὡς τυφλῳ ποδι
Οφθαλμος ει συ, ναυβαταισιν αστρον ὡς,
Δευρ' εις το λευρον πεδιον ιχνος τιθεισ' εμον,
Προβαινε.——— Act. iii. sc. 1.

The "eyes of dewy light" is one of the happiest strokes of imagination, and may be ranked among those expressions which

" —give us back the image of the mind."

" Wild Arun too has heard thy strains,
And Echo, 'midst my native plains,
Been sooth'd with Pity's lute."

" There first the wren thy myrtles shed
On gentlest Otway's infant head."

Sussex, in which county the Arun is a small river, had the honour of giving birth to Otway as well as to Collins: both these poets, unhappily, became the objects of that pity by which their writings are distinguished. There was a similitude in their genius and in their sufferings. There was a resemblance in the misfortunes and in the dissipation of their lives; and the circumstances of their death cannot be remembered without pain.

The thought of painting in the temple of Pity the history of human misfortunes, and of drawing the scenes from the tragic Muse, is very happy, and in every respect worthy the imagination of Collins.

ODE TO FEAR.

Mr. Collins, who had often determined to apply himself to dramatic poetry, seems here, with the same view, to have addressed one of the principal powers of the drama, and to implore that mighty influence she had given to the genius of Shakespeare:

"Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypress wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear, will dwell with thee!"

In construction of this nervous ode the author has shown equal power of judgment and imagination. Nothing can be more striking than the violent and abrupt abbreviation of the measure in the fifth and sixth verses, when he feels the strong influence of the power he invokes:

"Ah, Fear, ah, frantic Fear!
I see, I see thee near."

The editor of these poems has met with nothing in the same species of poetry, either in his own, or in any other language, equal, in all respects, to the following description of Danger:

"Danger, whose limbs of giant mould,
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form,
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep."

It is impossible to contemplate the image conveyed in the two last verses without those emotions of terrour it was intended to excite. It has, moreover, the entire advantage of novelty to recommend it, for there is too much originality in all the circumstances, to suppose that the author had in his eye that description of the penal situation of Catiline in the ninth Æneid:

——Te, Catilina, minaci
Pendentem scopulo.

The archetype of the English poet's idea was in Nature, and probably to her alone he was indebted for the thought. From her, likewise, he derived that magnificence of conception, that horrible grandeur of imagery, displayed in the following lines:

"And those, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preside;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening brood of Fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait."

That nutritive enthusiasm, which cherishes the seeds of poetry, and which is, indeed, the only soil wherein they will grow to perfection, lays open the mind to all the influences of fiction. A passion for whatever is greatly wild, or magnificent in the works of Nature, seduces the imagination to attend to all that is extravagant, however unnatural. Milton was notoriously fond of high romance and Gothic *diableries*; and Collins, who in genius and enthusiasm bore no very distant resemblance to Milton, was wholly carried away by the same attachments.

"Be mine to read the visions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, lest thou meet my blasted view,
Hold each strange tale devoutly true."

"On that thrice hallow'd eve, &c."

There is an old traditionary superstition, that on St. Mark's eve the forms of all such persons as shall die within the ensuing year, make their solemn entry into the churches of their respective parishes, as St. Patrick swam over the channel, without their heads.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

The measure of the ancient ballad seems to have been made choice of for this ode, on account of the subject, and it has, indeed, an air of simplicity not altogether unaffecting:

"By all the honey'd store
On Hybla's thymy shore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,
By her whose love-lorn woe,
In evening musings slow,
Sooth'd sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear."

This allegorical imagery of the honey'd store, the blooms, and mingled murmurs of Hybla, alluding to the sweetness and beauty of the Attic poetry, has the finest and the happiest effect: yet, possibly, it will bear a question, whether the ancient Greek tragedians had a general claim to simplicity in any thing more than the plans of their drama. Their language, at least, was infinitely metaphorical; yet it must be owned that they justly copied Nature and the passions, and so far, certainly, they were entitled to the palm of true simplicity: the following most beautiful speech of Polynices will be a monument of this so long as poetry shall last.

——————πολυδακρυς δ' αφικομην
Χρονιος ιδων μελαθρα, και βωμους θεων,
Γυμνασια θ', οισιν ενετραφην, Διρκης θ' ὑδωρ·
Ὡν ου δικαιως απελαθεις, ξενην πολιν
Ναιω, δι' οσσων ομμ' εχων δακρυῤῥουν.
Αλλ' (εκ γαρ αλγους αλγος) ου σε δερκομια,
Καρα ξυρηκες, και πεπλους μελαγχιμους
Εχουσαν. EURIP. Phœniss. ver. 369.

"But staid to sing alone
To one distinguish'd throne."

The poet cuts off the prevalence of simplicity among the Romans with the reign of Augustus; and, indeed, it did not continue much longer, most of the compositions, after that date, giving into false and artificial ornament.

"No more, in hall or bower,
The passions own thy power,
Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean."

In these lines the writings of the Provençal poets are principally alluded to, in which simplicity is generally sacrificed to the rhapsodies of romantic love.

ODE ON THE POETICAL CHARACTER.

Procul! O! procul este profani!

This ode is so infinitely abstracted and replete with high enthusiasm, that it will find few readers capable of entering into the spirit of it, or of relishing its beauties. There is a style of sentiment as utterly unintelligible to common capacities, as

if the subject were treated in an unknown language; and it is on the same account that abstracted poetry will never have many admirers. The authors of such poems must be content with the approbation of those heaven-favoured geniuses, who, by a similarity of taste and sentiment, are enabled to penetrate the high mysteries of inspired fancy, and to pursue the loftiest flights of enthusiastic imagination. Nevertheless, the praise of the distinguished few is certainly preferable to the applause of the undiscerning million; for all praise is valuable in proportion to the judgment of those who confer it.

As the subject of this ode is uncommon, so are the style and expression highly metaphorical and abstracted; thus the Sun is called "the rich-hair'd youth of morn," the ideas are termed "the shadowy tribes of mind," &c. We are struck with the propriety of this mode of expression here, and it affords us new proofs of the analogy that subsists between language and sentiment.

Nothing can be more loftily imagined than the creation of the cestus of Fancy in this ode: the allegorical imagery is rich and sublime: and the observation, that the dangerous passions kept aloof during the operation, is founded on the strictest philosophical truth; for poetical fancy can exist only in minds that are perfectly serene, and in some measure abstracted from the influences of sense.

The scene of Milton's "inspiring hour" is perfectly in character, and described with all those wild-wood-appearances of which the great poet was so enthusiastically fond:

"I view that oak, the fancied glades among,
By which as Milton lay, his evening ear,
Nigh spher'd in Heaven, its native strains could hear."

ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1746.

ODE TO MERCY.

THE Ode written in 1746, and the Ode to Mercy, seem to have been written on the same occasion, viz. the late rebellion; the former in memory of those heroes who fell in the defence of their country, the latter to excite sentiments of compassion in favour of those unhappy and deluded wretches who became a sacrifice to public justice.

The language and imagery of both are very beautiful; but the scene and figures described in the strophe of the Ode to Mercy are exquisitely striking, and would afford a painter one of the finest subjects in the world.

ODE TO LIBERTY.

THE ancient states of Greece, perhaps the only ones in which a perfect model of liberty ever existed, are naturally brought to view in the opening of the poem.

"Who shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue."

There is something extremely bold in this imagery of the locks of the Spartan youths, and greatly superior to that description Jocasta gives us of the hair of Polynices.

Βοστρυχων τι λυανοχρωτα χαιταις
Πλοκαμων.———

"What new Alceus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest, &c."

This alludes to a fragment of Alcæus still remaining, in which the poet celebrates Harmodius and Aristogiton, who slew the tyrant Hipparchus, and thereby restored the liberty of Athens.

The fall of Rome is here most nervously described in one line:

"With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell."

The thought seems altogether new, and the imitative harmony in the structure of the verse is admirable.

After bewailing the ruin of ancient liberty, the poet considers the influence it has retained, or still retains among the moderns; and here the free republics of Italy naturally engage his attention—Florence, indeed, only to be lamented on account of losing its liberty under those patrons of letters, the Medicean family; the *jealous* Pisa, justly so called in respect to its long impatience and regret under the same yoke; and the *small* Marino, which, however unrespectable with regard to power or extent of territory, has, at least, this distinction to boast, that it has preserved its liberty longer than any other state, ancient or modern, having, without any revolution, retained its present mode of government near 1400 years. Moreover the patron saint who founded it, and from whom it takes its name, deserves this poetical record, as he is, perhaps, the only saint that ever contributed to the establishment of freedom.

"Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state."

In these lines the poet alludes to those ravages in the state of Genoa, occasioned by the unhappy divisions of the Guelphs and Ghibelines.

"——When the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer, heard thy voice."

For an account of the celebrated event referred to in these verses, see Voltaire's Epistle to the King of Prussia.

"Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!"

The Flemings were so dreadfully oppressed by this sanguinary general of Philip the Second, that they offered their sovereignty to Elizabeth, but, happily for her subjects, she had policy and magnanimity enough to refuse it. Desormeaux, in his Abrégé Chronologique de l'Histoire d'Espagne, thus describes the sufferings of the Flemings: Le Duc d'Albe achevoit de réduire les Flamands au désespoir. Après avoir inondé les echafauts du sang le plus noble et le plus précieux, il faisoit construire des citadelles en divers endroits, et vouloit établir l'Alcavala, ce tribut onéreux qui avoit été longtems en usage parmi les Espagnols.—Abreg. Chron. tom. iv.

"——Mona,
Where thousand elfin shapes abide."

Mona is properly the Roman name of the Isle of Anglesey, anciently so famous for its Druids; but

sometimes, as in this place, it is given to the Isle of Man. Both those isles still retain much of the genius of superstition, and are now the only places where there is the least chance of finding a fairy.

O D E,

TO A LADY, ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL CHARLES ROSS IN THE ACTION AT FONTENOY.
WRITTEN MAY, 1745.

THE iambic kind of numbers in which this ode is conceived, seems as well calculated for tender and plaintive subjects, as for those where strength or rapidity is required.—This, perhaps, is owing to the repetition of the strain in the same stanza; for sorrow rejects variety, and affects an uniformity of complaint. It is needless to observe that this ode is replete with harmony, spirit, and pathos; and there, surely, appears no reason why the seventh and eighth stanzas should be omitted in that copy printed in Dodsley's Collection of Poems.

ODE TO EVENING.

THE blank ode has for some time solicited admission into the English poetry; but its efforts, hitherto, seem to have been vain, at least its reception has been no more than partial. It remains a question, then, whether there is not something in the nature of blank verse less adapted to the lyric than to the heroic measure, since, though it has been generally received in the latter, it is yet unadopted in the former. In order to discover this, we are to consider the different modes of these different species of poetry. That of the heroic is uniform; that of the lyric is various; and in these circumstances of uniformity and variety, probably, lies the cause why blank verse has been successful in the one, and unacceptable in the other. While it presented itself only in one form, it was familiarized to the ear by custom; but where it was obliged to assume the different shapes of the lyric Muse, it seemed still a stranger of uncouth figure, was received rather with curiosity than pleasure, and entertained without that ease, or satisfaction, which acquaintance and familiarity produce.—Moreover, the heroic blank verse obtained a sanction of infinite importance to its general reception, when it was adopted by one of the greatest poets the world ever produced, and was made the vehicle of the noblest poem that ever was written. When this poem at length extorted that applause which ignorance and prejudice had united to withhold, the versification soon found its imitators, and became more generally successful than even in those countries from whence it was imported. But lyric blank verse had met with no such advantages; for Mr. Collins, whose genius and judgment in harmony might have given it so powerful an effect, hath left us but one specimen of it in the Ode to Evening.

In the choice of his measure he seems to have had in his eye Horace's Ode to Pyrrha; for this ode bears the nearest resemblance to that mixt kind of the asclepiad and pherecratic verse; and that resemblance in some degree reconciles us to the want of rhyme, while it reminds us of those great masters of antiquity, whose works had no need of this whimsical jingle of sounds.

From the following passage one might be induced to think that the poet had it in view to render his subject and his versification suitable to each other on this occasion, and that, when he addressed himself to the sober power of Evening, he had thought proper to lay aside the foppery of rhyme:

" Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain, [vale,
Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As, musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!"

But whatever were the numbers, or the versification of this ode, the imagery and enthusiasm it contains could not fail of rendering it delightful. No other of Mr. Collins's odes is more generally characteristic of his genius. In one place we discover his passion for visionary beings:

" For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant hours, and elves
Who slept in buds the day,
And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sw
Prepare thy shadowy car."

In another we behold his strong bias to melancholy:

" Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams."

Then appears his taste for what is wildly grand and magnificent in nature; when, prevented by storms from enjoying his evening walk, he wishes for a situation,

" That from the mountain's side
Views wild and swelling floods;"

And, through the whole, his invariable attachment to the expression of painting:

" —— and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil."

It might be a sufficient encomium on this beautiful ode to observe, that it has been particularly admired by a lady to whom Nature has given the most perfect principles of taste. She has not even complained of the want of rhyme in it, a circumstance by no means unfavourable to the cause of lyric blank verse; for surely, if a fair reader can endure an ode without bells and chimes, the masculine genius may dispense with them.

THE MANNERS. AN ODE.

FROM the subject and sentiments of this ode, it seems not improbable that the author wrote it about the time when he left the University; when, weary with the pursuit of academical studies, he no longer confined himself to the search of theoretical knowledge, but commenced the scholar of humanity, to study nature in her works, and man in society.

The following farewell to Science exhibits a

very just as well as striking picture; for, however exalted in theory the Platonic doctrines may appear, it is certain that Platonism and Pyrrhonism are allied:

" Farewell the porch, whose roof is seen,
Arch'd with th' enlivening olive's green:
Where Science, prank'd in tissued vest,
By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
Comes like a bride, so trim array'd,
To wed with Doubt in Plato's shade!"

When the mind goes in pursuit of visionary systems, it is not far from the regions of doubt; and the greater its capacity to think abstractedly, to reason and refine, the more it will be exposed to, and bewildered in, uncertainty.—From an enthusiastic warmth of temper, indeed, we may for a while be encouraged to persist in some favourite doctrine, or to adhere to some adopted system; but when that enthusiasm, which is founded on the vivacity of the passions, gradually cools and dies away with them, the opinions it supported drop from us, and we are thrown upon the inhospitable shore of doubt. —A striking proof of the necessity of some moral rule of wisdom and virtue, and some system of happiness established by unerring knowledge and unlimited power.

In the poet's address to Humour in this ode, there is one image of singular beauty and propriety. The ornaments in the hair of Wit are of such a nature, and disposed in such a manner, as to be perfectly symbolical and characteristic:

" Me too amidst thy band admit,
There where the young-ey'd healthful Wit
(Whose jewels in his crisped hair
Are plac'd each other's beams to share,
Whom no delights from thee divide)
In laughter loos'd attends thy side."

Nothing could be more expressive of wit, which consists in a happy collision of comparative and relative images, than this reciprocal reflection of light from the disposition of the jewels.

" O Humour, thou whose name is known
To Britain's favour'd isle alone."

The author could only mean to apply this to the time when he wrote, since other nations had produced works of great humour, as he himself acknowledges afterwards.

" By old Miletus, &c.
By all you taught the Tuscan maids, &c."

The Milesian and Tuscan romances were by no means distinguished for humour; but as they were the models of that species of writing in which humour was afterwards employed, they are, probably, for that reason only mentioned here.

THE PASSIONS. AN ODE FOR MUSIC.

If the music which was composed for this ode, had equal merit with the ode itself, it must have been the most excellent performance of the kind, in which poetry and music have, in modern times, united. Other pieces of the same nature have derived their greatest reputation from the perfection of the music that accompanied them, having in themselves little more merit than that of an ordinary ballad: but in this we have the whole soul and power of poetry—Expression that, even without the aid of music, strikes to the heart; and imagery of power enough to transport the attention, without the forceful alliance of corresponding sounds! what, then, must have been the effects of these united!

It is very observable that though the measure is the same, in which the musical efforts of fear, anger, and despair, are described, yet by the variation of the cadence, the character and operation of each is strongly expressed: thus particularly of Despair:

" With woful measures wan Despair—
Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild."

He must be a very unskilful composer who could not catch the power of imitative harmony from these lines!

The picture of Hope that follows this is beautiful almost beyond imitation. By the united powers of imagery and harmony, that delightful being is exhibited with all the charms and graces that pleasure and fancy have appropriated to her.

Relegat, qui semel percurrit;
Qui nunquam legit, legat.

" But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure!
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

In what an exalted light does the above stanza place this great master of poetical imagery and harmony! what varied sweetness of numbers! what delicacy of judgment and expression! how characteristically does Hope prolong her strain, repeat her soothing closes, call upon her associate Echo for the same purposes, and display every pleasing grace peculiar to her!

" And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair."

Legat, qui nunquam legit;
Qui semel percurrit, relegat.

The descriptions of joy, jealousy, and revenge, are excellent; though not equally so; those of melancholy and cheerfulness are superior to every thing of the kind; and, upon the whole, there may be very little hazard in asserting that this is the finest ode in the English language.

AN EPISTLE

TO SIR THOMAS HANMER, ON HIS EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS.

This poem was written by our author at the University, about the time when sir Thomas Hanmer's pompous edition of Shakespeare was printed at Oxford. If it has not so much merit as the rest of his poems, it has still more than the subject deserves. The versification is easy and genteel, and the allusions always poetical. The character of

the poet Fletcher in particular is very justly drawn in this epistle.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF MR. THOMSON.

Mr. Collins had *skill to complain.* Of that mournful melody, and those tender images, which are the distinguishing excellencies of such pieces as bewail departed friendship, or beauty, he was an almost unequalled master. He knew perfectly to exhibit such circumstances, peculiar to the objects, as awaken the influences of pity; and while, from his own great sensibility, he felt what he wrote, he naturally addressed himself to the feelings of others.

To read such lines as the following, all beautiful and tender as they are, without corresponding emotions of pity, is surely impossible:

"The tender thought on thee shall dwell
Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Belov'd, till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, till Pity's self be dead."

The ode on the death of Thomson seems to have been written in an excursion to Richmond by water. The rural scenery has a proper effect in an ode to the memory of a poet, much of whose merit lay in descriptions of the same kind; and the appellations of "Druid," and "meek Nature's child," are happily characteristic. For the better understanding of this ode, it is necessary to remember, that Mr. Thomson lies buried in the church of Richmond.

THE

POEMS

OF

JOHN DYER.

THE

LIFE OF DYER,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

JOHN DYER, of whom I have no other account to give than his own Letters, published with Hughes's correspondence, and the notes added by the editor, have afforded me, was born in 1700, the second son of Robert Dyer of Aberglasney, in Carmarthenshire, a solicitor of great capacity and note.

He passed through Westminster-school under the care of Dr. Freind, and was then called home to be instructed in his father's profession. But his father died soon, and he took no delight in the study of the law; but, having always amused himself with drawing, resolved to turn painter, and became pupil to Mr. Richardson, an artist then of high reputation, but now better known by his books than by his pictures.

Having studied awhile under his master, he became, as he tells his friend, an itinerant painter, and wandered about South Wales, and the parts adjacent; but he mingled poetry with painting, and about 1727 printed Grongar Hill in Lewis's Miscellany.

Being, probably, unsatisfied with his own proficiency, he, like other painters, travelled to Italy; and, coming back in 1740, published The Ruins of Rome.

If his poem was written soon after his return, he did not make much use of his acquisitions in painting, whatever they might be; for decline of health and love of study determined him to the church. He therefore entered into orders; and, it seems, married about the same time a lady of the name of Ensor, "whose grandmother," says he, "was a Shakspeare descended from a brother of every body's Shakspeare:" by her, in 1756, he had a son and three daughters living.

His ecclesiastical provision was for a long time but slender. His first patron, Mr. Harper, gave him, in 1741, Calthorp in Leicestershire, of eighty pounds a year, on which he lived ten years, and then exchanged it for Belchford in Lincolnshire, of seventy-five. His condition now began to mend. In 1751, sir John Heathcote gave him Coningsby, of one hundred and forty pounds a year; and in 1755 the chancellor added Kirkby, of one hundred and ten. He complains that the repair of the house at Coningsby, and other expenses, took away the profit. In 1757 he published The Fleece, his greatest poetical work; of which I will not suppress a ludicrous story. Dodsley the bookseller was one day mentioning it to a critical visitor, with more expectation of success than the other could easily admit. In the conversation the

author's age was asked; and being represented as advanced in life, "He will," said the critic, "be buried in woollen."

He did not indeed long survive that publication, nor long enjoy the increase of his preferments; for in 1758[1] he died.

Dyer is not a poet of bulk or dignity sufficient to require an elaborate criticism. Grongar Hill is the happiest of his productions: it is not indeed very accurately written; but the scenes which it displays are so pleasing, the images which they raise are so welcome to the mind, and the reflections of the writer so consonant to the general sense or experience of mankind, that, when it is once read, it will be read again.

The idea of The Ruins of Rome strikes more, but pleases less, and the title raises greater expectation than the performance gratifies. Some passages, however, are conceived with the mind of a poet; as when, in the neighbourhood of dilapidating edifices, he says,

> — The pilgrim oft
> At dead of night, mid his oraison hears
> Aghast the voice of Time, disparting tow'rs,
> Tumbling all precipitate down dash'd,
> Rattling around, loud thund'ring to the Moon.

Of The Fleece, which never became popular, and is now universally neglected, I can say little that is likely to recall it to attention. The woolcomber and the poet appear to me such discordant natures, that an attempt to bring them together is to *couple the serpent with the fowl.* When Dyer, whose mind was not unpoetical, has done his utmost, by interesting his reader in our native commodity, by interspersing rural imagery, and incidental digressions, by clothing small images in great words, and by all the writer's arts of delusion, the meanness naturally adhering, and the irreverence habitually annexed to trade and manufacture, sink him under insuperable oppression; and the disgust which blank verse, encumbering and encumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased.

Let me however honestly report whatever may counterbalance this weight of censure. I have been told, that Akenside, who, upon a poetical question, has a right to be heard, said, "That he would regulate his opinion of the reigning taste by the fate of Dyer's Fleece; for, if that were ill-received, he should not think it any longer reasonable to expect fame from excellence."

[1] July 24. *C.*

POEMS

OF

JOHN DYER.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;—
Come, with all thy various dues,
Come and aid thy sister Muse;
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells
Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day:
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'T is now the raven's bleak abode;
'T is now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;

While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet Time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life, to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the Future's face,
Ey'd through Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present 's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'T is thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, even now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of Care!
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads, and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

THE RUINS OF ROME.

Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa,
Obrutaque horrenti vesta theatra situ:
Hæc sunt Roma. Viden' velut ipsa cadavera tantæ
Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas?
JANUS VITALIS.

Enough of Grongar, and the shady dales
Of winding Towy: Merlin's fabled haunt
I sing inglorious. Now the love of arts,
And what in metal or in stone remains
Of proud antiquity, through various realms
And various languages and ages fam'd,
Bears me remote, o'er Gallia's woody bounds,
O'er the cloud-piercing Alps remote; beyond
The vale of Arno purpled with the vine,
Beyond the Umbrian and Etruscan hills,
To Latium's wide champain, forlorn and waste,
Where yellow Tiber his neglected wave
Mournfully rolls. Yet once again, my Muse,
Yet once again, and soar a loftier flight;
Lo the resistless theme, imperial Rome.
Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;
E'en yet majestical: the solemn scene
Elates the soul, while now the rising Sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Towering aloft, upon the glittering plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference:
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifled moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs.
Deep lies in dust the Theban obelisk
Immense along the waste; minuter art,
Gliconian forms, or Phidian subtly fair,
O'erwhelming; as th' immense Leviathan
The finny brood, when near Ierne's shore
Out-stretch'd, unwieldy, his island length appears
Above the foamy flood. Globose and huge,
Gray-mouldering temples swell, and wide o'ercast
The solitary landscape, hills and woods,
And boundless wilds; while the vine-mantled brows
The pendent goats unveil, regardless they
Of hourly peril, though the clifted domes
Tremble to every wind. The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraison hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting towers,
Tumbling all precipitate down-dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the Moon;
While murmurs soothe each awful interval
Of ever-falling waters; shrouded Nile[1],
Eridanus, and Tiber with his twins,
And palmy Euphrates; they with dropping locks
Hang o'er their urns, and mournfully among
The plaintive-echoing ruins pour their streams.

[1] Fountains at Rome adorned with the statues of those rivers.

Yet here, adventurous in the sacred search
Of ancient arts, the delicate of mind,
Curious and modest, from all climes resort.
Grateful society! with these I raise
The toilsome step up the proud Palatin,
Through spiry cypress groves, and towering pine,
Waving aloft o'er the big ruin's brows,
On numerous arches rear'd: and frequent stopp'd,
The sunk ground startles me with dreadful chasm,
Breathing forth darkness from the vast profound
Of aisles and halls, within the mountain's womb.
Nor these the nether works; all these beneath,
And all beneath the vales and hills around,
Extend the cavern'd sewers, massy, firm,
As the Sibylline grot beside the dead
Lake of Avernus; such the sewers huge,
Whither the great Tarquinian genius dooms
Each wave impure; and proud with added rains,
Hark how the mighty billows lash their vaults,
And thunder; how they heave their rocks in vain!
Though now incessant time has roll'd around
A thousand winters o'er the changeful world,
And yet a thousand since, th' indignant floods
Roar loud in their firm bounds, and dash and swell,
In vain; convey'd to Tiber's lowest wave.
Hence over airy plains, by crystal founts,
That weave their glittering waves with tuneful lapse,
Among the sleeky pebbles, agate clear,
Cerulean ophite, and the flowery vein
Of orient jasper, pleas'd I move along,
And vases boss'd, and huge inscriptive stones,
And intermingling vines; and figur'd nymphs,
Floras and Chloes of delicious mould,
Cheering the darkness; and deep empty tombs,
And dells, and mouldering shrines, with old decay
Rustic and green, and wide-embowering shades,
Shot from the crooked clefts of nodding towers.
A solemn wilderness! with errour sweet,
I wind the lingering step, where'er the path
Mazy conducts me, which the vulgar foot
O'er sculptures maim'd has made; Anubis, Sphinx,
Idols of antique guise, and horned Pan,
Terrific, monstrous shapes! preposterous gods
Of Fear and Ignorance, by the sculptor's hand
Hewn into form, and worshipp'd; as e'en now
Blindly they worship at their breathless mouths[2]
In varied appellations: men to these
(From depth to depth in darkening errour fall'n)
At length ascrib'd th' inapplicable name.
How doth it please and fill the memory
With deeds of brave renown, while on each hand
Historic urns and breathing statues rise,
And speaking busts! Sweet Scipio, Marius stern,
Pompey superb, the spirit-stirring form
Of Cæsar raptur'd with the charm of rule
And boundless fame; impatient for exploits,
His eager eyes upcast, he soars in thought
Above all height: and his own Brutus see,
Desponding Brutus, dubious of the right,
In evil days, of faith, of public weal,
Solicitous and sad. Thy next regard
Be Tully's graceful attitude; unprais'd,
His outstretch'd arm he waves, in act to speak
Before the silent masters of the world,
And Eloquence arrays him. There behold,
Prepar'd for combat in the front of war,
The pious brothers; jealous Alba stands
In fearful expectation of the strife,
And youthful Rome intent: the kindred foes
Fall on each other's neck in silent tears;
In sorrowful benevolence embrace—
Howe'er, they soon unsheath the flashing sword,
Their country calls to arms;—now all in vain
The mother clasps the knee, and e'en the fair
Now weeps in vain; their country calls to arms.
Such virtue Clelia, Cocles, Manlius, rous'd:
Such were the Fabii, Decii; so inspir'd,
The Scipios battled, and the Gracchi spoke:
So rose the Roman state. Me now, of these
Deep musing, high ambitious thoughts inflame
Greatly to serve my country, distant land,
And build me virtuous fame; nor shall the dust
Of these fall'n piles with show of sad decay
Avert the good resolve, mean argument,
The fate alone of matter.—Now the brow
We gain enraptur'd; beauteously distinct[3]
The numerous porticos and domes upswell,
With obelisks and columns interpos'd,
And pine, and fir, and oak: so fair a scene
Sees not the dervise from the spiral tomb
Of ancient Chammos, while his eye beholds
Proud Memphis' reliques o'er th' Egyptian plain:
Nor hoary hermit from Hymettus' brow,
Though graceful Athens in the vale beneath.
Along the windings of the Muse's stream,
Lucid Ilyssus weeps her silent schools,
And groves, unvisited by bard or sage.
Amid the towery ruins, huge, supreme,
Th' enormous amphitheatre behold,
Mountainous pile! o'er whose capacious womb
Pours the broad firmament its varied light;
While from the central floor the seats ascend
Round above round, slow-widening to the verge
A circuit vast and high; nor less had held
Imperial Rome, and her attendant realms,
When drunk with rule she will'd the fierce delight,
And op'd the gloomy caverns, whence out-rush'd
Before th' innumerable shouting crowd
The fiery, madded, tyrants of the wilds,
Lions and tigers, wolves and elephants,
And desperate men, more fell. Abhorr'd intent!
By frequent converse with familiar death,
To kindle brutal daring apt for war;
To lock the breast, and steel th' obdurate heart
Amid the piercing cries of sore distress
Impenetrable.—But away thine eye;
Behold yon steepy cliff; the modern pile
Perchance may now delight, while that, rever'd[4]
In ancient days, the page alone declares,
Or narrow coin through dim cerulean rust.
The fane was Jove's, its spacious golden roof,
O'er thick-surrounding temples beaming wide,
Appear'd, as when above the morning hills
Half the round Sun ascends; and tower'd aloft,
Sustain'd by columns huge, innumerous
As cedars proud on Canaan's verdant heights
Darkening their idols, when Astarte lur'd
Too-prosperous Israel from his living strength.
And next regard yon venerable dome,
Which virtuous Latium, with erroneous aim,
Rais'd to her various deities, and nam'd
Pantheon; plain and round; of this our world
Majestic emblem; with peculiar grace

[2] Several statues of the Pagan gods have been converted into images of saints.

[3] From the Palatin hill one sees most of the remarkable antiquities.

[4] The Capitol.

Before its ample orb, projected stands
The many-pillar'd portal: noblest work
Of human skill: here, curious architect,
If thou essay'st, ambitious, to surpass
Palladius, Angelus, or British Jones,
On these fair walls extend the certain scale,
And turn th' instructive compass: careful mark
How far in hidden art, the noble plain
Extends, and where the lovely forms commence
Of flowing sculpture: nor neglect to note
How range the taper columns, and what weight
Their leafy brows sustain: fair Corinth first
Boasted their order, which Callimachus
(Reclining studious on Asopus' banks
Beneath an urn of some lamented nymph)
Haply compos'd; the urn with foliage curl'd
Thinly conceal'd, the chapiter inform'd.
See the tall obelisks from Memphis old,
One stone enormous each, or Thebes convey'd;
Like Albion's spires they rush into the skies.
And there the temple, where the summon'd state[5]
In deep of night conven'd: e'en yet methinks
The vehement orator in rent attire
Persuasion pours, Ambition sinks her crest;
And lo the villain, like a troubled sea,
That tosses up her mire! Ever disguis'd,
Shall Treason walk? shall proud Oppression yoke
The neck of Virtue? Lo the wretch, abash'd,
Self-betray'd Catiline! O Liberty,
Parent of Happiness, celestial-born;
When the first man became a living soul,
His sacred genius thou;—be Britain's care;
With her, secure, prolong thy lov'd retreat;
Thence bless mankind; while yet among her sons,
E'en yet there are, to shield thine equal laws,
Whose bosoms kindle at the sacred names
Of Cecil, Raleigh, Walsingham, and Drake.
May others more delight in tuneful airs;
In masque and dance excel; to sculptur'd stone
Give with superior skill the living look;
More pompous piles erect, or pencil soft
With warmer touch the visionary board:
But thou, thy nobler Britons teach to rule;
To check the ravage of tyrannic sway;
To quell the proud; to spread the joys of peace,
And various blessings of ingenious trade.
Be these our arts; and ever may we guard,
Ever defend thee with undaunted heart!
Inestimable good! who giv'st us Truth,
Whose hand upleads to light, divinest Truth,
Array'd in every charm: whose hand benign
Teaches unwearied Toil to clothe the fields,
And on his various fruits inscribes the name
Of Property: O nobly hail'd of old
By thy majestic daughters, Judah fair,
And Tyrus and Sidonia, lovely nymphs,
And Libya bright, and all-enchanting Greece,
Whose numerous towns and isles, and peopled seas,
Rejoic'd around her lyre; th' heroic note
(Smit with sublime delight) Ausonia caught,
And plann'd imperial Rome. Thy hand benign
Rear'd up her towery battlements in strength;
Bent her wide bridges o'er the swelling stream
Of Tuscan Tiber; thine those solemn domes
Devoted to the voice of humbler prayer!
And thine those piles[6] undeck'd, capacious, vast,
In days of dearth where tender Charity
Dispens'd her timely succours to the poor.
Thine too those musically falling founts,
To slake the clammy lip; adown they fall,
Musical ever; while from yon blue hills,
Dim in the clouds, the radiant aqueducts
Turn their innumerable arches o'er
The spacious desert, brightening in the Sun,
Proud and more proud in their august approach:
High o'er irriguous vales and woods and towns,
Glide the soft whispering waters in the wind,
And here united pour their silver streams
Among the figur'd rocks, in murmuring falls,
Musical ever. These thy beauteous works:
And what beside felicity could tell
Of human benefit: more late the rest;
At various times their turrets chanc'd to rise,
When impious Tyranny vouchsaf'd to smile.
Behold by Tiber's flood, where modern Rome[7]
Couches beneath the ruins: there of old
With arms and trophies gleam'd the field of Mars:
There to their daily sports the noble youth
Rush'd emulous; to fling the pointed lance;
To vault the steed; or with the kindling wheel
In dusty whirlwinds sweep the trembling goal;
Or, wrestling, cope with adverse swelling breasts,
Strong grappling arms, close heads, and distant feet;
Or clash the lifted gauntlets: there they form'd
Their ardent virtues: in the bossy piles,
The proud triumphal arches; all their wars,
Their conquests, honours, in the sculptures live.
And see from every gate those ancient roads,
With tombs high verg'd, the solemn paths of Fame:
Deserve they not regard? O'er whose broad flints
Such crowds have roll'd, so many storms of war;
So many pomps; so many wondering realms:
Yet still through mountains pierc'd, o'er valleys rais'd,
In even state, to distant seas around,
They stretch their pavements. Lo, the fane of Peace,
Built by that prince, who to the trust of power
Was honest[8], the delight of human-kind.
Three nodding aisles remain; the rest a heap
Of sand and weeds; her shrines, her radiant roofs,
And columns proud, that from her spacious floor,
As from a shining sea, majestic rose
A hundred foot aloft, like stately beech
Around the brim of Dion's glassy lake,
Charming the mimic painter: on the walls
Hung Salem's sacred spoils; the golden board,
And golden trumpets, now conceal'd, entomb'd
By the sunk roof.—O'er which in distant view
Th' Etruscan mountains swell, with ruins crown'd
Of ancient towns; and blue Soracte spires,
Wrapping his sides in tempests. Eastward hence,
Nigh where the Cestian pyramid[9] divides
The mouldering wall, beyond yon fabric huge,
Whose dust the solemn antiquarian turns,
And thence, in broken sculptures cast abroad,
Like Sibyl's leaves, collects the builder's name
Rejoic'd, and the green medals frequent found
Doom Caracalla to perpetual fame:
The stately pines, that spread their branches wide
In the dun ruins of its ample halls[10],

[5] The Temple of Concord, where the senate met on Catiline's conspiracy.

[6] The public granaries.

[7] Modern Rome stands chiefly on the old Campus Martius.

[8] Begun by Vespasian, and finished by Titus.

[9] The tomb of Cestius, partly within and partly without the walls.

[10] The baths of Caracalla, a vast ruin.

Appear but tufts; as may whate'er is high
Sink in comparison, minute and vile.
These; and unnumber'd, yet their brows uplift,
Rent of their graces; as Britannia's oaks
On Merlin's mount, or Snowdon's rugged sides,
Stand in the clouds, their branches scatter'd round,
After the tempest; Mausoleums, Cirques,
Naumachios, Forums; Trajan's column tall,
From whose low base the sculptures wind aloft,
And lead through various toils, up the rough steep,
Its hero to the skies: and his dark tower [11]
Whose execrable hand the city fir'd,
And while the dreadful conflagration blaz'd,
Play'd to the flames; and Phœbus' letter'd dome [12];
And the rough reliques of Carinæ's street,
Where now the shepherd to his nibbling sheep
Sits piping with his oaten reed; as erst
There pip'd the shepherd to his nibbling sheep,
When th' humble roof Anchises' son explor'd
Of good Evander, wealth-despising king,
Amid the thickets: so revolves the scene;
So Time ordains, who rolls the things of pride
From dust again to dust. Behold that heap,
Of mouldering urns (their ashes blown away,
Dust of the mighty) the same story tell;
And at its base, from whence the serpent glides
Down the green desert street, yon hoary monk
Laments the same, the vision as he views,
The solitary, silent, solemn scene,
Where Cæsars, heroes, peasants, hermits lie,
Blended in dust together; where the slave
Rests from his labours; where th' insulting proud
Resigns his power; the miser drops his hoard;
Where human folly sleeps.—There is a mood,
(I sing not to the vacant and the young)
There is a kindly mood of melancholy,
That wings the soul, and points her to the skies;
When tribulation clothes the child of man,
When age descends with sorrow to the grave,
'T is sweetly-soothing sympathy to pain,
A gently-wakening call to health and ease.
How musical! when all-devouring Time,
Here sitting on his throne of ruins hoar,
While winds and tempests sweep his various lyre,
How sweet thy diapason, Melancholy!
Cool evening comes; the setting Sun displays
His visible great round between yon towers,
As through two shady cliffs; away, my Muse,
Though yet the prospect pleases, ever new
In vast variety, and yet delight
The many-figur'd sculptures of the path
Half beauteous, half effac'd; the traveller
Such antique marbles to his native land
Oft hence conveys; and every realm and state
With Rome's august remains, heroes and gods,
Deck their long galleries and winding groves;
Yet miss we not th' innumerable thefts,
Yet still profuse of graces teems the waste.
Suffice it now th' Esquilian mount to reach
With weary wing, and seek the sacred rests
Of Maro's humble tenement; a low
Plain wall remains; a little sun-gilt heap,
Grotesque and wild; the gourd and olive brown
Weave the light roof: the gourd and olive fan
Their amorous foliage, mingling with the vine,
Who drops her purple clusters through the green.
Here let me lie, with pleasing fancy sooth'd:
Here flow'd his fountain; here his laurels grew;

[11] Nero's. [12] The Palatin library.

Here oft the meek good man, the lofty bard
Fram'd the celestial song, or social walk'd
With Horace and the ruler of the world:
Happy Augustus! who, so well inspir'd,
Couldst throw thy pomps and royalties aside,
Attentive to the wise, the great of soul,
And dignify thy mind. Thrice glorious days,
Auspicious to the Muses! then rever'd,
Then hallow'd was the fount, or secret shade,
Or open mountain, or whatever scene
The poet chose, to tune th' ennobling rhyme
Melodious; e'en the rugged sons of war,
E'en the rude hinds rever'd the poet's name:
But now—another age, alas! is ours—
Yet will the Muse a little longer soar,
Unless the clouds of care weigh down her wing,
Since Nature's stores are shut with cruel hand,
And each aggrieves his brother; since in vain
The thirsty pilgrim at the fountain asks [dain.—
Th' o'erflowing wave—Enough—the plaint dis-
See'st thou yon fane? e'en now incessant time [13]
Sweeps her low mouldering marbles to the dust;
And Phœbus' temple, nodding with its woods,
Threatens huge ruin o'er the small rotund.
'T was there beneath a fig-tree's umbrage broad,
Th' astonish'd swains with reverend awe beheld
Thee, O Quirinus, and thy brother-twin,
Pressing the teat within a monster's grasp
Sportive; while oft the gaunt and rugged wolf
Turn'd her stretch'd neck and form'd your tender
limbs;
So taught of Jove e'en the fell savage fed
Your sacred infancies, your virtues, toils,
The conquests, glories, of th' Ausonian state,
Wrapp'd in their secret seeds. Each kindred soul,
Robust and stout, ye grapple to your hearts,
And little Rome appears. Her cots arise,
Green twigs of osier weave the slender walls,
Green rushes spread the roofs; and here and there
Opens beneath the rock the gloomy cave.
Elate with joy Etruscan Tiber views
Her spreading scenes enamelling his waves,
Her huts and hollow dells, and flocks and herds,
And gathering swains; and rolls his yellow car
To Neptune's court with more majestic train.
Her speedy growth alarm'd the states around,
Jealous; yet soon, by wondrous virtue won,
They sink into her bosom. From the plough
Rose her dictators; fought, o'ercame, return'd,
Yes, to the plough return'd, and hail'd their peers;
For then no private pomp, no household state,
The public only swell'd the generous breast.
Who has not heard the Fabian heroes sung?
Dentatus' scars, or Mutius' flaming hand?
How Manlius sav'd the Capitol? the choice
Of steady Regulus? As yet they stood,
Simple of life; as yet seducing wealth
Was unexplor'd, and shame of poverty
Yet unimagin'd—Shine not all the fields
With various fruitage? murmur not the brooks
Along the flowery valleys? They, content,
Feasted at Nature's hand, indelicate,
Blithe, in their easy taste; and only sought
To know their duties; that their only strife,
Their generous strife, and greatly to perform.
They through all shapes of peril and of pain,
Intent on honour, dar'd in thickest death

[13] The temple of Romulus and Remus under Mount Palatin.

To snatch the glorious deed. Nor Trebia quell'd,
Nor Thrasymene, nor Cannæ's bloody field,
Their dauntless courage; storming Hannibal
In vain the thunder of the battle rous'd,
The thunder of the battle they return'd
Back on his Punic shores; till Carthage fell,
And danger fled afar. The city gleam'd
With precious spoils: alas, prosperity!
Ah, baneful state! yet ebb'd not all their strength
In soft luxurious pleasures; proud desire
Of boundless sway, and feverish thirst of gold,
Rous'd them again to battle. Beauteous Greece,
Torn from her joys, in vain with languid arm
Half rais'd her rusty shield; nor could avail
The sword of Dacia, nor the Parthian dart;
Nor yet the car of that fam'd British chief,
Which seven brave years, beneath the doubtful wing
Of Victory, dreadful roll'd its griding wheels
Over the bloody war: the Roman arms
Triumph'd, till Fame was silent to their foes.
And now the world unrival'd they enjoy'd
In proud security: the crested helm,
The plated greave and corselet hung unbrac'd;
Nor clank'd their arms, the spear and sounding shield,
But on the glittering trophy to the wind.
Dissolv'd in ease and soft delights they lie,
Till every sun annoys, and every wind
Has chilling force, and every rain offends:
For now the frame no more is girt with strength
Masculine, nor in lustiness of heart
Laughs at the winter storm, and summer-beam,
Superior to their rage: enfeebling vice
Withers each nerve, and opens every pore
To painful feeling: flowery bowers they seek
(As ether prompts, as the sick sense approves)
Or cool Nymphean grots; or tepid baths
(Taught by the soft Ionians); they, along
The lawny vale, of every beauteous stone,
Pile in the roseat air with fond expense:
Through silver channels glide the vagrant waves,
And fall on silver beds crystalline down,
Melodious murmuring; while Luxury
Over their naked limbs with wanton hand,
Sheds roses, odours, sheds unheeded bane.
Swift is the flight of wealth; unnumber'd wants,
Brood of voluptuousness, cry out aloud
Necessity, and seek the splendid bribe.
The citron board, the bowl emboss'd with gems,
And tender foliage wildly wreath'd around
Of seeming ivy, by that artful hand,
Corinthian Thericles; whate'er is known
Of rarest acquisition; Tyrian garbs,
Neptunian Albion's high testaceous food,
And flavour'd Chian wines with incense fum'd
To slake patrician thirst; for these, their rights
In the vile streets they prostitute to sale,
Their ancient rights, their dignities, their laws,
Their native glorious freedom. Is there none,
Is there no villain, that will bind the neck
Stretch'd to the yoke? they come; the market throngs.
But who has most by fraud or force amass'd?
Who most can charm corruption with his doles?
He be the monarch of the state; and lo!
Didius, vile usurer, through the crowd he mounts[14],
Beneath his feet the Roman eagle cowers,
And the red arrows fill his grasp uncouth.

[14] Didius Julianus, who bought the empire.

O Britons, O my countrymen, beware;
Gird, gird your hearts; the Romans once were free,
Were brave, were virtuous.—Tyranny, howe'er,
Deign'd to walk forth a while in pageant state,
And with licentious pleasures fed the rout,
The thoughtless many: to the wanton sound
Of fifes and drums they danc'd, or in the shade
Sung Cæsar, great and terrible in war,
Immortal Cæsar! Lo, a god, a god,
He cleaves the yielding skies! Cæsar meanwhile
Gathers the ocean pebbles; or the gnat
Enrag'd pursues; or at his lonely meal
Starves a wide province; tastes, dislikes, and flings
To dogs and sycophants. A god, a god!
The flowery shades and shrines obscene return.
But see along the north the tempests swell
O'er the rough Alps, and darken all their snows!
Sudden the Goth and Vandal, dreaded names,
Rush as the breach of waters, whelming all
Their domes, their villas; down the festive piles,
Down fall their Parian porches, gilded baths,
And roll before the storm in clouds of dust.
Vain end of human strength, of human skill,
Conquest, and triumph, and domain, and pomp,
And ease, and luxury! O Luxury,
Bane of elated life, of affluent states,
What dreary change, what ruin is not thine?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy cave
How dost thou lure the fortunate and great!
Dreadful attraction! while behind thee gapes
Th' unfathomable gulf where Asher lies
O'erwhelm'd, forgotten; and high-boasting Cham;
And Elam's haughty pomp; and beauteous Greece;
And the great queen of Earth, imperial Rome.

THE FLEECE:

A POEM.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

Post majores quadrupedes ovilli pecoris secunda ratio est, quæ prima sit, si ad utilitatis magnitudinem referas: nam id præcipue nos contra frigoris violentiam protegit, corporibusque nostris liberaliora præbet velamina. COLUMELLA.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Dedicatory address. Of pastures in general, fit for sheep: for fine-woolled sheep: for long-woolled sheep. Defects of pastures, and their remedies. Of climates. The moisture of the English climate vindicated. Particular beauties of England. Different kinds of English sheep: the two common sorts of rams described. Different kinds of foreign sheep. The several sorts of food. The distempers arising from thence, with their remedies. Sheep led by instinct to their proper food and physic. Of the shepherd's scrip, and its furniture. Care of sheep in tupping-time. Of the castration of lambs, and the folding of sheep. Various pre-

cepts relative to changes of weather and seasons. Particular care of new-fallen lambs. The advantages and security of the English shepherd above those in hotter or colder climates; exemplified with respect to Lapland, Italy, Greece, and Arabia. Of sheep-shearing. Song on that occasion. Custom in Wales of sprinkling the rivers with flowers. Sheep-shearing feast and merriments on the banks of the Severn.

THE care of sheep, the labours of the loom,
And arts of trade, I sing. Ye rural nymphs,
Ye swains, and princely merchants, aid the verse.
And ye, high-trusted guardians of our isle,
Whom public voice approves, or lot of birth
To the great charge assigns: ye good, of all
Degrees, all sects, be present to my song.
So may distress, and wretchedness, and want,
The wide felicities of labour learn:
So may the proud attempts of restless Gaul
From our strong borders, like a broken wave,
In empty foam retire. But chiefly thou,
The people's shepherd, eminently plac'd
Over the numerous swains of every vale,
With well-permitted power; and watchful eye,
On each gay field to shed beneficence,
Celestial office! thou protect the song.
On spacious airy downs, and gentle hills,
With grass and thyme o'erspread, and clover wild,
Where smiling Phœbus tempers every breeze,
The fairest flocks rejoice. They, nor of halt,
Hydropic tumours, nor of rot, complain;
Evils deform'd and foul: nor with hoarse cough
Disturb the music of the pastoral pipe;
But, crowding to the note, with silence soft
The close-woven carpet graze; where Nature blends
Flowrets and herbage of minutest size,
Innoxious luxury. Wide airy downs
Are Health's gay walks to shepherd and to sheep.
All arid soils, with sand, or chalky flint,
Or shells diluvian mingled; and the turf,
That mantles over rocks of brittle stone,
Be thy regard: and where low-tufted broom,
Or box, or berry'd juniper arise;
Or the tall growth of glossy-rinded beech;
And where the burrowing rabbit turns the dust;
And where the dappled deer delights to bound.
Such are the downs of Banstead, edg'd with woods,
And towery villas; such Dorcestrian fields,
Whose flocks innumerous whiten all the land:
Such those slow-climbing wilds, that lead the step
Insensibly to Dover's windy cliff,
Tremendous height! and such the clover'd lawns
And sunny mounts of beauteous Normanton[1],
Health's cheerful haunt, and the selected walk
Of Heathcote's leisure: such the spacious plain
Of Sarum, spread like Ocean's boundless round,
Where solitary Stonehenge, gray with moss,
Ruin of ages, nods: such too the leas
And ruddy tilth, which spiry Ross beholds,
From a green hillock, o'er her lofty elms;
And Lemster's brooky tract, and airy Croft[2];
And such Harleian Eywood's[3] swelling turf,
Wav'd as the billows of a rolling sea:
And Shobden[4], for its lofty terrace fam'd,
Which from a mountain's ridge, elate o'er woods
And girt with all Siluria[5], sees around
Regions on regions blended in the clouds.
Pleasant Siluria, land of various views,
Hills, rivers, woods, and lawns, and purple groves
Pomaceous, mingled with the curling growth
Of tendril hops, that flaunt upon their poles,
More airy wild than vines along the sides
Of treacherous Falernum[6]; or that hill
Vesuvius, where the bowers of Bacchus rose,
And Herculanean and Pompeian domes.
But if thy prudent care would cultivate
Leicestrian fleeces, what the sinewy arm
Combs through the spiky steel in lengthen'd flakes;
Rich saponaceous loam, that slowly drinks
The blackening shower, and fattens with the draught,
Or marle with clay deep-mix'd, be then thy choice,
Of one consistence, one complexion, spread
Through all thy glebe; where no deceitful veins
Of envious gravel lurk beneath the turf,
To loose the creeping waters from their springs,
Tainting the pasturage: and let thy fields
In slopes descend and mount, that chilling rains
May trickle off, and hasten to the brooks.
Yet some defect in all on Earth appears;
All seek for help, all press for social aid.
Too cold the grassy mantle of the marle,
In stormy winter's long and dreary nights,
For cumbent sheep; from broken slumber oft
They rise benumb'd, and vainly shift the couch;
Their wasted sides their evil plight declare.
Hence, tender in his care, the shepherd swain
Seeks each contrivance. Here it would avail,
At a meet distance from the upland ridge,
To sink a trench, and on the hedge-long bank
Sow frequent sand, with lime, and dark manure;
Which to the liquid element will yield
A porous way, a passage to the foe.
Plough not such pastures: deep in spungy grass
The oldest carpet is the warmest lair,
And soundest; in new herbage coughs are heard.
Nor love too frequent shelter: such as decks
The vale of Severn, Nature's garden wide,
By the blue steeps of distant Malvern[7] wall'd
Solemnly vast. The trees of various shade,
Scene behind scene, with fair delusive pomp
Enrich the prospect, but they rob the lawns.
Nor prickly bramble, white with woolly theft,
Should tuft thy fields. Applaud not the remiss
Dimetians[8], who, along their mossy dales,
Consume, like grasshoppers, the summer hour;
While round them stubborn thorns and furze increase,
And creeping briars. I knew a careful swain,
Who gave them to the crackling flames, and spread

[1] A seat of sir John Heathcote in Rutlandshire.
[2] A seat of sir Archer Croft.
[3] A seat of the earl of Oxford.
[4] A seat of lord Bateman.
[5] Siluria, the part of England which lies west of the Severn, viz. Herefordshire, Monmouthshire, &c.
[6] Treacherous Falernum, because part of the hills of Falernum was many years ago overturned by an eruption of fire, and is now a high and barren mount of cinders, called Monte Novo.
[7] Malvern, a high ridge of hills near Worcester.
[8] Dimetia, Caermarthenshire in South Wales.

Their dust saline upon the deepening grass:
And oft with labour-strengthen'd arm he delv'd
The draining trench across his verdant slopes,
To intercept the small meandring rills
Of upper hamlets: haughty trees, that sour
The shaded grass, that weaken thorn-set mounds,
And harbour villain crows, he rare allow'd:
Only a slender tuft of useful ash,
And mingled beech and elm, securely tall,
The little smiling cottage warm embower'd;
The little smiling cottage, where at eve
He meets his rosy children at the door,
Prattling their welcomes, and his honest wife,
With good brown cake and bacon slice, intent
To cheer his hunger after labour hard.
Nor only soil, there also must be found
Felicity of clime, and aspect bland,
Where gentle sheep may nourish locks of price.
In vain the silken fleece on windy brows
And northern slopes of cloud-dividing hills
Is sought, though soft Iberia spreads her lap
Beneath their rugged feet, and names their heights
Biscaian or Segovian. Bothnic realms,
And dark Norwegian, with their choicest fields,
Dingles, and dells, by lofty fir embower'd,
In vain the bleaters court. Alike they shun
Libya's hot plains: what taste have they for groves
Of palm, or yellow dust of gold? no more
Food to the flock, than to the miser wealth,
Who kneels upon the glittering heap, and starves.
E'en Gallic Abbeville the shining fleece,
That richly decorates her loom, acquires
Basely from Albion, by th' ensnaring bribe,
The bait of avarice, which, with felon fraud,
For its own wanton mouth, from thousands steals.
How erring oft the judgment in its hate,
Or fond desire! Those slow-descending showers,
Those hovering fogs, that bathe our growing vales
In deep November (loath'd by trifling Gaul,
Effeminate), are gifts the Pleiads shed,
Britannia's handmaids. As the beverage falls,
Her hills rejoice, her valleys laugh and sing.
Hail, noble Albion; where no golden mines,
No soft perfumes, nor oils, nor myrtle bowers,
The vigorous frame and lofty heart of man
Enervate: round whose stern cerulean brows
White-winged snow, and cloud, and pearly rain,
Frequent attend, with solemn majesty:
Rich queen of Mists and Vapours! These thy sons
With their cool arms compress; and twist their nerves
For deeds of excellence and high renown.
Thus form'd, our Edwards, Henrys, Churchills, Blakes,
Our Lockes, our Newtons, and our Miltons, rose.
See the Sun gleams; the living pastures rise,
After the nurture of the fallen shower.
How beautiful! how blue th' ethereal vault,
How verdurous the lawns, how clear the brooks!
Such noble warlike steeds, such herds of kine,
So sleek, so vast; such spacious flocks of sheep,
Like flakes of gold illumining the green,
What other Paradise adorn but thine,
Britannia? happy, if thy sons would know
Their happiness. To these thy naval streams,
Thy frequent towns superb of busy trade,
And ports magnific add, and stately ships,
Innumerous. But whither strays my Muse?
Pleas'd, like a traveller upon the strand
Arriv'd of bright Augusta: wild he roves,
From deck to deck, through groves immense of masts;
'Mong crowds, bales, cars, the wealth of either Ind;
Through wharfs, and squares, and palaces, and domes,
In sweet surprise; unable yet to fix
His raptur'd mind, or scan in order'd course
Each object singly; with discoveries new
His native country studious to enrich.
Ye shepherds, if your labours hope success,
Be first your purpose to procure a breed
To soil and clime adapted. Every soil
And clime, e'en every tree and herb, receives
Its habitant peculiar: each to each,
The Great Invisible, and each to all,
Through earth, and sea, and air, harmonious suits.
Tempestuous regions, Darwent's[9] naked peaks,
Snowdon[10] and blue Plynlymmon[10], and the wide
Aërial sides of Cader-yddris[10] huge;
These are bestow'd on goat-horn'd sheep, of fleece
Hairy and coarse, of long and nimble shank,
Who rove o'er bog or heath, and graze or browse
Alternate, to collect, with due dispatch,
O'er the bleak wild, the thinly-scatter'd meal.
But hills of milder air, that gently rise
O'er dewy dales, a fairer species boast,
Of shorter limb, and frontlet more ornate;
Such the Silurian. If thy farm extends
Near Cotswold downs, or the delicious groves
Of Symmonds, honour'd through the sandy soil
Of elmy Ross[11], or Devon's myrtle vales,
That drink clear rivers near the glassy sea;
Regard this sort, and hence thy sire of lambs
Select: his tawny fleece in ringlets curls;
Long swings his slender tail; his front is fenc'd
With horns *Ammonian*, circulating twice
Around each open ear, like those fair scrolls
That grace the columns of th' Ionic dome.
Yet should thy fertile glebe be marly clay,
Like Melton pastures, or Tripontian fields[12],
Where ever-gliding Avon's limpid wave
Thwarts the long course of dusty Watling-street:
That larger sort, of head defenceless, seek,
Whose fleece is deep and clammy, close and plain:
The ram short-limb'd, whose form compact describes
One level line along his spacious back;
Of full and ruddy eye, large ears, stretch'd head,
Nostrils dilated, breast and shoulders broad,
And spacious haunches, and a lofty dock.
Thus to their kindred soil and air induc'd,
Thy thriving herd will bless thy skilful care,
That copies Nature: who, in every change,
In each variety, with wisdom works,
And powers diversify'd of air and soil,
Her rich materials. Hence Sabæa's rocks,
Chaldæa's marle, Ægyptus' water'd loam,
And dry Cyrenè's sand, in climes alike,
With different stores supply the marts of trade.
Hence Zembla's icy tracts no bleaters hear;
Small are the Russian herds, and harsh their fleece;

[9] Darwent's naked peaks, the peaks of Derbyshire.

[10] Snowdon, Plynlymmon, and Cader-yddris, are high hills in North Wales.

[11] A town in Herefordshire.

[12] Tripontian fields, the country between Rugby in Warwickshire and Lutterworth in Leicestershire.

Of light esteem Germanic, far remote
From soft sea-breezes, open winters mild,
And summers bath'd in dew: on Syrian sheep
The costly burthen only loads their tails:
No locks Cormandel's, none Malacca's tribe
Adorn; but sleek of flix, and brown like deer,
Fearful and shepherdless, they bound along
The sands. No fleeces wave in torrid climes,
Which verdure boast of trees and shrubs alone,
Shrubs aromatic, caufee wild, or thea,
Nutmeg, or cinnamon, or fiery clove,
Unapt to feed the fleece. The food of wool
Is grass or herbage soft, that ever blooms
In temperate air, in the delicious downs
Of Albion, on the banks of all her streams.
Of grasses are unnumber'd kinds, and all
(Save where foul waters linger on the turf)
Salubrious. Early mark, when tepid gleams
Oft mingle with the pearls of summer showers,
And swell too hastily the tender plains:
Then snatch away thy sheep: beware the rot;
And with detersive bay-salt rub their mouths;
Or urge them on a barren bank to feed,
In hunger's kind distress, on tedded hay;
Or to the marish guide their easy steps,
If near thy tufted crofts the broad sea spreads.
Sagacious care foreacts: when strong disease
Breaks in, and stains the purple streams of health,
Hard is the strife of art: the coughing pest
From their green pasture sweeps whole flocks away.
That dire distemper sometimes may the swain,
Though late, discern; when on the lifted lid,
Or visual orb, the turgid veins are pale;
The swelling liver then her putrid store
Begins to drink: e'en yet thy skill exert,
Nor suffer weak despair to fold thy arms:
Again detersive salt apply, or shed
The hoary med'cine o'er their arid food.
In cold stiff soils the bleaters oft complain
Of gouty ails, by shepherds term'd the halt:
Those let the neighbouring fold or ready crook
Detain; and pour into their cloven feet
Corrosive drugs, deep-searching arsenic,
Dry alum, verdigrise, or vitriol keen.
But if the doubtful mischief scarce appears,
'T will serve to shift them to a drier turf,
And salt again: th' utility of salt
Teach thy slow swains: redundant humours cold
Are the diseases of the bleating kind.
Th' infectious scab, arising from extremes
Of want or surfeit, is by water cur'd
Of lime, or sodden stave-acre, or oil
Dispersive of Norwegian tar, renown'd
By virtuous Berkeley, whose benevolence
Explor'd its powers, and easy medicine thence
Sought for the poor: ye poor, with grateful voice,
Invoke eternal blessings on his head.
Sheep also pleurisies and dropsies know,
Driv'n oft from Nature's path by artful man,
Who blindly turns aside, with haughty hand,
Whom sacred Instinct would securely lead.
But thou, more humble swain, thy rural gates
Frequent unbar, and let thy flocks abroad,
From lea to croft, from mead to arid field;
Noting the fickle seasons of the sky.
Fain-sated pastures let them shun, and seek
Changes of herbage and salubrious flowers.
By their All-perfect Master inly taught,
They best their food and physic can discern;
For he, Supreme Existence, ever near,
Informs them. O'er the vivid green observe
With what a regular consent they crop,
At every fourth collection to the mouth.
Unsavory crow-flower; whether to awake
Languor of appetite with lively change,
Or timely to repel approaching ills,
Hard to determine. Thou, whom Nature loves,
And with her salutary rules intrusts,
Benevolent Mackenzie[13], say the cause.
This truth howe'er shines bright to human sense;
Each strong affection of th' unconscious brute,
Each bent, each passion of the smallest mite,
Is wisely given; harmonious they perform
The work of perfect reason, (blush, vain man!)
And turn the wheels of Nature's vast machine.
See that thy scrip have store of healing tar,
And marking pitch and raddle; nor forget
Thy sheers true pointed, nor th' officious dog,
Faithful to teach thy stragglers to return:
So mayst thou aid who lag along, or steal
Aside into the furrows or the shades,
Silent to droop; or who, at every gate
Or hillock, rub their sores and loosen'd wool.
But rather these, the feeble of thy flock,
Banish before th' autumnal months: e'en age
Forbear too much to favour; oft renew,
And through thy fold let joyous youth appear.
Beware the season of imperial Love,
Who through the world his ardent spirit pours;
E'en sheep are then intrepid: the proud ram
With jealous eye surveys the spacious field:
All rivals keep aloof, or desperate war
Suddenly rages; with impetuous force,
And fury irresistible, they dash
Their hardy frontlets; the wide vale resounds;
The flock amaz'd stands safe afar; and oft
Each to the other's might a victim falls:
As fell of old, before that engine's sway,
Which hence Ambition imitative wrought,
The beauteous towers of Salem to the dust.
Wise custom, at the fifth or sixth return,
Or ere they 'ave past the twelfth of orient morn,
Castrates the lambkins; necessary rite,
Ere they be number'd of the peaceful herd.
But kindly watch whom thy sharp hand has griev'd,
In those rough months, that lift the turning year:
Not tedious is the office; to thy aid
Favonius hastens; soon their wounds he heals,
And leads them skipping to the flowers of May;
May, who allows to fold, if poor the tilth,
Like that of dreary, houseless, common fields,
Worn by the plough: but fold on fallows dry.
Enfeeble not thy flock to feed thy land:
Nor in too narrow bounds the prisoners crowd:
Nor ope the wattled fence, while balmy Morn
Lies on the reeking pasture; wait till all
The crystal dews, impearl'd upon the grass,
Are touch'd by Phœbus' beams, and mount aloft,
With various clouds to paint the azure sky.
In teasing fly-time, dank, or frosty days,
With unctuous liquids, or the lees of oil,
Rub their soft skins, between the parted locks;
Thus the Brigantes[14]; 't is not idle pains:
Nor is that skill despis'd, which trims their tails,
Ere summer heats, of filth and tagged wool,
Coolness and cleanliness to health conduce.

[13] Dr. Mackenzie, late of Worcester, now of Drumsugh, near Edinburgh.
[14] The inhabitants of Yorkshire.

To mend thy mounds, to trench, to clear, to soil
Thy grateful fields, to medicate thy sheep,
Hurdles to weave, and cheerly shelters raise,
Thy vacant hours require: and ever learn
Quick ether's motion: oft the scene is turn'd;
Now the blue vault, and now the murky cloud,
Hail, rain, or radiance; these the Moon will tell,
Each bird and beast, and these thy fleecy tribe:
When high the sapphire cope, supine they couch,
And chew the cud delighted; but, ere rain,
Eager, and at unwonted hour, they feed:
Slight not the warning; soon the tempest rolls,
Scattering them wide, close rushing at the heels
Of th' hurrying o'ertaken swains: forbear
Such nights to fold; such nights be theirs to shift
On ridge or hillock; or in homesteads soft,
Or softer cotes, detain them. Is thy lot
A chill penurious turf, to all thy toils
Untractable? Before harsh Winter drowns
The noisy dykes, and starves the rushy glebe,
Shift the frail breed to sandy hamlets warm:
There let them sojourn, till gay Procne skims
The thickening verdure, and the rising flowers.
And while departing Autumn all embrowns
The frequent-bitten fields; while thy free hand
Divides the tedded hay; then be their feet
Accustom'd to the barriers of the rick,
Or some warm umbrage; lest, in erring fright,
When the broad dazzling snows descend, they run
Dispers'd to ditches, where the swelling drift
Wide overwhelms: anxious, the shepherd swains
Issue with axe and spade, and, all abroad,
In doubtful aim explore the glaring waste;
And some, perchance, in the deep delve upraise,
Drooping, e'en at the twelfth cold dreary day,
With still continued feeble pulse of life;
The glebe, their fleece, their flesh, by hunger
gnaw'd.

Ah, gentle shepherd, thine the lot to tend,
Of all, that feel distress, the most assail'd,
Feeble, defenceless: lenient be thy care:
But spread around thy tenderest diligence
In flowery spring-time, when the new-dropt lamb,
Tottering with weakness by his mother's side,
Feels the fresh world about him; and each thorn,
Hillock, or furrow, trips his feeble feet:
O, guard his meek sweet innocence from all
Th' innumerous ills that rush around his life;
Mark the quick kite, with beak and talons prone,
Circling the skies to snatch him from the plain;
Observe the lurking crows; beware the brake,
There the sly fox the careless minute waits;
Nor trust thy neighbour's dog, nor earth, nor sky:
Thy bosom to a thousand cares divide.
Eurus oft slings his hail; the tardy fields
Pay not their promis'd food; and oft the dam,
O'er her weak twins with empty udder mourns,
Or fails to guard, when the bold bird of prey
Alights, and hops in many turns around,
And tires her also turning: to her aid
Be nimble, and the weakest, in thine arms,
Gently convey to the warm cote, and oft,
Between the lark's note and the nightingale's,
His hungry bleating still with tepid milk:
In this soft office may thy children join,
And charitable habits learn in sport:
Nor yield him to himself, ere vernal airs
Sprinkle thy little croft with daisy flowers.
Nor yet forget him: life has rising ills:
Various as ether is the pastoral care;
Through slow experience, by a patient breast,
The whole long lesson gradual is attain'd,
By precept after precept, oft receiv'd
With deep attention: such as Nuceus[15] *sings*
To the full vale near Soare's[16] *enamour'd brook,*
While all is silence: sweet Hincklean swain!
Whom rude Obscurity severely clasps:
The Muse, howe'er, will deck thy simple cell
With purple violets and primrose flowers,
Well-pleas'd thy faithful lessons to repay.

Sheep no extremes can bear: both heat and cold
Spread sores cutaneous; but, more frequent, heat:
The fly-blown vermin, from their woolly nest,
Press to the tortur'd skin, and flesh, and bone,
In littleness and number dreadful foes.
Long rains in miry winter cause the halt;
Rainy luxuriant summers rot your flock;
And all excess, e'en of salubrious food,
As sure destroys, as famine or the wolf.
Inferior theirs to man's world-roving frame,
Which all extremes in every zone endures.

With grateful heart, ye British swains, enjoy
Your gentle seasons and indulgent clime.
Lo, in the sprinkling clouds, your bleating hills
Rejoice with herbage, while the horrid rage
Of Winter irresistible o'erwhelms
Th' Hyperborean tracts: his arrowy frosts,
That pierce through flinty rocks, the Lappian flies;
And burrows deep beneath the snowy world;
A drear abode, from rose-diffusing hours,
That dance before the wheels of radiant day,
Far, far remote; where, by the squalid light
Of fœtid oil inflam'd, sea-monster's spume,
Or fir-wood, glaring in the weeping vault,
Twice three slow gloomy months, with various ills
Sullen he struggles; such the love of life!
His lank and scanty herds around him press,
As, hunger-stung, to gritty meal he grinds
The bones of fish, or inward bark of trees,
Their common sustenance. While ye, O swains,
Ye, happy at your ease, behold your sheep
Feed on the open turf, or crowd the tilth,
Where, thick among the greens, with busy mouths
They scoop white turnips: little care is yours;
Only, at morning hour, to interpose
Dry food of oats, or hay, or brittle straw,
The watery juices of the bossy root
Absorbing; or from noxious air to screen
Your heavy teeming ewes, with wattled fence
Of furze or copse-wood, in the lofty field,
Which bleak ascends among the whistling winds.
Or, if your sheep are of Silurian breed,
Nightly to house them dry on fern or straw,
Silkening their fleeces. Ye, nor rolling hut,
Nor watchful dog, require; where never roar
Of savage tears the air, where careless Night
In balmy sleep lies lull'd, and only wakes
To plenteous peace. Alas! o'er warmer zones
Wild Terrour strides: their stubborn rocks are rent;
Their mountains sink; their yawning caverns flame;
And fiery torrents roll impetuous down,
Proud cities deluging; Pompeian towers,
And Herculanean, and what riotous stood
In Syrian valley, where now the Dead Sea
'Mong solitary hills infectious lies.

[15] Mr. Joseph Nutt, an eminent apothecary at Hinckley; of whom see the history of that time, p. 187.

[16] A river in Leicestershire.

See the swift furies, Famine, Plague, and War,
In frequent thunders rage o'er neighbouring realms,
And spread their plains with desolation wide:
Yet your mild homesteads, ever-blooming, smile
Among embracing woods; and waft on high
The breath of plenty, from the ruddy tops
Of chimneys, curling o'er the gloomy trees,
In airy azure ringlets, to the sky.
Nor ye by need are urg'd, as Attic swains,
And Tarentine, with skins to clothe your sheep;
Expensive toil; howe'er expedient found
In fervid climates, while from Phœbus' beams
They fled to rugged woods and tangling brakes.
But those expensive toils are now no more,
Proud tyranny devours their flocks and herds:
Nor bleat of sheep may now, nor sound of pipe,
Sooth the sad plains of once sweet Arcady,
The shepherds' kingdom: dreary solitude
Spreads o'er Hymettus, and the shaggy vale
Of Athens, which, in solemn silence, sheds
Her venerable ruins to the dust.
The weary Arabs roam from plain to plain,
Guiding the languid herd in quest of food;
And shift their little home's uncertain scene
With frequent farewell: strangers, pilgrims all,
As were their fathers. No sweet fall of rain
May there be heard; nor sweeter liquid lapse
Of river, o'er the pebbles gliding by
In murmurs: goaded by the rage of thirst,
Daily they journey to the distant clefts
Of craggy rocks, where gloomy palms o'erhang
The ancient wells, deep sunk by toil immense,
Toil of the patriarchs, with sublime intent
Themselves and long posterity to serve.
There, at the public hour of sultry noon,
They share the beverage, when to watering come,
And grateful umbrage, all the tribes around,
And their lean flocks, whose various bleatings fill
The echoing caverns: then is absent none,
Fair nymph or shepherd, each inspiring each
To wit, and song, and dance, and active feats;
In the same rustic scene, where Jacob won
Fair Rachael's bosom, when a rock's vast weight
From the deep dark-mouth'd well his strength remov'd,
And to her circling sheep refreshment gave.
Such are the perils, such the toils of life,
In foreign climes. But speed thy flight, my Muse;
Swift turns the year; and our unnumber'd flocks
On fleeces overgrown uneasy lie.

Now, jolly swains, the harvest of your cares
Prepare to reap, and seek the sounding caves
Of high Brigantium [17], where, by ruddy flames,
Vulcan's strong sons, with nervous arm, around
The steady anvil and the glaring mass,
Clatter their heavy hammers down by turns,
Flattening the steel; from their rough hands receive
The sharpen'd instrument, that from the flock
Severs the fleece. If verdant elder spreads
Her silver flowers; if humble daisies yield
To yellow crowfoot, and luxuriant grass,
Gay shearing-time approaches. First, howe'er,
Drive to the double fold, upon the brim
Of a clear river, gently drive the flock,
And plunge them one by one into the flood:
Plung'd in the flood, not long the struggler sin's,
With his white flakes, that glisten through the tide;
The sturdy rustic, in the middle wave,
Awaits to seize him rising; one arm bears
His lifted head above the limpid stream,
While the full clammy fleece the other laves
Around, laborious, with repeated toil;
And then resigns him to the sunny bank,
Where, bleating loud, he shakes his dripping locks.
Shear them the fourth or fifth return of morn,
Lest touch of busy fly-blows wound their skin:
Thy peaceful subjects without murmur yield
Their yearly tribute: 't is the prudent part
To cherish and be gentle, while ye strip
The downy vesture from their tender sides.
Press not too close; with caution turn the points;
And from the head in regular rounds proceed:
But speedy, when ye chance to wound, with tar
Prevent the wingy swarm and scorching heat;
And careful house them, if the lowering clouds
Mingle their stores tumultuous: through the gloom
Then thunder oft with ponderous wheels rolls loud,
And breaks the crystal urns of Heaven: adown
Falls streaming rain. Sometimes among the steeps
Of Cambrian glades (pity the Cambrian glades)
Fast tumbling brooks on brooks enormous swell,
And sudden overwhelm their vanish'd fields:
Down with the flood away the naked sheep,
Bleating in vain, are borne, and straw-built huts,
And rifted trees, and heavy enormous rocks,
Down with the rapid torrent to the deep.
At shearing-time, along the lively vales,
Rural festivities are often heard:
Beneath each blooming arbour all is joy
And lusty merriment: while on the grass
The mingled youth in gaudy circles sport,
We think the golden age again return'd,
And all the fabled Dryades in dance.
Leering they bound along, with laughing air,
To the shrill pipe, and deep remurmuring chords
Of th' ancient harp, or tabor's hollow sound.
While th' old apart, upon a bank reclin'd,
Attend the tuneful carol, softly mixt
With every murmur of the sliding wave,
And every warble of the feather'd choir;
Music of Paradise! which still is heard,
When the heart listens; still the views appear
Of the first happy garden, when Content
To Nature's flowery scenes directs the sight.
Yet we abandon those Elysian walks,
Then idly for the lost delight repine:
As greedy mariners, whose desperate sails
Skim o'er the billows of the foamy flood,
Fancy they see the lessening shores retire,
And sigh a farewel to the sinking hills.
Could I recall those notes, which once the Muse
Heard at a shearing, near the woody sides
Of blue-topp'd Wreakin [18]! Yet the carols sweet,
Through the deep maze of the memorial cell,
Faintly remurmur. First arose in song
Hoar-headed Damon, venerable swain,
The soothest shepherd of the flowery vale.
"This is no vulgar scene: no palace-roof
Was e'er so lofty, nor so nobly rise
Their polish'd pillars, as these aged oaks,
Which o'er our fleecy wealth and harmless sports
Thus have expanded wide their sheltering arms,
Thrice told an hundred summers. Sweet Content,
Ye gentle shepherds, pillow us at night."

[17] The caves of Brigantium—the forges of Sheffield, in Yorkshire, where the shepherds' shears and all edge-tools are made.

[18] A high hill in Shropshire.

" Yes, tuneful Damon, for our cares are short,
Rising and falling with the cheerful day,"
Colin reply'd; " and pleasing weariness
Soon our unaching heads to sleep inclines.
Is it in cities so? where, poets tell,
The cries of sorrow sadden all the streets,
And the diseases of intemperate wealth.
Alas, that any ills from wealth should rise!
" May the sweet nightingale on yonder spray,
May this clear stream, these lawns, those snow-white lambs,
Which, with a pretty innocence of look,
Skip on the green, and race in little troops;
May that great lamp, which sinks behind the hills,
And streams around variety of lights,
Recall them erring: this is Damon's wish.
" Huge Breaden's [19] stony summit once I [climb'd
After a kidling: Damon, what a scene!
What various views unnumber'd spread beneath!
Woods, towers, vales, caves, dells, cliffs, and torrent floods;
And here and there, between the spiry rocks,
The broad flat sea. Far nobler prospects these,
Than gardens black with smoke in dusty towns,
Where stenchy vapours often blot the Sun:
Yet, flying from his quiet, thither crowds
Each greedy wretch for tardy-rising wealth,
Which comes too late; that courts the taste in vain,
Or nauseates with distempers. Yes, ye rich,
Still, still be rich, if thus ye fashion life;
And piping, careless, silly shepherds we,
We silly shepherds, all intent to feed
Our snowy flocks, and wind the sleeky fleece."
" Deem not, howe'er, our occupation mean,"
Damon reply'd, " while the Supreme accounts
Well of the faithful shepherd rank'd alike
With king and priest: they also shepherds are;
For so th' All-seeing styles them, to remind
Elated man, forgetful of his charge."
" But haste, begin the rites: see purple Eve
Stretches her shadows: all ye nymphs and swains,
Hither assemble. Pleas'd with honours due,
Sabrina, guardian of the crystal flood,
Shall bless our cares, when she by moonlight clear
Skims o'er the dales, and eyes our sleeping folds;
Or in hoar caves around Plynlymmon's brow,
Where precious minerals dart their purple gleams,
Among her sisters she reclines; the lov'd
Vaga [20], profuse of graces, Ryddol [20], rough,
Blithe Ystwith [20], and Clevedoc [20], swift of foot;
And mingles various seeds of flowers and herbs,
In the divided torrents, e'er they burst [roll.
Through the dark clouds, and down the mountain
Nor taint-worm shall infect the yeaning herds,
Nor penny-grass, nor spearwort's poisonous leaf."
He said: with light fantastic toe the nymphs
Thither assembled, thither every swain;
And o'er the dimpled stream a thousand flowers,
Pale lilies, roses, violets, and pinks,
Mix'd with the greens of burnet, mint, and thyme,
And trefoil, sprinkled with their sportive arms.
Such custom holds along th' irriguous vales,
From Wreakin's brow to rocky Dolvoryn [21],
Sabrina's early haunt, ere yet she fled
The search of Guendolen, her stepdame proud,
With envious hate enrag'd. The jolly cheer,
Spread on a mossy bank, untouch'd abides,
Till cease the rites: and now the mossy bank
Is gaily circled, and the jolly cheer
Dispers'd in copious measure; early fruits,
And those of frugal store, in husk or rind;
Steep'd grain, and curdled milk with dulcet cream
Soft temper'd, in full merriment they quaff,
And cast about their gibes; and some apace
Whistle to roundelays: their little ones
Look on delighted: while the mountain-woods,
And winding valleys, with the various notes
Of pipe, sheep, kine, and birds, and liquid brooks,
Unite their echoes: near at hand the wide
Majestic wave of Severn slowly rolls
Along the deep-divided glebe: the flood,
And trading bark with low contracted sail,
Linger among the reeds and copsy banks
To listen; and to view the joyous scene.

[19] A hill on the borders of Montgomeryshire.
[20] Rivers, the springs of which rise in the sides of Plynlymmon.
[21] A ruinous castle in Montgomeryshire, on the banks of the Severn.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Recommendation of mercifulness to animals. Of the winding of wool. Diversity of wool in the fleece: skill in the assorting of it; particularly among the Dutch. The uses of each sort. Severe winters pernicious to the fleece. Directions to prevent their effects. Wool lightest in common-fields: inconveniencies of common-fields. Vulgar errours concerning the wool of England: its real excellencies; and directions in the choice. No good wool in cold or wet pastures: yet all pastures improveable; exemplified in the drainage of Bedford Level. Britain in ancient times not esteemed for wool. Countries esteemed for wool before the Argonautic expedition. Of that expedition, and its consequences. Countries afterwards esteemed for wool. The decay of arts and sciences in the barbarous ages: their revival, first at Venice. Countries noted for wool in the present times. Wool the best of all the various materials for clothing. The wool of our island peculiarly excellent, is the combing wool. Methods to prevent its exportation. Apology of the author for treating this subject. Bishop Blaize the inventor of wool-combing. Of the dyeing of wool. Few dyes the natural product of England. Necessity of trade for importing them. The advantages of trade, and its utility in the moral world; exemplified in the prosperity and ruin of the elder Tyre.

Now, of the sever'd lock begin the song,
With various numbers, through the simple theme
To win attention: this, ye shepherd swains,
This is a labour. Yet, O Wray, if thou
Cease not with skillful hand to point her way,
The lark-wing'd Muse, above the grassy vale,
And hills, and wood, shall, singing, soar aloft;
And he, whom learning, wisdom, candour, grace,
Who glows with all the virtues of his sire,
Royston approve, and patronize the strain.
Through all the brute creation, none, as sheep,
To lordly man such ample tribute pay,

For him their udders yield nectareous streams:
For him their downy vestures they resign;
For him they spread the feast: ah! ne'er may he
Glory in wants, which doom to pain and death
His blameless fellow-creatures. Let disease,
Let wasted hunger, by destroying live;
And the permission use with trembling thanks,
Meekly reluctant: 't is the brute beyond:
And gluttons ever murder when they kill.
E'en to the reptile every cruel deed
Is high impiety. Howe'er not all,
Not of the sanguinary tribe are all;
All are not savage. Come, ye gentle swains,
Like Brama's healthy sons on Indus' banks,
Whom the pure stream and garden fruits sustain,
Ye are the sons of Nature; your mild hands
Are innocent: ye, when ye shear, relieve.
Come, gentle swains, the bright unsully'd locks
Collect: alternate songs shall soothe your cares,
And warbling music break from every spray.
Be faithful: and the genuine locks alone
Wrap round: nor alien flake nor pitch enfold:
Stain not your stores with base desire to add
Fallacious weight: nor yet, to mimic those,
Minute and light, of sandy Urchinfield [22],
Lessen, with subtle artifice, the fleece:
Equal the fraud. Nor interpose delay,
Lest busy ether through the open wool
Debilitating pass, and every film
Ruffle and sully with the valley's dust.
Guard too from moisture, and the fretting moth
Pernicious: she, in gloomy shade conceal'd,
Her labyrinth cuts, and mocks the comber's care.
But in loose locks of fells she most delights,
And feeble fleeces of distemper'd sheep,
Whither she hastens, by the morbid scent
Allur'd; as the swift eagle to the fields
Of slaughtering war or carnage: such apart
Keep for their proper use. Our ancestors
Selected such, for hospitable beds
To rest the stranger, or the gory chief,
From battle or the chase of wolves return'd.
When many-colour'd Evening sinks behind
The purple woods and hills, and opposite
Rises, full-orb'd, the silver harvest-moon,
To light th' unwearied farmer late afield
His scatter'd sheaves collecting; then expect
The artists, bent on speed, from populous Leeds,
Norwich, or Froome; they traverse every plain,
And every dale, where farm or cottage smokes:
Reject them not; and let the season's price
Win thy soft treasures: let the bulky wain
Through dusty roads roll nodding; or the bark,
That silently adown the cerule stream
Glides with white sails, dispense the downy freight
To copsy villages on either side,
And spiry towns, where ready Diligence,
The grateful burthen to receive, awaits,
Like strong Briareus, with his hundred hands.
In the same fleece diversity of wool
Grows intermingled, and excites the care
Of curious skill to sort the several kinds.
But in this subtle science none exceed
Th' industrious Belgians, to the work who guide
Each feeble hand of Want: their spacious domes
With boundless hospitality receive
Each nation's outcasts: there the tender eye
May view the maim'd, the blind, the lame, employ'd,
And unrejected age; e'en childhood there
Its little fingers turning to the toil
Delighted: nimbly, with habitual speed,
They sever lock from lock, and long and short,
And soft and rigid, pile in several heaps.
This the dusk hatter asks: another shines,
Tempting the clothier; that the hosier seeks;
The long bright lock is apt for airy stuffs;
But often it deceives the artist's care,
Breaking unuseful in the steely comb:
For this long spungy wool no more increase
Receives, while Winter petrifies the fields:
The growth of Autumn stops: and what tho' Spring
Succeeds with rosy finger, and spins on
The texture? yet in vain she strives to link
The silver twine to that of Autumn's hand.
Be then the swain advis'd to shield his flocks
From Winter's deadening frosts and whelming [snows:
Let the loud tempest rattle on the roof,
While they, secure within, warm cribs enjoy,
And swell their fleeces equal to the worth
Of cloth'd Apulian [23], by soft warmth improv'd:
Or let them inward heat and vigour find,
By food of cole or turnip, hardy plants.
Besides, the lock of one continued growth
Imbibes a clearer and more equal dye.
But lightest wool is theirs, who poorly toil,
Through a dull round, in unimproving farms
Of common-fields: enclose, enclose, ye swains;
Why will you joy in common-field, where pitch,
Noxious to wool, must stain your motley flock,
To mark your property? The mark dilates,
Enters the flake depreciated, defil'd,
Unfit for beauteous tint: besides, in fields
Promiscuous held, all culture languishes;
The glebe, exhausted, thin supply receives;
Dull waters rest upon the rushy flats
And barren furrows: none the rising grove
There plants for late posterity, nor hedge,
To shield the flock, nor copse for cheering fire;
And, in the distant village, every hearth
Devours the grassy sward, the verdant food
Of injur'd herds and flocks, or what the plough
Should turn and moulder for the bearded grain;
Pernicious habit, drawing gradual on
Increasing beggary, and Nature's frowns.
Add too, the idle pilferer easier there
Eludes detection, when a lamb or ewe
From intermingled flocks he steals; or when,
With loosen'd tether of his horse or cow,
The milky stalk of the tall green-ear'd corn,
The year's slow-ripening fruit, the anxious hope
Of his laborious neighbour, he destroys.
There are, who over-rate our spungy stores,
Who deem that Nature grants no clime, but ours,
To spread upon its fields the dews of Heaven,
And feed the silky fleece; that card, nor comb,
The hairy wool of Gaul can e'er subdue,
To form the thread, and mingle in the loom,
Unless a third from Britain swell the heap.
Illusion all; though of our sun and air
Not trivial is the virtue: nor their fruit,
Upon our snowy flocks, of small esteem:
The grain of brightest tincture none so well
Imbibes: the wealthy Gobelins must to this
Bear witness, and the costliest of their looms.

[22] The country about Ross, in Herefordshire.

[23] The shephers of Apulia, Tarentum, and Attica, used to clothe their sheep with skins, to preserve and improve their fleeces.

And though, with hue of crocus or of rose,
No power of subtle food, or air, or soil,
Can dye the living fleece; yet 't will avail
To note their influence in the tinging vase.
Therefore from herbage of oft-pastur'd plains,
Chief from the matted turf of azure marle,
Where grow the whitest locks, collect thy stores.
Those fields regard not, through whose recent turf
The miry soil appears: not e'en the streams
Of Yare, or silver Stroud, can purify
Their frequent-sully'd fleece; nor what rough winds,
Keen-biting on tempestuous hill, inbrown.
Yet much may be perform'd, to check the force
Of Nature's rigour: the high heath, by trees
Warm-shelter'd, may despise the rage of storms:
Moors, bogs, and weeping fens, may learn to smile,
And leave in dykes their soon-forgotten tears.
Labour and Art will every aim achieve
Of noble bosoms. Bedford Level [24], erst
A dreary pathless waste, the coughing flock
Was wont with hairy fleeces to deform;
And, smiling with her lure of summer flowers,
The heavy ox, vain-struggling, to ingulph;
Till one, of that high-honour'd patriot name,
Russel, arose, who drain'd the rushy fen,
Confin'd the waves, bade groves and gardens bloom,
And through his new creation led the Ouze,
And gentle Camus, silver-winding streams;
Godlike beneficence; from chaos drear
To raise the garden and the shady grove!
But see Ierne's moors and hideous bogs,
Immeasurable tract. The traveller
Slow tries his mazy step on th' yielding tuft,
Shuddering with fear: e'en such perfidious wilds,
By labour won, have yielded to the comb
The fairest length of wool. See Deeping fens,
And the long lawns of Bourn. 'T is Art and Toil
Gives Nature value, multiplies her stores,
Varies, improves, creates: 't is Art and Toil
Teaches her woody hills with fruits to shine,
The pear and tasteful apple; decks with flowers
And foodful pulse the fields, that often rise,
Admiring to behold their furrows wave
With yellow corn. What changes cannot Toil
With patient Art, effect? There was a time,
When other regions were the swains' delight,
And shepherdless Britannia's rushy vales,
Inglorious, neither trade nor labour knew,
But of rude baskets, homely rustic geer,
Woven of the flexile willow; till, at length,
The plains of Sarum open'd to the hand
Of patient Culture, and, o'er sinking woods,
High Cotswold show'd her summits. Urchinfield,
And Lemster's crofts, beneath the pheasant's brake,
Long lay unnoted. Toil new pasture gives;
And, in the regions oft of active Gaul,
O'er lessening vineyards spreads the growing turf.
In eldest times, when kings and hardy chiefs
In bleating sheepfolds met, for purest wool
Phœnicia's hilly tracts were most renown'd,
And fertile Syria's and Judæa's land,
Hermon, and Seir, and Hebron's brooky sides:
Twice with the murex' crimson hue they ting'd
The shining fleeces: hence their gorgeous wealth;
And hence arose the walls of ancient Tyre.
Next busy Colchis, bless'd with frequent rains,
And lively verdure (who the lucid stream
Of Phasis boasted, and a portly race
Of fair inhabitants), improv'd the fleece;
When, o'er the deep by flying Phryxus brought,
The fam'd Thessalian ram enrich'd her plains.
This, rising Greece with indignation view'd,
And youthful Jason an attempt conceiv'd
Lofty and bold: along Peneus' banks,
Around Olympus' brows, the Muses' haunts,
He rous'd the brave, to re-demand the fleece.
Attend, ye British swains, the ancient song.
From every region of Ægea's shore
The brave assembled; those illustrious twins,
Castor and Pollux; Orpheus, tuneful bard;
Zetes and Calais, as the wind in speed;
Strong Hercules, and many a chief renown'd.
On deep Iolcos' sandy shore they throng'd,
Gleaming in armour, ardent of exploits;
And soon, the laurel cord, and the huge stone
Up-lifting to the deck, unmoor'd the bark;
Whose keel, of wondrous length, the skilful hand
Of Argus fashion'd for the proud attempt;
And in th' extended keel a lofty mast
Up-rais'd, and sails full-swelling; to the chiefs
Unwonted objects: now first, now they learn'd
Their bolder steerage over ocean wave,
Led by the golden stars, as Chiron's art
Had mark'd the sphere celestial. Wide abroad
Expands the purple deep: the cloudy isles,
Scyros and Scopelos, and Icos, rise,
And Halonesos: soon huge Lemnos heaves
Her azure head above the level brine,
Shakes off her mists, and brightens all her cliffs:
While they, her flattering crecks and opening bowers
Cautious approaching, in Myrina's port
Cast out the cabled stone upon the strand.
Next, to the Mysian shore they shape their course,
But with too eager haste: in the white foam
His oar Alcides breaks; howe'er, not long
The chance detains; he springs upon the shore,
And, rifting from the roots a tapering pine,
Renews his stroke. Between the threatening towers
Of Hellespont they ply the rugged surge,
To Hero's and Leander's ardent love
Fatal: then smooth Propontis' widening wave,
That like a glassy lake expands, with hills,
Hills above hills, and gloomy woods, begirt.
And now the Thracian Bosphorus they dare,
Till the Symplegades, tremendous rocks,
Threaten approach; but they, unterrify'd,
Through the sharp-pointed cliffs and thundering floods
Cleave their bold passage; nathless by the crags
And torrents sorely shatter'd: as the strong
Eagle or vulture, in th' entangling net
Involv'd, breaks through, yet leaves his plumes behind,
Thus, through the wide waves, their slow way they
To Thynia's hospitable isle. The brave force
Pass many perils, and to fame by such
Experience rise. Refresh'd, again they speed
From cape to cape, and view unnumber'd streams,
Halys, with hoary Lycus, and the mouths
Of Asparus and Glaucus, rolling swift
To the broad deep their tributary waves;
Till in the long-sought harbour they arrive
Of golden Phasis. Foremost on the strand
Jason advanc'd: the deep capacious bay,
The crumbling terrace of the marble port,
Wondering he view'd, and stately palace-domes,
Pavilions proud of luxury; around,
In every glittering hall, within, without,
O'er all the timbrel-sounding squares and streets,

[24] In Cambridgeshire.

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Nothing appear'd but luxury, and crowds
Sunk deep in riot. To the public weal
Attentive none he found: for he, their chief
Of shepherds, proud Aëtes, by the name
Sometimes of king distinguish'd, 'gan to slight
The shepherd's trade, and turn to song and dance:
E'en Hydrus ceas'd to watch; Medea's songs
Of joy, and rosy youth, and beauty's charms,
With magic sweetness lull'd his cares asleep,
Till the bold heroes grasp'd the golden fleece.
Nimbly they wing'd the bark, surrounded soon
By Neptune's friendly waves: secure they speed
O'er the known seas, by every guiding cape,
With prosperous return. The myrtle shores,
And glassy mirror of Iolcos' lake,
With loud acclaim receiv'd them. Every vale,
And every hillock, touch'd the tuneful stops
Of pipes unnumber'd, for the ram regain'd.

Thus Phasis lost his pride: his slighted nymphs
Along the withering dales and pastures mourn'd;
The trade-ship left his streams; the merchant
His desert borders; each ingenious art,
Trade, Liberty, and Affluence, all retir'd,
And left to Want and Servitude their seats:
Vile successors! and gloomy Ignorance
Following like dreary Night, whose sable hand
Hangs on the purple skirts of flying Day.

Sithence the fleeces of Arcadian plains,
And Attic, and Thessalian, bore esteem;
And those in Grecian colonies dispers'd,
Caria and Doris, and Ionia's coast,
And fam'd Tarentum, where Galesus' tide,
Rolling by ruins hoar of ancient towns,
Through solitary valleys seeks the sea.
Or green Altinum, by an hundred Alps
High-crown'd, whose woods and snowy peaks aloft
Shield her low plains from the rough northern blast.
Those too of Bœtica's delicious fields,
With golden fruitage bless'd of highest taste,
What need I name? The Turditanian tract,
Or rich Coraxus, whose wide looms unroll'd
The finest webs? where scarce a talent weigh'd
A ram's equivalent. Then only tin
To late improv'd Britannia gave renown.

Lo the revolving course of mighty Time,
Who loftiness abases, tumbles down
Olympus' brow, and lifts the lowly vale.
Where is the majesty of ancient Rome,
The throng of heroes in her splendid streets,
The snowy vest of peace, or purple robe,
Slow trail'd triumphal? Where the Attic fleece,
And Tarentine, in warmest litter'd cotes,
Or sunny meadows, cloth'd with costly care?
All in the solitude of ruin lost,
War's horrid carnage, vain Ambition's dust.

Long lay the mournful realms of elder Fame
In gloomy desolation, till appear'd
Beauteous Venetia, first of all the nymphs,
Who from the melancholy waste emerg'd:
In Adria's gulf her clotted locks she lav'd,
And rose another Venus: each soft joy,
Each aid of life, her busy wit restor'd;
Science reviv'd, with all the lovely Arts,
And all the Graces. Restituted Trade
To every virtue lent his helping stores,
And cheer'd the vales around; again the pipe,
And bleating flocks, awak'd the cheerful lawn.

The glossy fleeces now of prime esteem
Soft Asia boasts, where lovely Casimere,
Within a lofty mound of circling hills,
Spreads her delicious stores; woods, rocks, caves, lakes,
Hills, lawns, and winding streams; a region term'd
The Paradise of Indus. Next, the plain
Of Lahor, by that arbour stretch'd immense,
Through many a realm, to Agra, the proud throne
Of India's worshipp'd prince, whose lust is law:
Remote dominions; nor to ancient Fame,
Nor modern known, till public-hearted Roe,
Faithful, sagacious, active, patient, brave,
Led to their distant climes adventurous Trade.

Add too the silky wool of Libyan lands,
Of Caza's bowery dales, and brooky Caus,
Where lofty Atlas spreads his verdant feet,
While in the clouds his hoary shoulders bend.

Next proud Iberia glories in the growth
Of high Castile, and mild Segovian glades.

And beauteous Albion, since great Edgar chas'd
The prowling wolf, with many a lock appears
Of silky lustre; chief, Siluria, thine;
Thine, Vaga, favour'd stream; from sheep minute
On Cambria bred: a pound o'erweighs a fleece.
Gay Epsom's too, and Banstead's, and what gleams
On Vecta's isle, that shelters Albion's fleet,
With all its thunders: or Salopian stores,
Those which are gather'd in the fields of Clun:
High Cotswold also 'mong the shepherd swains
Is oft remember'd, though the greedy plough
Preys on its carpet: He[25], whose rustic Muse
O'er heath and craggy holt her wing display'd,
And sung the bosky bourns of Alfred's shires,
Has favour'd Cotswold with luxuriant praise.
Need we the levels green of Lincoln note,
Or rich Leicestra's marly plains, for length
Of whitest locks and magnitude of fleece
Peculiar; envy of the neighbouring realms?
But why recount our grassy lawns alone,
While e'en the tillage of our cultur'd plains,
With bossy turnip, and luxuriant cole,
Learns through the circling year their flocks to feed?

Ingenious Trade! to clothe the naked world,
Her soft materials, not from sheep alone,
From various animals, reeds, trees, and stones,
Collects sagacious: in Euboea's isle
A wondrous rock[26] is found, of which are woven
Vests incombustible: Batavia, flax;
Siam's warm marish yields the fissile cane;
Soft Persia, silk; Balasor's shady hills,
Tough bark of trees; Peruvian Pito, grass;
And every sultry clime the snowy down
Of cotton, bursting from its stubborn shell
To gleam amid the verdure of the grove.
With glossy hair of Tibet's shagged goat
Are light tiaras wove, that wreathe the head,
And airy float behind: the beaver's flix
Gives kindliest warmth to weak enervate limbs,
When the pale blood slow rises through the veins.
Still shall o'er all prevail the shepherd's stores,
For numerous uses known: none yield such warmth,
Such beauteous hues receive, so long endure;
So pliant to the loom, so various, none.

Wild rove the flocks, no burthening fleece they bear,
In fervid climes: Nature gives nought in vain.
Carmenian wool on the broad tail alone
Resplendent swells, enormous in its growth:
As the sleek ram from green to green removes,
On aiding wheels his heavy pride he draws,
And glad resigns it for the hatter's use.

[25] Drayton. [26] The Asbestos.

E'en in the new Columbian world appears
The woolly covering: Apacheria's [27] glades,
And Canses' [27], echo to the pipes and flocks
Of foreign swains. While Time shakes down his sands,
And works continued change, be none secure:
Quicken your labours, brace your slackening nerves,
Ye Britons; nor sleep careless on the lap
Of bounteous Nature; she is elsewhere kind.
See Mississippi lengthen on her lawns,
Propitious to the shepherds: see the sheep [28]
Of fertile Arica [29], like camels form'd;
Which bear huge burthens to the sea-beat shore,
And shine with fleeces soft as feathery down.
Coarse Bothnic locks are not devoid of use;
They clothe the mountain carl, or mariner
Labouring at the wet shrouds, or stubborn helm,
While the loud billows dash the groaning deck.
All may not Stroud's or Taunton's vestures wear;
Nor what, from fleece Ratæan [30], mimic flowers
Of rich Damascus: many a texture bright
Of that material in Prætorium [31] woven,
Or in Norvicum, cheats the curious eye.
If any wool peculiar to our isle
Is given by Nature, 't is the comber's lock,
The soft, the snow-white, and the long-grown flake.
Hither be turn'd the public's wakeful eye,
This golden fleece to guard, with strictest watch,
From the dark hand of pilfering Avarice,
Who, like a spectre, haunts the midnight hour,
When Nature wide around him lies supine
And silent, in the tangles soft involv'd
Of death-like sleep: he then the moment marks,
While the pale Moon illumes the trembling tide,
Speedy to lift the canvass, bend the oar,
And waft his thefts to the perfidious foe.
Happy the patriot, who can teach the means
To check his frauds, and yet untroubled leave
Trade's open channels. Would a generous aid
To honest toil, in Cambria's hilly tracts,
Or where the Lune [32] or Coker [33] wind their streams,
Be found sufficient? Far, their airy fields,
Far from infectious luxury arise.
O might their mazy dales, and mountain sides
With copious fleeces of lerne shine,
And gulphy Caledonia, wisely bent
On wealthy fisheries and flaxen webs;
Then would the sister realms, amid their seas,
Like the three Graces in harmonious fold,
By mutual aid enhance their various charms,
And bless remotest climes—To this lov'd end,
Awake, Benevolence; to this lov'd end,
Strain all thy nerves, and every thought explore.
Far, far away, whose passions would immure,
In your own little hearts, the joys of life;
(Ye worms of pride) for your repast alone,
Who claim all Nature's stores, wood, waters, meads,
All her profusion; whose vile hands would grasp
The peasant's scantling, the weak widow's mite,
And in the sepulchre of Self entomb
Whate'er ye can, whate'er ye cannot use.
Know, for superior ends th' Almighty Power
(The Power, whose tender arms embrace the worm)
Breathes o'er the foodful earth the breath of life,
And forms us manifold; allots to each
His fair peculiar; wisdom, wit, and strength;
Wisdom, and wit, and strength, in sweet accord,
To aid, to cheer, to counsel, to protect,
And twist the mighty bond. Thus feeble man,
With man united, is a nation strong;
Builds towery cities, satiates every want,
And makes the seas profound, and forests wild,
The gardens of his joys. Man, each man 's born
For the high business of the public good.
For me, 't is mine to pray, that men regard
Their occupations with an honest heart,
And cheerful diligence: like the useful bee,
To gather for the hive not sweets alone,
But wax, and each material; pleas'd to find
Whate'er may soothe distress, and raise the fall'n,
In life's rough race: O be it as my wish!
'T is mine to teach th' inactive hand to reap
Kind Nature's bounties, o'er the globe diffus'd.
For this, I wake the weary hours of rest;
With this desire, the merchant I attend;
By this impell'd, the shepherd's hut I seek,
And, as he tends his flock, his lectures hear
Attentive, pleas'd with pure simplicity,
And rules divulg'd beneficent to sheep:
Or turn the compass o'er the painted chart,
To mark the ways of traffic; Volga's stream,
Cold Hudson's cloudy streights, warm Afric's cape,
Latium's firm roads, the Ptolemean fosse,
And China's long canals; those noble works,
Those high effects of civilizing trade,
Employ me, sedulous of public weal:
Yet not unmindful of my sacred charge;
But also mindful, thus devising good,
At vacant seasons, oft; when evening mild
Purples the valleys, and the shepherd counts
His flock, returning to the quiet fold,
With dumb complacence: for religion, this,
To give our every comfort to distress,
And follow virtue with a humble mind;
This pure religion. Thus, in elder time,
The reverend Blasius wore his leisure hours,
And slumbers, broken oft: till, fill'd at length
With inspiration, after various thought
And trials manifold, his well-known voice
Gather'd the poor, and o'er Vulcanian stoves,
With tepid lees of oil, and spiky comb, [length,
Show'd how the fleece might stretch to greater
And cast a glossier whiteness. Wheels went round;
Matrons and maids, with songs reliev'd their toils;
And every loom receiv'd the softer yarn.
What poor, what widow, Blasius, did not bless
Thy teaching hand? thy bosom, like the morn,
Opening its wealth? What nation did not seek,
Of thy new-model'd wool, the curious webs?
Hence the glad cities of the loom his name
Honour with yearly festals: through their streets
The pomp, with tuneful sounds, and order just,
Denoting labour's happy progress, moves,
Procession slow and solemn: first the rout;
Then servient youth, and magisterial eld;
Each after each, according to his rank,
His sway, and office, in the common weal;
And to the board of smiling Plenty's stores
Assemble, where delicious cates and fruits
Of every clime are pil'd; and with free hand,
Toil only tastes the feasts, by nerveless ease
Unrelish'd. Various mirth and song resound;

[27] Provinces in Louisiana, on the western side of the Mississippi.
[28] These sheep are called Guanapos.
[29] A province of Peru.
[30] The fleeces of Leicestershire.
[31] Coventry.
[32] A river in Cumberland.
[33] A river in Lancashire.

And oft they interpose improving talk,
Divulging each to other knowledge rare,
Sparks, from experience that sometimes arise;
Till night weighs down the sense, or morning's
Rouses to labour, man to labour born. [dawn
Then the sleek brightening lock, from hand to hand,
Renews its circling course: this feels the card;
That, in the comb, admires its growing length;
This, blanch'd, emerges from the oily wave;
And that, the amber tint, or ruby, drinks.
For it suffices not, in flowery vales,
Only to tend the flock, and shear soft wool:
Gums must be stor'd of Guinea's arid coast;
Mexican woods, and India's brightening salts;
Fruits, herbage, sulphurs, minerals to stain
The fleece prepar'd, which oil-imbibing earth
Of Wooburn blanches, and keen alum-waves
Intenerate. With curious eye observe,
In what variety the tribe of salts,
Gums, ores, and liquors, eye-delighting hues
Produce, abstersive or restringent; how
Steel casts the sable; how pale pewter, fus'd
In fluid spirit'ous, the scarlet dye;
And how each tint is made, or mix'd, or chang'd,
By mediums colourless: why is the fume
Of sulphur kind to white and azure hues,
Pernicious else: why no materials yield
Singly their colours, those except that shine
With topaz, sapphire, and cornelian rays:
And why, though Nature's face is cloth'd in green,
No green is found to beautify the fleece,
But what repeated toil by mixture gives.
To find effects, while causes lie conceal'd,
Reason uncertain tries: howe'er kind chance
Oft with equivalent discovery pays
Its wandering efforts; thus the German sage,
Diligent Drebet, o'er alchemic fire,
Seeking the secret source of gold, receiv'd
Of alter'd cochineal the crimson store.
Tyrian Melcartus thus (the first who brought
Tin's useful ore from Albion's distant isle,
And, for unwearied toils and arts, the name
Of Hercules acquir'd) when o'er the mouth
Of his attendant sheep-dog he beheld
The wounded murex strike a purple stain,
The purple stain on fleecy woofs he spread,
Which lur'd the eye, adorning many a nymph,
And drew the pomp of trade to rising Tyre.
Our valleys yield not, or but sparing yield,
The dyer's gay materials. Only weld,
Or root of madder, here or purple woad,
By which our naked ancestors obscur'd
Their hardy limbs, inwrought with mystic forms,
Like Egypt's obelisks. The powerful Sun
Hot India's zone with gaudy pencil paints,
And drops delicious tints o'er hill and dale,
Which trade to us conveys. Not tints alone,
Trade to the good physician gives his balms;
Gives cheering cordials to th' afflicted heart;
Gives, to the wealthy, delicacies high;
Gives, to the curious, works of Nature rare;
And when the priest displays, in just discourse,
Him, the all-wise Creator, and declares
His presence, power, and goodness, unconfin'd,
'T is Trade, attentive voyager, who fills
His lips with argument. To censure Trade,
Or hold her busy people in contempt,
Let none presume. The dignity, and grace,
And weal, of human life, their fountains owe
To seeming imperfections, to vain wants,
Or real exigencies; passions swift
Forerunning reason; strong contrarious bents,
The steps of men dispersing wide abroad
O'er realms and seas. There in the solemn scene,
Infinite wonders glare before their eyes,
Humiliating the mind enlarg'd; for they
The clearest sense of Deity receive,
Who view the widest prospect of his works,
Ranging the globe with Trade through various climes:
Who see the signatures of boundless love,
Nor less the judgments of Almighty Power,
That warn the wicked and the wretch who 'scapes
From human justice: who, astonish'd, view
Etna's loud thunders and tempestuous fires;
The dust of Carthage; desert shores of Nile;
Or Tyre's abandon'd summit, crown'd of old
With stately towers; whose merchants, from their isles,
And radiant thrones, assembled in her marts;
Whither Arabia, whither Kedar brought
Their shaggy goats, their flocks and bleating lambs;
Where rich Damascus pil'd his fleeces white,
Prepar'd, and thirsty for the double tint.
And flowering shuttle. While th' admiring world
Crowded her streets; ah! then the hand of Pride
Sow'd imperceptible his poisonous weed,
Which crept destructive up her lofty domes,
As ivy creeps around the graceful trunk,
Of some tall oak. Her lofty domes no more,
Not e'en the ruins of her pomp remain;
Not e'en the dust they sunk in; by the breath
Of the Omnipotent, offended, hurl'd
Down to the bottom of the stormy deep:
Only the solitary rock remains,
Her ancient site; a monument to those,
Who toil and wealth exchange for sloth and pride.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. Recommendation of labour. The several methods of spinning. Description of the loom, and of weaving. Variety of looms. The fulling-mill described, and the progress of the manufacture. Dyeing of cloth, and the excellence of the French in that art. Frequent negligence of our artificers. The ill consequences of idleness. Country-workhouses proposed; with a description of one. Good effects of industry exemplified in the prospect of Burstal and Leeds; and the cloth-market there described. Preference of the labours of the loom to other manufactures, illustrated by some comparisons. History of the art of weaving; its removal from the Netherlands, and settlement in several parts of England. Censure of those who would reject the persecuted and the stranger. Our trade and prosperity owing to them. Of the manufacture of tapestry, taught us by the Saracens. Tapestries of Blenheim described. Different arts, procuring wealth to different countries. Numerous inhabitants, and their industry, the surest source of it. Hence a wish, that our country were open to all men. View of the roads and rivers, through which our manufactures are conveyed. Our navigations not far from the seats of our

manufactures: other countries less happy. The difficult work of Egypt in joining the Nile to the Red Sea; and of France in attempting, by canals, a communication between the Ocean and the Mediterranean. Such junctions may more easily be performed in England, and the Trent and Severn united to the Thames. Description of the Thames, and the port of London.

Proceed, Arcadian Muse; resume the pipe
Of Hermes, long disus'd, though sweet the tone,
And to the songs of Nature's choristers
Harmonious. Audience pure be thy delight,
Though few: for every note which Virtue wounds,
However pleasing to the vulgar herd,
To the purg'd ear is discord. Yet too oft
Has false dissembling Vice to amorous airs
The reed apply'd, and heedless youth allur'd:
Too oft, with bolder sound, enflam'd the rage
Of horrid war. Let now the fleecy looms
Direct our rural numbers, as of old,
When plains and sheepfolds were the Muse's haunts.
So thou, the friend of every virtuous deed
And aim, though feeble, shalt these rural lays
Approve. O Heathcote, whose benevolence
Visits our valleys; where the pasture spreads,
And where the bramble; and would justly act
True charity, by teaching idle Want
And Vice the inclination to do good,
Good to themselves, and in themselves to all,
Through grateful toil. E'en Nature lives by toil:
Beast, bird, air, fire, the heavens, and rolling worlds,
All live by action: nothing lies at rest,
But death and ruin: man is born to care;
Fashion'd, improv'd by labour. This of old,
Wise states observing, gave that happy law,
Which doom'd the rich and needy, every rank,
To manual occupation: and oft call'd
Their chieftains from the spade, or furrowing plough,
Or bleating sheepfold. Hence utility
Through all conditions; hence the joys of health;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thought;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. What simple Nature yields
(And Nature does her part) are only rude
Materials, cumbers on the thorny ground; [Fleece
'T is toil that makes them wealth; that makes the
(Yet useless, rising in unshapen heaps)
Anon, in curious woofs of beauteous hue,
A vesture usefully succinct and warm,
Or, trailing in the length of graceful folds,
A royal mantle. Come, ye village nymphs,
The scatter'd mists reveal the dusky hills;
Grey dawn appears; the golden morn ascends,
And paints the glittering rocks, and purple woods,
And flaming spires; arise, begin your toils;
Behold the fleece beneath the spiky comb
Drop its long locks, or, from the mingling card,
Spread in soft flakes, and swell the whiten'd floor.
Come, village nymphs, ye matrons, and ye maids,
Receive the soft material: with light step
Whether ye turn around the spacious wheel,
Or, patient sitting, that revolve, which forms
A narrower circle. On the brittle work
Point your quick eye; and let the hand assist
To guide and stretch the gently lessening thread:
E'en, unknotted twine will praise your skill.
A different spinning every different web
Asks from your glowing fingers: some require
The more compact, and some the looser wreath;
The last for softness, to delight the touch
Of chamber'd delicacy: scarce the cirque
Need turn around, or twine the lengthening flake.
There are, to speed their labour, who prefer
Wheels double-spol'd, which yield to either hand
A several line, and many yet adhere
To th' ancient distaff, at the bosom fix'd,
Casting the whirling spindle as they walk:
At home, or in the sheepfold, or the mart,
Alike the work proceeds. This method still
Norvicum favours, and th' Icenian [33] towns:
It yields their airy stuffs an apter thread.
This was of old, in no inglorious days,
The mode of spinning, when th' Egyptian prince
A golden distaff gave that beauteous nymph,
Too-beauteous Helen: no uncourtly gift
Then, when each gay diversion of the fair
Led to ingenious use. But patient Art,
That on experience works, from hour to hour,
Sagacious, has a spiral engine [34] form'd,
Which, on an hundred spoles, a hundred threads,
With one huge wheel, by lapse of water twines,
Few hands requiring; easy-tended work,
That copiously supplies the greedy loom.
Nor hence, ye nymphs, let anger cloud your brows:
The more is wrought, the more is still requir'd:
Blithe o'er your toils, with wonted song, proceed:
Fear not surcharge; your hands will ever find
Ample employment. In the strife of trade,
These curious instruments of speed obtain
Various advantage, and the diligent
Supply with exercise, as fountains sure,
Which, ever gliding, feed the flowery lawn.
Nor, should the careful state, severely kind,
In every province, to the house of toil
Compel the vagrant, and each implement
Of ruder art, the comb, the card, the wheel,
Teach their unwilling hands, nor yet complain.
Yours, with the public good, shall ever rise,
Ever, while o'er the lawns, and airy downs,
The bleating sheep and shepherd's pipe are heard;
While in the brook ye blanch the glistening fleece,
And th' amorous youth, delighted with your toils,
Quivers the choicest of his somets, warm'd
By growing traffic, friend to wedded love.
The amorous youth, with various hopes inflam'd,
Now on the busy stage see him step forth,
With beating breast: high-honour'd he beholds
Rich Industry. First he bespeaks a loom:
From some thick wood the carpenter selects
A slender oak, or beech of glossy trunk,
Or saplin ash: he shapes the sturdy beam,
The posts, and treadles; and the frame combines.
The smith, with iron-screws, and plated hoops,
Confirms the strong machine, and gives the bolt
That strains the roll. To these the turner's lathe,
And graver's knife, the hollow shuttle add.
Various professions in the work unite:
For each on each depends. Thus he acquires
The curious engine, work of subtle skill;
Howe'er, in vulgar use around the globe
Frequent observ'd, of high antiquity
No doubtful mark: th' adventurous voyager,
Tost over ocean to remotest shores,
Hears on remotest shores the murmuring loom;
Sees the deep-furrowing plough, and harrow'd field,

[33] The Iceni were the inhabitants of Suffolk.
[34] Paul's engine for cotton and fine wool.

The wheel-mov'd waggon, and the discipline
Of strong-yok'd steers. What needful art is new?
Next, the industrious youth employs his care
To store soft yarn; and now he strains the warp
Along the garden-walk, or highway-side,
Smoothing each thread; now fits it to the loom,
And sits before the work: from hand to hand
The thready shuttle glides along the lines,
Which open to the woof, and shut altern:
And ever and anon, to firm the work,
Against the web is driven the noisy frame,
That o'er the level rushes, like a surge,
Which, often dashing on the sandy beach,
Compacts the traveller's road: from hand to hand
Again, across the lines oft opening, glides
The thready shuttle, while the web apace
Increases, as the light of eastern skies,
Spread by the rosy fingers of the Morn;
And all the fair expanse with beauty glows.
Or, if the broader mantle be the task,
He chooses some companion to his toil.
From side to side, with amicable aim,
Each to the other darts the nimble bolt,
While friendly converse, prompted by the work,
Kindles improvement in the opening mind.
What need we name the several kinds of looms?
Those delicate, to whose fair-colour'd threads
Hang figur'd weights, whose various numbers guide
The artist's hand: he, unseen flowers, and trees,
And vales, and azure hills, unerring works.
Or that, whose numerous needles, glittering bright,
Weave the warm hose to cover tender limbs:
Modern invention: modern is the want.
Next, from the slacken'd beam the woof unroll'd,
Near some clear-sliding river, Aire or Stroud,
Is by the noisy fulling-mill receiv'd;
Where tumbling waters turn enormous wheels,
And hammers, rising and descending, learn
To imitate the industry of man.
Oft the wet web is steep'd, and often rais'd,
Fast-dripping, to the river's grassy bank;
And sinewy arms of men, with full-strain'd strength,
Wring out the latent water: then, up-hung
On rugged tenters, to the fervid Sun
Its level surface, reeking, it expands;
Still brightening in each rigid discipline,
And gathering worth; as human life, in pains,
Conflicts, and troubles. Soon the clothier's shears,
And burler's thistle, skim the surface sheen.
The round of work goes on, from day to day,
Season to season. So the husbandman
Pursues his cares; his plough divides the glebe;
The seed is sown; rough rattle o'er the clods
The harrow's teeth; quick weeds his hoe subdues;
The sickle labours, and the slow team strains;
Till grateful harvest-home rewards his toils.
Th' ingenious artist, learn'd in drugs, bestows
The last improvement; for th' unlabour'd fleece
Rare is permitted to imbibe the dye.
In penetrating waves of boiling vats
The snowy web is steep'd, with grain of weld,
Fustic, or logwood, mixed, or cochineal,
Or the dark purple pulp of Pictish woad,
Of stain tenacious, deep as summer skies,
Like those that canopy the bowers of Stowe
After soft rains, when birds their notes attune,
Ere the melodious nightingale begins.
From yon broad vase behold the saffron woofs
Beauteous emerge: from these the azure rise;
This glows with crimson; that the auburn holds;
These shall the prince with purple robes adorn;
And those the warrior mark, and those the priest.
Few are the primal colours of the art;
Five only; black, and yellow, blue, brown, red;
Yet hence innumerable hues arise.
That stain alone is good, which bears unchang'd
Dissolving water's, and calcining sun's,
And thieving air's attacks. How great the need,
With utmost caution to prepare the woof,
To seek the best-adapted dyes, and salts,
And purest gums! since your whole skill consists
In opening well the fibres of the woof,
For the reception of the beauteous dye,
And wedging every grain in every pore,
Firm as a diamond in rich gold enchas'd.
But what the powers, which lock them in the web;
Whether incrusting salts, or weight of air,
Or fountain-water's cold contracting wave,
Or all combin'd, it well befits to know.
Ah! wherefore have we lost our old repute?
And who inquires the cause, why Gallia's sons
In depth and brilliancy of hues excel?
Yet yield not, Britons; grasp in every art
The foremost name. Let others tamely view,
On crowded Smyrna's and Byzantium's stand,
The haughty Turk despise their proffer'd bales.
Now see, o'er vales, and peopled mountain-tops,
The welcome traders, gathering every web;
Industrious, every web too few. Alas!
Successless oft their industry, when cease
The loom and shuttle in the troubled streets;
Their motion stopt by wild Intemperance,
Toil's scoffing foe, who lures the giddy rout
To scorn their task-work, and to vagrant life
Turns their rude steps; while Misery, among
The cries of infants, haunts their mouldering huts.
O when, through every province, shall be rais'd
Houses of labour, seats of kind constraint,
For those who now delight in fruitless sports,
More than in cheerful works of virtuous trade,
Which honest wealth would yield, and portion due
Of public welfare? Ho, ye poor, who seek,
Among the dwellings of the diligent,
For sustenance unearn'd; who stroll abroad
From house to house, with mischievous intent,
Feigning misfortune: Ho, ye lame, ye blind;
Ye languid limbs, with real want oppress'd,
Who tread the rough highways, and mountains wild,
Through storms, and rains, and bitterness of heart;
Ye children of affliction, be compell'd
To happiness: the long-wish'd day-light dawns,
When charitable Rigour shall detain
Your step-bruis'd feet. E'en now the sons of Trade,
Where'er their cultivated hamlets smile,
Erect the mansion[35]: here soft fleeces shine;
The card awaits you, and the comb, and wheel:
Here shroud you from the thunder of the storm;
No rain shall wet your pillow: here abounds
Pure beverage; here your viands are prepar'd;
To heal each sickness the physician waits,
And priest entreats to give your Maker praise.
Behold, in Calder's[36] vale, where wide around
Unnumber'd villas creep the shrubby hills,
A spacious dome for this fair purpose rise.

[35] This alludes to the workhouses at Bristol, Birmingham, &c.

[36] A river in Yorkshire, which runs below Halifax, and passes by Wakefield.

High o'er the gates, with gracious air,
Eliza's image stands. By gentle steps
Up-rais'd, from room to room we slowly walk,
And view with wonder, and with silent joy,
The sprightly scene; where many a busy hand,
Where spoles, cards, wheels, and looms, with motion quick,
And ever-murmuring sound, th' unwonted sense
Wrap in surprise. To see them all employ'd,
All blithe, it gives the spreading heart delight,
As neither meats, nor drinks, nor aught of joy
Corporeal, can bestow. Nor less they gain
Virtue than wealth, while, on their useful works
From day to day intent, in their full minds
Evil no place can find. With equal scale
Some deal abroad the well-assorted fleece;
These card the short, those comb the longer flake;
Others the harsh and clotted lock receive,
Yet sever and refine with patient toil,
And bring to proper use. Flax too, and hemp,
Excite their diligence. The younger hands
Ply at the easy work of winding yarn
On swiftly-circling engines, and their notes
Warble together, as a choir of larks;
Such joy arises in the mind employ'd.
Another scene displays the more robust,
Rasping or grinding tough Brasilian woods,
And what Campeachy's disputable shore
Copious affords to tinge the thirsty web;
And the Caribbee isles, whose dulcet canes
Equal the honeycomb. We next are shown
A circular machine[37], of new design,
In conic shape: it draws and spins a thread
Without the tedious toil of needless hands.
A wheel, invisible, beneath the floor,
To every member of th' harmonious frame
Gives necessary motion. One, intent
O'erlooks the work: the carded wool, he says,
Is smoothly lapp'd around those cylinders,
Which, gently turning, yield it to yon cirque
Of upright spindles, which, with rapid whirl,
Spin out, in long extent, an even twine.
From this delightful mansion (if we seek
Still more to view the gifts which honest toil
Distributes) take we now our eastward course,
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around,
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile:
And ruddy roofs, and chimney-tops appear,
Of busy Leeds, up-wafting to the clouds
The incense of thanksgiving: all is joy;
And trade and business guide the living scene,
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack
On the long tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.
As, when a sunny day invites abroad
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells
In bands unumber'd, eager for their work;
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste
With warm affection to each other's aid;
Repeat their virtuous efforts, and succeed.
Thus all is here in motion, all is life:
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn:
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads:
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board
Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths
Come tripping on; the echoing hills repeat
The stroke of ax and hammer; scaffolds rise,
And growing edifices; heaps of stone,
Beneath the chisel, beauteous shapes assume
Of frieze and column. Some, with even line,
New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,
And the straw cottage to a palace turns,
Over the work presides. Such was the scene
Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief
First view'd her growing turrets. So appear
Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,
Sheffield, and Birmingham, whose reddening fields
Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs,
For every realm, the careful factors meet,
Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,
Like War's bright files, beyond the sight extend.
Straight, ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,
Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude
The speedy compact; and, well-pleas'd, transfer,
With mutual benefit, superior wealth
To many a kingdom's rent, or tyrant's hoard.
Whate'er is excellent in art proceeds
From labour and endurance: deep the oak
Must sink in stubborn earth its roots obscure,
That hopes to lift its branches to the skies:
Gold cannot gold appear, until man's toil
Discloses wide the mountain's hidden ribs,
And digs the dusky ore, and breaks and grinds
Its gritty parts, and laves in limpid streams,
With oft-repeated toil, and oft in fire
The metal purifies: with the fatigue,
And tedious process of its painful works,
The lusty sicken, and the feeble die.
But cheerful are the labours of the loom,
By health and ease accompany'd: they bring
Superior treasures speedier to the state,
Than those of deep Peruvian mines, where slaves
(Wretched requital) drink, with trembling hand,
Pale Palsy's baneful cup. Our happy swains
Behold arising, in their fattening flocks,
A double wealth; more rich than Belgium's boast,
Who tends the culture of the flaxen reed;
Or the Cathayan's, whose ignobler care
Nurses the silk-worm; or of India's sons,
Who plant the cotton-grove by Ganges' stream.
Nor do their toils and products furnish more,
Than gauds and dresses, of fantastic web,
To the luxurious: but our kinder toils
Give clothing to necessity; keep warm
Th' unhappy wanderer, on the mountain wild
Benighted, while the tempest beats around.
No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,
Ye feebly delicate, life little needs
Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arm
To cast the strong-flung shuttle, or the spear.
Can ye defend your country from the storm
Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure
In the besieged fort, with courage firm?
Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,
Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm,
Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course?
Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,
Th' o'erflowings of a people, or your wrong'd
Brethren, by impious persecution driven,
And arm their breasts with fortitude to try
New regions; climes, though barren, yet beyond
The baneful power of tyrants? These are deeds

[37] A most curious machine, invented by Mr. Paul. It is at present contrived to spin cotton; but it may be made to spin fine carded wool.

To which their hardy labours well prepare
The sinewy arm of Albion's sons. Pursue,
Ye sons of Albion, with a yielding heart,
Your hardy labours: let the sounding loom
Mix with the melody of every vale;
The loom, that long-renown'd, wide-envy'd gift
Of wealthy Flandria, who the boon receiv'd
From fair Venetia; she from Grecian nymphs;
They from Phenice, who obtain'd the dole
From old Ægyptus. Thus around the globe
The golden-footed Sciences their path
Mark, like the Sun, enkindling life and joy;
And follow'd close by Ignorance and Pride,
Lead Day and Night o'er realms. Our day arose
When Alva's tyranny the weaving arts
Drove from the fertile valleys of the Scheld.
With speedy wing, and scatter'd course, they fled,
Like a community of bees, disturb'd
By some relentless swain's rapacious hand;
While good Eliza to the fugitives
Gave gracious welcome; as wise Egypt erst
To troubled Nilus, whose nutritious flood
With annual gratitude enrich'd her meads.
Then, from fair Antwerp, an industrious train
Cross'd the smooth channel of our smiling seas;
And in the vales of Cantium, on the banks
Of Stour alighted, and the naval wave
Of spacious Medway: some on gentle Yare,
And fertile Waveney, pitch'd; and made their seats
Pleasant Norvicum, and Colcestria's towers:
Some to the Darent sped their happy way:
Berghem, and Sluys, and elder Bruges, chose
Antona's chalky plains, and stretch'd their tents
Down to Clausentum, and that bay supine
Beneath the shade of Vecta's cliffy isle.
Soon o'er the hospitable realm they spread,
With cheer reviv'd; and in Sabrina's flood,
And the Silurian Tame, their textures blanch'd:
Not undelighted with Vigornia's spires,
Nor those, by Vaga's stream, from ruins rais'd
Of ancient Ariconium; nor less pleas'd
With Salop's various scenes; and that soft tract
Of Cambria, deep-embay'd Dimetian land,
By green hills fenc'd, by ocean's murmur lull'd;
Nurse of the rustic bard, who now resounds
The fortunes of the fleece; whose ancestors
Were fugitives from Superstition's rage,
And erst, from Devon, thither brought the loom;
Where ivy'd walls of old Kidwelly's towers,
Nodding, still on their gloomy brows project
Lancastria's arms, emboss'd in mouldering stone.

Thus, then, on Albion's coast, the exil'd band,
From rich Menapian towns, and the green banks
Of Scheld, alighted; and, alighting, sang
Grateful thanksgiving. Yet, at times, they shift
Their habitations, when the hand of Pride,
Restraint, or southern Luxury, disturbs
Their industry, and urges them to vales
Of the Brigantes; where, with happier care
Inspirited, their art improves the fleece,
Which occupation erst, and wealth immense,
Gave Brabant's swarming habitants, what time
We were their shepherds only; from which state,
With friendly arm, they rais'd us: nathless some
Among our old and stubborn swains misdeem'd,
And envy'd, who enrich'd them; envy'd those,
Whose virtues taught the varletry of towns
To useful toil to turn the pilfering hand.

And still, when Bigotry's black clouds arise,
(For oft they sudden rise in papal realms),
They, from their isle, as from some ark secure,
Careless, unpitying, view the fiery bolts
Of Superstition, and tyrannic rage,
And all the fury of the rolling storm,
Which fierce pursues the sufferers in their flight.
Shall not our gates, shall not Britannia's arms,
Spread ever open to receive their flight?
A virtuous people, by distresses oft
(Distresses for the sake of Truth endur'd)
Corrected, dignify'd; creating good
Wherever they inhabit: this our isle
Has oft experienc'd; witness, all ye realms
Of either hemisphere where commerce flows:
Th' important truth is stampt on every bale;
Each glossy cloth, and drape of mantle warm,
Receives th' impression; every airy woof,
Cheyney, and bayse, and serge, and alepine,
Tammy, and crape, and the long countless list
Of woollen webs; and every work of steel;
And that crystalline metal, blown or fus'd,
Limpid as water dropping from the clefts
Of mossy marble: not to name the aids
Their wit has given the fleece, now taught to link
With flax, or cotton, or the silkworm's thread,
And gain the graces of variety:
Whether to form the matron's decent robe,
Or the thin-shading trail for Agra's [38] nymphs;
Or solemn curtains, whose long gloomy folds
Surround the soft pavilions of the rich.

They too the many-colour'd arras taught
To mimic Nature, and the airy shapes
Of sportive Fancy: such as oft appear
In old Mosaic pavements, when the plough
Up-turns the crumbling glebe of Weldon field;
Or that, o'ershaded erst by Woodstock's bower,
Now grac'd by Blenheim, in whose stately rooms
Rise glowing tapestries, that lure the eye
With Marlborough's wars: here Schellenbergh exults,
Behind surrounding hills of ramparts steep
And vales of trenches dark; each hideous pass
Armies defend; yet on the hero leads
His Britons, like a torrent, o'er the mounds.
Another scene is Blenheim's glorious field,
And the red Danube. Here, the rescued states
Crowding beneath his shield: there, Ramillies'
Important battle: next, the tenfold chain
Of Arleux burst, and th' adamantine gates
Of Gaul flung open to the tyrant's throne.
A shade obscures the rest—Ah, then, what power
Invidious from the lifted sickle snatch'd
The harvest of the plain? So lively glows
The fair delusion, that our passions rise
In the beholding, and the glories share
Of visionary battle. This bright art
Did zealous Europe learn of pagan hands,
While she assay'd, with rage of holy war,
To desolate their fields: but old the skill:
Long were the Phrygians' picturing looms renown'd;
Tyre also, wealthy seat of arts, excell'd,
And elder Sidon, in th' historic web.

Far-distant Tibet in her gloomy woods
Rears the gay tent, of blended wool unwoven,
And glutinous materials: the Chinese
Their porcelain, Japan its varnish boasts.

[38] There is woven at Manchester, for the East Indies, a very thin stuff, of thread and cotton; which is cooler than the manufactures of that country, where the material is only cotton.

Some fair peculiar graces every realm,
And each from each a share of wealth acquires.
But chief by numbers of industrious hands
A nation's wealth is counted: numbers raise
Warm emulation: where that virtue dwells,
There will be Traffic's seat; there will she build
Her rich emporium. Hence, ye happy swains,
With hospitality inflame your breast,
And emulation: the whole world receive;
And with their arts, their virtues, deck your isle.
Each clime, each sea, the spacious orb of each,
Shall join their various stores, and amply feed
The mighty brotherhood; while ye proceed,
Active and enterprising, or to teach
The stream a naval course, or till the wild,
Or drain the fen, or stretch the long canal,
Or plough the fertile billows of the deep.
Why to the narrow circle of our coast
Should we submit our limits, while each wind
Assists the stream and sail, and the wide main
Wooes us in every port? See Belgium build,
Upon the foodful brine, her envy'd power;
And, half her people floating on the wave,
Expand her fishy regions. Thus our isle,
Thus only may Britannia be enlarg'd.—
But whither, by the visions of the theme
Smit with sublime delight, but whither strays
The raptur'd Muse, forgetful of her task?
No common pleasure warms the generous mind,
When it beholds the labours of the loom;
How widely round the globe they are dispers'd,
From little tenements by wood or croft,
Through many a slender path, how sedulous,
As rills to rivers broad, they speed their way
To public roads, to Fosse, or Watling-street,
Or Armine, ancient works: and thence explore,
Through every navigable wave, the sea,
That laps the green earth round: through Tyne, and Tees,
Through Weare, and Lune, and merchandising Hull,
And Swale, and Aire, whose crystal waves reflect
The various colours of the tinctur'd web;
Through Ken, swift rolling down his rocky dale,
Like giddy youth impetuous, then at Wick
Curbing his train, and, with the sober pace
Of cautious Eld, meandering to the deep; [wave
Through Dart, and sullen Exe, whose murmuring
Envies the Dune and Rother, who have won
The serge and kersie to their blanching streams;
Through Towy, winding under Merlin's towers,
And Usk, that frequent, among hoary rocks,
On her deep waters paints th' impending scene,
Wild torrents, crags, and woods, and mountain snows.
The northern Cambrians, an industrious tribe,
Carry their labours on pigmean steeds,
Of size exceeding not Leicestrian sheep,
Yet strong and sprightly: over hill and dale
They travel unfatigued, and lay their bales
In Salop's streets, beneath whose lofty walls
Pearly Sabrina waits them with her barks,
And spreads the swelling sheet. For no-where far
From some transparent river's naval course
Arise, and fall, our various hills and vales,
No-where far distant from the masted wharf,
We need not vex the strong laborious hand
With toil enormous, as th' Egyptian king,
Who join'd the sable waters of the Nile,
From Memphis' towers, to th' Erythræan gulf:
Or as the monarch of enfeebled Gaul,
Whose will imperious forc'd a hundred streams,
Through many a forest, many a spacious wild,
To stretch their scanty trains from sea to sea,
That some unprofitable skiff might float
Across irriguous dales, and hollow'd rocks.
Far easier pains may swell our gentler floods,
And through the centre of the isle conduct
To naval union. Trent and Severn's wave,
By plains alone disparted, woo to join
Majestic Thamis. With their silver urns
The nimble-footed Naiads of the springs
Await, upon the dewy lawn, to speed
And celebrate the union; and the light
Wood-nymphs; and those, who o'er the grots preside,
Whose stores bituminous with sparkling fires,
In Summer's tedious absence, cheer the swains,
Long sitting at the loom; and those besides,
Who crown, with yellow sheaves, the farmer's hopes,
And all the genii of commercial toil:
These on the dewy lawns await, to speed
And celebrate the union, that the fleece,
And glossy web, to every port around
May lightly glide along. E'en now behold,
Adown a thousand floods, the burthen'd barks,
With white sails glistening, through the gloomy woods
Haste to their harbours. See the silver maze
Of stately Thamis, ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply-laden barges, gliding smooth
And constant as his stream: in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty Trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world: the strand around
Close swarms with busy crowds of many a realm.
What bales, what wealth, what industry, what fleets!
Lo, from the simple fleece how much proceeds!

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Our manufactures exported. Voyage through the Channel, and by the coast of Spain. View of the Mediterranean. Decay of our Turkey-trade. Address to the factors there. Voyage through the Baltic. The mart of Petersburgh. The ancient channels of commerce to the Indies. The modern course thither. Shores of Afric. Reflections on the slave-trade. The Cape of Good Hope, and the eastern coast of Africa. Trade to Persia and Indostan precarious, through tyranny and frequent insurrections. Disputes between the French and English, on the coast of Coromandel, censured. A prospect of the Spice-Islands, and of China. Traffic at Canton. Our woollen manufactures known at Pekin, by the caravans from Russia. Description of that journey. Transition to the western hemisphere. Voyage of Raleigh. The state and advantages of our North American colonies. Severe winters in those climates: hence the passage through Hudson's Bay impracticable. Inquiries for an easier passage into the Pacific Ocean. View of the coasts of South America, and of those tempestuous seas. Lord Anson's expedition, and success against the Spaniards. The naval power of

Britain consistent with the welfare of all nations. View of our probable improvements in traffic, and the distribution of our woollen manufactures over the whole globe.

Now, with our woolly treasures amply stor'd,
Glide the tall fleets into the widening main,
A floating forest: every sail, unfurl'd,
Swells to the wind, and gilds the azure sky.
Meantime, in pleasing care, the pilot steers
Steady; with eye intent upon the steel,
Steady, before the breeze, the pilot steers:
While gaily o'er the waves the mounting prows
Dance, like a shoal of dolphins, and begin
To streak with various paths the hoary deep.
Batavia's shallow sounds by some are sought,
Or sandy Elb or Weser, who receive
The swain's and peasant's toil with grateful hand,
Which copious gives return: while some explore
Deep Finnic gulfs, and a new shore and mart;
The bold creation of that Kesar's power,
Illustrious Peter, whose magnific toils
Repair the distant Caspian, and restore
To trade its ancient ports. Some Thanet's strand,
And Dover's chalky cliff, behind them turn.
Soon sinks away the green and level beach
Of Rumney marish and Rye's silent port,
By angry Neptune clos'd, and Vecta's isle,
Like the pale Moon in vapour, faintly bright.
A hundred opening marts are seen, are lost;
Devonia's hills retire, and Edgecomb mount,
Waving its gloomy groves, delicious scene.
Yet steady o'er the waves they steer: and now
The fluctuating world of waters wide,
In boundless magnitude, around them swells;
O'er whose imaginary brim, nor towns,
Nor woods, nor mountain tops, nor aught appears,
But Phœbus' orb, refulgent lamp of light,
Millions of leagues aloft: Heaven's azure vault
Bends over-head, majestic, to its base,
Uninterrupted clear circumference;
Till, rising o'er the flickering waves, the Cape
Of Finisterre, a cloudy spot, appears.
Again, and oft, th' adventurous sails disperse;
These to Iberia, others to the coast
Of Lusitania, th' ancient Tharsis deem'd
Of Solomon; fair regions, with the webs
Of Norwich pleas'd or those of Manchester;
Light airy clothing for their vacant swains,
And visionary monks. We, in return,
Receive Cantabrian steel, and fleeces soft,
Segovian or Castilian, far renown'd;
And gold's attractive metal, pledge of wealth,
Spur of activity, to good or ill
Powerful incentive: or Hesperian fruits,
Fruits of spontaneous growth, the citron bright,
The fig, and orange, and heart-cheering wine.
Those ships, from ocean broad, which voyage
The gates of Hercules[39], find many seas, through
And bays unnumber'd, opening to their keels;
But shores inhospitable oft to fraud
And rapine turn'd, or dreary tracts become
Of desolation. The proud Roman coasts,
Fall'n, like the Punic, to the dashing waves
Resign their ruins: Tiber's boasted flood,
Whose pompous moles o'erlook'd the subject deep,
Now creeps along, through brakes and yellow dust,
While Neptune scarce perceives its murmuring rill:
Such are th' effects, when Virtue slacks her hand;
Wild Nature back returns: along these shores
Neglected Trade with difficulty toils,
Collecting slender stores, the sun-dry'd grape,
Or capers from the rock, that prompt the taste
Of Luxury. E'en Egypt's fertile strand,
Bereft of human discipline, has lost
Its ancient lustre: Alexandria's port,
Once the metropolis of trade, as Tyre,
And elder Sidon, as the Attic town,
Beautiful Athens, as rich Corinth, Rhodes,
Unhonour'd droops. Of all the numerous marts,
That in those glittering seas with splendour rose,
Only Byzantium, of peculiar site,
Remains in prosperous state; and Tripolis,
And Smyrna, sacred ever to the Muse.
To these resort the delegates of trade,
Social in life, a virtuous brotherhood;
And bales of softest wool from Bradford looms,
Or Stroud, dispense; yet see, with vain regret,
Their stores, once highly priz'd, no longer now
Or sought, or valued: copious webs arrive,
Smooth-wov'n of other than Britannia's fleece,
On the throng'd strand alluring; the great skill
Of Gaul, and greater industry, prevails;
That proud imperious foe. Yet, ah—'t is not—
Wrong not the Gaul; it is the foe within,
Impairs our ancient marts: it is the bribe;
'T is he, who pours into the shops of trade
That impious poison: it is he, who gains
The sacred seat of parliament by means
That vitiate and emasculate the mind;
By sloth, by lewd intemperance, and a scene
Of riot, worse than that which ruin'd Rome.
This, this the Tartar, and remote Chinese,
And all the brotherhood of life bewail.
Meantime (while those, who dare be just, oppose
The various powers of many-headed Vice)
Ye delegates of Trade, by patience rise
O'er difficulties: in this sultry clime
Note what is found of use: the fjix of goat,
Red-wool, and balm, and caufee's berry brown,
Or dropping gum, or opium's lenient drug;
Unnumber'd arts await them: trifles oft,
By skilful labour, rise to high esteem.
Nor what the peasant, near some lucid wave,
Pactolus, Simois, or Mæander slow,
Renown'd in story, with his plough up-turns,
Neglect; the hoary medal, and the vase,
Statue and bust, of old magnificence
Beautiful reliques: Oh, could modern time
Restore the mimic art, and the clear mien
Of patriot sages, Walsinghams and Yorkes,
And Cecils, in long-lasting stone preserve!
But mimic Art and Nature are impair'd—
Impair'd they seem—or in a varied dress
Delude our eyes: the world in change delights;
Change then your searches with the varied modes
And wants of realms. Sabean frankincense
Rare is collected now; few altars smien
Now in the idol fane: Panchaian views
Trade's busy fleet regardless pass her coast:
Nor frequent are the freights of snow-white woofs,
Since Rome, no more the mistress of the world,
Varies her garb, and treads her darken'd streets
With gloomy cowl, majestical no more.
See the dark spirit of tyrannic power.
The Thracian channel, long the road of Trade
To the deep Euxine and its naval streams,

[39] The streights of Gibraltar.

And the Mæotis, now is barr'd with chains
And forts of hostile battlement: in aught
That joys mankind the arbitrary Turk
Delights not: insolent of rule, he spreads
Thraldom and desolation o'er his realms.
Another path to Scythia's wide domains
Commerce discovers: the Livonian gulf
Receives her sails, and leads them to the port
Of rising Petersburgh, whose splendid streets
Swell with the webs of Leeds: the Cossac there,
The Calmuc, and Mungalian, round the bales
In crowds resort, and their warm'd limbs enfold,
Delighted; and the hardy Samoïd,
Rough with the stings of frost, from his dark caves
Ascends, and thither hastes, ere Winter's rage
O'ertake his homeward step; and they that dwell
Along the banks of Don's and Volga's streams;
And Borderers of the Caspian, who renew
That ancient path to India's climes, which fill'd
With proudest affluence the Colchian state.
Many have been the ways to those renown'd
Luxuriant climes of Indus, early known
To Memphis; to the port of wealthy Tyre;
To Tadmor, beauty of the wilderness,
Who down the long Euphrates sent her sails;
And sacred Salem, when her numerous fleets,
From Ezion-geber, pass'd th' Arabian gulf.
But later times, more fortunate, have found,
O'er ocean's open wave, a surer course,
Sailing the western coast of Afric's realms,
Of Mauritania, and Nigritian tracts,
And islands of the Gorgades, the bounds,
On the Atlantic brine, of ancient trade;
But not of modern, by the virtue led
Of Gama and Columbus. The whole globe
Is now, of commerce, made the scene immense,
Which daring ships frequent, associated,
Like doves, or swallows, in th' ethereal flood,
Or, like the eagle, solitary seen.
Some, with more open course, to Indus steer;
Some coast from port to port, with various men
And manners conversant; of th' angry surge,
That thunders loud, and spreads the cliffs with foam,
Regardless, or the monsters of the deep,
Porpoise, or grampus, or the ravenous shark,
That chase their keels; or threatening rock, o'erhead,
Of Atlas old; beneath the threatening rocks,
Reckless, they furl their sails, and bartering take
Soft flakes of wool; for in soft flakes of wool,
Like the Silurian, Atlas' dales abound.
The shores of Sus inhospitable rise,
And high Bojador; Zara too displays
Unfruitful deserts; Gambia's wave inisles
An ouzy coast, and pestilential ills
Diffuses wide; behind are burning sands,
Adverse to life, and Nilus' hidden fount.
On Guinea's sultry sand, the drapery light
Of Manchester or Norwich is bestow'd
For clear transparent gums, and ductile wax,
And snow-white ivory; yet the valued trade,
Along this barbarous coast, in telling, wounds
The generous heart, the sale of wretched slaves;
Slaves, by their tribes condemn'd, exchanging death
For life-long servitude; severe exchange!
These till our fertile colonies, which yield
The sugar-cane, and the Tobago-leaf,
And various new productions, that invite
Increasing numbers to their crowded wharfs.
But let the man, who e rough tempestuous hours
In this adventurous traffic are involv'd,
With just humanity of heart pursue
The gainful commerce: wickedness is blind:
Their sable chieftains may in future times
Burst their frail bonds, and vengeance execute
On cruel unrelenting pride of heart
And avarice. There are ills to come for crimes.
Hot Guinea too gives yellow dust of gold,
Which, with her rivers, rolls adown the sides
Of unknown hills, where fiery-winged winds,
And sandy deserts, rous'd by sudden storms,
All search forbid: howe'er, on either hand,
Valleys and pleasant plains, and many a tract
Deem'd uninhabitable erst, are found
Fertile and populous: their sable tribes,
In shade of verdant groves, and mountains tall,
Frequent enjoy the cool descent of rain,
And soft refreshing breezes: nor are lakes
Here wanting; those a sea-wide surface spread,
Which to the distant Nile and Senegal
Send long meanders: whate'er lies beyond,
Of rich or barren, Ignorance o'ercasts
With her dark mantle. Mon'motapa's coast
Is seldom visited; and the rough shore
Of Caffres, land of savage Hottentots,
Whose hands unnatural hasten to the grave
Their aged parents: what barbarity
And brutal ignorance, where social trade
Is held contemptible! Ye gliding sails,
From these inhospitable gloomy shores
Indignant turn, and to the friendly Cape,
Which gives the cheerful mariner good hope
Of prosperous voyage, steer: rejoice to view,
What trade, with Belgian industry, creates,
Prospects of civil life, fair towns, and lawns,
And yellow tilth, and groves of various fruits,
Delectable in husk or glossy rind:
There the capacious vase from crystal springs
Replenish, and convenient store provide,
Like ants, intelligent of future need.
See, through the fragrance of delicious airs,
That breathe the smell of balms, how Traffic shapes
A winding voyage, by the lofty coast
Of Sofala, thought Ophir; in whose hills
E'en yet some portion of its ancient wealth
Remains, and sparkles in the yellow sand
Of its clear streams, though unregarded now;
Ophirs more rich are found. With easy course
The vessels glide; unless their speed be stopp'd
By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas
While every zephyr sleeps; then the shrouds drop;
The downy feather, on the cordage hung,
Moves not; the flat sea shines like yellow gold,
Fus'd in the fire; or like the marble floor
Of some old temple wide. But where so wide,
In old or later time, its marble floor
Did ever temple boast as this, which here
Spreads its bright level many a league around?
At solemn distances its pillars rise,
Sofal's blue rocks, Mozambic's palmy steeps,
And lofty Madagascar's glittering shores,
Where various woods of beauteous vein and hue,
And glossy shells in elegance of form,
For Pond's rich cabinet, or Sloan's, are found.
Such calm oft checks their course, till this bright scene
Is brush'd away before the rising breeze,
That joys the busy crew, and speeds again
The sail full-swelling to Socotra's isle,
For aloes fam'd; or to the wealthy marts
Of Ormus or Combroon, whose streets are oft

With caravans and tawny merchants throng'd,
From neighbouring provinces and realms afar;
And fill'd with plenty, though dry sandy wastes
Spread naked round; so great the power of trade.
Persia few ports; more happy Indostan
Beholds Surat and Goa on her coasts,
And Bombay's wealthy isle, and harbour fam'd,
Supine beneath the shade of cocoa groves.
But what avails, or many ports or few?
Where wild Ambition frequent from his lair
Starts up; while fell revenge and famine lead
To havoc, reckless of the tyrant's whip,
Which clanks along the valleys: oft in vain
The merchant seeks upon the strand, whom erst,
Associated by trade, he deck'd and cloth'd;
In vain, whom rage or famine has devour'd,
He seeks; and with increas'd affection thinks
On Britain. Still howe'er Bombaya's wharfs
Pile-up blue indigo, and, of frequent use,
Pungent salt-petre, woods of purple grain,
And many-colour'd saps from leaf and flower,
And various gums; the clothier knows their worth;
And wool resembling cotton, shorn from trees,
Not to the fleece unfriendly; whether mixt
In warp or woof, or with the line of flax,
Or softer silk's material: though its aid
To vulgar eyes appears not; let none deem
The fleece, in any traffic, unconcern'd;
By every traffic aided: while each work
Of art yields wealth to exercise the loom,
And every loom employs each hand of art.
Nor is there wheel in the machine of trade,
Which Leeds, or Cairo, Lima, or Bombay,
Helps not, with harmony, to turn around,
Though all unconscious of the union act.
Few the peculiars of Canara's realm,
Or sultry Malabar; where it behoves
The wary pilot, while he coasts the shores,
To mark o'er ocean the thick rising isles;
Woody Chaetta, Birter rough with rocks;
Green-rising Barmur, Mincoy's purple hills;
And the minute Maldivias, as a swarm
Of bees in summer, on a poplar's trunk,
Clustering innumerable; these behind
His stern receding, o'er the clouds he views
Ceylon's grey peaks, from whose volcanos rise
Dark smoke and ruddy flame, and glaring rocks
Darting in air aloft; around whose feet
Blue cliffs ascend, and aromatic groves,
In various prospect; Ceylon also, deem'd
The ancient Ophir. Next Bengala's bay,
On the vast globe the deepest, while the prow
Turns northward to the rich disputed strand
Of Cor'mandel, where Traffic grieves to see
Discord and Avarice invade her realms,
Portending ruinous war, and cries aloud,
"Peace, peace, ye blinded Britons, and ye Gauls;
Nation to nation is a light, a fire,
Enkindling virtue, sciences, and arts:"
But cries aloud in vain. Yet wise defence,
Against ambition's wide-destroying pride,
Madras erected, and St. David's fort,
And those which rise on Ganges' twenty streams,
Guarding the woven fleece, Calcutta's tower,
And Maldo's and Patana's: from their holds
The shining bales our factors deal abroad,
And see the country's products, in exchange,
Before them heap'd: cotton's transparent webs,
Aloes, and cassia, salutiferous drugs,
Alom, and laeque, and clouded tortoiseshell,
And brilliant diamonds, to decorate
Britannia's blooming nymphs. For these, o'er all
The kingdoms round, our draperies are dispers'd,
O'er Bukor, Cabul, and the Bactrian vales,
And Cassimere, and Atoc, on the stream
Of old Hydaspes, Porus' hardy realm;
And late-discover'd Tibet, where the fleece,
By art peculiar, is compress'd and wrought
To threadless drapery, which, in conic forms,
Of various hues, their gaudy roofs adorns.
The keels which voyage through Molucca's straits,
Amid a cloud of spicy odours sail,
From Java and Sumatra breath'd, whose woods
Yield fiery pepper, that destroys the moth
In woolly vestures: Ternate and Tidore
Give to the festal board the fragrant clove
And nutmeg, to those narrow bounds confin'd;
While gracious Nature, with unsparing hand,
The needs of life o'er every region pours.
Near those delicious isles, the beauteous coast
Of China rears its summits. Know ye not,
Ye sons of trade, that ever-flowery shore,
Those azure hills, those woods and nodding rocks?
Compare them with the pictures of your chart;
Alike the woods and nodding rocks o'erhang.
Now the tall glossy towers of porcelain,
And pillar'd pagods shine; rejoic'd they see
The port of Canton opening to their prows,
And in the winding of the river moor.
Upon the strand they heap their glossy bales,
And works of Birmingham, in brass or steel,
And flint, and ponderous lead from deep cells rais'd,
Fit ballast in the fury of the storm,
That tears the shrouds, and bends the stubborn mast:
These, for the artists of the fleece procure
Various materials; and, for affluent life,
The flavour'd thea and glossy painted vase;
Things elegant, ill-titled luxuries,
In temperance us'd, delectable and good.
They too from hence receive the strongest thread
Of the green silkworm. Various is the wealth
Of that renown'd and ancient land, secure
In constant peace and commerce; tilled to th' height
Of rich fertility; where, thick as stars,
Bright habitations glitter on each hill,
And rock, and shady dale; e'en on the waves
Of copious rivers, lakes, and bordering seas,
Rise floating villages; no wonder; when,
In every province, firm and level roads,
And long canals, and navigable streams,
Ever, with ease, conduct the works of toil
To sure and speedy markets, through the length
Of many a crowded region, many a clime,
To the imperial towers of Cambalu,
Now Pekin, where the fleece is not unknown;
Since Calder's woofs, and those of Exe and Frome,
And Yare, and Avon slow, and rapid Trent,
Thither by Russic caravans are brought,
Through Scythia's numerous regions, waste and wild,
Journey immense! which, to th' attentive ear,
The Muse, in faithful notes, shall brief describe.
From the proud mart of Petersburg, ere-while
The watery seat of desolation wide,
Issue these trading caravans, and urge, [road;
Through dazzling snows, their dreary trackless
By compass steering oft, from week to week,
From month to month; whole seasons view their toils.
Neva they pass, and Kesa's gloomy flood,
Volga, and Don, and Oka's torrent prone,

Threatening in vain; and many a cataract,
In its fall stopt, and bound with bars of ice.
Close on the left unnumber'd tracts they view
White with continual frost: and on the right
The Caspian-lake, and ever-flowery realms,
Though now abhorr'd, behind them turn, the haunt
Of arbitrary Rule, where regions wide
Are destin'd to the sword; and on each hand
Roads hung with carcases, or under foot
Thick strown; while in their rough bewilder'd vales
The blooming rose its fragrance breathes in vain,
And silver fountains fall, and nightingales
Attune their notes where none are left to hear.
Sometimes o'er level ways, on easy sleds,
The generous horse conveys the sons of trade;
And ever and anon the docile dog;
And now the light rein-deer, with rapid pace,
Skims over icy lakes; now slow they climb
Aloft o'er clouds, and then adown descend
To hollow valleys, till the eye beholds
The roofs of Tobol, whose hill-crowning walls
Shine, like the rising Moon, through watery mists:
Tobol, th' abode of those unfortunate
Exiles of angry state, and thralls of war;
Solemn fraternity! where earl, and prince,
Soldier, and statesman, and uncrested chief,
On the dark level of adversity,
Converse familiar; while, amid the cares
And toils for hunger, thirst, and nakedness,
Their little public smiles, and the bright sparks
Of trade are kindled: trade arises oft,
And virtue, from adversity and want:
Be witness, Carthage; witness, ancient Tyre;
And thou, Batavia, daughter of Distress.
This, with his hands, which erst the truncheon held,
The hammer lifts; another bends and weaves
The flexile willow; that the mattock drives:
All are employ'd; and by their works acquire
Our fleecy vestures. From their tenements,
Pleas'd and refresh'd, proceeds the caravan
Through lively-spreading cultures, pastures green,
And yellow tillages in opening woods:
Thence on, through Narim's wilds, a pathless road
They force, with rough entangling thorns perplext;
Land of the lazy Ostiacs, thin dispers'd,
Who, by avoiding, meet the toils they loathe,
Tenfold augmented; miserable tribe,
Void of commercial comforts: who, nor corn,
Nor pulse, nor oil, nor heart-enlivening wine,
Know to procure; nor spade, nor scythe, nor share,
Nor social aid: beneath their thorny bed
The serpent hisses, while in thickets nigh
Loud howls the hungry wolf. So on they fare,
And pass by spacious lakes, begirt with rocks
And azure mountains; and the heights admire
Of white Imaus, whose snow-nodding crags
Frighten the realms beneath, and from their urns
Pour mighty rivers down, th' impetuous streams
Of Oby, and Irtis, and Jenisca, swift,
Which rush upon the northern pole, upheave
Its frozen seas, and lift their hills of ice.
These rugged paths and savage landscapes pass'd,
A new scene strikes their eyes: among the clouds
Aloft they view, what seems a chain of cliffs,
Nature's proud work; that matchless work of art,
The wall of Sina, by Chihoham's power,
In earliest times, erected. Warlike troops
Frequent are seen in haughty march along
Its ridge, a vast extent, beyond the length
Of many a potent empire; towers and ports,
Three times a thousand, lift thereon their brows
At equal spaces, and in prospect 'round,
Cities, and plains, and kingdoms, overlook.
At length the gloomy passage they attain
Of its deep-vaulted gates, whose opening folds
Conduct at length to Pekin's glittering spires,
The destin'd mart, where joyous they arrive.
Thus are the textures of the fleece convey'd
To Sina's distant realm, the utmost bound
Of the flat floor of steadfast Earth; for so
Fabled Antiquity, ere peaceful Trade
Inform'd the opening mind of curious man.
Now to the other hemisphere, my Muse,
A new world found, extend thy daring wing.
Be thou the first of the harmonious Nine
From high Parnassus, the unweary'd toils
Of industry and valour, in that world
Triumphant, to reward with tuneful song.
Happy the voyage, o'er th' Atlantic brine,
By active Raleigh made, and great the joy,
When he discern'd above the foamy surge
A rising coast, for future colonies,
Opening her bays, and figuring her capes,
E'en from the northern tropic to the pole.
No land gives more employment to the loom,
Or kindlier feeds the indigent; no land
With more variety of wealth rewards
The hand of labour: thither, from the wrongs
Of lawless rule, the free-born spirit flies;
Thither Affliction, thither Poverty,
And arts and sciences: thrice happy clime,
Which Britain makes th' asylum of mankind!
But joy superior far his bosom warms,
Who views those shores in every culture dress'd;
With habitations gay, and numerous towns,
On hill and valley; and his countrymen
Form'd into various states, powerful and rich,
In regions far remote: who from our looms
Take largely for themselves, and for those tribes
Of Indians, ancient tenants of the land,
In amity conjoin'd, of civil life
The comforts taught, and various new desires,
Which kindle arts, and occupy the poor,
And spread Britannia's flocks o'er every dale.
Ye, who the shuttle cast along the loom,
The silkworm's thread inweaving with the fleece,
Pray for the culture of the Georgian tract,
Nor slight the green Savannahs, and the plains
Of Carolina, where thick woods arise
Of mulberries, and in whose water'd fields
Up-springs the verdant blade of thirsty rice.
Where are the happy regions, which afford
More implements of commerce, and of wealth?
Fertile Virginia, like a vigorous bough,
Which overshades some crystal river, spreads
Her wealthy cultivations wide around,
And, more than many a spacious realm, rewards
The fleecy shuttle: to her growing marts,
The Iroquese, Cheroques, and Oubacks, come,
And quit their feathery ornaments uncouth,
For woolly garments: and the cheers of of life,
The cheers, but not the vices, learn to taste.
Blush, Europeans, whom the circling cup
Of Luxury intoxicates; ye routs,
Who, for your crimes, have fled your native land;
And ye voluptuous idle, who, in vain,
Seek easy habitations, void of care:
The sons of Nature, with astonishment
And detestation, mark your evil deeds;

And view, no longer aw'd, your nerveless arms,
Unfit to cultivate Ohio's banks.
See the bold emigrants of Accadie,
And Massachuset, happy in those arts
That join the politics of Trade and War,
Bearing the palm in either: they appear
Better exemplars; and that hardy crew,
Who, on the frozen beech of Newfoundland,
Hang their white fish amid the parching winds:
The kindly fleece in webs of Dufficld woof,
Their limbs, benumb'd, enfolds with cheerly warmth,
And frieze of Cambria, worn by those, who seek,
Through gulfs and dales of Hudson's winding bay,
The beaver's fur, though oft they seek in vain,
While Winter's frosty rigour checks approach,
E'en in the fiftieth latitude. Say why,
(If ye, the travell'd sons of Commerce, know)
Wherefore lie bound their rivers, lakes, and dales,
Half the Sun's annual course, in chains of ice?
While the Rhine's fertile shore, and Gallic realms,
By the same zone encircled, long enjoy
Warm beams of Phœbus, and, supine, behold
Their plains and hillocks blush with clustering vines.
Must it be ever thus? or may the hand
Of mighty Labour drain their gusty lakes,
Enlarge the brightening sky, and, peopling, warm
The opening valleys, and the yellowing plains?
Or rather shall we burst strong Darien's chain,
Steer our bold fleets between the cloven rocks,
And through the great Pacific every joy
Of civil life diffuse? Are not her isles
Numerous and large? Have they not harbours calm,
Inhabitants, and manners? haply, too,
Peculiar sciences, and other forms
Of trade, and useful products, to exchange
For woolly vestures? 'T is a tedious course
By the Antarctic circle: nor beyond
Those sea-wrapt gardens of the dulcet reed,
Bahama and Caribbee, may be found
Safe mole or harbour, till on Falkland's isle
The standard of Britannia shall arise.
Proud Buenos Aires, low-couched Paraguay,
And rough Corrientes, mark, with hostile eye,
The labouring vessel: neither may we trust
The dreary naked Patagonian land,
Which darkens in the wind. No traffic there,
No barter for the fleece. There angry storms
Bend their black brows, and, raging, hurl around
Their thunders. Ye adventurous mariners,
Be firm; take courage from the brave. 'T was there
Perils and conflicts inexpressible
Anson, with steady undespairing breast,
Endur'd, when o'er the various globe he chas'd
His country's foes. Fast-gathering tempests rous'd
Huge Ocean, and involv'd him: all around
Whirlwind, and snow, and hail, and horrour: now,
Rapidly, with the world of waters, down
Descending to the channels of the deep,
He view'd th' uncover'd bottom of th' abyss;
And now the stars, upon the loftiest point
Toss'd of the sky-mix'd surges. Oft the burst
Of loudest thunder, with the dash of seas,
Tore the wild-flying sails and tumbling masts;
While flames, thick-flashing in the gloom, reveal'd
Ruins of decks and shrouds, and sights of death.
Yet on he far'd, with fortitude his cheer,
Gaining, at intervals, slow way beneath
Del Fuego's rugged cliffs, and the white ridge,
Above all height, by opening clouds reveal'd,
Of Montegorda, and inaccessible
Wreck-threatening Staten-land's o'er-hanging shore,
Enormous rocks on rocks, in ever-wild
Posture of falling; as when Pelion, rear'd,
On Ossa, and on Ossa's tottering head
Woody Olympus, by the angry gods
Precipitate on Earth were doom'd to fall.
At length, through every tempest, as some branch,
Which from a poplar falls into a loud
Impetuous cataract, though deep immers'd,
Yet re-ascends, and glides, on lake or stream,
Smooth through the valleys; so his way he won
To the serene Pacific, flood immense,
And rear'd his lofty masts, and spread his sails.
Then Paita's walls in wasting flames involv'd,
His vengeance felt, and fair occasion gave
To show humanity and continence,
To Scipio's not inferior. Then was left
No corner of the globe secure to pride
And violence: although the far-stretch'd coast
Of Chili, and Peru, and Mexico,
Arm'd in their evil cause; though fell Disease,
Un'bating Labour, tedious Time, conspir'd,
And Heat inclement, to unnerve his force; [world,
Though that wide sea, which spreads o'er half the
Deny'd all hospitable land or port;
Where, seasons voyaging, no road he found
To moor, no bottom in th' abyss, whereon
To drop the fastening anchor; though his brave
Companions ceas'd, subdu'd by toil extreme;
Though solitary left in Tinian's seas,
Where never was before the dreaded sound
Of Britain's thunder heard; his wave-worn bark
Met, fought, the proud Iberian, and o'ercame.
So fare it ever with our country's foes!
Rejoice, ye nations, vindicate the sway
Ordain'd for common happiness. Wide, o'er
The globe terraqueous, let Britannia pour
The fruits of plenty from her copious horn.
What can avail to her, whose fertile earth
By Ocean's briny waves are circumscrib'd,
The armed host, and murdering sword of war,
And conquest o'er her neighbours? She ne'er breaks
Her solemn compacts in the lust of rule:
Studious of arts and trade, she ne'er disturbs
The holy peace of states. 'T is her delight
To fold the world with harmony, and spread,
Among the habitations of mankind,
The various wealth of toil, and what her fleece,
To clothe the naked, and her skilful looms,
Peculiar give. Ye too rejoice, ye swains;
Increasing commerce shall reward your cares.
A day will come, if not too deep we drink
The cup, which luxury on careless wealth,
Pernicious gift, bestows; a day will come,
When, through new channels sailing, we shall clothe
The Californian coast, and all the realms
That stretch from Anian's straits to proud Japan;
And the green isles, which on the left arise
Upon the glassy brine, whose various capes
Not yet are figur'd on the sailor's chart:
Then every variation shall be told
Of the magnetic steel; and currents mark'd,
Which drive the heedless vessel from her course.
That portion too of land, a tract immense,
Beneath th' Antarctic spread, shall then be known,
And new plantations on its coast arise.
Then rigid Winter's ice no more shall wound
The only naked animal; but man
With the soft fleece shall every-where be cloth'd.
Th' exulting Muse shall then, in vigour fresh,

Her flight renew. Meanwhile, with weary wing,
O'er Ocean's wave returning, she explores
Siluria's flowery vales, her old delight,
The shepherd's haunts, where the first springs arise
Of Britain's happy trade, now spreading wide,
Wide as th' Atlantic and Pacific seas,
Or as air's vital fluid o'er the globe.

THE COUNTRY WALK.

The morning 's fair, the lusty Sun
With ruddy cheek begins to run;
And early birds, that wing the skies,
Sweetly sing to see him rise.
I am resolv'd, this charming day,
In the open field to stray;
And have no roof above my head,
But that whereon the gods do tread.
Before the yellow barn I see
A beautiful variety
Of strutting cocks, advancing stout,
And flirting empty chaff about,
Hens, ducks, and geese, and all their brood,
And turkeys gobbling for their food,
While rustics thrash the wealthy floor,
And tempt them all to crowd the door.
What a fair face does Nature show!
Augusta, wipe thy dusty brow;
A landscape wide salutes my sight,
Of shady vales, and mountains bright;
And azure heavens I behold,
And clouds of silver and of gold.
And now into the fields I go,
Where thousand flaming flowers glow;
And every neighbouring hedge I greet,
With honeysuckles smelling sweet.
Now o'er the daisy meads I stray,
And meet with, as I pace my way,
Sweetly shining on the eye,
A rivulet, gliding smoothly by;
Which shows with what an easy tide
The moments of the happy glide.
Here, finding pleasure after pain,
Sleeping, I see a wearied swain,
While his full scrip lies open by,
That does his healthy food supply.
Happy swain, sure happier far
Than lofty kings and princes are!
Enjoy sweet sleep, which shuns the crown,
With all its easy beds of down.
The Sun now shows his noon-tide blaze,
And sheds around me burning rays.
A little onward, and I go
Into the shade that groves bestow;
And on green moss I lay me down,
That o'er the root of oak has grown;
Where all is silent, but some flood
That sweetly murmurs in the wood;
But birds that warble in the sprays,
And charm e'en Silence with their lays.
Oh powerful Silence, how you reign
In the poet's busy brain!
His numerous thoughts obey the call
Of the tuneful water-falls,
Like moles, whene'er the coast is clear,
They rise before thee without fear,
And range in parties here and there.
Some wildly to Parnassus wing,
And view the fair Castalian spring;
Where they behold a lonely well,
Where now no tuneful Muses dwell;
But now and then a slavish hind
Paddling the troubled pool they find.
Some trace the pleasing paths of joy,
Others the blissful scene destroy;
In thorny tracks of sorrow stray,
And pine for Clio far away.
But stay—Methinks her lays I hear,
So smooth! so sweet! so deep! so clear!
No, 't is not her voice, I find,
'T is but the echo stays behind.
Some meditate ambition's brow,
And the black gulf that gapes below:
Some peep in courts, and there they see
The sneaking tribe of Flattery.
But, striking to the ear and eye,
A nimble deer comes bounding by;
When rushing from yon rustling spray,
It made them vanish all away.
I rouse me up, and on I rove,
'T is more than time to leave the grove.
The Sun declines, the evening breeze
Begins to whisper through the trees:
And, as I leave the sylvan gloom,
As to the glare of day I come,
An old man's smoky nest I see,
Leaning on an aged tree:
Whose willow walls, and furzy brow,
A little garden sway below.
Through spreading beds of blooming green,
Matted with herbage sweet, and clean,
A vein of water limps along,
And makes them ever green, and young.
Here he puffs upon his spade,
And digs up cabbage in the shade:
His tatter'd rags are sable brown,
His beard and hair are hoary grown:
The dying sap descends apace,
And leaves a wither'd hand and face.
Up Grongar hill [1] I labour now,
And catch at last his bushy brow.
Oh, how fresh, how pure the air!
Let me breathe a little here.
Where am I, Nature? I descry
Thy magazine before me lie!
Temples!—and towns!—and towers!—and woods!
And hills!—and vales!—and fields!—and floods!
Crowding before me, edg'd around
With naked wilds, and barren ground.
See, below, the pleasant dome,
The poet's pride, the poet's home,
Which the sun-beams shine upon,
To the even, from the dawn.
See her woods, where Echo talks,
Her gardens trim, her terrass walks,
Her wildernesses, fragrant brakes,
Her gloomy bowers, and shining lakes.
Keep, ye gods, this humble seat,
For ever pleasant, private, neat.
See yonder hill, uprising steep,
Above the river slow and deep:
It looks from hence a pyramid,
Beneath a verdant forest hid;
On whose high top there rises great,
The mighty remnant of a seat,
An old green tower, whose batter'd brow
Frowns upon the vale below.

[1] A hill in South Wales.

Look upon that flowery plain,
How the sheep surround their swain,
How they crowd to hear his strain!
All careless with his legs across,
Leaning on a bank of moss,
He spends his empty hours at play,
Which fly as light as down away.
And there behold a bloomy mead,
A silver stream, a willow shade,
Beneath the shade a fisher stand,
Who, with the angle in his hand,
Swings the nibbling fry to land.
In blushes the descending Sun
Kisses the streams, while slow they run;
And yonder hill remoter grows,
Or dusky clouds do interpose.
The fields are left, the labouring hind
His weary oxen does unbind;
And vocal mountains, as they low,
Re-echo to the vales below;
The jocund shepherds piping come,
And drive the herd before them home;
And now begin to light their fires,
Which send up smoke in curling spires:
While with light heart all homeward tend,
To Abergasney [2] I descend.
But, oh! how bless'd would be the day,
Did I with Clio pace my way,
And not alone and solitary stray!

THE ENQUIRY.

Ye poor little sheep, ah! well may ye stray,
While sad is your shepherd, and Clio away!
Tell where have you been, have you met with my love,
On the mountain, or valley, or meadow, or grove?
Alas-aday, No—Ye are stray'd, and half dead;
Ye saw not my love, or ye all had been fed.
Oh, Sun, did you see her?—ah! surely you did:
'Mong what willows, or woodbines, or reeds, is she hid?
Ye tall whistling pines, that on yonder hill grow,
And o'erlook the beautiful valley below,
Did you see her a-roving in wood or in brake?
Or bathing her fair limbs in some silent lake?
Ye mountains, that look on the vigorous East,
And the North, and the South, and the wearisome West,
Pray tell where she hides her—you surely do know—
And let not her lover pine after her so.
Oh, had I the wings of an eagle, I'd fly
Along with bright Phœbus all over the sky;
Like an eagle, look down, with my wings wide display'd,
And dart in my eyes at each whispering shade:
I'd search every tuft in my diligent tour,
I'd unravel the woodbines, and look in each bower,
Till I found out my Clio, and ended my pain,
And made myself quiet, and happy again.

AN EPISTLE TO A FAMOUS PAINTER.

Delightful partner of my heart,
Master of the loveliest art!

How sweet our senses you deceive,
When we, a gazing throng, believe!
Here flows the Po!—The Minis there,
Winding about with sedgy hair!
And there the Tyber's yellow flood,
Beneath a thick and gloomy wood!
And there Darius' broken ranks
Upon the Grannic's bloody banks;
Who bravely die, or basely run
From Philip's all-subduing son!
And there the wounded Porus brought
(The bravest man that ever fought!)
To Alexander's tent, who eyes
His dauntless visage, as he lies
In death's most painful agonies.
To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy mysteries impart.
As yet I but in verse can paint,
And to th' idea colour faint
What to the open eye you show,
Seeming Nature's living glow!
The beauteous shapes of objects near!
Or distant ones confus'd in air!
The golden eve, the blushing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleasing views of chequer'd glades!
And rivers winding through the shades!
And sunny hills!—and pleasant plains!
And groups of merry nymphs and swains!
Or some old building, hid with grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd face;
Whose columns, frizes, statues, lie,
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or swift adown a mountain tall,
A foaming cataract's sounding fall;
Whose loud roaring stuns the ear
Of the wondering traveller!
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level shining sea!
Or surges rough, that froth and roar,
And, angry, dash the sounding shore!
And vessels tost! and billows high!
And lightnings flashing from the sky!
Or that which gives me most delight,
The fair idea (seeming sight!)
Of warrior fierce, with shining blade!
Or orator with arms display'd!
Tully's engaging air and mien,
Declaiming against Catiline.
Or fierce Achilles towering high
Above his foes, who round him die.
Of Hercules, with lion's hide,
And knotty cudgel thrown aside,
Lifting Antæus high in air!
Who, in his gripe, expires there!
Or Sisyphus, with toil and sweat,
And muscles strain'd, striving to get
Up a steep hill a ponderous stone,
Which near the top recoils, and rolls impetuous down.
Or beauteous Helen's easy air,
With head reclin'd, and flowing hair;
Or comely Paris, gay and young,
Moving with gallant grace along!
These you can do!—I but advance
In a florid ignorance;
And say to you, who better know,
You should design them so and so.

[2] The name of a seat belonging to the author's brother.

TO AARON HILL, ESQ.

ON HIS POEM CALLED GIDEON.

[Those lines in this poem marked with inverted commas are taken out of the poem called Gideon.]

Tell me, wondrous friend, where were you
When Gideon was your lofty song!
Where did the heavenly spirit bear you,
When your fair soul reflected strong
Gideon's actions, as they shin'd
Bright in the chambers of your mind!
Say, have you trod Arabia's spicy vales,
Or gather'd bays beside Euphrates' stream,
Or lonely sung with Jordan's water-falls,
While heavenly Gideon was your sacred theme?
Or have you many ages given
To close retirement and to books!
And held a long discourse with Heaven,
And notic'd Nature in her various looks!
Full of inspiring wonder and delight,
Slow read I Gideon with a greedy eye!
Like a pleas'd traveller that lingers sweet
On some fair and lofty plain
Where the Sun does brightly shine,
And glorious prospects all around him lie!
On Gideon's pages beautifully shine,
Surprising pictures rising to my sight,
With all the life of colours and of line,
And all the force of rounding shade and light,
And all the grace of something more divine!
High on a hill, beneath an oak's broad arm,
I see a youth divinely fair,
" Pensive he leans his head on his left hand;
His smiling eye sheds sweetness mix'd with awe,
His right hand, with a milk-white wand, some
figure seems to draw!
A nameless grace is scatter'd through his air,
And o'er his shoulders loosely flows his amber colour'd hair!"
Above, with burning blush the morning glows,
The waking world all fair before him lies;
" Slow from the plain the melting dews,
To kiss the sun-beams, climbing, rise," &c.
Methinks the grove of Baal I see,
In terrass'd stages mount up high,
And wave its sable beauties in the sky.
" From stage to stage, broad steps of half-hid stone,
With curling moss and blady grass o'ergrown,
Lead awful——
Down in a dungeon deep,
Where through thick walls, oblique the broken light
From narrow loop-holes quivers to the sight,
With swift and furious stride,
Close-folded arms, and short and sudden starts,
The fretful prince, in dumb and sullen pride,
Revolves escape——"
Here in red colours glowing bold
A warlike figure strikes my eye!
The dreadful sudden sight his foes behold
Confounded so, they lose the power to fly;
" Backening they gaze at distance on his face,
Admire his posture, and confess his grace;
His right hand grasps his planted spear," &c.
Alas! my Muse, through much good-will, you err:
And we the mighty author greatly wrong;
To gather beauties here and there,
As but a scatter'd few there were,
While every word 's a beauty in his song!

THE CHOICE.

TO MR. DYER. BY AARON HILL, ESQ.

While, charm'd with Aberglasney's quiet plains,
The Muses, and their empress, court your strains,
Tir'd of the noisy town, so lately try'd,
Methinks I see you smile, on Towy's side!
Pensive, her mazy wanderings you unwind,
And, on your river's margin, calm your mind.
Oh!—greatly bless'd—whate'er your fate requires,
Your ductile wisdom tempers your desires!
Balanc'd within, you look abroad serene,
And, marking both extremes, pass clear between.
Oh! could your lov'd example teach your skill,
And, as it moves my wonder, mend my will!
Calm would my passions grow; my lot would please;
And my sick soul might think itself to ease!
But, to the future while I strain my eye,
Each present good slips, undistinguish'd, by.
Still, what I would, contends with what I can,
And my wild wishes leap the bounds of man.
If in my power it lies to limit hope,
And my unchain'd desires can fix a scope, [poor;
This were my choice—Oh, friend! pronounce me
For I have wants, which wealth can never cure!
Let others with a narrow'd stint of pride,
In selfish views, a bounded hope divide:
If I must wish at all—Desires are free,
High, as the highest, I would wish to be!
Then might I, sole supreme, act, unconfin'd,
And with unbounded influence bless mankind.
Mean is that soul, whom its own good can fill!
A prosperous world, alone, could feast my will.
He 's poor, at best, who others' misery sees,
And wants the wish'd-for power to give them ease!
A glory this, unreach'd, but on a throne!
All were enough—and, less than all, is none!
This my first wish:—but since 't is wild, and vain,
To grasp at glittering clouds, with fruitless pain,
More safely low let my next prospect be,
And life's mild evening this fair sun-set see.
Far from a lord's loath'd neighbourhood—a state!
Whose little greatness is a pride I hate!
On some lone wild should my large house be plac'd,
Vastly surrounded by a healthful waste!
Steril and coarse the untry'd soil should be,
Till forc'd to flourish, and subdu'd by me.
Seas, woods, meads, mountains, gardens, streams,
and skies,
Should, with a changeful grandeur, charm my eyes!
Where'er I walk'd, effects of my past pains
Should plume the mountain tops, and paint the
plains,
Greatly obscure, and shunning courts, or name!
Widely befriended, but escaping fame;
Peaceful, in studious quiet, would I live,
Lie hid, for leisure, and grow rich, to give!

TO MR. SAVAGE,

SON OF THE LATE EARL RIVERS.

Sink not, my friend, beneath misfortune's weight,
Pleas'd to be found intrinsically great.
Shame on the dull, who think the soul looks less,
Because the body wants a glittering dress.
It is the mind's for ever bright attire,
The mind's embroidery, that the wise admire!
That which looks rich to the gross vulgar eyes
Is the fop's tinsel which the grave despise.

Wealth dims the eyes of crowds, and while they gaze,
The coxcomb 's ne'er discover'd in the blaze!
As few the vices of the wealthy see,
So virtues are conceal'd by poverty.
Earl Rivers!—In that name how wouldst thou shine?
Thy verse, how sweet! thy fancy, how divine!
Critics and bards would, by their worth, be aw'd,
And all would think it merit to applaud.
But thou hast nought to please the vulgar eye,
No title hast, nor what might titles buy.
Thou wilt small praise, but much ill-nature find,
Clear to thy errours, to thy beauties blind;
And if, though few, they any faults can see,
How meanly bitter will cold censure be!
But, since we all, the wisest of us, err,
Sure 't is the greatest fault to be severe.
A few, however, yet expect to find,
Among the misty millions of mankind,
Who proudly stoop to aid an injur'd cause,
And o'er the sneer of coxcombs force applause,
Who, with felt pleasure, see fair Virtue rise,
And lift her upwards to the beckoning prize!
Or mark her labouring in the modest breast,
And honour her the more, the more deprest.
Thee, Savage, these (the justly great) admire,
Thee, quick'ning judgment's phlegm with fancy's fire!
Thee, slow to censure, earnest to commend,
An able critic, but a willing friend.

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND IN TOWN[1].

Have my friends in the town, in the gay busy town,
Forgot such a man as John Dyer?
Or heedless despise they, or pity the clown,
Whose bosom no pageantries fire?

No matter, no matter—content in the shades—
(Contented?—why every thing charms me)
Fall in tunes all adown the green steep, ye cascades,
Till hence rigid Virtue alarms me.

Till Outrage arises, or Misery needs
The swift, the intrepid avenger;
Till sacred Religion or Liberty bleeds,
Then mine be the deed and the danger.

Alas! what a folly, 'hat wealth and domain
We heap up in sin and in sorrow!
Immense is the toil, yet the labour how vain!
Is not life to be over tomorrow?

Then glide on my moments, the few that I have,
Smooth-shaded, and quiet, and even;
While gently the body descends to the grave,
And the spirit arises to Heaven.

[1] Among the poems of Mr. Savage, there is one to Mr. Dyer, in answer to his from the country.

TO MR. DYER. BY CLIO[1].

I've done thy merit and my friendship wrong,
In holding back my gratitude so long;
The soul is sure to equal transport rais'd,
That justly praises, or is justly prais'd;
The generous only can this pleasure know
Who taste the godlike virtue—to bestow!
I e'en grow rich, methinks, while I commend;
And feel the very praises which I send;
Nor jealousy nor female envy find,
Though all the Muses are to Dyer kind.
Sing on, nor let your modest fears retard,
Whose verse and pencil join, to force reward:
Your claim demands the bays in double wreath,
Your poems lighten, and your pictures breathe.
I wish to praise you, but your beauties wrong;
No theme looks green, in Clio's artless song:
But yours will an eternal verdure wear,
For Dyer's fruitful soul will flourish there.
My humbler lot was in low distance laid;
I was, oh, hated thought! a woman made;
For household cares, and empty trifles meant,
The name does immortality prevent.
Yet let me stretch, beyond my sex, my mind,
And, rising, leave the fluttering train behind;
Nor art, nor learning, wish'd assistance lends,
But nature, love, and music, are my friends.

[1] Among the poems of Mr. Savage, is an epistle occasioned by Mr. Dyer's picture of this lady.

THE

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

THE

LIFE OF SHENSTONE,

BY DR. JOHNSON.

WILLIAM SHENSTONE, the son of Thomas Shenstone and Anne Pen, was born in November 1714, at the Leasowes in Hales-Owen, one of those insulated districts which, in the division of the kingdom, was appended, for some reason not now discoverable, to a distant county; and which, though surrounded by Warwickshire and Worcestershire, belongs to Shropshire, though perhaps thirty miles distant from any other part of it.

He learned to read of an old dame, whom his poem of The School-Mistress has delivered to posterity; and soon received such delight from books, that he was always calling for fresh entertainment, and expected that when any of the family went to market a new book should be brought him; which, when it came, was in fondness carried to bed and laid by him. It is said, that, when his request had been neglected, his mother wrapped up a piece of wood of the same form, and pacified him for the night.

As he grew older, he went for a while to the grammar-school in Hales-Owen, and was placed afterwards with Mr. Crumpton, an eminent school-master at Solihul, where he distinguished himself by the quickness of his progress.

When he was young (June 1724) he was deprived of his father, and soon after (August 1726) of his grandfather; and was, with his brother, who died afterwards unmarried, left to the care of his grandmother, who managed the estate.

From school he was sent in 1732 to Pembroke College in Oxford, a society which for half a century has been eminent for English poetry and elegant literature. Here it appears that he found delight and advantage; for he continued his name in the book ten years, though he took no degree. After the first four years he put on the Civilian's gown, but without showing any intention to engage in the profession.

About the time when he went to Oxford, the death of his grandmother devolved his affairs to the care of the reverend Mr. Dolman, of Brome in Staffordshire, whose attention he always mentioned with gratitude.

At Oxford he employed himself upon English poetry; and in 1737 published a small miscellany, without his name.

He then for a time wandered about to acquaint himself with life, and was sometimes at London, sometimes at Bath, or any other place of public resort; but he

did not forget his poetry. He published in 1741 his Judgment of Hercules, addressed to Mr. Lyttelton, whose interest he supported with great warmth at an election: this was next year followed by The School-Mistress.

Mr. Dolman, to whose care he was indebted for his ease and leisure, died in 1745, and the care of his own fortune now fell upon him. He tried to escape it a while, and lived at his house with his tenants, who were distantly related; but, finding that imperfect possession inconvenient, he took the whole estate into his own hands, more to the improvement of its beauty, than the increase of its produce.

Now was excited his delight in rural pleasures, and his ambition of rural elegance: he began from this time to point his prospects, to diversify his surface, to entangle his walks, and to wind his waters; which he did with such judgment and such fancy, as made his little domain the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful; a place to be visited by travellers, and copied by designers. Whether to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to leave intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden—demands any great powers of mind, I will not inquire: perhaps a surly and sullen spectator may think such performances rather the sport than the business of human reason. But it must be at least confessed, that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement; and some praise must be allowed, by the most supercilious observer, to him who does best what such multitudes are contending to do well.

This praise was the praise of Shenstone: but, like all other modes of felicity, it was not enjoyed without its abatements. Lyttelton was his neighbour and his rival, whose empire, spacious and opulent, looked with disdain on the *petty State* that *appeared behind it*. For a while the inhabitants of Hagley affected to tell their acquaintance of the little fellow that was trying to make himself admired; but when by degrees the Leasowes forced themselves into notice, they took care to defeat the curiosity which they could not suppress, by conducting their visitants perversely to inconvenient points of view, and introducing them at the wrong end of a walk to detect a deception; injuries of which Shenstone would heavily complain. Where there is emulation there will be vanity; and where there is vanity there will be folly[1].

The pleasure of Shenstone was all in his eye: he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water.

His house was mean, and he did not improve it; his care was of his grounds. When he came home from his walks, he might find his floors flooded by a shower through the broken roof; but could spare no money for its reparation.

In time his expenses brought clamours about him, that overpowered the lamb's bleat and the linnet's song; and his groves were haunted by beings very different from

[1] This charge against the Lyttelton family has been denied with some degree of warmth by Mr. Potter, and since by Mr. Graves. The latter says, "The truth of the case, I believe, was, that the Lyttelton family went so frequently with their family to the Leasowes, that they were unwilling to break in upon Mr. Shenstone's retirement on every occasion, and therefore often went to the principal points of view without waiting for any one to conduct them regularly through the whole walks. Of this Mr. Shenstone would sometimes peevishly complain; though, I am persuaded, he never really suspected any ill-natured intention in his worthy and much-valued neighbours." *R.*

fauns and fairies [2]. He spent his estate in adorning it, and his death was probably hastened by his anxieties. He was a lamp that spent its oil in blazing. It is said, that, if he had lived a little longer, he would have been assisted by a pension: such bounty could not have been ever more properly bestowed; but that it was ever asked is not certain; it is too certain that it never was enjoyed.

He died at the Leasowes, of a putrid fever, about five on Friday morning, February 11, 1763; and was buried by the side of his brother in the church-yard of Hales-Owen.

He was never married, though he might have obtained the lady, whoever she was, to whom his Pastoral Ballad was addressed. He is represented by his friend Dodsley as a man of great tenderness and generosity, kind to all that were within his influence; but, if once offended, not easily appeased; inattentive to economy, and careless of his expenses. In his person he was larger than the middle size, with something clumsy in his form; very negligent of his clothes, and remarkable for wearing his grey hair in a particular manner; for he held, that the fashion was no rule of dress, and that every man was to suit his appearance to his natural form [3].

His mind was not very comprehensive, nor his curiosity active; he had no value for those parts of knowledge which he had not himself cultivated.

His life was unstained by any crime; the Elegy on Jesse, which has been supposed to relate an unfortunate and criminal amour of his own, was known by his friends to have been suggested by the story of Miss Godfrey in Richardson's Pamela.

What Gray thought of his character, from the perusal of his Letters, was this:

"I have read too an octavo volume of Shenstone's Letters. Poor man! he was always wishing for money, for fame, and other distinctions: and his whole philosophy consisted in living against his will in retirement, and in a place which his taste had adorned, but which he only enjoyed when people of note came to see and commend it: his correspondence is about nothing else but this place and his own writings, with two or three neighbouring clergymen, who wrote verses too."

His poems consist of elegies, odes, and ballads, humorous sallies, and moral pièces.

His conception of an Elegy he has in his Preface very judiciously and discriminately explained. It is, according to his account, the effusion of a contemplative mind, sometimes plaintive, and always serious, and therefore superior to the glitter of slight ornaments. His compositions suit not ill to this description. His topics of praise are the domestic virtues, and his thoughts are pure and simple; but, wanting com-

[2] Mr. Graves, however, expresses his belief that this is a groundless surmise. "Mr. Shenstone," he adds, "was too much respected in the neighbourhood to be treated with rudeness; and though his works (frugally as they were managed), added to his manner of living, must necessarily have made him exceed his income, and, of course, he might sometimes be distressed for money, yet he had too much spirit to expose himself to insults from trifling sums, and guarded against any great distress, by anticipating a few hundreds; which his estate could very well bear, as appeared by what remained to his executors after the payment of his debts, and his legacies to his friends, and annuities of thirty pounds a year to one servant, and six pounds to another; for his will was dictated with equal justice and generosity." *R.*

[3] "These," says Mr. Graves, "were not precisely his sentiments, though he thought right enough that every one should, in some degree, consult his particular shape and complection in adjusting his dress; and that no fashion ought to sanctify what was ungraceful, absurd, or really deformed." *R.*

bination, they want variety. The peace of solitude, the innocence of inactivity, and the unenvied security of an humble station, can fill but a few pages. That of which the essence is uniformity will be soon described. His Elegies have therefore too much resemblance of each other.

The lines are sometimes, such as elegy requires, smooth and easy; but to this praise his claim is not constant; his diction is often harsh, improper, and affected; his words ill-coined, or ill-chosen; and his phrase unskilfully inverted.

The Lyric Poems are almost all of the light and airy kind, such as trip lightly and nimbly along, without the load of any weighty meaning. From these, however, Rural Elegance has some right to be excepted. I once heard it praised by a very learned lady; and though the lines are irregular, and the thoughts diffused with too much verbosity, yet it cannot be denied to contain both philosophical argument and poetical spirit.

Of the rest I cannot think any excellent: The Skylark pleases me best, which has however more of the epigram than of the ode.

But the four parts of his Pastoral Ballad demand particular notice. I cannot but regret that it is pastoral: an intelligent reader, acquainted with the scenes of real life, sickens at the mention of the *crook*, the *pipe*, the *sheep*, and the *kids*, which it is not necessary to bring forward to notice, for the poet's art is selection, and he ought to show the beauties without the grossness of the country life. His stanza seems to have been chosen in imitation of Rowe's Despairing Shepherd.

In the first part are two passages, to which if any mind denies its sympathy, it has no acquaintance with love or nature:

I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh,
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt in my heart!
Yet I thought (but it might not be so)
'T was with pain that she saw me depart

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew,
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

In the second this passage has its prettiness, though it be not equal to the former:

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 't was a barbarous deed:

For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue:

In the third he mentions the common-places of amorous poetry with some address:

'T is his with mock-passion to glow!
'T is his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold;

How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of this charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

In the fourth I find nothing better than this natural strain of Hope:

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes,
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose!

Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

His Levities are by their title exempted from the severities of criticism; yet it may be remarked in a few words, that his humour is sometimes gross, and seldom sprightly.

Of the Moral Poems, the first is The Choice of Hercules, from Xenophon. The numbers are smooth, the diction elegant, and the thoughts just; but something of vigour is still to be wished, which it might have had by brevity and compression. His Fate of Delicacy has an air of gaiety, but not a very pointed and general moral. His blank verses, those that can read them may probably find to be like the blank verses of his neighbours. Love and Honour is derived from the old ballad, Did you not hear of a Spanish Lady?—I wish it well enough to wish it were in rhyme.

The School-Mistress, of which I know not what claim it has to stand among the moral works, is surely the most pleasing of Shenstone's performances. The adoption of a particular style, in light and short compositions, contributes much to the increase of pleasure: we are entertained at once with two imitations, of nature in the sentiments, of the original author in the style; and between them the mind is kept in perpetual employment.

The general recommendation of Shenstone is easiness and simplicity; his general defect is want of comprehension and variety. Had his mind been better stored with knowledge, whether he could have been great, I know not; he could certainly have been agreeable.

ELEGIES,

WRITTEN ON

MANY DIFFERENT OCCASIONS

Tantùm inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
Assidùè veniebat; ibi hæc incondita. solus,
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani!

A PREFATORY ESSAY ON ELEGY.

It is observable, that discourses prefixed to poetry are contrived very frequently to inculcate such tenets as may exhibit the performance to the greatest advantage. The fabric is very commonly raised in the first place, and the measures, by which we are to judge of its merit, are afterwards adjusted.

There have been few rules given us by the critics concerning the structure of elegiac poetry; and far be it from the author of the following trifles to dignify his own opinions with that denomination. He would only intimate the great variety of subjects, and the different styles in which the writers of elegy have hitherto indulged themselves, and endeavour to shield the following ones by the latitude of their example.

If we consider the etymology[1] of the word, the epithet which Horace[2] gives it, or the confession which Ovid[3] makes concerning it, I think we may conclude thus much however; that elegy, in its true and genuine acceptation, includes a tender and querulous idea: that it looks upon this as its peculiar characteristic, and so long as this is thoroughly sustained, admits of a variety of subjects; which, by its manner of treating them, it renders its own. It throws its melancholy stole over pretty different objects; which, like the dresses at a funeral procession, gives them all a kind of solemn and uniform appearance.

It is probable that elegies were written at first upon the death of intimate friends and near relations; celebrated beauties, or favourite mistresses; beneficent governors, and illustrious men: one may add perhaps, of all those who are placed by Virgil in the laurel-grove of his Elysium. (See Hurd's Dissertation on Horace's Epistle.)

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

After these subjects were sufficiently exhausted, and the severity of fate displayed in the most affecting instances, the poets sought occasion to vary their complaints; and the next tender species of sorrow that presented itself, was the grief of absent or neglected lovers. And this indulgence might be indeed allowed them; but with this they were not contented. They had obtained a small corner in the province of love, and they took advantage, from thence, to overrun the whole territory. They sung its spoils, triumphs, ovations, and rejoicings [4], as well as the captivity and exequies that attended it. They gave the name of elegy to their pleasantries as well as lamentations; till at last, through their abundant fondness for the myrtle, they forgot that the cypress was their peculiar garland.

[1] ε-λεγειν, ε particulam dolendi. [2] Miserabiles elegos.—Hor.
[3] Heu nimis ex vero nunc tibi nomen erit.—Ovid. de Morte Tibulli.
[4] Dicite Io Pæan, et Io bis dicite Pæan.—Ovid.

In this it is probable they deviated from the original design of elegy; and it should seem, that any kind of subjects, treated in such a manner as to diffuse a pleasing melancholy, might far better deserve the name, than the facetious mirth and libertine festivity of the successful votaries of love.

But not to dwell too long upon an opinion which may seem perhaps introduced to favour the following performance, it may not be improper to examine into the use and end of elegy. The most important end of all poetry is to encourage virtue. Epic and tragedy chiefly recommend the public virtues; elegy is of a species which illustrates and endears the private. There is a truly virtuous pleasure connected with many pensive contemplations, which it is the province and excellency of elegy to enforce. This, by presenting suitable ideas, has discovered sweets in melancholy which we could not find in mirth; and has led us with success to the dusty urn, when we could draw no pleasure from the sparkling bowl. As pastoral conveys an idea of simplicity and innocence, it is in particular the task and merit of elegy to show the innocence and simplicity of rural life to advantage: and that, in a way distinct from pastoral, as much as the plain but judicious landlord may be imagined to surpass his tenant both in dignity and understanding. It should also tend to elevate the more tranquil virtues of humility, disinterestedness, simplicity and innocence: but then there is a degree of elegance and refinement, no way inconsistent with these rural virtues; and that raises elegy above that *merum rus*, that unpolished rusticity, which has given our pastoral writers their highest reputation.

Wealth and splendour will never want their proper weight: the danger is, lest they should too much preponderate. A kind of poetry therefore which throws its chief influence into the other scale, that magnifies the sweets of liberty and independence, that endears the honest delights of love and friendship, that celebrates the glory of a good name after death, that ridicules the futile arrogance of birth, that recommends the innocent amusement of letters, and insensibly prepares the mind for that humanity it inculcates, such a kind of poetry may chance to please; and if it please, should seem to be of service.

As to the style of elegy, it may be well enough determined from what has gone before. It should imitate the voice and language of grief, or if a metaphor of dress be more agreeable; it should be simple and diffuse, and flowing as a mourner's veil. A versification therefore is desirable, which, by indulging a free and unconstrained expression, may admit of that simplicity which elegy requires.

Heroic metre, with alternate rhyme, seems well enough adapted to this species of poetry; and, however exceptionable upon other occasions, its inconveniencies appear to lose their weight in shorter elegies; and its advantages seem to acquire an additional importance. The world has an admirable example of its beauty in a collection of elegies not long since published; the product of a gentleman[5] of the most exact taste, and whose untimely death merits all the tears that Elegy can shed.

It is not impossible that some may think this metre too lax and prosaic: others, that even a more dissolute variety of numbers may have superior advantages. And, in favour of these last, might be produced the example of Milton in his Lycidas, together with one or two recent and beautiful imitations of his versification in that monody. But this kind of argument, I am apt to think, must prove too much; since the writers I have in view seem capable enough of recommending any metre they shall choose; though it must be owned also, that the choice they make of any, is at the same time the strongest presumption in its favour.

Perhaps it may be no great difficulty to compromise the dispute. There is no one kind of metre that is distinguished by rhymes, but is liable to some objection or other. Heroic verse, where every second line is terminated by a rhyme, (with which the judgment requires that the sense should in some measure also terminate) is apt to render the expression either scanty or constrained. And this is sometimes observable in the writings of a poet lately deceased; though I believe no one ever threw so much sense together with so much ease into a couplet as Mr. Pope. But, as an air of constraint too often accompanies this metre, it seems by no means proper for a writer of elegy.

The previous rhyme in Milton's Lycidas is very frequently placed at such a distance from the following, that it is often dropt by the memory (much better employed in attending to the sentiment) before it be brought to join its partner: and this seems to be the greatest objection to that kind of versification. But then the peculiar ease and variety it admits of, are no doubt sufficient to overbalance the objection, and to give it the preference to any other, in an elegy of length.

The chief exception to which stanza of all kinds is liable, is, that it breaks the sense too regularly, when it is continued through a long poem. And this may be perhaps the fault of Mr. Waller's excellent panegyric. But if this fault be less discernible in smaller compositions, as I suppose it is, I flat-

[5] Mr. Hammond.

ter myself, that the advantages I have before mentioned resulting from alternate rhyme (with which stanza is, I think, connected) may, at least in shorter elegies, be allowed to outweigh its imperfections.

I shall say but little of the different kinds of elegy. The melancholy of a lover is different, no doubt, from what we feel on other mixed occasions. The mind in which love and grief at once predominate, is softened to an excess. Love elegy, therefore, is more negligent of order and design, and, being addressed chiefly to the ladies, requires little more than tenderness and perspicuity. Elegies that are formed upon promiscuous incidents, and addressed to the world in general, inculcate some sort of moral, and admit a different degree of reasoning, thought, and ardour.

The author of the following elegies entered on his subjects occasionally, as particular incidents in life suggested, or dispositions of mind recommended them to his choice. If he describes a rural landscape, or unfolds the train of sentiments it inspired, he fairly drew his picture from the spot; and felt very sensibly the affection he communicates. If he speaks of his humble shed, his flocks and his fleeces, he does not counterfeit the scene, who, having (whether through choice or necessity is not material) retired betimes to country solitudes, and sought his happiness in rural employments, has a right to consider himself as a real shepherd. The flocks, the meadows, and the grottos, are his own, and the embellishment of his farm his sole amusement. As the sentiments therefore were inspired by nature, and that in the earlier part of his life, he hopes they will retain a natural appearance: diffusing at least some part of that amusement, which he freely acknowledges he received from the composition of them.

There will appear perhaps a real inconsistency in the moral tenour of the several elegies; and the subsequent ones may sometimes seem a recantation of the preceding. The reader will scarcely impute this to oversight; but will allow, that men's opinions as well as tempers vary; that neither public nor private, active nor speculative life, are unexceptionably happy, and consequently that any change of opinion concerning them may afford an additional beauty to poetry, as it gives us a more striking representation of life.

If the author has hazarded, throughout, the use of English or modern allusions, he hopes it will not be imputed to an entire ignorance, or to the least disesteem, of the ancient learning. He has kept the ancient plan and method in his eye, though he builds his edifice with the materials of his own nation. In other words, through a fondness for his native country, he has made use of the flowers it produced, though, in order to exhibit them to the greater advantage, he has endeavoured to weave his garland by the best model he could find: with what success, beyond his own amusement, must be left to judges less partial to him than either his acquaintance or his friends.—If any of those should be so candid as to approve the variety of subjects he has chosen, and the tenderness of sentiment he has endeavoured to impress, he begs the metre also may not be too suddenly condemned. The public ear, habituated of late to a quicker measure, may perhaps consider this as heavy and languid; but an objection of that kind may gradually lose its force, if this measure should be allowed to suit the nature of elegy.

If it should happen to be considered as an object with others, that there is too much of a moral cast diffused through the whole; it is replied, that he endeavoured to animate the poetry so far as not to render this objection too obvious; or to risk excluding the fashionable reader: at the same time never deviating from a fixed principle, That poetry without morality is but the blossom of a fruit-tree. Poetry is indeed like that species of plants, which may bear at once both fruits and blossoms; and the tree is by no means in perfection without the former, however it may be embellished by the flowers which surround it.

POEMS

OF

WILLIAM SHENSTONE.

ELEGIES.

ELEGY I.

He arrives at his retirement in the country, and takes occasion to expatiate in praise of simplicity.

TO A FRIEND.

For rural virtues, and for native skies,
I bade Augusta's venal sons farewell;
Now, 'mid the trees, I see my smoke arise,
Now hear the fountains bubbling round my cell.

O may that genius which secures my rest,
Preserve this villa for a friend that 's dear!
Ne'er may my vintage glad the sordid breast;
Ne'er tinge the lip that dares be unsincere!

Far from these paths, ye faithless friends, depart!
Fly my plain board, abhor my hostile name!
Hence! the faint verse that flows not from the heart,
But mourns in labour'd strains, the price of fame!

O lov'd Simplicity, be thine the prize!
Assiduous Art correct her page in vain!
His be the palm who, guiltless of disguise,
Contemns the power, the dull resource to feign!

Still may the mourner, lavish of his tears,
For hire's venal meed invite my scorn!
Still may the bard, dissembling doubts and fears,
For praise, for flattery sighing, sigh forlorn!

Soft as the line of love-sick Hammond flows,—
'T was his fond heart effus'd the melting theme;
Ah! never could Aonia's hill disclose
So fair a fountain, or so lov'd a stream.

Ye loveless bards! intent with artful pains
To form a sigh, or to contrive a tear,
Forego your Pindus, and on —— plains
Survey Camilla's charms, and grow sincere.

But thou, my friend! while in thy youthful soul
Love's gentle tyrant seats his aweful throne,
Write from thy bosom—Let not art control
The ready pen, that makes his edicts known.

Pleasing, when youth is long expir'd, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd!
"Such was our youthful air, and shape, and face!
Such the soft image of our youthful mind!"

Soft, whilst we sleep beneath the rural bowers,
The Loves and Graces steal unseen away;
And where the turf diffus'd its pomp of flowers,
We wake to wintry scenes of chill decay!

Curse the sad fortune that detains thy fair;
Praise the soft hours that gave thee to her arms;
Paint thy proud scorn of every vulgar care,
When Hope exalts thee, or when Doubt alarms.

Where with Oenone thou hast worn the day,
Near fount or stream, in meditation, rove;
If in the grove Oenone lov'd to stray,
The faithful Muse shall meet thee in the grove.

ELEGY II.

ON POSTHUMOUS REPUTATION.

TO A FRIEND

O Grief of griefs! that envy's frantic ire
Should rob the living virtue of its praise;
O foolish Muses! that with zeal inspire
To deck the cold insensate shrine with bays!

When the free spirit quits her humble frame,
To tread the skies with radiant garlands crown'd,
Say, will she hear the distant voice of Fame?
Or, hearing, fancy sweetness in the sound?

Perhaps e'en Genius pours a slighted lay,
Perhaps e'en Friendship sheds a fruitless tear;
E'en Lyttelton but vainly trims the bay,
And fondly graces Hammond's mournful bier.

Though weeping virgins haunt his favour'd urn,
Renew their chaplets, and repeat their sighs;
Though near his tomb Sabæan odours burn,
The loitering fragrance will it reach the skies?

No, should his Delia votive wreaths prepare,
Delia might place the votive wreaths in vain:
Yet the dear hope of Delia's future care
Once crown'd his pleasures, and dispell'd his pain.

Yes—the fair prospect of surviving praise
Can every sense of present joys excel:
For this, great Hadrian chose laborious days;
Through this, expiring, bade a gay farewell.

Shall then our youths, who fame's bright fabric raise,
To life's precarious date confine their care?
O teach them you, to spread the sacred base,
To plan a work, through latest ages fair!

Is it small transport, as with curious eye
You trace the story of each Attic sage,
To think your blooming praise shall time defy?
Shall waft like odours through the pleasing page?

To mark the day, when through the bulky tome,
Around your name the varying style refines?
And readers call their lost attention home,
Led by that index where true genius shines?

Ah! let not Britons doubt their social aim,
Whose ardent bosom catch this ancient fire!
Cold interest melts before the vivid flame,
And patriot ardours, but with life, expire!

ELEGY III.

ON THE UNTIMELY DEATH OF A CERTAIN LEARNED ACQUAINTANCE.

If proud Pygmalion quit his cumbrous frame,
Funereal pomp the scanty tear supplies;
Whilst heralds loud with venal voice proclaim,
Lo! here the brave and the puissant lies.

When humbler Alcon leaves his drooping friends,
Pageant nor plume distinguish Alcon's bier;
The faithful Muse with votive song attends,
And blots the mournful numbers with a tear.

He little knew the sly penurious art;
That odious art which Fortune's favourites know;
Form'd to bestow, he felt the warmest heart,
But envious Fate forbade him to bestow.

He little knew to ward the secret wound;
He little knew that mortals could ensnare;
Virtue he knew; the noblest joy he found,
To sing her glories, and to paint her fair!

Ill was he skill'd to guide his wandering sheep;
And unforeseen disaster thinn'd his fold!
Yet at another's loss the swain would weep;
And, for his friend, his very crook were sold.

Ye sons of wealth! protect the Muse's train;
From winds protect them, and with food supply;
Ah! helpless they, to ward the threaten'd pain!
The meagre famine, and the wintery sky!

He lov'd a nymph:—amidst his slender store,
He dar'd to love; and Cynthia was his theme:
He breath'd his plaints along the rocky shore,
They only echo'd o'er the winding stream.

His nymph was fair! the sweetest bud that blows
Revives less lovely from the recent shower;
So Philomel, enamour'd, eyes the rose;
Sweet bird! enamour'd of the sweetest flower!

He lov'd the Muse; she taught him to complain;
He saw his timorous loves on her depend;
He lov'd the Muse; although she taught in vain;
He lov'd the Muse, for she was Virtue's friend.

She guides the foot that treads on Parian floors;
She wins the ear when formal pleas are vain;
She tempts patricians from the fatal doors
Of Vice's brothel, forth to Virtue's fane.

He wish'd for wealth, for much he wish'd to give;
He griev'd that Virtue might not wealth obtain;
Piteous of woes, and hopeless to relieve,
The pensive prospect sadden'd all his strain.

I saw him faint! I saw him sink to rest!
Like one ordain'd to swell the vulgar throng;
As though the virtues had not warm'd his breast,
As though the Muses not inspir'd his tongue.

I saw his bier ignobly cross the plain;
Saw peasant hands the pious rite supply:
The generous rustics mourn'd the friendly swain,
But power and wealth's unvarying cheek was dry!

Such Alcon fell; in meagre want forlorn!
Where were ye then, ye powerful patrons, where?
Would ye the purple should your limbs adorn,
Go wash the conscious blemish with a tear.

ELEGY IV.

OPHELIA'S URN.

TO MR. GRAVES.

Through the dim veil of evening's dusky shade,
Near some lone fane, or yew's funereal green,
What dreary forms has magic Fear survey'd!
What shrouded spectres Superstition seen!

But you secure shall pour your sad complaint,
Nor dread the meagre phantom's wan array;
What none but Fear's officious hand can paint,
What none but Superstition's eye survey.

The glimmering twilight and the doubtful dawn
Shall see your step to these sad scenes return:
Constant, as crystal dews impearl the lawn,
Shall Strephon's tear bedew Ophelia's urn!

Sure nought unhallow'd shall presume to stray
Where sleep the reliques of that virtuous maid:
Nor aught unlovely bend its devious way,
Where soft Ophelia's dear remains are laid.

Haply thy Muse, as with unceasing sighs
She keeps late vigils on her urn reclin'd,
May see light groups of pleasing visions rise;
And phantoms glide, but of celestial kind.

There Fame, her clarion pendent at her side,
Shall seek forgiveness of Ophelia's shade;
"Why has such worth, without distinction, died,
Why, like the desert's lily, bloom'd to fade?"

Then young Simplicity, averse to feign,
Shall unmolested breathe her softest sigh;
And Candour with unwonted warmth complain,
And Innocence indulge a wailful cry.

Then Elegance, with coy judicious hand,
Shall cull fresh flowrets for Ophelia's tomb;
And Beauty chide the Fates' severe command,
That show'd the frailty of so fair a bloom!

And Fancy then, with wild ungovern'd woe,
Shall her lov'd pupil's native taste explain;
For mournful sable all her hues forego,
And ask sweet solace of the Muse in vain!

Ah, gentle forms, expect no fond relief:
Too much the sacred Nine their loss deplore:
Well may ye grieve, nor find an end of grief—
Your best, your brightest favourite is no more.

ELEGY V.

He compares the turbulence of love with the tranquillity of friendship.

TO MELISSA, HIS FRIEND.

From Love, from angry Love's inclement reign,
I pass a while to Friendship's equal skies;
Thou, generous maid, reliev'st my partial pain,
And cheer'st the victim of another's eyes.

'T is thou, Melissa, thou deserv'st my care:
How can my will and reason disagree?
How can my passion live beneath Despair!
How can my bosom sigh for aught but thee?

Ah dear Melissa! pleas'd with thee to rove,
My soul has yet surviv'd its dreariest time;
Ill can I bear the various clime of Love;
Love is a pleasing, but a various clime!

So smiles immortal Maro's favourite shore,
Parthenope, with every verdure crown'd!
When straight Vesuvio's horrid cauldrons roar,
And the dry vapour blasts the regions round.

Oh blissful regions! oh unrivall'd plains!
When Maro to these fragrant haunts retir'd!
Oh fatal realms! and oh accurst domains!
When Pliny, 'mid sulphureous clouds, expir'd!

So smiles the surface of the treacherous main,
As o'er its waves the peaceful halcyons play;
When soon rude winds their wonted rule regain,
And sky and ocean mingle in the fray.

But let or air contend, or ocean rave;
E'en Hope subside amid the billows tost;
Hope, still emergent, still contemns the wave,
And not a feature's wonted smile is lost.

ELEGY VI.

TO A LADY,

ON THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS.

Come then, Dione, let us range the grove,
The science of the feather'd choirs explore:
Hear linnets argue, larks descant of love,
And blame the gloom of solitude no more.

My doubt subsides—'t is no Italian song,
Nor senseless ditty, cheers the vernal tree:
Ah! who, that hears Dione's tuneful tongue,
Shall doubt that music may with sense agree?

And come, my Muse! that lov'st the sylvan shade;
Evolve the mazes, and the mist dispel:
Translate the song; convince my doubting maid,
No solemn dervise can explain so well.—

Pensive beneath the twilight shades I sate,
The slave of hopeless vows, and cold disdain!
When Philomel address'd his mournful mate,
And thus I construed the mellifluent strain.

"Sing on, my bird—the liquid notes prolong,
At every note a lover sheds his tear;
Sing on, my bird—'t is Damon hears thy song;
Nor doubt to gain applause when lovers hear.

"He the sad source of our complaining knows;
A foe to Tereus, and to lawless love!
He mourns the story of our ancient woes;
Ah could our music his complaints remove!

"Yon' plains are govern'd by a peerless maid;
And see pale Cynthia mounts the vaulted sky,
A train of lovers court the checquer'd shade;
Sing on, my bird, and hear thy mate's reply.

"Erewhile no shepherd to these woods retir'd;
No lover blest the glow-worm's pallid ray;
But ill-starr'd birds, that listening not admir'd,
Or listening envy'd our superior lay.

"Cheer'd by the Sun, the vassals of his power,
Let such by day unite their jarring strains!
But let us choose the calm, the silent hour,
Nor want fit audience while Dione reigns."

ELEGY VII.

He describes his vision to an acquaintance.

Cætera per terras omnes animalia, &c. Virg.

On distant heaths, beneath autumnal skies,
Pensive I saw the circling shades descend;
Weary and faint I heard the storm arise,
While the Sun vanish'd like a faithless friend.

No kind companion led my steps aright;
No friendly planet lent its glimmering ray;
E'en the lone cot refus'd its wonted light,
Where Toil in peaceful slumber clos'd the day.

Then the dull bell had given a pleasing sound;
The village cur 't were transport then to hear;
In dreadful silence all was hush'd around,
While the rude storm alone distress'd mine ear.

As led by Orwell's winding banks I stray'd,
Where towering Wolsey breath'd his native air;
A sudden lustre chas'd the flitting shade,
The sounding winds were hush'd, and all was fair.

Instant a grateful form appear'd confest;
White were his locks with awful scarlet crown'd,
And livelier far than Tyrian seem'd his vest,
That with the glowing purple ting'd the ground.

"Stranger," he said, "amid this pealing rain,
Benighted, lonesome, whither wouldst thou stray?
Does wealth or power thy weary step constrain?
Reveal thy wish, and let me point the way.

"For know, I trod the trophy'd paths of power;
Felt every joy that fair ambition brings;
And left the lonely roof of yonder bower,
To stand beneath the canopies of kings.

"I bade low hinds the towering ardour share;
Nor meanly rose to bless myself alone:
I snatch'd the shepherd from his fleecy care,
And bade his wholesome dictates guard the throne.

"Low at my feet the suppliant peer I saw;
I saw proud empires my decision wait;
My will was duty, and my word was law,
My smile was transport, and my frown was fate."

"Ah me!" said I, "nor power I seek, nor gain;
Nor urg'd by hope of fame these toils endure;
A simple youth, that feels a lover's pain,
And, from his friend's condolence, hopes a cure.

" He, the dear youth, to whose abodes I roam,
Nor can mine honours, nor my fields extend;
Yet for his sake I leave my distant home,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend.

" Beneath that home I scorn the wintry wind;
The Spring, to shade me, robes her fairest tree;
And if a friend my grass-grown threshold find,
O how my lonely cot resounds with glee!

" Yet, though averse to gold in heaps amass'd,
I wish to bless. I languish to bestow;
And though no friend to Fame's obstreperous blast,
Still, to her dulcet murmurs not a foe.

" Too proud with servile tone to deign address;
Too mean to think that honours are my due,
Yet should some patron yield my stores to bless,
I sure should deem my boundless thanks were few.

" But tell me, thou! that, like a meteor's fire,
Shot'st blazing forth; disdaining dull degrees;
Should I to wealth, to fame, to power aspire,
Must I not pass more rugged paths than these?

" Must I not groan beneath a guilty load,
Praise him I scorn, and him I love betray?
Does not felonious Envy bar the road?
Or Falsehood's treacherous foot beset the way?

" Say, should I pass through Favour's crowded gate,
Must not fair Truth inglorious wait behind?
Whilst I approach the glittering scenes of state,
My best companion no admittance find?

" Nurs'd in the shades by Freedom's lenient care,
Shall I the rigid sway of Fortune own?
Taught by the voice of pious Truth, prepare
To spurn an altar, and adorn a throne?

" And when proud Fortune's ebbing tide recedes,
And when it leaves me no unshaken friend,
Shall I not weep that e'er I left the meads,
Which oaks embosom, and which hills defend?

" Oh! if these ills the price of power advance,
Check not my speed where social joys invite!"
The troubled vision cast a mournful glance,
And, sighing, vanish'd in the shades of night.

ELEGY VIII.

He describes his early love of poetry, and its consequences.

TO MR. GRAVES, 1745.

[Written after the death of Mr Pope.]

Ah me! what envious magic thins my fold?
What mutter'd spell retards their late increase?
Such lessening fleeces must the swain behold,
That e'er with Doric pipe essays to please.

I saw my friends in evening circles meet;
I took my vocal reed, and tun'd my lay;
I heard them say my vocal reed was sweet:
Ah, fool! to credit what I heard them say!

Ill-fated bard! that seeks his skill to show,
Then courts the judgment of a friendly ear!
Not the poor veteran, that permits his foe
To guide his doubtful step, has more to fear.

Nor could my Graves mistake the critic's laws,
Till pious friendship mark'd the pleasing way:
Welcome such errour! ever blest the cause!
E'en though it led me boundless leagues astray:

Couldst thou reprove me, when I nurs'd the flame
On listening Cherwell's osier banks reclin'd?
While, foe to Fortune, unseduc'd by Fame,
I sooth'd the bias of a careless mind.

Youth's gentle kindred, Health and Love were met!
What though in Alma's guardian arms I play'd?
How shall the Muse those vacant hours forget?
Or deem that bliss by solid cares repaid?

Thou know'st how transport thrills the tender breast,
Where Love and Fancy fix their opening reign;
How Nature shines, in livelier colours drest,
To bless their union, and to grace their train.

So first when Phœbus met the Cyprian queen,
And favour'd Rhodes beheld their passion crown'd,
Unusual flowers enrich'd the painted green;
And swift spontaneous roses blush'd around.

Now sadly lorn, from Twitnam's widow'd bower,
The drooping Muses take their casual way;
And where they stop, a flood of tears they pour;
And where they weep, no more the fields are gay.

Where is the dappled pink, the sprightly rose?
The cowslip's golden cup no more I see:
Dark and discolour'd every flower that blows,
To form the garland, Elegy! for thee!—

Enough of tears has wept the virtuous dead;
Ah might we now the pious rage control;
Hush'd be my grief ere every smile be fled,
Ere the deep swelling sigh subvert the soul!

If near some trophy spring a stripling bay,
Pleas'd we behold the graceful umbrage rise;
But soon too deep it works its baneful way,
And, low on earth, the prostrate ruin lies.

ELEGY IX.

He describes his disinterestedness to a friend.

I Ne'er must tinge my lip with Celtic wines;
The pomp of India must I ne'er display;
Nor boast the produce of Peruvian mines,
Nor with Italian sounds deceive the day.

Down yonder brook my crystal beverage flows;
My grateful sheep their annual fleeces bring;
Fair in my garden buds the damask rose,
And, from my grove, I hear the throstle sing.

My fellow swains! avert your dazzled eyes;
In vain allur'd by glittering spoils they rove,
The Fates ne'er meant them for the shepherd's prize,
Yet gave them ample recompense in love.

They gave you vigour from your parent's veins;
They gave you toils; but toils your sinews brace;
They gave you nymphs, that own their amorous pains
And shades, the refuge of the gentle race.

To carve your loves, to paint your mutual flames,
See! polish'd fair, the beech's friendly rind!
To sing soft carols to your lovely dames,
See vocal grots, and echoing vales assign'd!

Wouldst thou, my Strephon, Love's delighted slave!
Though sure the wreaths of chivalry to share,
Forego the ribbon thy Matilda gave,
And, giving, bade thee in remembrance wear?

Ill fare my peace, but every idle toy,
If to my mind my Delia's form it brings,
Has truer worth, imparts sincerer joy,
Than all that bears the radiant stamp of kings.

O my soul weeps, my breast with anguish bleeds,
When Love deplores the tyrant power of Gain!
Disdaining riches as the futile weeds,
I rise superior, and the rich disdain.

Oft from the stream, slow wandering down the glade,
Pensive I hear the nuptial peal rebound;
"Some miser weds," I cry, "the captive maid,
And some fond lover sickens at the sound."

Not Somerville, the Muse's friend of old,
Though now exalted to yon ambient sky,
So shunn'd a soul distain'd with earth and gold,
So lov'd the pure, the generous breast, as I.

Scorn'd be the wretch that quits his genial bowl,
His loves, his friendships, e'en his self, resigns;
Perverts the sacred instinct of his soul,
And to a ducate's dirty sphere confines.

But come, my friend, with taste, with science blest,
Ere age impair me, and ere gold allure;
Restore thy dear idea to my breast,
The rich deposit shall the shrine secure.

Let others toil to gain the sordid ore,
The charms of independence let us sing;
Blest with thy friendship, can I wish for more?
I 'll spurn the boasted wealth of Lydia's king.

ELEGY X.

TO FORTUNE;

SUGGESTING HIS MOTIVE FOR REPINING AT HER DISPENSATIONS.

Ask not the cause why this rebellious tongue
Loads with fresh curses thy detested sway!
Ask not, thus branded in my softest song,
Why stands the flatter'd name which all obey?

'T is not, that in my shed I lurk forlorn,
Nor see my roof on Parian columns rise;
That, on this breast, no mimic star is borne,
Rever'd, ah! more than those that light the skies.

'T is not that, on the turf supinely laid,
I sing or pipe but to the flocks that graze;
And, all inglorious, in the lonesome shade,
My finger stiffens, and my voice decays.

Not, that my fancy mourns thy stern command,
When many an embryo dome is lost in air;
While guardian Prudence checks my eager hand,
And, ere the turf is broken, cries, "Forbear!

"Forbear, vain youth! be cautious, weigh thy gold,
Nor let yon rising column more aspire;
Ah! better dwell in ruins, than behold
Thy fortunes mouldering and thy domes entire.

"Honorio built, but dar'd my laws defy;
He planted, scornful of my sage commands;
The peach's vernal bud regal'd his eye;
The fruitage ripen'd for more frugal hands."

See the small stream that pours its murmuring tide
O'er some rough rock that would its wealth dis-
Displays it aught but penury and pride? [play,
Ah! construe wisely what such murmurs say.

How would some flood, with ampler treasures blest,
Disdainful view the scantling drops distil!
How must Velino [1] shake his reedy crest!
How every cygnet mock the boastive rill!

[1] A river in Italy.

Fortune, I yield! and see, I give the sign;
At noon the poor mechanic wanders home;
Collects the square, the level, and the line,
And, with fetorted eye, forsakes the dome.

Yes, I can patient view the shadeless plains;
Can unrepining leave the rising wall:
Check the fond love of art that fir'd my veins,
And my warm hopes in full pursuit, recal.

Descend, ye storms! destroy my rising pile;
Loos'd be the whirlwind's unremitting sway;
Contented I, although the gazer smile,
To see it scarce survive a winter's day.

Let some dull dotard bask in thy gay shrine,
As in the Sun regales his wanton herd;
Guiltless of envy, why should I repine,
That his rude voice, his grating reed's prefer'd?

Let him exult, with boundless wealth supply'd,
Mine and the swain's reluctant homage share;
But ah! his tawdry shepherdess's pride,
Gods! must my Delia, must my Delia bear?

Must Delia's softness, elegance, and ease,
Submit to Marian's dress? to Marian's gold?
Must Marian's robe from distant India please?
The simple fleece my Delia's limbs enfold:

"Yet sure on Delia seems the russet fair;
Ye glittering daughters of disguise, adieu!"
So talk the wise, who judge of shape and air,
But will the rural thane decide so true?

Ah! what is native worth esteem'd of clowns?
'T is thy false glare, O Fortune! thine they see:
'T is for my Delia's sake I dread thy frowns,
And my last gasp shall curses breathe on thee.

ELEGY XI.

He complains how soon the pleasing novelty of life is over.

TO MR. JAGO.

Ah me, my friend! it will not, will not last!
This fairy-scene, that cheats our youthful eyes!
The charm dissolves; th' aerial music 's past;
The banquet ceases and the vision flies.

Where are the splendid forms, the rich perfumes,
Where the gay tapers, where the spacious dome?
Vanish'd the costly pearls, the crimson plumes,
And we, delightless, left to wander home!

Vain now are books, the sage's wisdom vain;
What has the world to bribe our steps astray,
Ere Reason learns by study'd laws to reign,
The weaken'd passions, self-subdued, obey.

Scarce has the Sun seven annual courses roll'd,
Scarce shown the whole that Fortune can supply;
Since, not the miser so caress'd his gold,
As I, for what it gave, was heard to sigh.

On the world's stage I wish'd some sprightly part;
To deck my native fleece with tawdry lace!
'T was life, 't was taste, and—oh my foolish heart!
Substantial joy was fix'd in power and place.

And you, ye works of art! allur'd mine eye,
The breathing picture, and the living stone [deny,
"Though gold, though splendour, Heaven and Fate
Yet might I call one Titian stroke my own!"

Smit with the charms of Fame, whose lovely spoil,
The wreath, the garland, fire the poet's pride,
I trimm'd my lamp, consum'd the midnight oil—
But soon the paths of Health and Fame divide!

Oft too I pray'd, 't was Nature form'd the prayer,
To grace my native scenes, my rural home;
To see my trees express their planter's care,
And gay, on Attic models, raise my dome.

But now 't is o'er, the dear delusion 's o'er!
A stagnant breezeless air becalms my soul:
A fond aspiring candidate no more,
I scorn the palm, before I reach the goal.

O youth! enchanting state! profusely blest!
Bliss e'en obtrusive courts the frolic mind;
Of health neglectful, yet by health carest;
Careless of favour yet secure to find.

Then glows the breast, as opening roses fair;
More free, more vivid, than the linnet's wing;
Honest as light, transparent e'en as air,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the Spring.

Not all the force of manhood's active might,
Not all the craft of subtle age assign'd,
Not science shall extort that dear delight,
Which gay delusion gave the tender mind.

Adieu soft raptures, transports void of care!
Parent of raptures, dear deceit, adieu!
And you, her daughters, pining with despair,
Why, why so soon her fleeting steps pursue!

Tedious again to curse the drizzling day!
Again to trace the wintery tracks of snow!
Or, sooth'd by vernal airs, again survey,
The self-same hawthorns bud, and cowslips blow!

O life! how soon of every bliss forlorn!
We start false joys, and urge the devious race:
A tender prey; that cheers our youthful morn,
Then sinks untimely, and defrauds the chase.

ELEGY XII.

HIS RECANTATION.

No more the Muse obtrudes her thin disguise!
No more with aukward fallacy complains,
How every fervour from my bosom flies,
And Reason in her lonesome palace reigns.

Ere the chill winter of our days arrive,
No more she paints the breast from passion free;
I feel, I feel one loitering wish survive—
Ah, need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

The star of Venus ushers in the day,
The first, the loveliest of the train that shine!
The star of Venus lends her brightest ray,
When other stars their friendly beams resign.

Still in my breast one soft desire remains,
Pure as that star, from guilt, from interest free,
Has gentle Delia tripp'd across the plains,
And need I, Florio, name that wish to thee?

While, cloy'd to find the scenes of life the same,
I tune with careless hand my languid lays;
Some secret impulse wakes my former flame,
And fires my strain with hope of brighter days.

I slept not long beneath yon rural bowers;
And lo! my crook with flowers adorn'd I see:
Has gentle Delia bound my crook with flowers,
And need I, Florio, name my hopes to thee?

ELEGY XIII.

TO A FRIEND,

ON SOME SLIGHT OCCASION ESTRANGED FROM HIM.

Health to my friend, and many a cheerful day
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide!
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And, till they crown our union, gently glide.

Ah me! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom!
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy!
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy.

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone;
Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand?
Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-lov'd friend disown?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime:
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim?
Lanch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of chance!
Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance!

But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend:
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm?
And guide them to the bosom of a friend!

Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, and wrong:
Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,
Ere Death divide us, and we part no more?

For oh! pale sickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern Fate his ebon wand display;
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
"Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,
To let suspicion intermix a fear!"

ELEGY XIV.

Declining an invitation to visit foreign countries, he takes occasion to intimate the advantages of his own.

TO LORD TEMPLE.

While others, lost to friendship, lost to love,
Waste their best minutes on a foreign strand,
Be mine, with British nymph or swain to rove,
And court the genius of my native land.

Deluded youth! that quits these verdant plains,
To catch the follies of an alien soil!
To win the vice his genuine soul disdains,
Return exultant, and import the spoil!

In vain he boasts of his detested prize;
No more it blooms, to British climes convey'd,
Cramp'd by the impulse of ungenial skies,
See its fresh vigour in a moment fade!

The exotic folly knows its native clime;
An aukward stranger, if we waft it o'er;
Why then these toils, this costly waste of time,
To spread soft poison on our happy shore?

I covet not the pride of foreign looms;
In search of foreign modes I scorn to rove;
Nor, for the worthless bird of brighter plumes,
Would change the meanest warbler of my grove.

No distant clime shall servile airs impart,
Or form these limbs with pliant ease to play;
Trembling I view the Gaul's illusive art,
That steals my lov'd rusticity away.

'T is long since Freedom fled th' Hesperian clime;
Her citron groves, her flower-embroider'd shore;
She saw the British oak aspire sublime,
And soft Campania's olive charms no more.

Let partial suns mature the western mine
To shed its lustre o'er th' Iberian maid;
Mien, beauty, shape, O native soil, are thine;
Thy peerless daughters ask no foreign aid.

Let Ceylon's envy'd plant [1] perfume the seas,
Till torn to season the Batavian bowl;
Ours is the breast whose genuine ardours please,
Nor need a drug to meliorate the soul.

Let the proud Soldan wound th' Arcadian groves,
Or with rude lips th' Aonian fount profane;
The Muse no more by flowery Ladon roves,
She seeks her Thomson on the British plain.

Tell not of realms by ruthless War dismay'd;
Ah! hapless realms that War's oppression feel!
In vain may Austria boast her Noric blade,
If Austria bleed beneath her boasted steel.

Beneath her palm Idume vents her moan;
Raptur'd she once beheld its friendly shade!
And hoary Memphis boasts her tombs alone,
The mournful types of mighty power decay'd!

No crescent here displays its baneful horns;
No turban'd host the voice of Truth reproves;
Learning's free source the sage's breast adorns,
And poets, not inglorious, chant their loves.

Boast, favour'd Media, boast thy flowery stores;
Thy thousand hues by chymic suns refin'd;
'T is not the dress or mien thy soul adores,
'T is the rich beauties of Britannia's mind.

While Grenville's breast [2] could Virtue's stores afford,
What envy'd flota bore so fair a freight?
The mine compar'd in vain its latent hoard,
The gem its lustre, and the gold its weight.

Thee, Grenville, thee with calmest courage fraught,
Thee the lov'd image of thy native shore!
Thee by the Virtues arm'd, the Graces taught,
When shall we cease to boast, or to deplore?

Presumptuous war, which could thy life destroy,
What shall it now in recompense decree?
While friends that merit every earthly joy,
Feel every anguish; feel the loss of thee!

Bid me no more a servile realm compare,
No more the Muse of partial praise arraign;
Britannia sees no foreign breast so fair,
And, if she glory, glories not in vain.

[1] The cinnamon.

[2] Written a few years after the time of captain Grenville's death, which happened in 1747. The earldom of Temple was not created till 1749.

ELEGY XV.

IN MEMORY OF A PRIVATE FAMILY IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

From a lone tower with reverend ivy crown'd,
The pealing bell awak'd a tender sigh;
Still as the village caught the waving sound,
A swelling tear distream'd from every eye.

So droop'd, I ween, each Briton's breast of old,
When the dull curfew spoke their freedom fled;
For, sighing as the mournful accent roll'd,
Our hope, they cry'd, our kind support is dead!

'T was good Palemon—near a shaded pool,
A group of ancient elms umbrageous rose;
The flocking rooks, by instinct's native rule,
This peaceful scene, for their asylum, chose.

A few small spires to Gothic fancy fair,
Amid the shades emerging, struck the view;
'T was here his youth respir'd its earliest air;
'T was here his age breath'd out its last adieu.

One favour'd son engag'd his tenderest care;
One pious youth his whole affection crown'd:
In his young breast the Virtues sprung so fair,
Such charms display'd, such sweets diffus'd around.

But whilst gay transport in his face appears,
A noxious vapour clogs the poison'd sky;
Blasts the fair crop—the sire is drown'd in tears,
And, scarce surviving, sees his Cynthio die!

O'er the pale corse we saw him gently bend;
Heart-chill'd with grief—"My thread," he cry'd,
"is spun;
If Heaven had meant I should my life extend,
Heaven had preserv'd my life's support, my son.

"Snatch'd in thy prime! alas, the stroke were mild,
Had my frail form obey'd the Fate's decree!
Blest were my lot, O Cynthio! O my child!
Had Heaven so pleas'd, and I had died for thee."

Five sleepless nights he stemm'd this tide of woes;
Five irksome suns he saw, through tears, forlorn!
On his pale corse the sixth sad morning rose;
From yonder dome the mournful bier was borne.

'T was on those downs, by Roman hosts annoy'd
Fought our bold fathers; rustic, unrefin'd!
Freedom's plain sons, in martial cares employ'd!
They ting'd their bodies, but unmask'd their mind.

'T was there, in happier times, this virtuous race,
Of milder merit, fix'd their calm retreat;
War's deadly crimson had forsook the place,
And Freedom fondly lov'd the chosen seat.

No wild ambition fir'd their tranquil breast,
To swell with empty sounds a spotless name;
If fostering skies, the Sun, the shower were blest,
Their bounty spread; their fields' extent the same.

Those fields, profuse of raiment, food, and fire,
They scorn'd to lessen, careless to extend;
Bade luxury to lavish courts aspire,
And avarice to city-breasts descend.

None, to a virgin's mind, preferr'd her dower;
To fire with vicious hopes a modest heir:
The sire, in place of titles, wealth, or power,
Assign'd him virtue; and his lot was fair.

[1] The Penns of Harborough.

They spoke of Fortune, as some doubtful dame,
That sway'd the natives of a distant sphere;
From Lucre's vagrant spus had learnt her fame,
But never wish'd to place h er banners here.

Here youth's free spirit, innocently gay,
Enjoy'd the most that innocence can give,
Those wholesome sweets that border virtue's way,
Those cooling fruits that we may taste and live.

Their board no strange ambiguous viand bore;
From their own streams their choicer fare they drew,
To lure the scaly glutton to the shore,
The sole deceit their artless bosom knew!

Sincere themselves, ah too secure to find
The common bosom, like our own, sincere!
'Tis its own guilt alarms the jealous mind;
'Tis her own poison bids the viper fear.

Sketch'd on the lattice of th' adjacent fane,
Their suppliant busts implore the reader's prayer:
Ah gentle souls! enjoy your blissful reign,
And let frail mortals claim your guardian care.

For sure, to blissful realms the souls are flown,
That never flatter'd, injur'd, censur'd, strove;
The friends of science! music, all their own;
Music, the voice of virtue and of love!

The journeying peasant, through the secret shade,
Heard their soft lyres engage his listening ear;
And haply deem'd some courteous angel play'd;
No angel play'd—but might with transport hear.

For these the sounds that chase unholy strife!
Solve envy's charm, ambition's wretch release!
Raise him to spurn the radiant ills of life:
To pity pomp, to be content with peace.

Farewel, pure spirits! vain the praise we give,
The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
Farewel! the virtues which deserve to live,
Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows.

Last of his race, Palemon, now no more
The modest merit of his line display'd;
Then pious Hugh Vigornia's mitre wore—
Soft sleep the dust of each deserving shade!

ELEGY XVI.

He suggests the advantages of birth to a person of merit, and the folly of a superciliousness that is built upon that sole foundation.

When Genius grac'd with lineal splendour glows,
When Title shines with ambient virtues crown'd,
Like some fair almond's flowery pomp it shows;
The pride, the perfume of the regions round.

Then learn, ye fair! to soften splendour's ray;
Endure the swain, the youth of low degree;
Let meekness join'd its temperate beam display;
'T is the mild verdure that endears the tree.

Pity the sandal'd swain, the shepherd's boy;
He sighs to brighten a neglected name;
Foe to the dull appulse of vulgar joy,
He mourns his lot; he wishes, merits fame.

In vain to groves and pathless vales we fly;
Ambition there the bowery haunt invades:
Fame's awful rays fatigue the courtier's eye,
But gleam still lovely thro' the checquer'd shades.

Vainly, to guard from Love's unequal chain,
Has Fortune rear'd us in the rural grove;
Should ****'s eyes illume the desert plain,
E'en I may wonder, and e'en I must love.

Nor unregarded sighs the lowly hind;
Though you contemn, the gods respect his vow;
Vindictive rage awaits the scornful mind,
And vengeance, too severe, the gods allow.

On Sarum's plain I met a wandering fair;
The look of sorrow, lovely still she bore:
Loose flow'd the soft redundance of her hair,
And, on her brow, a flowery wreath she wore.

Oft stooping as she stray'd, she cull'd the pride
Of every plain; she pillag'd every grove!
The fading chaplet daily she supply'd,
And still her hand some various garland wove.

Erroneous fancy shap'd her wild attire;
From Bethlem's walls the poor lymphatic stray'd;
Seem'd with her air her accent to conspire,
When, as wild fancy taught her, thus she said:

"Hear me, dear youth! oh hear a hapless maid,
Sprung from the scepter'd line of ancient kings!
Scorn'd by the world, I ask thy tender aid;
Thy gentle voice shall whisper kinder things.

"The world is frantic—fly the race profane—
Nor I, nor you, shall its compassion move;
Come, friendly let us wander, and complain,
And tell me, shepherd! hast thou seen my love?

"My love is young—but other loves are young;
And other loves are fair, and so is mine;
An air divine discloses whence he sprung;
He is my love, who boasts that air divine.

"No vulgar Damon robs me of my rest,
Ianthe listens to no vulgar vow;
A prince, from gods descended, fires her breast;
A brilliant crown distinguishes his brow.

"What, shall I stain the glories of my race? [beam?
More clear, more lovely bright than Hesper's
The porcelain pure with vulgar dirt debase?
Or mix with puddle the pellucid stream?

"See through these veins the sapphire current shine!
'T was Jove's own nectar gave th' etherial hue:
Can base plebeian forms contend with mine!
Display the lovely white, or match the blue?

"The painter strove to trace its azure ray;
He chang'd his colours, and in vain he strove;
He frown'd;—I, smiling, view'd the faint essay;
Poor youth! he little knew it flow'd from Jove.

"Pitying his toil, the wondrous truth I told;
How amorous Jove trepann'd a mortal fair;
How through the race the generous current roll'd,
And mocks the poet's art, and painter's care.

"Yes, from the gods, from earliest Saturn, sprung
Our sacred race; through demigods convey'd;
And he, ally'd to Phœbus, ever young,
My god-like boy, must wed their duteous maid.

"Oft when a mortal vow profanes my ears,
My sire's dread fury murmurs through the sky;
And should I yield—his instant rage appears,
He darts th' uplifted vengeance—and I die.

"Have you not heard unwonted thunders roll!
Have you not seen more horrid lightnings glare!
'T was then a vulgar love ensnar'd my soul:
'T was then—I hardly scap'd the fatal snare.

" 'T was then a peasant pour'd his amorous vow,
All as I listen'd to his vulgar strain;—
Yet such his beauty—would my birth allow,
Dear were the youth, and blissful were the plain.

" But oh! I faint! why wastes my vernal bloom,
In fruitless searches ever doom'd to rove?
My nightly dreams the toilsome path resume
And I shall die—before I find my love.

" When last I slept, methought my ravish'd eye
On distant heaths his radiant form survey'd;
Though night's thick clouds encompass'd all the sky,
The gems that bound his brow dispell'd the shade.

" O how this bosom kindled at the sight!
Led by their beams I urg'd the pleasing chase!
Till, on a sudden, these withheld their light—
All, all things envy the sublime embrace.

" But now no more—behind the distant grove
Wanders my destin'd youth, and chides my stay:
See, see, he grasps the steel—forbear, my love—
Ianthe comes; thy princess hastes away."

Scornful she spoke, and heedless of reply
The lovely maniac bounded o'er the plain;
The piteous victim of an angry sky!
Ah me! the victim of her proud disdain!

ELEGY XVII.

He indulges the suggestions of spleen:

AN ELEGY TO THE WINDS.

Æole, namque tibi divûm pater atque hominum rex
Et mulcere dedit mentes et tollere vento. VIRG.

Stern monarch of the winds, admit my prayer!
A while thy fury check, thy storm confine!
No trivial blast impells the passive air,
But brews a tempest in a breast like mine.

What bands of black ideas spread their wings!
The peaceful regions of content invade!
With deadly poison taint the crystal springs!
With noisome vapour blast the verdant shade!

I know their leader, Spleen; and dread the sway
Of rigid Eurus, his detested sire;
Through one my blossoms and my fruits decay;
Through one my pleasures and my hopes expire.

Like some pale stripling, when his icy way
Relenting yields beneath the noontide beam,
I stand aghast; and chill'd with fear survey
How far I 've tempted life's deceitful stream!

Where, by remorse impell'd, repuls'd by fears,
Shall wretched Fancy a retreat explore?
She flies the sad presage of coming years,
And, sorrowing, dwells on pleasures now no more!

Again with patrons and with friends she roves;
But friends and patrons never to return!
She sees the Nymphs, the Graces, and the Loves,
But sees them weeping o'er Lucinda's urn.

She visits, Isis! thy forsaken stream,
Oh ill forsaken for Bœotian air!
She deems no flood reflects so bright a beam,
No reed so verdant, and no flowers so fair.

She dreams beneath thy sacred shades were peace,
Thy bays might e'en the civil storm repel;
Reviews thy social bliss, thy learned ease,
And with no cheerful accent cries, *Farewel!*

Farewel, with whom to these retreats I stray'd!
By youthful sports, by youthful toils ally'd!
Joyous we sojourn'd in thy circling shade,
And wept to find the paths of life divide.

She paints the progress of my rival's vow;
Sees every Muse a partial ear incline;
Binds with luxuriant bays his favour'd brow,
Nor yields the refuse of his wreath to mine.

She bids the flattering mirror, form'd to please,
Now blast my hope, now vindicate despair;
Bids my fond verse the love-sick parley cease;
Accuse my rigid fate, acquit my fair.

Where circling rocks defend some pathless vale,
Superfluous mortal, let me ever rove!
Alas! there Echo will repeat the tale—
Where shall I find the silent scenes I love?

Fain would I mourn my luckless fate alone;
Forbid to please, yet fated to admire;
Away, my friends! my sorrows are my own!
Why should I breathe around my sick desire?

Bear me, ye winds, indulgent to my pains,
Near some sad ruin's ghastly shade to dwell!
There let me fondly eye the rude remains,
And from the mouldering refuse build my cell!

Genius of Rome! thy prostrate pomp display!
Trace every dismal proof of Fortune's power;
Let me the wreck of theatres survey,
Or pensive sit beneath some nodding tower.

Or where some duct, by rolling seasons worn,
Convey'd pure streams to Rome's imperial wall,
Near the wide breach in silence let me mourn;
Or tune my dirges to the water's fall.

Genius of Carthage! paint thy ruin'd pride;
Towers, arches, fanes, in wild confusion strown;
Let banish'd Marius, lowering by thy side,
Compare thy fickle fortunes with his own.

Ah no! thou monarch of the storms! forbear!
My trembling nerves abhor thy rude control;
And scarce a pleasing twilight soothes my care,
Ere one vast deathlike darkness shocks my soul.

Forbear thy rage—on no perennial base
Is built frail Fear, or Hope's deceitful pile;
My pains are fled—my joy resumes its place,
Should the sky brighten, or Melissa smile.

ELEGY XVIII.

He repeats the song of Collin, a discerning shepherd; lamenting the state of the woollen manufactory.

Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivales,
Quo minus est illis curæ mortalis egestas,
Avertes: victumque feres. VIRG.

Near Avon's bank, on Arden's flowery plain,
A tuneful shepherd [1] charm'd the listening wave;
And sunny Cotsol' fondly lov'd the strain;
Yet not a garland crowns the shepherd's grave!

Oh! lost Ophelia! smoothly flow'd the day,
To feel his music with my flames agree!
To taste the beauties of his melting lay,
To taste, and fancy it was dear to thee.

[1] *Mr. Somerville.*

When, for his tomb, with each revolving year,
I steal the musk-rose from the scented brake,
I strew my cowslips, and I pay my tear,
I 'll add the myrtle for Ophelia's sake.

Shivering beneath a leafless thorn he lay,
When Death's chill rigour seiz'd his flowing tongue;
The more I found his faultering notes decay,
The more prophetic truth sublim'd the song.

"Adieu, my flocks:" he said! "my wonted care,
By sunny mountain, or by verdant shore!
May some more happy hand your fold prepare,
And may you need your Colin's crook no more!

"And you, ye shepherds! lead my gentle sheep;
To breezy hills, or leafy shelters lead;
But if the sky with showers incessant weep,
Avoid the putrid moisture of the mead.

"Where the wild thyme perfumes the purpled heath,
Long loitering there your fleecy tribes extend—
But what avail the maxims I bequeath?
The fruitless gift of an officious friend!

"Ah! what avails the timorous lambs to guard,
Though nightly cares, with daily labours, join?
If foreign sloth obtain the rich reward,
If Gallia's craft the ponderous fleece purloin.

"Was it for this, by constant vigils worn,
I met the terrours of an early grave;
For this I led them from the pointed thorn?
For this I bath'd them in the lucid wave?

"Ah heedless Albion! too benignly prone
Thy blood to lavish, and thy wealth resign!
Shall every other virtue grace thy throne,
But quick-ey'd Prudence never yet be thine?

"From the fair natives of this peerless hill
Thou gav'st the sheep that browze Iberian plains:
Their plaintive cries the faithless region fill,
Their fleece adorns an haughty foe's domains.

"Ill-fated flocks! from cliff to cliff they stray;
Far from their dams, their native guardians far!
Where the soft shepherd, all the livelong day,
Chants his proud mistress to his hoarse guitar.

"But Albion's youth her native fleece despise;
Unmov'd they hear the pining shepherd's moan;
In silky folds each nervous limb disguise,
Allur'd by every treasure but their own.

"Oft have I hurry'd down the rocky steep,
Anxious to see the wintry tempest drive;
'Preserve,' said I, 'preserve your fleecy sheep!
Ere long will Phillis, will my love arrive.'

"Ere long she came: ah! woe is me, she came!
Rob'd in the Gallic loom's extraneous twine:
For gifts like these they give their spotless fame,
Resign their bloom, their innocence resign.

"Will no bright maid, by worth, by titles known,
Give the rich growth of British hills to Fame?
And let her charms, and her example, own
That Virtue's dress, and Beauty's, are the same?

"Will no fam'd chief support this generous maid?
Once more the patriot's arduous path resume?
And, comely from his native plains array'd,
Speak future glory to the British loom?

"What power unseen my ravish'd fancy fires?
I pierce the dreary shade of future days;
Sure 't is the genius of the land inspires,
To breathe my latest breath in ***'s praise.

"O might my breath for ***'s praise suffice,
How gently should my dying limbs repose!
O might his future glory bless mine eyes,
My ravish'd eyes! how calmly would they close!

"*** was born to spread the general joy;
By virtue rapt, by party uncontrol'd;
Britons for Britain shall the crook employ;
Britons for Britain's glory shear the fold."

ELEGY XIX.

WRITTEN IN SPRING 1743.

Again the labouring hind inverts the soil;
Again the merchant ploughs the tumid wave:
Another Spring renews the soldier's toil,
And finds me vacant in the rural cave.

As the soft lyre display'd my wonted loves,
The pensive pleasure and the tender pain,
The sordid Alpheus hurry'd through my groves;
Yet stopp'd to vent the dictates of disdain.

He glanc'd contemptuous o'er my ruin'd fold;
He blam'd the graces of my favourite bower;
My breast, unsully'd by the lust of gold;
My time, unlavish'd in pursuit of power.

Yes, Alpheus! fly the purer paths of Fate;
Abjure these scenes from venal passions free;
Know, in this grove, I vow'd perpetual hate,
War, endless war, with lucre and with thee.

Here, nobly zealous, in my youthful hours,
I drest an altar to Thalia's name:
Here, as I crown'd the verdant shrine with flowers,
Soft on my labours stole the smiling dame.

"Damon," she cry'd, "if pleas'd with honest praise,
Thou court success by virtue or by song,
Fly the false dictates of the venal race;
Fly the gross accents of the venal tongue.

"Swear that no lucre shall thy zeal betray;
Swerve not thy foot with Fortune's votaries more;
Brand thou their lives, and brand their lifeless day"—
The winning phantom urg'd me, and I swore.

Forth from the rustic altar swift I stray'd,
"Aid my firm purpose, ye celestial powers!
Aid me to quell the sordid breast," I said;
And threw my javelin tow'rds their hostile towers[1].

Think not regretful I survey'd the deed;
Or added years no more the zeal allow;
Still, still observant to the grove I speed,
The shrine embellish, and repeat the vow.

Sworn from his cradle Rome's relentless foe,
Such generous hate the Punic champion [2] bore;
Thy lake, O Thrasimene! beheld it glow,
And Canna's walls, and Trebia's crimson shore.

But let grave annals paint the warrior's fame;
Fair shine his arms in History enroll'd;
Whilst humbler lyres his civil worth proclaim,
His nobler hate of avarice and gold.—

Now Punic pride its final eve survey'd;
Its hosts exhausted, and its fleets on fire:
Patient the victor's lurid frown obey'd,
And saw th' unwilling elephants retire.

[1] A Roman ceremony in declaring war.
[2] Hannibal.

But when their gold depress'd the yielding scale,
Their gold in pyramidic plenty pil'd,
He saw, th' unutterable grief prevail;
He saw their tears, and in his fury smil'd.

"Think not," he cry'd, "ye view the smiles of ease,
Or this firm breast disclaims a patriot's pain;
I smile, but from a soul estrang'd to peace,
Frantic with grief, delirious with disdain!

"But were it cordial, this detested smile,
Seems it less timely than the grief ye show?
O sons of Carthage! grant me to revile
The sordid source of your indecent woe!

"Why weep ye now! ye saw with tearless eye
When your fleet perish'd on the Punic wave;
Where lurk'd the coward tear, the lazy sigh,
When Tyre's imperial state commenc'd a slave?

"'Tis past—O Carthage! vanquish'd! honour'd shade!
Go, the mean sorrows of thy sons deplore;
Had Freedom shar'd the vow to Fortune paid,
She ne'er, like Fortune, had forsook thy shore."

He ceas'd—abash'd the conscious audience hear;
Their pallid cheeks a crimson blush unfold;
Yet o'er that virtuous blush distreams a tear,
And, falling, moistens their abandon'd gold.

ELEGY XX.

He compares his humble fortune with the distress of others; and his subjection to Delia, with the miserable servitude of an African slave.

Why droops this heart, with fancy'd woes forlorn,
Why sinks my soul beneath each wintry sky?
What pensive crowds, by ceaseless labours worn,
What myriads wish to be as blest as I!

What though my roofs devoid of pomp arise,
Nor tempt the proud to quit his destin'd way?
Nor costly art my flowery dales disguise,
Where only simple Friendship deigns to stray?

See the wild sons of Lapland's chill domain,
That scoop their couch beneath the drifted snows!
How void of hope they ken the frozen plain,
Where the sharp East for ever, ever blows!

Slave though I be, to Delia's eyes a slave,
My Delia's eyes endear the bands I wear;
The sigh she causes well becomes the brave,
The pang she causes, 'tis e'en bliss to bear.

See the poor native quit the Libyan shores,
Ah! not in Love's delightful fetters bound!
No radiant smile his dying peace restores; [wound.
Nor Love, nor Fame, nor Friendship, heals his

Let vacant bards display their boasted woes,
Shall I the mockery of grief display?
No, let the Muse his piercing pangs disclose,
Who bleeds and weeps his sum of life away.

On the wild beach in mournful guise he stood,
Ere the shrill boatswain gave the hated sign;
He dropt a tear unseen into the flood;
He stole one secret moment, to repine.

Yet the Muse listen'd to the plaints he made;
Such moving plaints as Nature could inspire;
To me the Muse his tender plea convey'd,
But smooth'd, and suited to the sounding lyre.

"Why am I ravish'd from my native strand?
What savage race protects this impious gain?
Shall foreign plagues infest this teeming land, [main?
And more than Sea-born monsters plough the

"Here the dire locust's horrid swarms prevail;
Here the blue asps with livid poison swell;
Here the dry dipsa with his sinuous mail;—
Can we not here secure from Envy dwell?

"When the grim lion urg'd his cruel chace,
When the stern panther sought his midnight prey,
What fate reserv'd me for this Christian race?
O race more polish'd, more severe than they!

"Ye prowling wolves, pursue my latest cries!
Thou hungry tiger, leave thy reeking den!
Ye sandy wastes, in rapid eddies rise!
O tear me from the whips and scorns of men!

"Yet in their face superior beauty glows;
Are smiles the mien of Rapine and of Wrong?
Yet from their lip the voice of Mercy flows,
And e'en Religion dwells upon their tongue.

"Of blissful haunts they tell, and brighter climes,
Where gentle minds convey'd by Death repair,
But stain'd with blood, and crimson'd o'er with crimes,
Say, shall they merit what they paint so fair?

"No, careless, hopeless of those fertile plains,
Rich by our toils, and by our sorrows gay,
They ply our labours, and enhance our pains,
And feign these distant regions to repay.

"For them our tusky elephant expires;
For them we drain the mine's embowel'd gold;
Where rove the brutal nation's wild desires?—
Our limbs are purchas'd, and our life is sold!

"Yet shores there are, blest shores for us remain,
And favour'd isles with golden fruitage crown'd,
Where tufted flowrets paint the verdant plain,
Where every breeze shall med'cine every wound.

"There the stern tyrant that embitters life
Shall, vainly suppliant, spread his asking hand;
There shall we view the billow's raging strife,
Aid the kind breast, and waft his boat to land."

ELEGY XXI.

Taking a view of the country from his retirement, he is led to meditate on the character of the ancient Britons. Written at the time of a rumoured tax upon luxury, 1746.

Thus Damon sung—What tho' unknown to praise
Umbrageous coverts hide my Muse and me;
Or 'mid the rural shepherds, flow my days,
Amid the rural shepherds, I am free.

To view sleek vassals crowd a stately hall,
Say, should I grow myself a solemn slave!
To find thy tints, O Titian! grace my wall,
Forgo the flowery fields my fortune gave?

Lord of my time, my devious path I bend, [lawn;
Through fringy woodland, or smooth-shaven
Or pensile grove, or airy cliff ascend,
And hail the scene by Nature's pencil drawn.

Thanks be to Fate—though nor the racy vine,
Nor fattening olive clothe the fields I rove,
Sequester'd shades, and gurgling founts are mine,
And every sylvan grot the Muses love.

Here if my vista point the mouldering pile,
Where hood and cowl Devotion's aspect wore,
I trace the tottering reliques with a smile,
To think the mental bondage is no more!

Pleas'd if the glowing landscape wave with corn;
Or the tall oaks, my country's bulwark, rise;
Pleas'd, if mine eye, o'er thousand valleys borne,
Discern the Cambrian hills support the skies.

And see Plinlimmon! e'en the youthful sight
Scales the proud hill's ethereal cliffs with pain!
Such Caer-caradoc! thy stupendous height,
Whose ample shade obscures th' Iernian main.

Bleak, joyless regions! where, by science fir'd,
Some prying sage his lonely step may bend;
There, by the love of novel plants inspir'd,
Invidious view the clambering goats ascend.

Yet for those mountains, clad with lasting snow,
The freeborn Briton left his greenest mead,
Receding sullen from his mightier foe,
For here he saw fair Liberty recede.

Then if a chief perform'd a patriot's part,
Sustain'd her drooping sons, repell'd her foes,
Above all Persian luxe, or Attic art,
The rude majestic monument arose.

Progressive ages caroll'd forth his fame;
Sires to his praise attun'd their children's tongue;
The hoary Druid fed the generous flame,
While in such strains the reverend vizard sung.

"Go forth, my sons!—for what is vital breath,
Your gods expell'd, your liberty resign'd?
Go forth, my sons! for what is instant death
To souls secure perennial joys to find?

"For scenes there are, unknown to war or pain,
Where drops the balm that heals a tyrant's wound;
Where patriots, blest with boundless freedom, reign,
With mistletoe's mysterious garlands crown'd.

"Such are the names that grace your mystic songs;
Your solemn woods resound their martial fire;
To you, my sons, the ritual meed belongs,
If in the cause you vanquish or expire.

"Hark! from the sacred oak that crowns the groves,
What awful voice my raptur'd bosom warms;
This is the favour'd moment Heaven approves;
Sound the shrill trump; this instant, sound to arms."

Theirs was the science of a martial race,
To shape the lance, or decorate the shield;
E'en the fair virgin stain'd her native grace,
To give new horrours to the tented field.

Now, for some cheek where guilty blushes glow,
For some false Florimel's impure disguise,
The listed youth, nor War's loud signal know,
Nor Virtue's call, nor Fame's imperial prize.

Then if soft Concord lull'd their fears to sleep,
Inert and silent slept the manly car;
But rush'd horrific o'er the fearful steep,
If Freedom's awful clarion breath'd to war.

Now the sleek courtier, indolent, and vain,
Thron'd in the splendid carriage glides supine;
To taint his virtue with a foreign stain,
Or at a favourite's board his faith resign.

Leave then, O Luxury! this happy soil!
Chase her, Britannia, to some hostile shore!
Or fleece the baneful pest with annual spoil[1],
And let thy virtuous offspring weep no more!

ELEGY XXII.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR ——, WHEN THE RIGHTS OF SEPULTURE WERE SO FREQUENTLY VIOLATED.

Say, gentle Sleep, that lov'st the gloom of night,
Parent of dreams! thou great magician, say,
Whence my late vision thus endures the light;
Thus haunts my fancy through the glare of day.

The silent Moon had seal'd the vaulted skies,
And anxious Care resign'd my limbs to rest;
A sudden lustre struck my wondering eyes,
And Silvia stood before my couch confest.

Ah! not the nymph so blooming and so gay,
That led the dance beneath the festive shade!
But she that in the morning of her day,
Entomb'd beneath the grass-green sod was laid.

No more her eyes their wonted radiance cast;
No more her breast inspir'd the lover's flame,
No more her cheek the Pæstan rose surpast;
Yet seem'd her lips' ethereal smile the same.

Nor such her hair as deck'd her living face;
Nor such her voice as charm'd the listening crowd;
Nor such her dress as heighten'd every grace;
Alas! all vanish'd for the mournful shroud!

Yet seem'd her lips' ethereal charm the same;
That dear distinction every doubt remov'd;
Perish the lover, whose imperfect flame
Forgets one feature of the nymph he lov'd.

"Damon," she said, "mine hour allotted flies;
Oh! do not waste it with a fruitless tear!
Though griev'd to see thy Silvia's pale disguise,
Suspend thy sorrow, and attentive hear.

"So may thy Muse with virtuous fame be blest!
So be thy love with mutual love repaid!
So may thy bones in sacred silence rest,
Fast by the relics of some happier maid.

"Thou know'st, how lingering on a distant shore
Disease invidious nipt my flowery prime;
And oh! what pangs my tender bosom tore,
To think I ne'er must view my native clime!

"No friend was near to raise my drooping head;
No dear companion wept to see me die;
'Lodge me within my native soil,' I said;
'There my fond parents' honour'd relics lie.'

"Though now debarr'd of each domestic tear;
Unknown, forgot, I meet the fatal blow;
There many a friend shall grace my woful bier,'
And many a sigh shall rise, and tear shall flow.

"I spoke, nor Fate forbore his trembling spoil;
Some vernal mourner lent his careless aid;
And soon they bore me to my native soil,
Where my fond parents' dear remains were laid.

"'T was then the youths, from every plain and grove
Adorn'd with mournful verse thy Silvia's bier;
'T was then the nymphs their votive garlands wove,
And strew'd the fragrance of the youthful year.

[1] Alludes to a tax upon luxury.

"But why, alas! the tender scene display!
Could Damon's foot the pious path decline?
Ah no! 't was Damon first attun'd his lay,
And sure no sonnet was so dear as thine.

"Thus was I bosom'd in the peaceful grave;
My placid ghost no longer wept its doom;
When savage robbers every sanction brave,
And with outrageous guilt defraud the tomb!

"Shall my poor corse, from hostile realms convey'd,
Lose the cheap portion of my native sands?
Or, in my kindreds' dear embraces laid,
Mourn the vile ravage of barbarian hands?

"Say, would thy breast no death-like torture feel,
To see my limbs the felon's gripe obey?
To see them gash'd beneath the daring steel?
To crowds a spectre, and to dogs a prey?

"If Pæan's sons these horrid rites require,
If Health's fair science be by these refin'd,
Let guilty convicts, for their use, expire;
And let their breathless corse avail mankind.

"Yet hard it seems, when Guilt's last fine is paid,
To see the victim's corse deny'd repose!
Now, more severe! the poor offenceless maid
Dreads the dire outrage of inhuman foes.

"Where is the faith of ancient Pagans fled?
Where the fond care the wandering manes claim?
Nature, instinctive, cries, 'Protect the dead,
And sacred be their ashes, and their fame!"

"Arise, dear youth! e'en now the danger calls;
E'en now the villain snuffs his wonted prey;
See! see! I lead thee to yon sacred walls—
Oh! fly to chase these human wolves away."

ELEGY XXIII.

REFLECTIONS SUGGESTED BY HIS SITUATION.

Born near the scene for Kenelm's fate renown'd,
I take my plaintive reed and range the grove,
And raise my lay, and bid the rocks resound
The savage force of Empire, and of Love.

Fast by the centre of yon various wild,
Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane;
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguil'd;
There Nature urg'd her tenderest pleas in vain.

Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
Th' ambitious maid could every care employ;
Then with assiduous fondness cropt the flowers,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favour'd lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.

How kind were Fortune, ah! how just were Fate,
Would Fate or Fortune Mercia's heir remove!
How sweet to revel on the couch of state!
To crown at once her lover and her love!

See, garnish'd for the chase, the fraudful maid
To these lone hills direct his devious way;
The youth all prone the sister guide obey'd,
Ill-fated youth, himself the destin'd prey.

But now, nor shaggy hill, nor pathless plain,
Forms the lone refuge of the sylvan game;
Since Lyttelton has crown'd the sweet domain
With softer pleasures, and with fairer fame.

Where the rough bowman urg'd his headlong steed,
Immortal bards, O polish'd race, retire;
And where hoarse scream'd the strepent horn, succeed
The melting graces of no vulgar lyre.

See Thomson loitering near some limpid well,
For Britain's friend the verdant wreath prepare!
Or, studious of revolving seasons, tell,
How peerless Lucia made all seasons fair!

See ******* from civic garlands fly,
And in these groves indulge his tuneful vein!
Or from yon summit, with a guardian's eye,
Observe how Freedom's hand attires the plain!

Here Pope! ah never must that towering mind
To his lov'd haunts, or dearer friend, return?
What art! what friendships! oh! what fame resign'd;
—In yonder glade I trace his mournful urn.

Where is the breast can rage or hate retain,
And these glad streams and smiling lawns behold?
Where is the breast can hear the woodland strain,
And think fair Freedom well exchang'd for gold?

Through these soft shades delighted let me stray,
While o'er my head forgotten suns descend!
Through these dear valleys bend my casual way,
Till setting life a total shade extend!

Here, far from courts, and void of pompous cares,
I 'll muse how much I owe mine humbler fate:
Or shrink to find how much Ambition dares,
To shine in anguish, and to grieve in state!

Canst thou, O Sun! that spotless throne disclose,
Where her bold arm has left no sanguine stain?
Where, show me where, the lineal sceptre glows,
Pure, as the simple crook that rules the plain?

Tremendous pomp! where hate, distrust, and fear,
In kindred bosoms solve the social tie;
There not the parent smile is half sincere;
Nor void of art the consort's melting eye.

There with the friendly wish, the kindly flame,
No face is brighten'd, and no bosoms beat;
Youth, manhood, age, avow one sordid aim,
And e'en the beardless lip essays deceit.

There coward rumours walk their murderous round;
The glance, that more than rural blame instills;
Whispers, that ting'd with friendship doubly wound,
Pity that injures, and concern that kills.

Their anger whets, but love can ne'er engage;
Caressing brothers part but to revile;
There all men smile, and Prudence warns the wise,
To dread the fatal stroke of all that smile.

There all her rivals! sister, son, and sire,
With horrid purpose hug destructive arms;
There soft-ey'd maids in murderous plots conspire,
And scorn the gentler mischief of their charms.

Let servile minds one endless watch endure;
Day, night, nor hour, their anxious guard resign;
But, lay me, Fate! on flowery banks, secure,
Though my whole soul be, like my limbs, supine.

Yes, may my tongue disdain a vassal's care;
My lyre resound no prostituted lay:
More warm to merit, more elate to wear
The cap of Freedom, than the crown of bay.

Sooth'd by the murmurs of my pebbled flood,
I wish it not o'er golden sands to flow;
Cheer'd by the verdure of my spiral wood,
I scorn the quarry where no shrub can grow.

No midnight pangs the shepherd's peace pursue;
His tongue, his hand, attempts no secret wound;
He sings his Delia, and if she be true,
His love at once, and his ambition 's crown'd.

ELEGY XXIV.

He takes occasion, from the fate of Eleanor of Bretagne, to suggest the imperfect pleasures of a solitary life.

When Beauty mourns, by Fate's injurious doom,
Hid from the cheerful glance of human eye;
When Nature's pride inglorious waits the tomb,
Hard is that heart which checks the rising righ.

Fair Eleanora! would no gallant mind,
The cause of love, the cause of justice own?
Matchless thy charms, and was no life resign'd
To see them sparkle from their native throne?

Or had fair Freedom's hand unveil'd thy charms,
Well might such brows the regal gem resign;
Thy radiant mien might scorn the guilt of arms,
Yet Albion's awful empire yield to thine.

O shame of Britons! in one sullen tower
She wet with royal tears her daily cell;
She found keen Anguish every rose devour; [fell.
They sprung, they shone, they faded, and they

Through one dim lattice fring'd with ivy round,
Successive suns a languid radiance threw;
To paint how fierce her angry guardian frown'd,
To mark how fast her waning beauty flew.

This, age might bear; then sated Fancy palls,
Nor warmly hopes what splendour can supply;
Fond youth incessant mourns, if rigid walls
Restrain its listening ear, its curious eye.

Believe me, ****, the pretence is vain!
This boasted calm that smooths our early days;
For never yet could youthful mind restrain
Th' alternate pant for pleasure and for praise.

E'en me, by shady oak or limpid spring,
E'en me, the scenes of polish'd life allure;
Some genius whispers, "Life is on the wing,
And hard his lot that languishes obscure.

"What though thy riper mind admire no more—
The shining cincture, and the broider'd fold,
Can pierce like lightning through the figur'd ore,
And melt to dross the radiant forms of gold.

"Furs, ermines, rods, may well attract thy scorn;
The futile presents of capricious power!
But wit, but worth, the public sphere adorn,
And who but envies then the social hour?

"Can Virtue, careless of her pupil's meed,
Forget how *** sustains the shepherd's cause?
Content in shades to tune a lonely reed,
Nor join the sounding pæan of applause?

"For public haunts, impell'd by Britain's weal,
See Grenville quit the Muse's favourite ease;
And shall not swains admire his noble zeal?
Admiring praise, admiring strive to please?

"'Life,' says the sage, 'affords no bliss sincere;
And courts and cells in vain our hopes renew:'
But ah! where Grenville charms the listening ear,
'T is hard to think the cheerless maxim true.

"The groves may smile; the rivers gently glide;
Soft through the vale resound the lonesome lay:
E'en thickets yield delight, if Taste preside;
But can they please, when Lyttelton 's away?

"Pure as the swain's the breast of *** glows,
Ah! were the shepherd's praise, like his refin'd!
But, how improv'd the generous dictate flows
Through the clear medium of a polish'd mind!

"Happy the youths who, warm with Britain's love,
Her inmost wish in ***'s periods hear!
Happy that in the radiant circle move,
Attendant orbs, where Lonsdale gilds the sphere!

"While rural faith, and every polish'd art,
Each friendly charm, in *** conspire,
From public scenes all pensive must you part;
All joyless to the greenest fields retire!

"Go, plaintive youth! no more by fount or stream,
Like some lone halcyon, social pleasure shun;
Go dare the light, enjoy its cheerful beam,
And hail the bright procession of the Sun.

"Then cover'd by thy ripen'd shades, resume
The silent walk; no more by passion tost:
Then seek thy rustic haunts; the dreary gloom,
Where every art that colours life, is lost."—

In vain! the listening Muse attends in vain!
Restraints in hostile bands her motions wait—
Yet will I grieve, and sadden all my strain,
When injur'd Beauty mourns the Muse's fate.

ELEGY XXV.

TO DELIA, WITH SOME FLOWERS;

Complaining how much his benevolence suffers on account of his humble fortune.

Whate'er could Sculpture's curious art employ,
Whate'er the lavish hand of Wealth can shower,
These would I give—and every gift enjoy,
That pleas'd my fair—but Fate denies the power.

Blest were my lot to feed the social fires!
To learn the latent wishes of a friend!
To give the boon his native taste admires,
And, for my transport, on his smile depend!

Blest too is he whose evening ramble strays
Where droop the sons of Indigence and Care!
His little gifts their gladden'd eyes amaze,
And win, at small expense, their fondest prayer!

And oh the joy! to shun the conscious light,
To spare the modest blush; to give unseen!
Like showers that fall behind the veil of night,
Yet deeply tinge the smiling vales with green.

But happiest they, who drooping realms relieve!
Whose virtues in our cultur'd vales appear!
For whose sad fate a thousand shepherds grieve,
And fading fields allow the grief sincere.

To call lost Worth from its oppressive shade;
To fix its equal sphere, and see it shine;
To hear it grateful own the generous aid;
This, this is transport—but must ne'er be mine.

Faint is my bounded bliss; nor I refuse
To range where daisies open, rivers roll;

While prose or song the languid hours amuse,
And sooth the fond impatience of my soul.

A while I'll weave the roofs of jasmine bowers,
And urge with trivial cares the loitering year;
A while I'll prune my grove, protect my flowers,
Then, unlamented, press an early bier!

Of those lov'd flowers the lifeless corse may share;
Some hireling hand a fading wreath bestow:
The rest will breathe as sweet, will glow as fair,
As when their master smil'd to see them glow.

The sequent morn shall wake the sylvan quire;
The kid again shall wanton ere 't is noon;
Nature will smile, will wear her best attire;
O! let not gentle Delia smile so soon!

While the rude hearse conveys me slow away,
And careless eyes my vulgar fate proclaim,
Let thy kind tear my utmost worth o'erpay;
And, softly sighing, vindicate my fame.—

O Delia! cheer'd by thy superior praise,
I bless the silent path the Fates decree;
Pleas'd, from the list of my inglorious days,
To raise the moments crown'd with bliss and thee.

ELEGY XXVI.

Describing the sorrow of an ingenuous mind, on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

Why mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye,
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to shine?
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Blest in thy song, and blest in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

"Damon," said he, "thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore;
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

"For oh! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell;
Then had my bosom 'scap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

"But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admir'd;
In Fortune's train the syren Flattery smil'd,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspir'd.

"Of folly studious, e'en of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor drop'd the chase, till Jessy was my prey.

"Poor artless maid! to stain thy spotless name,
Expense, and art, and toil, united strove;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

"School'd in the science of love's mazy wiles,
I cloth'd each feature with affected scorn;
I spoke of jealous doubts, and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

"Then, while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove;
I bade my words their wonted softness wear,
And seiz'd the minute of returning love.

"To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Assur'd that virtue, by misfortune prest,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.

"Nine envious moons matur'd her growing shame;
Ere-while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When, scorn'd of virtue, stigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet despondingly Jessy lay.

"'Henry,' she said, 'by thy dear form subdu'd,
See the sad reliques of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this rising sob renew'd;
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the Sun.

"Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleasing scenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn!

"Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame;
For I have steep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with shame.

"The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

"If through the garden's flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they say,
For we are spotless, Jessy; we are pure.

"Ye flowers! that well reproach a nymph so frail;
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

"Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

"Thus for your sake I shun each human eye;
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

"Raise me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me silent seek some friendly shore:
There only, banish'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

"Be but my friend; I ask no dearer name;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chase my shame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to share.

"Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread;
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew;
Not such the parent's board at which I fed!
Not such the precept from his lips I drew!

"Haply, when Age has silver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native soil.'

"She spoke—nor was I born of savage race;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign;
Grateful she clasp'd me in a last embrace,
And vow'd to waste her life in prayers for mine.

"I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend;
I saw her breast with every passion heave;

I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard bosom, which could bear to leave!
" —Brief let me be; the fatal storm arose;
The billows rag'd, the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall mast the circling surges close;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain!
" And see my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to stop Reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier!"

ODES, SONGS, BALLADS, &c.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

AN ODE TO THE LATE DUTCHESS OF SOMERSET.

Written 1750.

While orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray;
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn,
Will aught the Muse inspire!
Oh! peace to yonder clamorous horn
That drowns the sacred lyre!

Ye rural thanes that o'er the mossy down
Some panting, timorous hare pursue;
Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown?
Say, does she smooth her lawns for you?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And urg'd by rude constraint resound the jovial cry?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sport survey;
He finds his faithful fences torn;
He finds his labour'd crops a prey;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed;
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.

Nor yet, ye swains, conclude
That Nature smiles for you alone;
Your bounded souls, and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown:
Yours be the produce of the soil:
O may it still reward your toil!
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain!

But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gem profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true:
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleas'd ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleas'd the Spring her flowery robe resume;
Unmov'd the mountain's airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse:
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk, before you cry, 't is fair.

Nor yet ye learn'd, nor yet ye courtly train,
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day.
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain:
'T is Nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight;
She, where she pleases kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refin'd;
Lo! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble harebell paints the plain
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is ting'd in vain:
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides;
E'en thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name!
What scruples lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth!
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for prose,
The towering Muse endures not to disclose;
Alas! her unrevers'd decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the solemn day enroll'd,
When to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the sea:
Each laughing Muse derides the vow;
E'en Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dower.
His breast to admiration prone
Enjoys the smile upon her face,
Enjoys triumphant every grace,
And finds her more his own.

Fatigu'd with Form's oppressive laws,
When Somerset avoids the great;
When, cloy'd with merited applause,
She seeks the rural calm retreat;
Does she not praise each mossy cell,
And feel the truth my numbers tell?
When deafen'd by the loud acclaim,
Which genius grac'd with rank obtains,
Could she not more delighted hear
Yon throstle chant the rising year?
Could she not spurn the wreaths of Fame,
To crop the primrose of the plains?
Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
Lost to the sons of Power, unknown to half mankind?

Ah, can she covet there to see
The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
That oil the tongue, and bow the knee,
That slight her merit, but adore her place?
Far happier, if aright I deem,
When from gay throngs, and gilded spires,
To where the lonely halcyons play,
Her philosophic step retires:

While, studious of the moral theme,
She, to some smooth sequester'd stream
Likens the swain's inglorious day;
Pleas'd from the flowery margin to survey,
How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides away.

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly pensive mind!
On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muse prophetic smil'd,
Not that the poet's bonsted fire
Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell;
Or, on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove,
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart;
Yet these the spirits, form'd to judge and prove
All Nature's charms immense, and Heaven's unbounded love.

And oh! the transport, most ally'd to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around:
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flowers, woods, and spires, and brighten all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour!
O beauties never known to cloy! [bower,
While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd
And every gentle breast partakes the joy!
While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain;
See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone, [her own.
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft, unsocial toils, of Indolence and Shame?
Search but the garden, or the wood,
Let your admir'd carnation own,
Not all was meant for raiment, or for food,
Not all for needful use alone;
There while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'T is colour'd for the sight, perfum'd to please the smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing?
For sustenance alone? For use?
For preservation? Every sphere
Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear.
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To soothe the certain ills of life;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate Repose.

From plains and woodlands; from the view
Of rural Nature's blooming face,
Smit by the glare of rank and place,
To courts the sons of Fancy flew;
There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat;
There had she lavish'd all her care
To form a scene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat
To share her proud control;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow;
And, emulous of Nature's power,
Mimick'd the plume, the leaf, the flower;
Chang'd the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each rustic limb anew,
And warp'd the very soul.

A while her magic strikes the novel eye,
A while the fairy forms delight;
And now aloof we seem to fly
On purple pinions through a purer sky,
Where all is wondrous, all is bright:
Now landed on some spangled shore
A while each dazzled maniac roves
By sapphire lakes, through emerald groves.
Paternal acres please no more;
Adieu the simple, the sincere delight—
Th' habitual scene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil, [toil.
And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of
But soon the pageant fades away!
'T is Nature only bears perpetual sway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigu'd with splendour's irksome beams.
Fancy again demands the sight
Of native groves and wonted streams,
Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes, [guise.
Where Truth maintains her court and banishes Dis-

Then hither oft, ye senators, retire,
With Nature here high converse hold;
For who like Stamford her delights admire,
Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
Th' unequal bribes of pageantry and gold;
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade,
Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid,
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour and moral Beauty shine [divine.
With more attractive charms, with radiance more

Yes, here alone did highest Heaven ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever Fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain!

Her impulse nothing may restrain—
Or whence the joy 'mid columns, towers,
'Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flowers
Or shrubs fuliginously grim:
From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far distant grove,
Where, smit with undissembled pain,
The wood-lark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair.

But how must faithless Art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,

To Virtue, Truth, or Science dear,
Forgo a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah no, from these the public sphere requires
Examples for its giddy bands:
From these impartial Heaven demands
To spread the flame itself inspires;
To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.

Happy, thrice happy they
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne,
With mild effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grot, or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy,
They only that deserve, enjoy.

What though nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
Nor Naiad near their fountain rove,
Yet all embody'd to the mental sight,
A train of smiling virtues bright
Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's brow.

And though by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art have with Nature wag'd presumptuous war;
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their counsels jar.
'Tis her's to mediate the peace;
Near Percy-lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havoc and contention cease.
I see the rival powers combine,
And aid each other's fair design;
Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build;
Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove!
O warble forth your noblest lay;
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets, freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn!
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn,
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane!
Unless her candour not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.

ODE TO MEMORY. 1748.

O Memory! celestial maid!
Who gleanst the flowerets cropt by Time;
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,
Preserv'st the blossoms of our prime;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight,
With which my favour'd crook she bound;
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd;
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muse's bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide;
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side;
If so thou may'st those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—
But sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams:
Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume they beauties not their own?

And paint that sweetly vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breath'd in verse one cordial vow:
That nothing should my soul inspire,
But friendship warm, and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends;
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends;
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at Ambition's shrine I made;
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments ill repaid:
Oh! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode;
When, pleas'd in many a sportive ring
Around the room I jovial rode:
E'en let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
Why did not these enjoyments last;
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste!
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But ah! for pleasure yield us pain.

THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH;

A BALLAD ALLUDING TO A STORY RECORDED OF HER, WHEN SHE WAS PRISONER AT WOODSTOCK, 1554.

Will you hear how once repining
Great Eliza captive lay?
Each ambitious thought resigning,
Foe to riches, pomp, and sway.

While the nymphs and swains delighted
Tript around in all their pride;
Envying joys by others slighted,
Thus the royal maiden cried.

"Bred on plains, or born in valleys,
Who would bid those scenes adieu?
Stranger to the arts of Malice,
Who would ever courts pursue?

"Malice never taught to treasure,
Censure never taught to bear:
Love is all the shepherd's pleasure;
Love is all the damsel's care.

"How can they of humble station
Vainly blame the powers above?

Or accuse the dispensation
Which allows them all to love?

"Love like air is widely given;
Power nor chance can these restrain;
Truest, noblest gifts of Heaven!
Only purest on the plain!

"Peers can no such charms discover,
All in stars and garters drest,
As on Sundays, does the lover
With his nosegay on his breast.

"Pinks and roses in profusion,
Said to fade when Chloe 's near;
Fops may use the same allusion;
But the shepherd is sincere.

"Hark to yonder milk-maid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail;
Cowslips all around her springing
Sweetly paint the golden vale.

"Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour a song so void of care.

"Would indulgent Heaven had granted
Me some rural damsel's part!
All the empire I had wanted
Then had been my shepherd's heart.

"Then, with him, o'er hills and mountains,
Free from fetters might I rove:
Fearless taste the crystal fountains;
Peaceful sleep beneath the grove.

"Rustics had been more forgiving;
Partial to my virgin bloom:
None had envy'd me when living;
None had triumph'd o'er my tomb."

ODE TO A YOUNG LADY,

SOMEWHAT TOO SOLICITOUS ABOUT HER MANNER OF EXPRESSION.

Survey, my fair! that lucid stream,
Adown the smiling valley stray;
Would Art attempt, or Fancy dream,
To regulate its winding way?

So pleas'd I view thy shining hair
In loose dishevell'd ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one single grace bestow.

Survey again that verdant hill,
With native plants enamell'd o'er;
Say, can the painter's utmost skill
Instruct one flower to please us more?

As vain it were, with artful dye
To change the bloom thy cheeks disclose;
And oh may Laura, ere she try,
With fresh vermilion paint the rose.

Hark how the wood-lark's tuneful throat
Can every study'd grace excel;
Let Art constrain the rambling note,
And will she, Laura, please so well?

Oh ever keep thy native ease,
By no pedantic law confin'd!
For Laura's voice is form'd to please,
So Laura's words be not unkind.

NANCY OF THE VALE.

A BALLAD.

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ!
Candidior cygnis! hederâ formosior albâ! Virg.

The western sky was purpled o'er
With every pleasing ray;
And flocks, reviving, felt no more
The sultry heats of day:

When from a hazle's artless bower
Soft warbled Strephon's tongue;
He blest the scene, he blest the hour,
While Nancy's praise he sung.

"Let fops with fickle falsehood range
The paths of wanton Love,
While weeping maids lament their change,
And sadden every grove;

"But endless blessings crown the day
I saw fair Eshain's dale!
And every blessing find its way
To Nancy of the Vale.

"'T was from Avona's banks the maid
Diffus'd her lovely beams;
And every shining glance display'd
The Naiad of the streams.

"Soft as the wild-duck's tender young,
That floats on Avon's tide;
Bright as the water-lily, sprung,
And glittering near its side.

"Fresh as the bordering flowers, her bloom;
Her eye, all mild to view;
The little halcyon's azure plume
Was never half so blue.

"Her shape was like the reed so sleek,
So taper, straight, and fair;
Her dimpled smile, her blushing cheek,
How charming sweet they were!

"Far in the winding vale retir'd,
This peerless bud I found;
And shadowing rock and woods conspir'd
To fence her beauties round.

"That Nature in so lone a dell
Should form a nymph so sweet;
Or Fortune to her secret cell
Conduct my wandering feet!

"Gay lordlings sought her for their bride,
But she would ne'er incline:
'Prove to your equals true,' she cried,
'As I will prove to mine.

"'"'T is Strephon, on the mountain's brow,
Has won my right good will;
To him I gave my plighted vow,
With him I'll climb the hill.'

"Struck with her charms and gentle truth,
I clasp'd the constant fair;
To her alone I gave my youth,
And vow my future care.

"And when this vow shall faithless prove,
Or I those charms forgo;
The stream that saw our tender love,
That stream shall cease to flow."

ODE TO INDOLENCE. 1750.

Ah! why, for ever on the wing,
Persists my wearied soul to roam?
Why, ever cheated, strives to bring
Or pleasure or contentment home?

Thus the poor bird, that draws his name
From Paradise's honour'd groves,
Careless, fatigues his little frame,
Nor finds the resting-place he loves.

Lo! on the rural mossy bed
My limbs with careless ease reclin'd;
Ah, gentle Sloth! indulgent spread
The same soft bandage o'er my mind.

For why should lingering thought invade,
Yet every wordly prospect cloy?
Lend me, soft Sloth, thy friendly aid,
And give me peace, debarr'd of joy.

Lov'st thou yon calm and silent flood,
That never ebbs, that never flows;
Protected by the circling wood
From each tempestuous wind that blows?

An altar on its bank shall rise,
Where oft thy votary shall be found;
What time pale Autumn lulls the skies,
And sickening verdure fades around.

Ye busy race, ye factious train,
That haunt Ambition's guilty shrine;
No more perplex the world in vain,
But offer here your vows with mine.

And thou, puissant queen! be kind:
If e'er I shar'd thy balmy power;
If e'er I sway'd my active mind
To weave for thee the rural bower.

Dissolve in sleep each anxious care;
Each unavailing sigh remove;
And only let me wake to share
The sweets of friendship and of love.

ODE TO HEALTH. 1730.

O health, capricious maid!
Why dost thou shun my peaceful bower,
Where I had hope to share thy power,
And bless thy lasting aid?

Since thou, alas! art flown,
It 'vails not whether Muse or Grace,
With tempting smile, frequent the place:
I sigh for thee alone.

Age not forbids thy stay;
Thou yet might'st act the friendly part;
Thou yet might'st raise this languid heart;
Why speed so swift away?

Thou scorn'st the city-air;
I breathe fresh gales o'er furrow'd ground,
Yet hast not thou my wishes crown'd,
O false! O partial fair!

I plunge into the wave:
And though with purest hand I raise
A rural altar to thy praise,
Thou wilt not deign to save.

Amid my well-known grove,
Where mineral fountains vainly bear
Thy boasted name, and titles fair,
Why scorns thy foot to rove?

Thou hear'st the sportsman's claim;
Enabling him, with idle noise,
To drown the Muse's melting voice,
And fright the timorous game.

Is thought thy foe? adieu,
Ye midnight lamps! ye curious tomes!
Mine eye o'er hills and valleys roams,
And deals no more with you.

Is it the clime you flee?
Yet, 'midst his unremitting snows,
The poor Laponian's bosom glows;
And shares bright rays from thee.

There was, there was a time,
When, though I scorn'd thy guardian care,
Nor made a vow, nor said a prayer,
I did not rue the crime.

Who then more blest than I?
When the glad school-boy's task was done,
And forth, with jocund sprite, I run
To freedom, and to joy?

How jovial then the day!
What since have all my labours found,
Thus climbing life, to gaze around,
That can thy loss repay?

Wert thou, alas! but kind,
Methinks no frown that Fortune wears,
Nor lessen'd hopes, nor growing cares,
Could sink my cheerful mind.

Whate'er my stars include;
What other breasts convert to pain,
My towering mind shall soon disdain,
Should scorn—Ingratitude!

Repair this mouldering cell,
And blest with objects found at home,
And envying none their fairer dome,
How pleas'd my soul should dwell:

Temperance should guard the doors;
From room to room should Memory stray,
And ranging all in neat array,
Enjoy her pleasing stores—

There let them rest unknown,
The types of many a pleasing scene:
But to preserve them bright or clean,
Is thine, fair queen! alone.

TO A LADY OF QUALITY[1],

FITTING UP HER LIBRARY. 1738.

Ah! what is science, what is art,
Or what the pleasure these impart!
Ye trophies, which the learn'd pursue
Through endless fruitless toils, adieu!

What can the tedious tomes bestow,
To soothe the miseries they show?
What, like the bliss for him decreed,
Who tends his flock, and tunes his reed!

Say, wretched Fancy! thus refin'd
From all that glads the simple hind,
How rare that object which supplies
A charm for too discerning eyes!

The polish'd bard, of genius vain,
Endures a deeper sense of pain:
As each invading blast devours
The richest fruits, the fairest flowers.

[1] Lady Luxborough.

Sages, with irksome waste of time,
The steep ascent of Knowledge climb;
Then from the towering heights they scale,
Behold Contentment range—the vale.

Yet why, Asteria, tell us why
We scorn the crowd, when you are nigh;
Why then does reason seem so fair,
Why learning, then, deserve our care?

Who can unpleas'd your shelves behold,
While you so fair a proof unfold
What force the brightest genius draws
From polish'd wisdom's written laws?

Where are our humbler tenets flown?
What strange perfection bids us own
That bliss with toilsome science dwells,
And happiest he, who most excels?

UPON A VISIT TO THE SAME.

IN WINTER. 1748.

On fair Asteria's blissful plains,
Where ever-blooming Fancy reigns,
How pleas'd we pass the winter's day;
And charm the dull-ey'd Spleen away!

No linnet, from the leafless bough,
Pours forth her note melodious now;
But all admire Asteria's tongue,
Nor wish the linnet's vernal song.

No flowers emit their transient rays:
Yet sure Asteria's wit displays
More various tints, more glowing lines,
And with perennial beauty shines.

Though rifled groves and fetter'd streams
But ill befriend a poet's dreams;
Asteria's presence wakes the lyre,
And well supplies poetic fire.

The fields have lost their lovely dye;
No cheerful azure decks the sky;
Yet still we bless the lowring day;
Asteria smiles—and all is gay.

Hence let the Muse no more presume
To blame the Winter's dreary gloom;
Accuse his loitering hours no more;
But ah! their envious haste deplore!

For soon, from wit and friendship's reign,
The social hearth, the sprightly vein,
I go—to meet the coming year,
On savage plains, and deserts drear!

I go—to feed on pleasures flown,
Nor find the Spring my loss atone!
But 'mid the flowery sweets of May
With pride recal the Winter's day.

AN IRREGULAR ODE AFTER SICKNESS.

1749.

— Melius, cum venerit ipsa, canemus. VIRG.

Too long a stranger to repose,
At length from pain's abhorred couch I rose,
And wander'd forth alone;
To court once more the balmy breeze,
And catch the verdure of the trees,
Ere yet their charms were flown.

'T was from a bank with pansies gay
I hail'd once more the cheerful day,
The Sun's forgotten beams:
O Sun! how pleasing were thy rays,
Reflected from the polish'd face
Of yon refulgent streams!

Rais'd by the scene, my feeble tongue
Essay'd again the sweets of song:
And thus, in feeble strains and slow,
The loitering numbers 'gan to flow.

"Come, gentle air! my languid limbs restore,
And bid me welcome from the Stygian shore:
For sure, I heard the tender sighs,
I seem'd to join the plaintive cries
Of hapless youths, who through the myrtle grove
Bewail for ever their unfinish'd love:
To that unjoyous clime,
Torn from the sight of these ethereal skies;
Debarr'd the lustre of their Delia's eyes,
And banish'd in their prime.

"Come, gentle air! and while the thickets bloom,
Convey the jasmine's breath divine;
Convey the woodbine's rich perfume,
Nor spare the sweet-leaf'd eglantine.
And may'st thou shun the rugged storm,
Till Health her wonted charms explain,
With rural Pleasure in her train,
To greet me in her fairest form.
While from this lofty mount I view
The sons of Earth, the vulgar crew,
Anxious for futile gains beneath me stray,
And seek with erring step Contentment's obvious way.

"Come, gentle air! and thou, celestial Muse,
Thy genial flame infuse;
Enough to lend a pensive bosom aid,
And gild Retirement's gloomy shade;
Enough to rear such rustic lays
As foes may slight, but partial friends will praise.

The gentle air allow'd my claim;
And, more to cheer my drooping frame,
She mix'd the balm of opening flowers;
Such as the bee, with chymic powers,
From Hybla's fragrant hills inhales,
Or scents Sebea's blooming vales.
But ah! the nymphs that heal the pensive mind,
By prescripts more refin'd,
Neglect their votary's anxious moan
Oh, how should they relieve?—the Muses all were flown.

By flowery plain, or woodland shades,
I fondly sought the charming maids;
By woodland shades, or flowery plain,
I sought them, faithless maids! in vain!
When lo! in happier hour,
I leave behind my native mead,
To range where zeal and friendship lead,
To visit Luxborough's honour'd bower.

Ah foolish man! to seek the tuneful maids
On other plains, or near less verdant shades;
Scarce have my footsteps press'd the favour'd ground,
When sounds ethereal strike my ear;
At once celestial forms appear;
My fugitives are found!
The Muses here attune their lyres,
Ah partial! with unwonted fires;
Here, hand in hand, with careless mien,
The sportive Graces trip the green.

But whilst I wander'd o'er a scene so fair,
Too well at one survey I trace,
How every Muse and every Grace
Had long employ'd their care.
Lurks not a stone enrich'd with lively stain,
Blooms not a flower amid the vernal store,
Falls not a plume on India's distant plain,
Glows not a shell on Adria's rocky shore,
But, torn methought from native lands or seas,
From their arrangement, gain fresh power to please.

And some had bent the wildering maze,
Bedeck'd with every shrub that blows;
And some entwin'd the willing sprays,
To shield th' illustrious dame's repose:
Others had grac'd the sprightly dome,
And taught the portrait where to glow;
Others arrang'd the curious tome;
Or, 'mid the decorated space,
Assign'd the laurel'd bust a place,
And given to learning all the pomp of show.
And now from every task withdrawn,
They met and frisk'd it o'er the lawn.

"Ah! woe is me," said I;
And ***'s hilly circuit heard my cry,
"Have I for this, with labour strove,
And lavish'd all my little store
To fence for you my shady grove,
And scollop every winding shore;
And fringe with every purple rose,
The sapphire stream that down my valley flows?

"Ah! lovely treacherous maids!
To quit unseen my votive shades,
When pale disease, and torturing pain,
Had torn me from the breezy plain,
And to a restless couch confin'd,
Who ne'er your wonted tasks declin'd.
She needs not your officious aid
To swell the song, or plan the shade;
By genuine fancy fir'd,
Her native genius guides her hand,
And while she marks the sage command,
More lovely scenes her skill shall raise,
Her lyre resound with nobler lays
Than ever you inspir'd."
Thus I may rage and grief display;
But vainly blame, and vainly mourn,
Nor will a Grace or Muse return
Till Luxborough lead the way.

TO A LADY,

WITH SOME COLOURED PATTERNS OF FLOWERS, OCTOBER 7, 1736.

MADAM!

THOUGH rude the draughts, though artless seem the lines
From one unskill'd in verse, or in designs;
Oft has good-nature been the fool's defence,
And honest meaning gilded want of sense.
Fear not, though flowers and beauty grace my lay,
To praise one fair, another shall decay.
No lily, bright with painted foliage, here,
Shall only languish when Selinda 's near:
A fate severe! no smiling rose shall know,
Nor with reflected lustre doubly glow.
Praises which languish when apply'd to you,
Where flattering schemes seem obviously true.

Yet sure your sex is near to flowers ally'd,
Alike in softness, and alike in pride:
Foes to retreat, and ever fond to shine,
Both rush to danger, and the shades decline;
Expos'd, the short-liv'd pageants of a day,
To painted flies or glittering fops a prey:
Chang'd with each wind, nor one short day the same,
Each clouded sky affects their tender frame.
In glaring Chloe's man-like taste and mien,
Are the gross splendours of the tulip seen:
Distant they strike, inelegantly gay,
To the near view no pleasing charms display.
To form the nymph, a vulgar wit must join,
As coarser soils will most the flower refine.
Ophelia's beauties let the jasmine paint,
Too faintly soft, too nicely elegant.
Around with seeming sanctity endued,
The passion-flower may best express the prude.
Like the gay rose, too rigid Silvia shines,
While, like its guardian thorn, her virtue joins—
Happy the nymph! from all their failures free,
Happy the nymph! in whom their charms agree.

Faint these productions, till you bid disclose,
The pink new splendors, and fresh tints the rose:
And yet condemn not trivial draughts like these,
Form'd to improve, and make e'en trifles please.
A power like yours minuter beauties warms,
And yet can blast the most aspiring charms:
Thus, at the rays whence other objects shine,
The taper sickens, and its flames decline.
When by your art the purple violet lives,
And the pale lily sprightlier charms receives:
Garters to me shall glow inferior far,
And with less pleasing lustre shine the star.

Let serious triflers, fond of wealth or fame,
On toils like these bestow too soft a name;
Each gentler art with wise indifference view,
And scorn one trifle, millions to pursue:
More artful, I their specious schemes deride:
Fond to please you, by you in these employ'd;
A nobler task, or more sublime desire,
Ambition ne'er could form, nor pride inspire:
The sweets of tranquil life and rural ease
Amuse securely, nor less justly please.
Where gentle Pleasure shows her milder power,
Or blooms in fruit, or sparkles in the flower;
Smiles in the groves, the raptur'd poet's theme;
Flows in the brook, his Naiad of the stream;
Dawns, with each happier stroke the pencil gives,
And, in each livelier image, smiling lives;
Is heard, when Silvia strikes the warbling strings,
Selinda speaks, or Philomela sings:
Breathes with the morn; attends, propitious maid,
The evening ramble, and the noon-day glade;
Some visionary fair she cheats our view,
Then only vigorous, when she 's seen like you.
Yet Nature some for sprightlier joys design'd,
For brighter scenes, with nicer care, refin'd.
When the gay jewel radiant streams supplies,
And vivid brilliants meet your brighter eyes;
When dress and pomp around the fancy play,
By fortune's dazzling beauties borne away:
When theatres for you the scenes forgo,
And the box bows, obsequiously low:
How dull the plan which indolence has drawn,
The mossy grotto, or the flow'ry lawn!
Though roseate scents in every wind exhale,
And sylvan warblers charm in every gale.

Of these be hers the choice, whom all approve;
And whom, but those who envy, all must love:

By Nature modell'd, by experience taught,
To know and pity every female fault:
Pleas'd e'en to hear her sex's virtues shown,
And blind to none's perfections but her own:
Whilst, humble fair! of these too few she knows,
Yet owns too many for the world's repose:
From Wit's wild petulance serenely free,
Yet blest in all that Nature can decree.
Not like a fire, which, whilst it burns, alarms;
A modest flame, that gently shines and warms:
Whose mind, in every light, can charms display,
With Wisdom serious, and with Humour gay:
Just as her eyes in each bright posture warm,
And fiercely strike, or languishingly charm:
Such are your honours—mention'd to your cost,
Those least can hear them, who deserve them most:
Yet ah! forgive—the less inventive Muse,
If e'er she sing, a copious theme must choose.

WRITTEN IN A FLOWER-BOOK OF MY OWN COLOURING, DESIGNED FOR LADY PLYMOUTH. 1753-4.

Debitæ nymphis opifex coronæ. HOR.

Bring, Flora, bring thy treasures here,
The pride of all the blooming year;
And let me, thence, a garland frame,
To crown this fair, this peerless dame!
But ah! since envious Winter lours,
And Hewell meads resign their flowers,
Let art and friendship joint essay
Diffuse their flowerets in her way.
Not Nature can herself prepare
A worthy wreath for Lesbia's hair,
Whose temper, like her forehead, smooth,
Whose thoughts and accents form'd to sooth,
Whose pleasing mien, and make refin'd,
Whose artless breast, and polish'd mind,
From all the nymphs of plain or grove,
Deserv'd and won my Plymouth's love.

ANACREONTIC. 1738.

'T was in a cool Aonian glade,
The wanton Cupid, spent with toil,
Had sought refreshment from the shade,
And stretch'd him on the mossy soil.

A vagrant Muse drew nigh, and found
The subtle traitor fast asleep;
"And is it thine to snore profound,"
She said, "yet leave the world to weep?

"But hush—from this auspicious hour,
The world, I ween, may rest in peace;
And, robb'd of darts, and stripp'd of power,
Thy peevish petulance decrease.

"Sleep on, poor child! whilst I withdraw,
And this thy vile artillery hide—"
When the Castalian fount she saw,
And plung'd his arrows in the tide.

That magic fount—ill-judging maid!
Shall cause you soon to curse the day
You dar'd the shafts of Love invade,
And gave his arms redoubled sway.

For in a stream so wondrous clear,
When angry Cupid searches round,
Will not the radiant points appear?
Will not the furtive spoils be found?

Too soon they were; and every dart,
Dipt in the Muse's mystic spring,
Acquir'd new force to wound the heart,
And taught at once to love and sing.

Then farewell, ye Pierian quire,
For who will now your altars throng?
From Jove we learn to swell the lyre,
And Echo asks no sweeter song.

ODE.

WRITTEN 1739.

Urit spes animi credula mutui. HOR.

'T was not by Beauty's aid alone,
That Love usurp'd his airy throne,
His boasted power display'd;
'T is Kindness that secures his aim,
'T is Hope that feeds the kindling flame,
Which Beauty first convey'd.

In Clara's eyes, the lightnings view;
Her lips with all the rose's hue
Have all its sweets combin'd;
Yet vain the blush, and faint the fire,
Till lips at once, and eyes conspire
To prove the charmer kind—

Though Wit might gild the tempting snare,
With softest accent, sweetest air,
By Envy's self admir'd;
If Lesbia's wit betray'd her scorn,
In vain might every Grace adorn
What every Muse inspir'd.

Thus airy Strephon tun'd his lyre—
He scorn'd the pangs of wild desire,
Which love-sick swains endure:
Resolv'd to brave the keenest dart,
Since frowns could never wound his heart,
And smiles—must ever cure.

But ah! how false these maxims prove,
How frail security from Love,
Experience hourly shows!
Love can imagin'd smiles supply,
On every charming lip and eye
Eternal sweets bestows.

In vain we trust the fair-one's eyes,
In vain the sage explores the skies,
To learn from stars his fate:
Till, led by Fancy wide astray,
He finds no planet mark his way;
Convinc'd and wise—too late.

As partial to their words we prove;
Then boldly join the lists of love,
With towering hopes supplied:
See heroes, taught by doubtful shrines,
Mistook their deity's designs;
Then took the field—and died.

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit—— VIRG.

A Tear bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die;
From crystal spring, and flowery mead,
Must, in his prime of life, recede!

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleas'd on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell;
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood;
Then skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed;
And how with critic face profound,
And steadfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.—

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies?
While violence and craft succeed;
Unfair design, and ruthless deed!

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more;
Ah soon, eras'd from every grove
Were Delia's name, and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gaz'd on thee;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twin'd.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care;
And, when they left his ebbing vein,
What, but insipid age, remain?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That gave his life so short a date;
And I will join thy tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies!

SONGS,

Written chiefly between the years 1737 *and* 1742.

SONG I.

I Told my nymph, I told her true,
My fields were small, my flocks were few;
While faltering accents spoke my fear,
That Flavia might not prove sincere.

Of crops destroy'd by vernal cold,
And vagrant sheep that left my fold:
Of these she heard, yet bore to hear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,
The friends I lov'd became unkind,
She heard, and shed a generous tear;
And is not Flavia then sincere?

How, if she deign my love to bless,
My Flavia must not hope for dress;
This too she heard, and smil'd to hear;
And Flavia sure must be sincere.

Go shear your flocks, ye jovial swains,
Go reap the plenty of your plains;
Despoil'd of all which you revere,
I know my Flavia's love sincere.

SONG II.

THE LANDSCAPE.

How pleas'd within my native bowers
Erewhile I pass'd the day!
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flowers so gay?

How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd?

But now, when urg'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.

No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see:
That verdant hill, and silver stream,
Divide my love and me.

SONG III.

Ye gentle nymphs and generous dames,
That rule o'er every British mind;
Be sure ye sooth their amorous flames,
Be sure your laws are not unkind.

For hard it is to wear their bloom
In unremitting sighs away:
To mourn the night's oppressive gloom,
And faintly bless the rising day.

And cruel 't were a free-born swain,
A British youth, should vainly moan;
Who, scornful of a tyrant's chain,
Submits to yours, and yours alone.

Nor pointed spear, nor links of steel,
Could e'er those gallant minds subdue,
Who Beauty's wounds with pleasure feel,
And boast the fetters wrought by you.

SONG IV.

THE SKY-LARK.

Go, tuneful bird, that gladd'st the skies,
To Daphne's window speed thy way;
And there on quivering pinions rise,
And there thy vocal art display.

And if she deign thy notes to hear,
And if she praise thy matin song,
Tell her, the sounds that sooth her ear,
To Damon's native plains belong.

Tell her, in livelier plumes array'd,
The bird from Indian groves may shine;
But ask the lovely partial maid,
What are his notes compar'd to thine?

Then bid her treat yon witless beau
And all his flaunting race with scorn;
And lend an ear to Damon's woe,
Who sings her praise, and sings forlorn.

SONG V.

Ah! ego non aliter tristes evincere morbos
Optarem, quam te sic quoque velle putem.

On every tree, in every plain,
I trace the jovial Spring in vain;
A sickly languor veils mine eyes,
And fast my waning vigour flies.

Nor flowery plain, nor budding tree,
That smile on others, smile on me;
Mine eyes from Death shall court repose,
Nor shed a tear before they close.

What bliss to me can seasons bring?
Or what the needless pride of Spring?
The cypress bough, that suits the bier,
Retains its verdure all the year.

'T is true, my vine so fresh and fair
Might claim a while my wonted care;
My rural store some pleasure yield;
So white a flock, so green a field!

My friends, that each in kindness vie,
Might well expect one parting sigh;
Might well demand one tender tear;
For when was Damon unsincere?

But ere I ask once more to view
Yon setting Sun his race renew,
Inform me, swains; my friends, declare,
Will pitying Delia join the prayer?

SONG VI.

THE ATTRIBUTE OF VENUS.

Yes; Fulvia is like Venus fair;
Has all her bloom, and shape, and air:
But still, to perfect every grace,
She wants—the smile upon her face.

The crown majestic Juno wore,
And Cynthia's brow the crescent bore,
A helmet mark'd Minerva's mien,
But smiles distinguish'd Beauty's queen.

Her train was form'd of Smiles and Loves,
Her chariot drawn by gentlest doves;
And from her zone the nymph may find,
'T is Beauty's province to be kind.

Then smile, my fair; and all whose aim
Aspires to paint the Cyprian dame,
Or bid her breathe in living stone,
Shall take their forms from you alone.

SONG VII. 1744.

The lovely Delia smiles again;
That killing frown has left her brow:
Can she forgive my jealous pain,
And give me back my angry vow?

Love is an April's doubtful day:
A while we see the tempest lower;
Anon the radiant heaven survey,
And quite forget the flitting shower.

The flowers, that hung their languid head,
Are burnish'd by the transient rains;
The vines their wonted tendrils spread,
And double verdure gilds the plains.

The sprightly birds, that droop'd no less
Beneath the power of rain and wind,
In every rapture'd note express
The joy I feel—when thou art kind.

SONG VIII. 1742.

When Bright Roxana treads the green,
In all the pride of dress and mien;
Averse to freedom, love, and play,
The dazzling rival of the day:
None other beauty strikes mine eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disclaiming art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
Familiar, friendly, free, and gay;
The scene improves, where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor deem thy shepherd insincere;
Pity a wild illusive flame,
That varies objects still the same;
And let their very changes prove
The never-varied force of love.

SONG IX. 1743.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

'T is said that under distant skies,
Nor you the fact deny,
What first attracts an Indian's eyes
Becomes his deity.

Perhaps a lily, or a rose,
That shares the morning's ray,
May to the waking swain disclose
The regent of the day.

Perhaps a plant in yonder grove,
Enrich'd with fragrant power,
May tempt his vagrant eyes to rove
Where blooms the sovereign flower.

Perch'd on the cedar's topmost bough,
And gay with gilded wings,
Perchance, the patron of his vow,
Some artless linnet sings.

The swain surveys her pleas'd, afraid,
Then low to earth he bends;
And owns, upon her friendly aid,
His health, his life, depends.

Vain futile idols, bird or flower,
To tempt a votary's prayer!
How would his humble homage tower,
Should he behold my fair!

Yes—might the Pagan's waking eyes
O'er Flavia's beauty range,
He there would fix his lasting choice,
Nor dare, nor wish to change.

SONG X. 1743.

The fatal hours are wondrous near,
That from these fountains bear my dear;

A little space is given; in vain:
She robs my sight, and shuns the plain.

A little space, for me to prove
My boundless flame, my endless love;
And, like the train of vulgar hours,
Invidious Time that space devours.

Near yonder beech is Delia's way,
On that I gaze the livelong day;
No Eastern monarch's dazzling pride
Shall draw my longing eyes aside.

The chief that knows of succours nigh,
And sees his mangled legions die,
Casts not a more impatient glance,
To see the loitering aids advance.

Not more, the school-boy that expires
Far from his native home, requires
To see some friend's familiar face,
Or meet a parent's last embrace—

She comes—but ah! what crowds of beaux
In radiant bands my fair enclose!
Oh! better hadst thou shunn'd the green,
Oh, Delia! better far unseen.

Methinks, by all my tender fears,
By all my sighs, by all my tears,
I might from torture now be free—
'T is more than death to part from thee!

SONG XI. 1744.

Perhaps it is not love, said I,
That melts my soul when Flavia 's nigh;
Where wit and sense like her's agree,
One may be pleas'd, and yet be free.

The beauties of her polish'd mind,
It needs no lover's eye to find;
The hermit, freezing in his cell,
Might wish the gentle Flavia well.

It is not love—averse to bear
The servile chain that lovers wear;
Let, let me all my fears remove,
My doubts dispel—it is not love—

Oh! when did wit so brightly shine
In any form less fair than thine?
It is—it is love's subtle fire,
And under Friendship lurks Desire.

SONG XII. 1744.

O'er desert plains, and rushy meers,
And wither'd heaths, I rove;
Where tree, nor spire, nor cot appears,
I pass to meet my love.

But though my path were damask'd o'er
With beauties e'er so fine;
My busy thoughts would fly before,
To fix alone—on thine.

No fir-crown'd hills could give delight,
No palace please mine eye:
No pyramid's aërial height,
Where mouldering monarchs lie.

Unmov'd, should Eastern kings advance,
Could I the pageant see:
Splendour might catch one scornful glance,
Not steal one thought from thee.

SONG XIII.

THE SCHOLAR'S RELAPSE.

By the side of a grove, at the foot of a hill,
Where whisper'd the beech, and where murmur'd the rill;
I vow'd to the Muses my time and my care,
Since neither could win me the smile of my fair.

Free I rang'd like the birds, like the birds free I sung,
And Delia's lov'd name scarce escap'd from my tongue;
But if once a smooth accent delighted my ear,
I should wish, unawares, that my Delia might hear.

With fairest ideas my bosom I stor'd,
Allusive to none but the nymph I ador'd;
And the more I with study my fancy refin'd,
The deeper impressions she made on my mind.

So long as of Nature the charms I pursue,
I still must my Delia's dear image renew:
The Graces have yielded with Delia to rove,
And the Muses are all in alliance with Love.

SONG XIV.

THE ROSE-BUD.

"See, Daphne, see," Florelio cried,
"And learn the sad effects of pride;
Yon shelter'd rose, how safe conceal'd!
How quickly blasted, when reveal'd!

"The Sun with warm attractive rays
Tempts it to wanton in the blaze:
A gale succeeds from eastern skies,
And all its blushing radiance dies.

"So you, my fair, of charms divine,
Will quit the plains, too fond to shine,
Where Fame's transporting rays allure,
Though here more happy, more secure.

"The breath of some neglected maid
Shall make you sigh you left the shade;
A breath to Beauty's bloom unkind,
As, to the rose, an eastern wind."

The nymph replied—"You first, my swain,
Confine your sonnets to the plain;
One envious tongue alike disarms,
You of your wit, me of my charms.

"What is, unknown, the poet's skill?
Or what, unheard, the tuneful thrill?
What, unadmir'd, a charming mien,
Or what the rose's blush, unseen?"

SONG XV.

WINTER. 1746.

No more, ye warbling birds, rejoice:
Of all that cheer'd the plain,
Echo alone preserves her voice,
And she—repeats my pain.

Where'er my love-sick limbs I lay,
To shun the rushing wind,
Its busy murmurs seem to say,
"She never will be kind!"

The Naiads, o'er their frozen urns,
In icy chains repine;
And each in sullen silence mourns
Her freedom lost, like mine!

Soon will the Sun's returning rays
The cheerless frost control;
When will relenting Delia chase
The winter of my soul?

SONG XVI.

DAPHNE'S VISIT.

Ye birds! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lay salute my love:
My Daphne with your notes detain:
Or I have rear'd my grove in vain.

Ye flowers! before her footsteps rise;
Display at once your brightest dyes;
That she your opening charms may see:
Or what were all your charms to me?

Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bower:
Or never more, O gentle wind,
Shall I, from thee, refreshment find.

Ye streams! if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur sooth my fair!
Or, oh! 't will deepen my despair.

And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds,
May Daphne praise thy peaceful gloom!
Or thou shalt prove her Damon's tomb.

SONG XVII.

WRITTEN IN A COLLECTION OF BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

Adieu, ye jovial youths, who join
To plunge old Care in floods of wine;
And, as your dazzled eye-balls roll,
Discern him struggling in the bowl.

Not yet is Hope so wholly flown,
Not yet is Thought so tedious grown,
But limpid stream and shady tree
Retain, as yet, some sweets for me.

And see through yonder silent grove,
See yonder does my Daphne rove;
With pride her footsteps I pursue,
And bid her frantic joys adieu.

The sole confusion I admire,
Is that my Daphne's eyes inspire:
I scorn the madness you approve,
And value reason next to love.

SONG XVIII.

When bright Ophelia treads the green,
In all the pride of dress and mien;
Averse to freedom, mirth, and play,
The lofty rival of the day;
Methinks, to my enchanted eye,
The lilies droop, the roses die.

But when, disdaining art, the fair
Assumes a soft engaging air;
Mild as the opening morn of May,
And as the feather'd warblers gay:
The scene improves where'er she goes,
More sweetly smile the pink and rose.

O lovely maid! propitious hear,
Nor think thy Damon insincere.
Pity my wild delusive flame:
For though the flowers are still the same,
To me they languish, or improve,
And plainly tell me that I love.

SONG XIX.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Yes, these are the scenes where with Iris I stray'd,
But short was her sway for so lovely a maid!
In the bloom of her youth to a cloister she run;
In the bloom of her graces too fair for a nun!
Ill-grounded, no doubt, a devotion must prove
So fatal to beauty, so killing to love!

Yes, these are the meadows, the shrubs, and the plains; [pains;
Once the scene of my pleasures, the scene of my
How many soft moments I spent in this grove!
How fair was my nymph, and how fervent my love!
Be still though, my heart! thine emotion give o'er;
Remember, the season of love is no more.

With her how I stray'd amid fountains and bowers,
Or loiter'd behind and collected the flowers;
Then breathless with ardour my fair one pursu'd,
And to think with what kindness my garland she view'd!
But be still, my fond heart! this emotion give o'er,
Fain wouldst thou forget thou must love her no more.

A PARODY.

When first, Philander, first I came
Where Avon rolls his winding stream,
The nymphs—how brisk! the swains—how gay!
To see Asteria, queen of May!
The parsons round, her praises sung!—
The steeples, with her praises rung!—
I thought—no sight that e'er was seen,
Could match the sight of Barel's green!—

But now, since old Eugenio died—
The chief of poets, and the pride—
Now, meaner bards in vain aspire
To raise their voice, to tune their lyre!
Their lovely season, now, is o'er!
Thy notes, Florelio, please no more!
No more Asteria's smiles are seen!—
Adieu!—the sweets of Barel's green!

THE HALCYON.

Why o'er the verdant banks of Ouze
Does yonder halcyon speed so fast?

'T is all because she would not lose
Her favourite calm that will not last.

The Sun with azure paints the skies,
The stream reflects each flowery spray;
And, frugal of her time, she flies
To take her fill of love and play.

See her, when rugged Boreas blows,
Warm in some rocky cell remain;
To seek for pleasure well she knows,
Would only then enhance the pain.

"Descend," she cries, "thou hated shower,
Deform my limpid waves to-day,
For I have chose a fairer hour
To take my fill of love and play."

You too, my Silvia, sure will own
Life's azure seasons swiftly roll:
And when our youth or health is flown,
To think of love but shocks the soul.

Could Damon but deserve thy charms,
And thou art Damon's only theme;
He 'd fly as quick to Delia's arms,
As yonder halcyon skims the stream.

O D E.

So dear my Lucio is to me,
So well our minds and tempers blend;
That seasons may for ever flee,
And ne'er divide me from my friend;
But let the favour'd boy forbear
To tempt with love my only fair.

O Lycon, born when every Muse,
When every Grace benignant smil'd,
With all a parent's breast could chuse
To bless her lov'd, her only child:
'T is thine, so richly grac'd, to prove
More noble cares than cares of love.

Together we from early youth
Have trod the flowery tracks of Time,
Together mus'd in search of Truth,
O'er learned sage, or bard sublime;
And well thy cultur'd breast I know,
What wondrous treasure it can show.

Come then, resume thy charming lyre,
And sing some patriot's worth sublime,
Whilst I in fields of soft desire
Consume my fair and fruitless prime;
Whose reed aspires but to display
The flame that burns me night and day.

O come! the Dryads of the woods
Shall daily sooth thy studious mind,
The blue-ey'd nymphs of yonder floods
Shall meet and court thee to be kind;
And Fame sits listening for thy lays,
To swell her trump with Lucio's praise.

Like me, the plover fondly tries
To lure the sportsman from her nest,
And, fluttering on with anxious cries,
Too plainly shows her tortur'd breast:
O let him, conscious of her care,
Pity her pains, and learn to spare.

A PASTORAL ODE,

TO THE HONOURABLE SIR RICHARD LYTTELTON.

The morn dispens'd a dubious light;
A sullen mist had stol'n from sight
Each pleasing vale and hill;
When Damon left his humble bowers,
To guard his flocks, to fence his flowers,
Or check his wandering rill.

Though school'd from Fortune's paths to fly,
The swain beneath each lowering sky
Would oft his fate bemoan;
That he in sylvan shades, forlorn,
Must waste his cheerless ev'n and morn,
Nor prais'd, nor lov'd, nor known.

No friend to Fame's obstreperous noise,
Yet to the whispers of her voice,
Soft murmuring, not a foe:
The pleasures he through choice declin'd,
When gloomy fogs depress'd his mind,
It griev'd him to forgo:

Griev'd him to lurk the lakes beside,
Where coots in rushy dingles hide,
And moorcocks shun the day;
While caitiff bitterns, undismay'd,
Remark the swain's familiar shade,
And scorn to quit their prey.

But see, the radiant Sun once more
The brightening face of Heaven restore,
And raise the doubtful dawn;
And, more to gild his rural sphere,
At once the brightest train appear,
That ever trod the lawn.

Amazement chill'd the shepherd's frame,
To think Bridgewater's [1] honour'd name
Should grace his rustic cell;
That she, on all whose motions wait
Distinction, titles, rank, and state,
Should rove where shepherds dwell.

But true it is, the generous mind,
By candour sway'd, by taste refin'd,
Will nought but vice disdain;
Nor will the breast where Fancy glows
Deem every flower a weed, that blows
Amid the desert plain.

Beseems it such, with honour crown'd,
To deal its lucid beams around,
Nor equal meed receive?—
At most such garlands from the field,
As cowslips, pinks, and pansies yield,
And rural hands can weave.

Yet strive, ye shepherds, strive to find,
And weave the fairest of the kind,
The prime of all the spring;
If haply thus you lovely fair
May round their temples deign to wear
The trivial wreaths you bring.

O how the peaceful halcyons play'd,
Where'er the conscious lake betray'd
Athenia's placid mien;
How did the sprightlier linnets throng,
Where Paphia's charms requir'd the song,
'Mid hazel copses green!

Lo, Dartmouth on those banks reclin'd,
While busy Fancy calls to mind

[1] The dutchess, married to sir R. Lyttelton.

The glories of his line;
Methinks my cottage rears its head,
The ruin'd walls of yonder shed,
As through enchantment, shine.

But who the nymph that guides their way?
Could ever nymph descend to stray
From Hagley's fam'd retreat?
Else, by the blooming features fair,
The faultless make, the matchless air,
'T were Cynthia's form complete.

So would some tuberose delight,
That struck the pilgrim's wondering sight
'Mid lonely deserts drear;
All as, at eve, the sovereign flower
Dispenses round its balmy power,
And crowns the fragrant year.

Ah, now no more, the shepherd cried,
Must I Ambition's charms deride,
Her subtle force disown;
No more of Fauns or Fairies dream,
While Fancy, near each crystal stream,
Shall paint these forms alone.

By low-brow'd rock, or pathless mead,
I deem'd that Splendour ne'er should lead
My dazzled eyes astray;
But who, alas! will dare contend,
If Beauty add, or Merit blend
Its more illustrious ray?"

Nor is it long—O plaintive swain!
Since Guernsey saw without disdain,
Where, hid in woodlands green,
The partner[2] of his early days,
And once the rival of his praise,
Had stol'n thro' life unseen.

Scarce faded is the vernal flower,
Since Stamford left his honour'd bower
To smile familiar here:
O form'd by Nature to disclose
How fair that courtesy which flows
From social warmth sincere!

Nor yet have many moons decay'd,
Since Pollio sought this lonely shade,
Admir'd this rural maze:
The noblest breast that Virtue fires,
The Graces love, the Muse inspires,
Might pant for Pollio's praise.

Say Thomson here was known to rest,
For him yon vernal seat I dress'd
Ah, never to return!
In place of wit and melting strains,
And social mirth, it now remains
To weep beside his urn.

Come then, my Lælius, come once more,
And fringe the melancholy shore
With roses and with bays;
While I each wayward fate accuse,
That envied his impartial Muse
To sing your early praise.

While Philo, to whose favour'd sight,
Antiquity, with full delight,
Her inmost wealth displays;
Beneath yon ruin's moulder'd wall
Shall muse, and with his friend recall
The pomp of antient days.

[2] They were school-fellows.

Here too shall Conway's name appear,
He prais'd the stream so lovely clear,
That shone the reeds among;
Yet clearness could it not disclose,
To match the rhetoric that flows
From Conway's polish'd tongue.

E'en Pitt, whose fervent periods roll
Resistless through the kindling soul
Of senates, councils, kings;
Though form'd for courts, vouchsaf'd to rove,
Inglorious, through the shepherd's grove,
And ope his bashful springs.

But what can courts discover more,
Than these rude haunts have seen before,
Each fount and shady tree?
Have not these trees and fountains seen
The pride of courts, the winning mien
Of peerless Aylesbury?

And Grenville, she whose radiant eyes
Have mark'd by slow gradation rise
The princely piles of Stow;
Yet prais'd these unembellish'd woods,
And smil'd to see the babbling floods
Through self-worn mazes flow.

Say Dartmouth, who your banks admir'd,
Again beneath your caves retir'd,
Shall grace the pensive shade;
With all the bloom, with all the truth,
With all the sprightliness of youth,
By cool reflection sway'd!

Brave, yet humane, shall Smith appear;
Ye sailors, though his name be dear,
Think him not yours alone:
Grant him in other spheres to charm,
The shepherds' breasts though mild are warm,
And ours are all his own.

O Lyttelton! my honour'd guest,
Could I describe thy generous breast,
Thy firm, yet polish'd mind;
How public love adorns thy name,
How Fortune too conspires with Fame;
The song should please mankind.

VERSES

Written towards the close of the year 1748,

TO WILLIAM LYTTELTON, ESQ.

How blithely pass'd the summer's day!
How bright was every flower!
While friends arriv'd, in circles gay,
To visit Damon's bower!

But now, with silent step, I range
Along some lonely shore;
And Damon's bower, alas the change!
Is gay with friends no more.

Away to crowds and cities borne,
In quest of joy they steer;
Whilst I, alas! am left forlorn,
To weep the parting year!

O pensive Autumn! how I grieve
Thy sorrowing face to see!
When languid suns are taking leave
Of every drooping tree,

Ah let me not, with heavy eye,
This dying scene survey!
Haste, Winter, haste; usurp the sky;
Complete my bower's decay.

Ill can I bear the motley cast
Yon sickening leaves retain;
That speak at once of pleasure past,
And bode approaching pain.

At home, unblest, I gaze around,
My distant scenes require;
Where all in murky vapours drown'd
Are hamlet, hill, and spire.

Though Thomson, sweet descriptive bard!
Inspiring Autumn sung;
Yet how should we the months regard,
That stopp'd his flowing tongue?

Ah luckless months, of all the rest,
To whose hard share it fell!
For sure he was the gentlest breast
That ever sung so well.

And see, the swallows now disown
The roofs they lov'd before;
Each, like his tuneful genius, flown
To glad some happier shore.

The wood-nymph eyes, with pale affright,
The sportsman's frantic deed;
While hounds and horns and yells unite
To drown the Muse's reed.

Ye fields with blighted herbage brown,
Ye skies no longer blue!
Too much we feel from Fortune's frown,
To bear these frowns from you.

Where is the mead's unsullied green?
The Zephyr's balmy gale?
And where sweet Friendship's cordial mien,
That brighten'd every vale?

What though the vine disclose her dyes,
And boast her purple store;
Not all the vineyard's rich supplies
Can sooth our sorrows more.

He! he is gone, whose moral strain
Could wit and mirth refine;
He! he is gone, whose social vein
Surpass'd the power of wine.

Fast by the streams he deign'd to praise,
In yon sequester'd grove,
To him a votive urn I raise:
To him and friendly Love.

Yes, there, my friend! forlorn and sad,
I grave your Thomson's name;
And there, his lyre; which Fate forbad
To sound your growing fame.

There shall my plaintive song recount
Dark themes of hopeless woe;
And faster than the dropping fount,
I'll teach mine eyes to flow.

There leaves, in spite of Autumn green,
Shall shade the hallow'd ground;
And Spring will there again be seen,
To call forth flowers around.

But no kind suns will bid me share,
Once more, his social hour;
Ah Spring! thou never canst repair
This loss, to Damon's bower.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

WRITTEN AT OXFORD, WHEN YOUNG.

Shall Love alone for ever claim
An universal right to Fame,
An undisputed sway?
Or has not Music equal charms,
To fill the breast with strange alarms,
And make the world obey?

The Thracian bard, as poets tell,
Could mitigate the powers of Hell;
E'en Pluto's nicer ear:
His arts, no more than Love's, we find,
To deities or men confin'd,
Drew brutes in crowds to hear.

Whatever favourite passion reign'd,
The poet still his right maintain'd
O'er all that rang'd the plain;
The fiercer tyrants could assuage,
Or fire the timorous into rage,
Whene'er he chang'd the strain.

In milder lays the bard began:
Soft notes through every finger ran,
And echoing charm'd the place:
See! fawning lions gaze around,
And, taught to quit their savage sound,
Assume a gentler grace.

When Cymon view'd the fair-one's charms,
Her ruby lips and snowy arms,
And told her beauties o'er;
When love reform'd his awkward tone,
And made each clownish gesture known,
It show'd but equal power.

The bard now ties a sprightlier sound,
When all the feather'd race around
Perceive the varied strains;
The soaring lark the note pursues,
The timorous dove around him coos,
And Philomel complains.

An equal power of Love I 've seen
Incite the deer to scour the green,
And chase his barking foe.
Sometimes has Love, with greater might,
To challenge—nay—sometimes—to fight
Provok'd th' enamour'd beau.

When Sylvia treads the smiling plain,
How glows the heart of every swain,
By pleasing tumults tost!
When Handel's solemn accents roll,
Each breast is fir'd, each raptur'd soul
In sweet confusion lost.

If she her melting glances dart,
Or he his dying airs impart,
Our spirits sink away.
Enough, enough! dear nymph, give o'er;
And thou, great artist! urge no more
Thy unresisted sway.

Thus Love or Sound affects the mind:
But when their various powers are join'd,
Fly, daring mortal, fly!
For when Selinda's charms appear,
And I her tuneful accents hear—
I burn, I faint, I die!

COMPARISON.

'Tis by comparison we know
On every object to bestow

Its proper share of praise:
Did each alike perfection bear,
What beauty, though divinely fair,
Could admiration raise?

Amidst the lucid bands of night,
See, Hesperus, serenely bright,
Adorns the distant skies;
But languishes amidst the blaze
Of sprightly Sol's meridian rays,—
Or Sylvia's brighter dyes.

Whene'er the nightingale complains,
I like the melancholy strains,
And praise the tuneful bird:
But vainly might she strain her throat,
Vainly exalt each swelling note,
Should Sylvia's voice be heard.

When, on the violet's purple bed,
Supine I rest my weary head,
The fragrant pillow charms:
Yet soon such languid bliss I 'd fly,
Would Sylvia but the loss supply,
And take me to her arms.

The alabaster's wondrous white,
The marble's polish strikes my sight,
When Sylvia is not seen:
But ah! how faint that white is grown,
How rough appears the polish'd stone,
Compar'd with Slyvia's mien!

The rose, that o'er the Cyprian plains,
With flowers enamell'd, blooming reigns
With undisputed power,
Plac'd near her cheek's celestial red,
(Its purple lost, its lustre fled)
Delights the sense no more.

ODE TO CYNTHIA,

ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

Now in the cowslip's dewy cell
The Fairies make their bed,
They hover round the crystal well,
The turf in circles tread.

The lovely linnet now her song
Tunes sweetest in the wood;
The twittering swallow skims along
The azure liquid flood.

The morning breeze wafts Flora's kiss
In fragrance to the sense;
The happy shepherd feels the bliss,
And she takes no offence.

But not the linnet's sweetest song
That ever fill'd the wood;
Or twittering swallow that along
The azure liquid flood,

Skims swiftly, harbinger of Spring,
Or Morning's sweetest breath,
Or Flora's kiss, to me can bring
A remedy for death.

For death!—what do I say? Yes, death
Must surely end my days,
If cruel Cynthia slights my faith,
And will not hear my lays.

No more with festive garlands bound,
I at the wake shall be;
No more my feet shall press the ground
In dance with wonted glee;

No more my little flock I 'll keep,
To some dark cave I 'll fly;
I've nothing now to do but weep,
To mourn my fate, and sigh.

Ah! Cynthia, thy Damon's cries
Are heard at dead of night;
But they, alas! are doom'd to rise
Like smoke upon the sight.

They rise in vain, ah me! in vain
Are scatter'd in the wind;
Cynthia does not know the pain
That rankles in my mind.

If sleep perhaps my eye-lids close,
'T is but to dream of you;
A while I cease to feel my woes,
Nay, think I 'm happy too.

I think I press with kisses pure,
Your lovely rosy lips;
And you 're my bride, I think I 'm sure,
Till gold the mountain tips.

When wak'd, aghast I look around,
And find my charmer flown;
Then bleeds afresh my galling wound,
While I am left alone.

Take pity then, O gentlest maid!
On thy poor Damon's heart:
Remember what I 've often said,
'T is you can cure my smart.

JEMMY DAWSON,

A BALLAD;

Written about the time of his execution, in the year 1745.

Come listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear;
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty! peerless maid,
Do thou a pensive ear incline;
For thou canst weep at every woe;
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain;
And well he lov'd one charming maid,
And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid, she lov'd him dear,
Of gentle blood the damsel came;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on Party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray;
The day the rebel clans appear'd,
O had he never seen that day!

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found;
And now he must that death endure,
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear!
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale, or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice, she weeping said
"Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart;
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

"Yet might sweet Mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes;
O George, without a prayer for thee,
My orisons should never close.

"The gracious prince that gave him life,
Would crown a never-dying flame;
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

"But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree;
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel Fates' decree."

O then her mourning-coach was call'd,
The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepar'd to view
The terrible behests of Law;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes,
With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
Which she had fondly lov'd so long;
And stifled was that tuneful breath,
Which in her praise had sweetly sung.

And sever'd was that beauteous neck,
Round which her arms had fondly clos'd;
And mangled was that beauteous breast,
On which her love-sick head repos'd:

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
She did to every heart prefer;
For though it could its king forget,
'T was true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames,
She bore this constant heart to see;
But when 't was moulder'd into dust,
"Yet, yet," she cried—"I follow thee.

"My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore;
Accept, O Heaven! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more."

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

A PASTORAL BALLAD,

IN FOUR PARTS. 1743.

Arbusta humilesque myricæ. VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE shepherds so cheerful and gay,
Whose flocks never carelessly roam;
Should Corydon's happen to stray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,
Nor talk of the change that ye find;
None once was so watchful as I;
I have left my dear Phillis behind.

Now I know what it is, to have strove
With the torture of doubt and desire;
What it is to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.

Ah, lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each evening repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
—I have bade my dear Phillis farewell.

Since Phillis vouchsaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine!

I priz'd every hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past, and I sigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain;
Why wander thus pensively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the smiles of my dear?

They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have stray'd,
I could wander with pleasure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forgo,
What anguish I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be so—
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd, as I slowly withdrew:
My path I could hardly discern;
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To visit some far distant shrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft Hope is the relique I bear,
And my solace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.

I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow;
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.

Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire
To the bower I have labour'd to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.

O how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
Who would rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold;
And she call'd it the sister of love.
But her words such a pleasure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her speak, and whatever she say,
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her Corydon sighs?
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
These plains and this valley despise?
Dear regions of silence and shade!
Soft scenes of contentment and ease?
Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,
If aught, in her absence, could please.

But where does my Phyllida stray?
And where are her grots and her bowers?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The swains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLICITUDE.

Why will you my passion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I show you the charms of my love,
She's fairer than you can believe.
With her mien she enamours the brave;
With her wit she engages the free;
With her modesty pleases the grave;
She is every way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the swain,
That will sing but a song in her praise.
When he sings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and listen the while;
Nay on him let not Phyllida frown;
—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when Paridel tries in the dance
Any favour with Phillis to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might she ruin the peace of my mind!

In ringlets he dresses his hair,
And his crook is bestudded around;
And his pipe,—oh my Phillis, beware
Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow,
'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,
How her face is as bright as the snow,
And her bosom, be sure, is as cold.
How the nightingales labour the strain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die.

To the grove or the garden he strays,
And pillages every sweet;
Then, suiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at Phillis's feet.
"O Phillis," he whispers, "more fair,
More sweet than the jessamine's flower!
What are pinks in a morn to compare?
What is eglantine after a shower?

"Then the lily no longer is white;
The rose is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with despite,
And the woodbines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the soft numbers along,
And he fancies no shepherd his peer;
—Yet I never should envy the song,
Were not Phillis to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So Phillis the trophy despise:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they shine not in Phillis's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart,
Is a stranger to Paridel's tongue;
—Yet may she beware of his art,
Or sure I must envy the song.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ye shepherds, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep:
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we're not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phillis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace:
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd—and I could not but love;
Was faithless—and I am undone!

LEVITIES;

OR

PIECES OF HUMOUR.

FLIRT AND PHIL;

A DECISION FOR THE LADIES.

A Wit, by learning well refin'd,
A beau, but of the rural kind,
To Sylvia made pretences;
They both profess'd an equal love;
Yet hop'd, by different means to move
Her judgment, or her senses.

Young sprightly Flirt, of blooming mien,
Watch'd the best minutes to be seen;
Went—when his glass advis'd him:
While meagre Phil of books inquir'd;
A wight, for wit and parts admir'd;
And witty ladies priz'd him.

Sylvia had wit, had spirits too;
To hear the one, the other view,
Suspended held the scales:
Her wit, her youth too, claim'd its share,
Let none the preference declare,
But turn up—heads or tails.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF AN AGREEABLE LADY, BURIED IN MARRIAGE TO A PERSON UNDESERVING HER.

'T was always held, and ever will,
By sage mankind, discreeter
T' anticipate a lesser ill,
Than undergo a greater.

When mortals dread diseases, pain,
And languishing conditions;
Who don't the lesser ills sustain
Of physic and—physicians?

Rather than lose his whole estate,
He that but little wise is,
Full gladly pays four parts in eight
To taxes and excises.

Our merchants Spain has near undone
For lost ships not requiting:
This bears our noble king to shun
The loss of blood—in fighting!

With numerous ills, in single life,
The bachelor's attended:
Such to avoid, he takes a wife—
And much the case is mended!

Poor Gratia in her twentieth year,
Foreseeing future woe,
Chose to attend a monkey here,
Before an ape below.

COLEMIRA,

A CULINARY ECLOGUE.

Nec tantum Veneris, quantum studiosa culinæ.

Night's sable clouds had half the globe o'erspread,
And silence reign'd, and folks were gone to bed:
When Love, which gentle sleep can ne'er inspire,
Had seated Damon by the kitchen fire.

Pensive he lay, extended on the ground;
The little lares kept their vigils round;
The fawning cats compassionate his case,
And purr around, and gently lick his face.

To all his plaints the sleeping curs reply,
And with hoarse snorings imitate a sigh.
Such gloomy scenes with lovers' minds agree,
And solitude to them is best society.

"Could I," (he cried) "express, how bright a grace
Adorns thy morning hands, and well-wash'd face;
Thou wouldst, Colemira, grant what I implore,
And yield me love, or wash thy face no more.

"Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire, and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pots she brings.

"But sure no chamber-damsel can compare,
When in meridian lustre shines my fair,
When warm'd with dinner's toil, in pearly rills
Adown her goodly cheek the sweat distills.

"Oh! how I long, how ardently desire,
To view those rosy fingers strike the lyre!
For late, when bees to change their climes began,
How did I see them thrum the frying-pan!

"With her! I should not envy George his queen,
Though she in royal grandeur deck'd be seen:
Whilst rags, just sever'd from my fair-one's gown,
In russet pomp and greasy pride hang down.

"Ah! how it does my drooping heart rejoice,
When in the hall I hear thy mellow voice!
How would that voice exceed the village bell!
Would that but sing, 'I like thee passing well!'

"When from the hearth she bade the pointers go,
How soft, how easy did her accents flow!
'Get out,' she cried: 'when strangers come to sup,
One ne'er can raise those snoring devils up.'

"Then, full of wrath, she kick'd each lazy brute,
Alas! I envied even that salute;
'T was sure misplac'd—Shock said, or seem'd to say,
He had as lief I had the kick as they.

"If she the mystic bellows take in hand,
Who like the fair can that machine command?
O mayst thou ne'er by Eolus be seen,
For he would sure demand thee for his queen.

"But should the flame this rougher aid refuse;
And only gentler med'cines be of use;
With full-brown cheeks she ends the doubtful strife,
Foments the infant flame, and puffs it into life.

"Such arts as these, exalt the drooping fire,
But in my breast a fiercer flame inspire:
I burn! I burn! O! give thy puffing o'er;
And swell thy cheeks, and pout thy lips, no more!

"With all her haughty looks, the time I've seen,
When this proud damsel has more humble been,
When with nice airs she hoist the pan-cake round,
And dropp'd it, hapless fair! upon the ground.

"Look, with what charming grace, what winning tricks,
The artful charmer rubs the candlesticks!
So bright she makes the candlesticks she handles,
Oft have I said,—there were no need of candles.

"But thou, my fair! who never wouldst approve,
Or hear the tender story of my love;
Or mind, how burns my raging breast,—a button—
Perhaps art dreaming of—a breast of mutton."

Thus said, and wept the sad desponding swain,
Revealing to the sable walls his pain:
But nymphs are free with those they should deny;
To those they love, more exquisitely coy.

Now chirping crickets raise their tinkling voice,
The lambent flames in languid streams arise,
And smoke in azure folds evaporates and dies.

THE RAPE OF THE TRAP.

A BALLAD. 1737.

'Twas in a land of learning,
The Muses' favourite city,
Such pranks of late
Were play'd by a rat,
As tempt one to be witty.

All in a college study,
Where books were in great plenty;
This rat would devour
More sense in an hour,
Than I could write in twenty.

Corporeal food, 'tis granted,
Serves vermin less refin'd, sir;
But this, a rat of taste,
All other rats surpass'd,
And he prey'd on the food of the mind, sir.

His breakfast, half the morning,
He constantly attended:
And when the bell rung
For evening song,
His dinner scarce was ended.

He spar'd not e'en heroics,
On which we poets pride us;
And wou'd make no more
Of king Arthurs[1], by the score,
Than all the world beside does.

In books of geo-graphy,
He made the maps to flutter:
A river or a sea
Was to him a dish of tea;
And a kingdom, bread and butter.

But if some mawkish potion
Might chance to over-dose him,
To check its rage,
He took a page
Of logic—to compose him.

A trap, in haste and anger,
Was bought, you need not doubt on't:
And such was the gin,
Were a lion once got in,
He could not, I think, get out on't.

With cheese, not books, 't was baited,
The fact I'll not belye it,
Since none—I'll tell you that,
Whether scholar or rat,
Mind books, when he has other diet.

But more of trap and bait, sir,
Why should I sing, or either?
Since the rat, who knew the sleight,
Came in the dead of night,
And dragg'd them away together.

Both trap and bait were vanish'd
Through a fracture in the flooring:
Which, though so trim
It now may seem,
Had then—a dozen or more in.

Then answer this, ye sages,
Nor deem a man to wrong ye,
Had the rat which thus did seize on
The trap, less claim to reason,
Than many a scull among ye?

Dan Prior's mice, I own it,
Were vermin of condition:
But this rat, who merely learn'd
What rats alone concern'd,
Was the greater politician.

That England 's topsy-turvy,
Is clear from these mishaps, sir;
Since traps; we may determine,
Will no longer take our vermin,
But vermin[2] take our traps, sir!

Let sophs, by rats infested,
Then trust in cats to catch 'em;
Lest they grow as learn'd as we,
In our studies; where, d' ye see,
No mortal sits to watch 'em.

Good luck betide our captains!
Good luck betide our cats, sir!
And grant that the one
May quell the Spanish Don,
And the other destroy our rats, sir!

ON CERTAIN PASTORALS.

So rude and tuneless are thy lays,
The weary audience vow,
'T is not th' Arcadian swain that sings,
But 't is his herds that low.

ON MR. C—— OF KIDDERMINSTER'S POETRY.

Thy verses, friend, are Kidderminster[3] stuff,
And I must own you 've measur'd out enough.

[1] By Blackmore.

[2] Written at the time of the Spanish depredations.

[3] Famous for a coarse woollen manufacture.

TO THE VIRTUOSOS.

Hail, curious wights! to whom so fair
The form of mortal flies is!
Who deem those grubs beyond compare,
Which common sense despises.

Whether o'er hill, morass, or mound,
You make your sportsman sallies;
Or that your prey in gardens found
Is urg'd through walks and alleys:

Yet, in the fury of the chase,
No slope could e'er retard you;
Blest if one fly repay the race,
Or painted wings reward you.

Fierce as Camilla o'er the plain
Pursued the glittering stranger;
Still ey'd the purple's pleasing stain,
And knew not fear nor danger.

'T is you dispense the favourite meat
To Nature's filmy people;
Know what conserves they choose to eat,
And what liqueurs to tipple.

And if her brood of insects dies,
You sage assistance lend her;
Can stoop to pimp for amorous flies,
And help them to engender.

'T is you protect their pregnant hour;
And when the birth 's at hand,
Exerting your obstetric power,
Prevent a mothless land.

Yet oh! howe'er your towering view
Above gross objects rises,
Whate'er refinements you pursue,
Hear what a friend advises:

A friend, who, weigh'd with yours, must prize
Domitian's idle passion;
That wrought the death of teasing flies,
But ne'er their propagation.

Let Flavia's eyes more deeply warm,
Nor thus your hearts determine,
To slight dame Nature's fairest form,
And sigh for Nature's vermin.

And speak with some respect of beaux,
Nor more as triflers treat 'em:
'T is better learn to save one's clothes,
Than cherish moths, that eat 'em.

THE EXTENT OF COOKERY.

Aliusque et idem.

When Tom to Cambridge first was sent,
A plain brown bob he wore;
Read much, and look'd as though he meant
To be a fop no more.

See him to Lincoln's Inn repair,
His resolution flag;
He cherishes a length of hair,
And tucks it in a bag.

Nor Coke nor Salkeld he regards,
But gets into the house,
And soon a judge's rank rewards
His pliant votes and bows.

Adieu, ye bolts! ye bags, give place!
Full bottoms come instead!
Good Lord! to see the various ways
Of dressing—a calf's head.

THE PROGRESS OF ADVICE,

A COMMON CASE.

Suade, nam certum est.

Says Richard to Thomas (and seem'd half afraid),
"I am thinking to marry thy mistress's maid:
Now, because Mrs. Lucy to thee is well known,
I will do 't if thou bidst me, or let it alone.

"Nay don't make a jest on't; 't is no jest to me;
For 'faith I'm in earnest, so pr'ythee be free.
I have no fault to find with the girl since I knew her,
But I'd have thy advice, ere I tie myself to her."

Said Thomas to Richard, "To speak my opinion,
There is not such a bitch in king George's dominion,
And I firmly believe, if thou knew'st her as I do,
Thou wouldst choose out a whipping-post, first to be tied to.

"She's peevish, she's thievish, she's ugly, she's old,
And a liar, and a fool, and a slut, and a scold."
Next day Richard hasten'd to church and was wed,
And ere night had inform'd her what Thomas had said.

A BALLAD.

Trahit sua quemque voluptas.

From Lincoln to London rode forth our young squire,
To bring down a wife, whom the swains might admire:
But, in spite of whatever the mortal could say,
The goddess objected the length of the way!

To give up the opera, the park, and the ball,
For to view the stag's horns in an old country-hall;
To have neither China nor India to see!
Nor a laceman to plague in a morning—not she!

To forsake the dear play-house, Quin, Garrick, and Clive,
Who by dint of mere humour had kept her alive;
To forgo the full box for his lonesome abode,
O Heavens! she should faint, she should die on the road:

To forgo the gay fashions and gestures of France,
And leave dear Auguste in the midst of the dance,
And Harlequin too!—'t was in vain to require it;
And she wonder'd how folks had the face to desire it.

She might yield to resign the sweet singers of Ruckholt,
Where the citizen-matron seduces her cuckold;
But Ranelagh soon would her footsteps recall, [hall.
And the music, the lamps, and the glare of Vaux-

To be sure she could breathe no where else but in town, [clown;
Thus she talk'd like a wit, and he look'd like a
But the while honest Harry despair'd to succeed,
A coach with a coronet trail'd her to Tweed.

SLENDER'S GHOST.

(*Vide Shakespear.*)

Beneath a church-yard yew,
Decay'd and worn with age,
At dusk of eve methought I spied
Poor Slender's ghost, that whimpering cried,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Ye gentle bards, give ear!
Who talk of amorous rage,
Who spoil the lily, rob the rose,
Come learn of me to weep your woes:
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Why should such labour'd strains
Your formal Muse engage?
I never dream'd of flame or dart,
That fir'd my breast or pierc'd my heart,
But sigh'd, O sweet Anne Page!

And you, whose love-sick minds
No med'cine can assuage!
Accuse the leech's art no more,
But learn of Slender to deplore;
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And ye, whose souls are held
Like linnets in a cage!
Who talk of fetters, links and chains,
Attend and imitate my strains:
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

And you who boast or grieve,
What horrid wars we wage!
Of wounds receiv'd from many an eye;
Yet mean as I do, when I sigh,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

Hence every fond conceit
Of shepherd or of sage;
'Tis Slender's voice, 'tis Slender's way
Expresses all you have to say—,
O sweet, O sweet Anne Page!

THE INVIDIOUS.

MART.

O FORTUNE! if my prayer of old
Was ne'er solicitous for gold,
With better grace thou mayst allow
My suppliant wish, that asks it now.
Yet think not, goddess, I require it
For the same end your clowns desire it.
In a well-made effectual string,
Fain would I see Lividio swing!
Hear him, from Tyburn's height haranguing,
But such a cur 's not worth one's hanging.
Give me, O goddess! store of pelf,
And he will tie the knot himself.

THE PRICE OF AN EQUIPAGE.

Servum si potes, Ole, non habere,
Et regem potes, Ole, non habere. MART.

I ASK'D a friend amidst the throng,
Whose coach it was that trail'd along:
"The gilded coach there—don't ye mind?
That with the footmen stuck behind."
"O sir!" says he, "what! ha'n't you seen it?
'T is Damon's coach, and Damon in it.
'T is odd, methinks, you have forgot
Your friend, your neighbour, and—what not!
Your old acquaintance Damon!"—"True;
But 'faith his equipage is new.
"Bless me," said I, "where can it end?
What madness has possess'd my friend?
Four powder'd slaves, and those the tallest,
Their *stomachs doubtless* not the smallest!
Can Damon's revenue maintain,
In lace and food, so large a train?
I know his land—each inch of ground—
'T is not a mile to walk it round—
If Damon's whole estate can bear
To keep his lad and one-horse chair,
I own 'tis past my comprehension."
"Yes, sir, but Damon has a pension."
Thus does false Ambition rule us,
Thus Pomp delude, and Folly fool us;
To keep a race of flickering knaves,
He grows himself the worst of slaves.

HINT FROM VOITURE.

LET Sol his annual journeys run,
And, when the radiant task is done,
Confess, through all the globe, 't would pose him,
To match the charms that Celia shows him.

And should he boast he once had seen
As just a form, as bright a mien,
Yet must it still for ever pose him,
To match—what Celia never shows him.

INSCRIPTION,

To the memory
Of A. L. Esquire,
Justice of the peace for this county;
Who, in the whole course of his pilgrimage
Through a trifling ridiculous world,
Maintaining his proper dignity,
Notwithstanding the scoffs of *ill-disposed persons*,
And wits of the age,
That *ridiculed his behaviour*,
Or *censured his breeding*;
Following *the dictates of Nature*,
Desiring to ease the *afflicted*,
Eager to set the prisoners at *liberty*,
Without having for his end
The noise, or report such things generally cause in the world,
(As he was seen to perform them of none)
But the sole relief and happiness
Of the party in distress;
Himself resting easy,
When he could render that so;
Not griping, or pinching himself,
To hoard up superfluities;
Not coveting to keep in his possession
What gives more disquietude than pleasure;
But charitably diffusing it
To all around about him:
Making the most sorrowful countenance
To smile
In his presence;
Always bestowing more than he was asked,
Always imparting before he was desired;
Not proceeding in this manner
Upon every trivial suggestion,
But the most mature and solemn deliberation;
With an incredible presence and undauntedness of mind;
With an inimitable gravity and œconomy of face;
Bidding loud defiance
To politeness and the fashion,
Dared let a f—t.

TO A FRIEND.

HAVE you ne'er seen, my gentle squire,
The humours of your kitchen fire?

Says Ned to Sal, "I lead a spade,
Why don't ye play?—the girl's afraid—
Play something—any thing—but play—
'T is but to pass the time away—
Phoo—how she stands—biting her nails—
As though she play'd for half her vails—
Sorting her cards, haggling and picking—
We play for nothing, do us, chicken?—
That card will do—'blood never doubt it,
It 's not worth while to think about it."

Sal thought and thought, and miss'd her aim,
And Ned, ne'er studying, won the game.

Methinks, old friend, 't is wondrous true,
That verse is but a game at loo.
While many a hard, that shows so clearly
He writes for his amusement merely,
Is known to study, fret, and toil;
And play for nothing all the while:
Or praise at most; for wreaths of yore
Ne'er signified a farthing more:
Till, having vainly toil'd to gain it,
He sees your flying pen obtain it.

Through fragrant scenes the trifler roves,
And hallow'd haunts that Phœbus loves;
Where with strange heats his bosom glows,
And mystic flames the god bestows.
You now none other flame require,
Than a good blazing parlour fire;
Write verses—to defy the scorners,
In shit-houses and chimney-corners.

Sal found her deep-laid schemes were vain—
The cards are cut—"Come deal again—
No good comes on it when one lingers—
I'll play the card comes next my fingers—"
Fortune could never let Ned loo her,
When she had left it wholly to her.

Well, now who wins?—why, still the same—
For Sal has lost another game.

"I've done;" (she mutter'd) "I was saying,
It did not signify my playing.
Some folks will win, they cannot choose,
But think or not think—some must lose.
I may have won a game or so—
But then it was an age ago—
It ne'er will be my lot again—
I won it of a baby then—
Give me an ace of trumps and see,
Our Ned will beat me with a three.
'T is all by luck that things are carried—
He 'll suffer for it, when he 's married."

Thus Sal, with tears in either eye;
While victor Ned sat tittering by.

Thus I, long envying your success,
And bent to write and study less,
Sate down, and scribbled in a trice,
Just what you see—and you despise.

You, who can frame a tuneful song,
And hum it as you ride along;
And, trotting on the king's high-way,
Snatch from the hedge a sprig of bay;
Accept this verse, howe'er it flows,
From one that is your friend in prose.

What is this wreath, so green! so fair!
Which many wish, and few must wear?
Which some men's indolence can gain,
And some men's vigils ne'er obtain?
For what must Sal or poet sue,
Ere they engage with Ned or you?
For luck in verse—for luck at loo?

Ah no! 't is genius gives you fame,
And Ned, through skill, secures the game.

THE POET AND THE DUN. 1741.

These are messengers
That feelingly persuade me what I am. SHAKESP.

COMES a dun in the morning and raps at my door—
"I made bold to call—'tis a twelvemonth and more—
I'm sorry, believe me, to trouble you thus, sir,—
But Job would be paid, sir, had Job been a mercer."
"My friend, have but patience"—"Aye, these are your ways."
"I've got but one shilling to serve me two days—
But, sir—pry'thee take it, and tell your attorney,
If I ha'n't paid your bill, I have paid for your journey."

Well, now thou art gone, let me govern my passion,
And calmly consider—consider? vexation!
What whore that must paint, and must put on false locks,
And counterfeit joy in the pangs of the pox!
What beggar's wife's nephew, now starv'd, and now beaten,
Who, wanting to eat, fears himself shall be eaten!
What porter, what turnspit, can deem his case hard!
Or what dun boast of patience that thinks of a bard!
Well, I'll leave this poor trade, for no trade can be poorer,
Turn shoe-boy, or courtier, or pimp, or procurer;
Get love, and respect, and good living, and pelf,
And dun some poor dog of a poet myself.
One's credit, however, of course will grow better;
Here enters the footman, and brings me a letter.

"Dear sir! I receiv'd your obliging epistle,
Your fame is secure—bid the critics go whistle.
I read over with wonder the poem you sent me;
And I must speak your praises, no soul shall prevent me.
The audience, believe me, cried out every line
Was strong, was affecting, was just, was divine;
All pregnant, as gold is, with worth, weight, and beauty,
And to hide such a genius was—far from your duty.
I foresee that the court will be hugely delighted:
Sir Richard, for much a less genius, was knighted.
Adieu, my good friend, and for high life prepare ye;
I could say much more, but you're modest, I spare ye."
Quite fir'd with the flattery, I call for my paper,
And waste that, and health, and my time, and my taper:
I scribble till morn, when, with wrath no small store,
Comes my old friend the mercer, and raps at my door.
"Ah! friend, 't is but idle to make such a pother,
Fate, Fate has ordain'd us to plague one another."

WRITTEN AT AN INN AT HENLEY.

To thee, fair Freedom! I retire
From flattery, cards, and dice, and din;
Nor art thou found in mansions higher
Than the low cot, or humble inn.

'T is here with boundless power I reign;
And every health which I begin,
Converts dull port to bright champaigne;
Such freedom crowns it, at an inn.

I fly from pomp, I fly from plate!
I fly from Falsehood's specious grin;
Freedom I love, and form I hate,
And choose my lodgings at an inn.

Here, waiter! take my sordid ore,
Which lacqueys else might hope to win;
It buys, what courts have not in store;
It buys me freedom at an inn.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

A SIMILE.

What village but has sometimes seen
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws, and shagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclept a bear?
He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you see;
Who, with her plastic tongue alone,
Produc'd a visage—like her own—
And thus they hint, in mystic fashion,
The powerful force of education [1]—
Perhaps you crowd of swains is viewing
E'en now, the strange exploits of Bruin;
Who plays his antics, roars aloud;
The wonder of a gaping crowd!

So have I known an awkward lad,
Whose birth has made a parish glad,
Forbid, for fear of sense, to roam,
And taught by kind mamma at home;
Who gives him many a well-tried rule,
With ways and means—to play the fool.
In sense the same, in stature higher,
He shines, ere long, a rural squire,
Pours forth unwitty jokes, and swears,
And bawls, and drinks, but chiefly stares:
His tenants of superior sense
Carouse, and laugh, at his expense;
And deem the pastime I'm relating
To be as pleasant as bear-baiting.

THE CHARMS OF PRECEDENCE.

A TALE.

"Sir, will you please to walk before?"
—"No, pray, sir—you are next the door."
—"Upon mine honour, I'll not stir—"
"Sir, I'm at home, consider, sir—"
"Excuse me, sir, I'll not go first."
"Well, if I must be rude, I must—
But yet I wish I could evade it—
'T is strangely clownish, be persuaded—"
Go forward, cits! go forward, squires!
Nor scruple each what each admires.

Life squares not, friends, with your proceeding;
It flies, while you display your breeding;
Such breeding as one's granam preaches,
Or some old dancing-master teaches.
O for some rude tumultuous fellow,
Half crazy, or, at least, half mellow,
To come behind you unawares,
And fairly push you both down stairs!
But Death 's at hand—let me advise ye,
Go forward, friends! or he 'll surprise ye.
Besides, how insincere you are!
Do ye not flatter, lie, forswear,
And daily cheat, and weekly pray,
And all for this—to lead the way?
Such is my theme, which means to prove,
That though we drink, or game, or love,
As that or this is most in fashion,
Precedence is our ruling passion.
When college-students take degrees,
And pay the beadle's endless fees,
What moves that scientific body,
But the first cutting at a gaudy?
And whence such shoals, in bare conditions,
That starve and languish as physicians,
Content to trudge the streets, and stare at
The fat apothecary's chariot,
But that, in Charlotte's chamber (see
Moliere's "Medicin malgré lui")
The leech, howe'er his fortunes vary,
Still walks before th' apothecary?
Flavia in vain has wit and charms,
And all that shines, and all that warms;
In vain all human race adore her,
For—Lady Mary sinks before her.
O Celia, gentle Celia! tell us,
You who are neither vain nor jealous;
The softest breast, the mildest mien!
Would you not feel some little spleen,
Nor bite your lip, nor furl your brow,
If Florimel, your equal now,
Should, one day, gain precedence of ye?
First serv'd—though in a dish of coffee?
Plac'd first, although, where you are found,
You gain the eyes of all around?
Nam'd first, though not with half the fame
That waits my charming Celia's name?
Hard fortune! barely to inspire
Our fixt esteem, and fond desire!
Barely, where'er you go, to prove
The source of universal love!—
Yet be content, observing this,
Honour's the offspring of Caprice:
And Worth, howe'er you have pursued it,
Has now no power—but to exclude it.
You 'll find your general reputation
A kind of supplemental station.
Poor Swift, with all his worth, could ne'er,
He tells us, hope to rise a peer;
So, to supply it, wrote for fame:
And well the wit secur'd his aim.
A common patriot has a drift
Not quite so innocent as Swift:
In Britain's cause he rants, he labours;
"He 's honest, 'faith"——have patience, neighbours!
For patriots may sometimes deceive,
May beg their friends' reluctant leave
To serve them in a higher sphere,
And drop their virtue to get there.—
As Lucian tells us, in his fashion,
How souls put off each earthly passion,

[1] Of a fond matron's education.

Ere on Elysium's flowery strand
Old Charon suffer'd them to land;
So, ere we meet a court's caresses
No doubt our souls must change their dresses:
And souls there be, who, bound that way,
Attire themselves ten times a day.
If then 't is rank which all men covet,
And saints alike and sinners love it:
If place, for which our courtiers throng
So thick, that few can get along;
For which such servile toils are seen,
Who 's happier than a king?—a queen.
Howe'er men aim at elevation,
'T is properly a female passion:
Women, and beaux, beyond all measure
Are charm'd with rank's ecstatic pleasure.
Sir, if your drift I rightly scan,
You 'd hint a beau was not a man:
Say, women then are fond of places;
I wave all disputable cases.
A man perhaps would something linger,
Were his lov'd rank to cost—a finger;
Or were an ear or toe the price on 't,
He might deliberate once or twice on 't;
Perhaps ask Gataker's advice on 't,
And many, as their frame grows old,
Would hardly purchase it with gold.
But women wish precedence ever:
'T is their whole life's supreme endeavour;
It fires their youth with jealous rage,
And strongly animates their age.
Perhaps they would not sell out-right,
Or maim a limb—that was in sight;
Yet on worse terms they sometimes choose it;
Nor e'en in punishments refuse it.
Pre-eminence in pain! you cry,
All fierce and pregnant with reply.
But lend your patience and your ear,
An argument shall make it clear.
But hold, an argument may fail,
Beside, my title: says a tale.
Where Avon rolls her winding stream,
Avon, the Muses' favourite theme!
Avon, that fills the farmers' purses,
And decks with flowers both farms and verses,
She visits many a fertile vale—
Such was the scene of this my tale.
For 't is in Evesham's vale, or near it,
That folks with laughter tell and hear it.
The soil with annual plenty blest
Was by young Corydon possest.
His youth alone I lay before ye,
As most material to my story:
For strength and vigour too, he had them,
And 't were not much amiss to add them.
Thrice happy lout! whose wide domain
Now green with grass, now gilt with grain,
In russet robes of clover deep,
Or thinly veil'd and white with sheep;
Now fragrant with the bean's perfume,
Now purpled with the pulse's bloom,
Might well with bright allusion store me;
—But happier bards have been before me!
Amongst the various year's increase,
The stripling own'd a field of pease;
Which, when at night he ceas'd his labours,
Were haunted by some female neighbours.
Each morn discover'd to his sight
The shameful havoc of the night:
Traces of this they left behind them,
But no instructions where to find them.
The Devil's works are plain and evil,
But few or none have seen the Devil.
Old Noll, indeed, if we may credit
The words of Echard, who has said it,
Contriv'd with Satan how to fool us,
And bargain'd face to face to rule us;
But then old Noll was one in ten,
And sought him more than other men.
Our shepherd too, with like attention,
May meet the female fiends we mention.
He rose one morn at break of day,
And near the field in ambush lay:
When lo! a brace of girls appears,
The third, a matron much in years.
Smiling, amidst the pease, the sinners
Sate down to cull their future dinners;
And, caring little who might own them,
Made free as though themselves had sown them.
'T is worth a sage's observation
How Love can make a jest of Passion.
Anger had forc'd the swain from bed,
His early dues to Love unpaid!
And Love, a god that keeps a pother,
And will be paid one time or other,
Now banish'd Anger out of door,
And claim'd the debt withheld before.
If Anger bid our youth revile,
Love form'd his features to a smile:
And knowing well 't was all grimace,
To threaten with a smiling face,
He in few words express'd his mind—
And none would deem them much unkind.
The amorous youth, for their offence,
Demanded instant recompence:
That recompence from each, which shame
Forbids a bashful Muse to name.
Yet, more this sentence to discover,
'T was what Bet * * grants her lover,
When he, to make the strumpet willing,
Has spent his fortune—to a shilling.
Each stood a while, as 't were suspended,
And loth to do, what—each intended.
At length, with soft pathetic sighs,
The matron, bent with age, replies—
" 'T is vain to strive—Justice, I know,
And our ill stars will have it so—
But let my tears your wrath assuage,
And show some deference for age!
I from a distant village came,
Am old, God knows, and something lame;
And if we yield, as yield we must,
Dispatch my crazy body first."
Our shepherd, like the Phrygian swain,
When circled round on Ida's plain,
With goddesses he stood suspended,
And Pallas's grave speech was ended,
Own'd what she ask'd might be his duty;
But paid the compliment to Beauty.

ODE

TO BE PERFORMED BY DR. BRETTLE, AND A CHORUS OF HALES-OWEN CITIZENS.

The Instrumental Part, a Viol d' Amour.

AIR BY THE DOCTOR.

AWAKE! I say, awake, good people!
And be for once alive and gay;

Come let's be merry; stir the tipple;
How can you sleep,
Whilst I do play? how can you sleep, &c.

CHORUS OF CITIZENS.

Pardon, O! pardon, great musician!
On drowsy souls some pity take!
For wondrous hard is our condition,
To drink thy beer,
Thy strains to hear;
To drink,
To hear,
And keep awake!

SOLO BY THE DOCTOR.

Hear but this strain—'twas made by Handel,
A wight of skill and judgment deep!
Zoonters they're gone—Sal, bring a candle—
No, here is one, and he's asleep.

DUETTE.

Dr.—How could they go *Soft music.*
Whilst I do play?
Sal.—How could they go! *Warlike music.*
How should they stay?

CUPID AND PLUTUS.

When Celia, love's eternal foe,
To rich old Gomez first was married,
And angry Cupid came to know
His shafts had err'd, his bow miscarried;

He sigh'd, he wept, he hung his head,
On the cold ground, full sad, he laid him;
When Plutus, there by Fortune led,
In this desponding plight survey'd him.

"And sure," he cried, "you'll own at last
Your boasted power by mine exceeded:
Say, wretched boy, now all is past,
How little she your efforts heeded.

"If with success you would assail,
Gild, youngster, doubly gild your arrows:
Little the feather'd shafts avail,
Though wing'd from Mamma's doves and sparrows.

"What though each reed, each arrow grew
Where Venus bath'd herself; depend on't,
'Twere more for use, for beauty too,
A diamond sparkled at the end on't."

"Peace, Plutus, peace!"—the boy replied;
"Were not my arts by yours infested,
I could each other power deride,
And rule this circle unmolested.

"See yonder pair! no worldly views
In Chloe's generous breast resided:
Love bade her the spruce valet choose,
And she by potent love was guided.

"For this she quits her golden dreams,
In her gilt coach no more she ranges:
And her rich crimson, bright with gems,
For cheeks impearl'd with tears, she changes.

"Though sordid Celia own'd your power,
Think not so monstrous my disgrace is:
You gain'd this nymph—that very hour
I gain'd a score in different places."

EPILOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CLEONE.

Well, ladies—so much for the tragic style—
And now the custom is to make you smile.
To make us smile!—methinks I hear you say—
Why, who can help it, at so strange a play?
The captain gone three years!—and then to blame
The faultless conduct of his virtuous dame!
My stars!—what gentle belle would think it treason,
When thus provok'd, to give the brute some reason?
Out of my house!—this night, forsooth, depart!
A modern wife had said—"With all my heart—
But think not, haughty sir, I'll go alone!
Order your coach—conduct me safe to town—
Give me my jewels, wardrobe, and my maid—
And pray take care my pin-money be paid."
Such is the language of each modish fair;
Yet memoirs, not of modern growth, declare
The time has been when modesty and truth
Were deem'd additions to the charms of youth;
When women hid their necks, and veil'd their faces,
Nor romp'd, nor rak'd, nor star'd at public places,
Nor took the airs of Amazons for graces:
Then plain domestic virtues were the mode,
And wives ne'er dreamt of happiness abroad;
They lov'd their children, learnt no flaunting airs,
But with the joys of wedlock mix'd the cares.
Those times are past—yet sure they merit praise,
For marriage triumph'd in those golden days:
By chaste decorum they affection gain'd;
By faith and fondness what they won, maintain'd.
'Tis yours, ye fair, to bring those days again,
And form anew the hearts of thoughtless men;
Make Beauty's lustre amiable as bright,
And give the soul, as well as sense, delight;
Reclaim from folly a fantastic age,
That scorns the press, the pulpit, and the stage.
Let truth and tenderness your breasts adorn,
The marriage chain with transport shall be worn;
Each blooming virgin rais'd into a bride,
Shall double all their joys, their cares divide;
Alleviate grief, compose the jars of strife,
And pour the balm that sweetens human life.

MORAL PIECES.

THE JUDGMENT OF HERCULES.

While blooming Spring descends from genial skies,
By whose mild influence instant wonders rise;
From whose soft breath Elysian beauties flow,
The sweets of Hagley, or the pride of Stowe;
Will Lyttelton the rural landscape range,
Leave noisy Fame, and not regret the change?
Pleas'd will he tread the garden's early scenes,
And learn a moral from the rising greens?
There, warm'd alike by Sol's enlivening power,
The weed, aspiring, emulates the flower:
The drooping flower, its fairer charms display'd,
Invites, from grateful hands, their generous aid:
Soon, if none check th' invasive foe's designs,
The lively lustre of these scenes declines.
'Tis thus the spring of youth, the morn of life,
Rears in our minds the rival seeds of strife.
Then passion riots, reason then contends;
And on the conquest every bliss depends:

Life, from the nice decision, takes its hue:
And blest those judges who decide like you!
On worth like theirs shall every bliss attend:
The world their favourite, and the world their friend.
There are, who, blind to Thought's fatiguing ray,
As Fortune gives examples, urge their way:
Nor Virtue's foes, though they her paths decline,
And scarce her friends, though with her friends they join,
In hers, or Vice's casual roads advance
Thoughtless, the sinners or the saints of Chance!
Yet some more nobly scorn the vulgar voice;
With judgment fix, with zeal pursue their choice,
When ripen'd Thought, when Reason, born to reign,
Check the wild tumults of the youthful vein;
While Passion's lawless tides, at their command,
Glide through more useful tracts, and bless the land.
Happiest of these is he whose matchless mind,
By learning strengthen'd, and by taste refin'd,
In Virtue's cause essay'd its earliest powers;
Chose Virtue's paths, and strew'd her paths with flowers.
The first alarm'd, if Freedom waves her wings:
The fittest to adorn each art she brings:
Lov'd by that prince whom every Virtue fires:
Prais'd by that bard whom every Muse inspires:
Blest in the tuneful art, the social flame;
In all that wins, in all that merits fame:
'T was youth's perplexing stage his doubts inspir'd,
When great Alcides to a grove retir'd.
Through the lone windings of a devious glade,
Resign'd to thought, with lingering steps he stray'd;
Blest with a mind to taste sincerer joys,
Arm'd with a heart each false one to despise,
Dubious he stray'd, with wavering thoughts possest,
Alternate passions, struggling, shar'd his breast;
The various arts which human cares divide,
In deep attention all his mind employ'd:
Anxious, if Fame an equal bliss secur'd,
Or silent Ease with softer charms allur'd.
The sylvan choir, whose numbers sweetly flow'd,
The fount that murmur'd, and the flowers that blow'd;
The silver flood that in meanders led
His glittering streams along th' enliven'd mead;
The soothing breeze, and all those beauties join'd,
Which, whilst they please, effeminate the mind,
In vain! while distant, on a summit rais'd,
Th' imperial towers of Fame attractive blaz'd.
While thus he trac'd through Fancy's puzzling maze
The separate sweets of pleasure and of praise;
Sudden the wind a fragrant gale convey'd,
And a new lustre gain'd upon the shade.
At once, before his wondering eyes were seen
Two female forms of more than mortal mien.
Various their charms; and in their dress and face
Each seem'd to vie with some peculiar grace.
This, whose attire less clogg'd with art appear'd,
The simple sweets of innocence endear'd.
Her sprightly bloom, her quick sagacious eye,
Show'd native merit, mix'd with modesty.
Her air diffus'd a mild but awful ray,
Severely sweet, and innocently gay.
Such the chaste image of the martial maid,
In artless folds of virgin white array'd!
She let no borrow'd rose her cheeks adorn,
Her blushing cheeks that sham'd the purple morn.
Her charms nor had, nor wanted artful foils,
Or studied gestures, or well-practis'd smiles.
She scorn'd the toys which render beauty less.
She prov'd th' engaging chastity of dress;
And while she chose in native charms to shine,
E'en thus she seem'd, nay more than seem'd, divine.
One modest emerald clasp'd the robe she wore,
And in her hand th' imperial sword she bore.
Sublime her height, majestic was her pace,
And match'd the awful honours of her face.
The shrubs, the flowers, that deck'd the verdant ground,
Seem'd, where she trod, with rising lustre crown'd.
Still her approach with stronger influence warm'd;
She pleas'd, while distant; but, when near, she charm'd.
So strikes the gazer's eye, the silver gleam
That glittering quivers o'er a distant stream:
But from its banks we see new beauties rise,
And in its crystal bosom trace the skies.
With other charms the rival vision glow'd;
And from her dress her tinsel beauties flow'd.
A fluttering robe her pamper'd shape conceal'd,
And seem'd to shade the charms it best reveal'd.
Its form, contriv'd her faulty size to grace;
Its hue, to give fresh lustre to her face.
Her plaited hair disguis'd with brilliants glar'd;
Her cheeks the ruby's neighbouring lustre shar'd;
The gaudy topaz lent its gay supplies,
And every gem that strikes less curious eyes;
Expos'd her breast with foreign sweets perfum'd;
And round her brow a roseate garland bloom'd.
Soft smiling, blushing lips conceal'd her wiles;
Yet, ah! the blushes artful as the smiles.
Oft gazing on her shade, th' enraptur'd fair
Decreed the substance well deserv'd her care:
Her thoughts, to others' charms maliguly blind,
Centred in that, and were to that confin'd:
And if on others' eyes a glance were thrown,
'T was but to watch the influence of her own.
Much like her guardian, fair Cythera's queen,
When for her warrior she refines her mien;
Or when, to bless her Delian favourite's arms,
The radiant fair invigorates her charms:
Much like her pupil, Egypt's sportive dame,
Her dress expressive, and her air the same,
When her gay bark o'er silver Cydnos roll'd,
And all th' emblazon'd streamers wav'd in gold.
Such shone the vision; nor forbore to move
The fond contagious airs of lawless love.
Each wanton eye deluding glances fir'd,
And amorous dimples on each cheek conspir'd.
Lifeless her gait, and slow, with seeming pain
She dragg'd her loitering limbs along the plain;
Yet made some faint efforts, and first approach'd the swain.
So glaring draughts, with tawdry lustre bright,
Spring to the view, and rush upon the sight:
More slowly charms a Raphael's chaster air,
Waits the calm search, and pays the searcher's care.
Wrapp'd in a pleas'd suspense, the youth survey'd
The various charms of each attractive maid;
Alternate each he view'd, and each admir'd,
And found, alternate, varying flames inspir'd.
Quick o'er their forms his eyes with pleasure ran,
When she who first approach'd him, first began:
"Hither, dear boy, direct thy wandering eyes
'T is here the lovely vale of pleasure lies.
Debate no more, to me thy life resign;
Each sweet which Nature can diffuse is mine:
For me the nymph diversifies her power,
Springs in a tree, or blossoms in a flower;
To please my ear, she tunes the linnet's strains;
To please my eye, with lilies paints the plains;

To form my couch, in mossy beds she grows;
To gratify my smell, perfumes the rose;
Reveals the fair, the fertile scene you see,
And swells the vegetable world, for me.
" Let the gull'd fool the toils of war pursue,
Where bleed the many to enrich the few:
Where Chance from Courage claims the boasted prize:
Where, though she give, your country oft denies.
Industrious, thou shalt Cupid's wars maintain,
And ever gently fight his soft campaign:
His darts alone shalt wield, his wounds endure,
Yet only suffer to enjoy the cure.
Yield but to me—a choir of nymphs shall rise,
And fire thy breast, and bless thy ravish'd eyes.
Their beauteous cheeks a fairer rose shall wear,
A brighter lily on their necks appear;
Where fondly thou thy favour'd head shalt rest,
Soft as the down that swells the cygnet's nest!
While Philomel in each soft voice complains,
And gently lulls thee with mellifluous strains:
Whilst, with each accent, sweetest odours flow,
And spicy gums round every bosom glow.
Not the fam'd bird Arabian climes admire,
Shall in such luxury of sweets expire.
At Sloth let War's victorious sons exclaim;
In vain! for Pleasure is my real name;
Nor envy thou the head with bays o'ergrown;
No, seek thou roses to adorn thy own:
For well each opening scene that claims my care,
Suits and deserves the beauteous crown I wear.
" Let others prune the vine; the genial bowl
Shall crown thy table, and enlarge thy soul.
Let vulgar hands explore the brilliant mine,
So the gay produce glitter still on thine.
Indulgent Bacchus loads his labouring tree,
And, guarding, gives its clustering sweets to me.
For my lov'd train, Apollo's piercing beam
Darts thro' the passive glebe, and frames the gem.
See in my cause consenting gods employ'd,
Nor slight those gods, their blessings unenjoy'd!
For thee the poplar shall its amber drain;
For thee, in clouded beauty, spring the cane;
Some costly tribute every clime shall pay;
Some charming treasure every wind convey;
Each object round some pleasing scene shall yield;
Art build thy dome, while Nature decks thy field;
Of Corinth's order shall the structure rise;
The spiring turrets glitter through the skies;
Thy costly robe shall glow with Tyrian rays;
Thy vase shall sparkle, and thy car shall blaze;
Yet thou, whatever pomp the Sun display,
Shalt own the amorous night exceeds the day.
" When melting flutes and sweetly-sounding lyres
Wake the gay Loves, and cite the young Desires;
Or, in th' Ionian dance, some favourite maid
Improves the flame her sparkling eyes convey'd;
Think, canst thou quit a glowing Delia's arms,
To feed on Virtue's visionary charms;
Or slight the joys which wit and youth engage,
For the faint honour of a frozen sage?
To find dull Envy e'en that hope deface,
And, where you toil'd for glory, reap disgrace?
" O! think that Beauty waits on thy decree,
And thy lov'd loveliest charmer pleads with me.
She, whose soft smile, or gentler glance to move,
You vow'd the wild extremities of love;
In whose endearments years, like moments, flew;
For whose endearments millions seem'd too few;
She, she implores; she bids thee seize the prime,
And tread with her the flowery track of Time;
Nor thus her lovely bloom of life bestow
On some cold lover, or insulting foe.
Think, if against that tongue thou canst rebel,
Where love yet dwelt, and reason seem'd to dwell;
What strong persuasion arms her softer sighs!
What full conviction sparkles in her eyes!
" See Nature smiles, and birds salute the shade,
Where breathing jasmin screens the sleeping maid:
And such her charms, as to the vain may prove,
Ambition seeks more humble joys than Love!
There busy Toil shall ne'er invade thy reign,
Nor sciences perplex thy labouring brain:
Or none, but what with equal sweets invite;
Nor other arts, but to prolong delight:
Sometimes thy fancy prune her tender wing,
To praise a pendant, or to grace a ring;
To fix the dress that suits each varying mien;
To show where best the clustering gems are seen;
To sigh soft strains along the vocal grove,
And tell the charms, the sweet effects of love!
Nor fear to find a coy disdainful Muse;
Nor think the Sisters will their aid refuse.
Cool grots, and tinkling rills, or silent shades,
Soft scenes of leisure, suit th' harmonious maids;
And all the wise, and all the grave, decree
Some of that sacred train allied to me.
" But if more specious ease thy wishes claim,
And thy breast glow with faint desire of fame,
Some softer science shall thy thoughts amuse,
And Learning's name a solemn sound diffuse:
To thee all Nature's curious stores I 'll bring,
Explain the beauties of an insect's wing;
The plant, which Nature, less diffusely kind,
Has to few climes with partial care confin'd:
The shell she scatters with more careless air,
And, in her frolics, seems supremely fair;
The worth that dazzles in the tulip's stains,
Or lurks beneath a pebble's various veins.
" Sleep's downy god, averse to war's alarms;
Shall o'er thy head diffuse his softest charms;
Ere anxious Thought thy dear repose assail,
Or Care, my most destructive foe, prevail.
The watery nymphs shall tune the vocal vales,
And gentle Zephyrs harmonize their gales,
For thy repose, inform, with rival joy,
Their streams to murmur, and their winds to sigh.
Thus shalt thou spend the sweetly-flowing day,
Till lost in bliss thou breath'st thy soul away:
Till she t' Elysian bowers of joy repair,
Nor find my charming scene exceeded there."
She ceas'd; and on a lilied bank reclin'd,
Her flowing robe wav'd wanton with the wind:
One tender hand her drooping head sustains;
One points, expressive, to the flowery plains.
Soon the fond youth perceiv'd her influence roll,
Deep in his breast, to melt his manly soul:
As when Favonius joins the solar blaze,
And each fair fabric of the frost decays.
Soon, to his breast, the soft harangue convey'd
Resolves too partial to the specious maid.
He sigh'd, he gaz'd, so sweetly smil'd the dame;
Yet, sighing, gazing, seem'd to scorn his flame,
And, oft as Virtue caught his wandering eye,
A crimson blush condemn'd the rising sigh.
'Twas such the lingering Trojan's shame betray'd,
When Maia's son the frown of Jove display'd:

When wealth, fame, empire, could no balance prove
For the soft reign of Dido, and of love.
Thus ill with arduous glory love conspires;
Soft tender flames with bold impetuous fires!
Some hovering doubts his anxious bosom mov'd,
And Virtue, zealous fair! those doubts improv'd.
"Fly, fly, fond youth, the too indulgent maid,
Nor err, by such fantastic scenes betray'd.
Though in my path the rugged thorn be seen,
And the dry turf disclose a fainter green;
Though no gay rose or flowery product shine,
The barren surface still conceals the mine.
Each thorn that threatens, e'en the weed that grows
In Virtue's path, superior sweets bestows—
Yet should those boasted, specious toys allure,
Whence could fond Sloth the flattering gifts procure?
The various wealth that tempts thy soft desire,
'T is I alone, her greatest foe, acquire.
I from old Ocean rob the treasur'd store;
I through each region latent gems explore;
'T was I the rugged brilliant first reveal'd,
By numerous strata deep in earth conceal'd.
'Tis I the surface yet refine, and show
The modest gem's intrinsic charms to glow.
Nor swells the grape, nor spires its feeble tree
Without the firm supports of industry.
"But grant we Sloth the scene herself has drawn,
The mossy grotto, and the flowery lawn;
Let Philomela tune th' harmonious gale,
And with each breeze eternal sweets exhale;
Let gay Pomona slight the plains around,
And choose, for fairest fruits, the favour'd ground;
To bless the fertile vale should Virtue cease,
Nor mossy grots nor flowery lawns could please;
Nor gay Pomona's luscious gifts avail,
The sound harmonious, or the spicy gale.
"Seest thou yon rocks in dreadful pomp arise,
Whose rugged cliffs deform th' encircling skies?
Those fields, whence Phœbus all their moisture drains,
And, too profusely fond, disrobes the plains?
When I vouchsafe to tread the barren soil,
Those rocks seem lovely, and those deserts smile.
The form thou view'st, to every scene with ease
Transfers its charms, and every scene can please.
When I have on those pathless wilds appear'd,
And the lone wanderer with my presence cheer'd;
Those cliffs the exile has with pleasure view'd,
And call'd that desert blissful solitude!
"Nor I alone to such extend my care:
Fair-blooming Health surveys her altars there.
Brown Exercise will lead thee where she reigns,
And with reflected lustre gild the plains.
With her, in flower of youth, and beauty's pride,
Her offspring, calm Content and Peace, reside.
One ready offering suits each neighbouring shrine;
And all obey their laws, who practise mine.
"But Health averse from Sloth's smooth region flies;
And, in her absence, Pleasure droops and dies.
Her bright companions, Mirth, Delight, Repose,
Smile where she smiles, and sicken when she goes.
A galaxy of powers! whose forms appear
For ever beauteous, and for ever near.
"Nor will soft Sleep to Sloth's request incline,
He from her couches flies unbid to mine.
"Vain is the sparkling bowl, the warbling strain,
Th' incentive song, the labour'd viand vain!
Where she relentless reigns without control,
And checks each gay excursion of the soul:
Unmov'd, though Beauty, deck'd in all its charms,
Grace the rich couch, and spread the softest arms:
Till joyless Indolence suggests desires,
Or drugs are sought to furnish languid fires:
Such languid fires as on the vitals prey,
Barren of bliss, but fertile of decay.
As artful heats, applied to thirsty lands,
Produce no flowers, and but debase the sands.
"But let fair Health her cheering smiles impart,
How sweet is Nature, how superfluous Art!
'T is she the fountain's ready draught commends,
And smooths the flinty couch which Fortune lends;
And when my hero from his toils retires,
Fills his gay bosom with unusual fires,
And, while no checks th' unbounded joy reprove,
Aids and refines the genuine sweets of love.
His fairest prospect rising trophies frame;—
His sweetest music is the voice of Fame;
Pleasures to Sloth unknown! she never found
How fair the prospect, or how sweet the sound.
"See Fame's gay structure from yon summit
And fires the manly breast to arts or arms; [charms,
Nor dread the steep ascent by which you rise
From grovelling vales to towers which reach the skies.
"Love, Fame, Esteem, 'tis Labour must acquire;
The smiling offspring of a rigid sire!
To fix the friend, your service must be shown;
All, ere they lov'd your merit, lov'd their own.
That wondering Greece your portrait may admire,
That tuneful bards may string for you their lyre,
That books may praise, or coins record your name,
Such, such rewards 't is Toil alone can claim!
And the same column which displays to view
The conqueror's name, displays the conquest too.
"'T was slow Experience, tedious mistress! taught
All that e'er nobly spoke, or bravely fought.
'T was she the patriot, she the bard refin'd,
In arts that serve, protect, or please, mankind.
Not the vain visions of inactive schools;
Not Fancy's maxims, not Opinion's rules,
E'er form'd the man whose generous warmth extends
T' enrich his country, or to serve his friends.
On active Worth the laurel War bestows:
Peace rears her olive for industrious brows:
Nor Earth, uncultur'd, yields its kind supplies:
Nor Heaven, its showers without a sacrifice.
"See far below such grovelling scenes of shame,
As lull to rest Ignavia's slumbering dame.
Her friends, from all the toils of Fame secure,
Alas! inglorious, greater toil endure.
Doom'd all to mourn, who in her cause engage
A youth enervate, and a painful age;
A sickly sapless mass, if Reason flies;
And, if she linger, impotently wise!
A thoughtless train, who, pamper'd, sleek, and gay,
Invite old age, and revel youth away;
From life's fresh vigour move the load of care,
And idly place it where they least can bear.
When to the mind, diseas'd, for aid they fly,
What kind reflection shall the mind supply?
When, with lost health, what should the loss allay,
Peace, peace is lost: a comfortless decay!
But to my friends, when youth, when pleasure flies,
And Earth's dim beauties fade before their eyes,
Through Death's dark vista flowery tracts are seen,
Elysian plains, and groves for ever green.
If o'er their lives a refluent glance they cast,
Theirs is the present who can praise the past.
Life has its bliss for these, when past its bloom,
As wither'd roses yield a late perfume.
"Serene, and safe from Passion's stormy rage,
How calm they glide into the port of Age!

Of the rude voyage less depriv'd than eas'd;
More tir'd than pain'd, and weaken'd than diseas'd.
For health on age 'tis temperance must bestow;
And peace from piety alone can flow;
And all the incense bounteous Jove requires,
Has sweets for him who feeds the sacred fires.—
"Sloth views the towers of Fame with envious eyes;
Desirous still, still impotent to rise.
Oft, when resolv'd to gain those blissful towers,
The pensive queen the dire ascent explores,
Comes onward, wafted by the balmy trees,
Some sylvan music, or some scented breeze:
She turns her head, her own gay realm she spies,
And all the short-liv'd resolution dies.
Thus some fond insect's faltering pinions wave,
Clasp'd in its favourite sweets, a lasting slave:
And thus in vain these charming visions please
The wretch of glory, and the slave of ease:
Doom'd ever in ignoble state to pine,
Boast her own scenes, and languish after mine.
"But shun her snares: nor let the world exclaim,
'Thy birth, which was thy glory, prov'd thy shame.'
With early hope thine infant actions fir'd,
Let manhood crown what infancy inspir'd.
Let generous toils reward with health thy days,
Prolong thy prime, and eternize thy praise.
The bold exploit that charms th' attesting age,
To latest times shall generous hearts engage;
And with that myrtle shall thy shrine be crown'd,
With which, alive, thy graceful brows were bound:
Till Time shall bid thy virtues freely bloom,
And raise a temple where it found a tomb.
"Then in their feasts thy name shall Grecians join:
Shall pour the sparkling juice to Jove's and thine.
Thine, us'd in war, shall raise their native fire;
Thine, us'd in peace, their mutual faith inspire.
Dulness, perhaps, through want of sight may blame,
And Spleen, with odious industry, defame;
And that, the honours given, with wonder view,
And this, in secret sadness, own them due:
Contempt and Envy were by Fate design'd
The rival tyrants which divide mankind;
Contempt, which none, but who deserve, can bear;
While Envy's wounds the smiles of Fame repair.
For know, the generous thine exploits shall fire,
Thine every friend it suits thee to require,
Lov'd by the gods, and, till their seats I show,
Lov'd by the good, their images below."
"Cease, lovely maid, fair daughter of the skies!
My guide! my queen!" th' ecstatic youth replies.
"In thee I trace a form design'd for sway;
Which chiefs may court, and kings with pride obey.
And, by thy bright immortal friends I swear,
Thy fair idea shall no toils impair.
Lead me! O lead me where whole hosts of foes
Thy form depreciate, and thy friends oppose!
Welcome all toils th' unequal Fates decree,
While toils endear thy faithful charge to thee.
Such be my cares, to bind th' oppressive hand,
And crush the fetters of an injur'd land:
To see the monster's noxious life resign'd,
And tyrants quell'd, the monsters of mankind!
Nature shall smile to view the vanquish'd brood,
And none, but Envy, riot unsubdued:
In cloister'd state let selfish sages dwell,
Proud that their heart is narrow as their cell!
And boast their mazy labyrinth of rules,
Far less the friends of Virtue, than the fools:
Yet such in vain thy favouring smiles pretend;
For he is thine, who proves his country's friend.
Thus when my life well-spent the good enjoy,
And the mean envious labour to destroy;
When, strongly lur'd by Fame's contiguous shrine,
I yet devote my choicer vows to thine;
If all my toils thy promis'd favour claim,
O lead thy favourite through the gates of Fame!"
He ceas'd his vows, and, with disdainful air,
He turn'd to blast the late exulting fair:
But vanish'd, fled to some more friendly shore,
The conscious phantom's beauty pleas'd no more:
Convinc'd, her spurious charms of dress and face
Claim'd a quick conquest, or a sure disgrace.
Fantastic power! whose transient charms allur'd,
While Errour's mist the reasoning mind obscur'd:
Not such the victress, Virtue's constant queen,
Endur'd the test of Truth, and dar'd be seen.
Her brightening form and features seem'd to own,
'Twas all her wish, her interest to be known:
And when his longing view the fair declin'd,
Left a full image of her charms behind.
Thus reigns the Moon, with furtive splendour crown'd,
While glooms oppress us, and thick shades surround,
But let the source of light its beams display,
Languid and faint the mimic flames decay,
And all the sickening splendour fades away.

THE PROGRESS OF TASTE,

OR,

THE FATE OF DELICACY.

A poem on the temper and studies of the author; and how great a misfortune it is for a man of small estate to have much taste.

PART THE FIRST.

Perhaps some cloud eclips'd the day,
When thus I tun'd my pensive lay:
The ship is launch'd—we catch the gale—
On life's extended ocean sail:
For happiness our course we bend,
Our ardent cry, our general end!
Yet, ah! the scenes which tempt our care
Are like the forms dispers'd in air,
Still dancing near disorder'd eyes;
And weakest his, who best descries!
Yet let me not my birth-right barter,
(For wishing is the poet's charter;
All bards have leave to wish what's wanted,
Though few e'er found their wishes granted;
Extensive field! where poets pride them
In singing all that is denied them.)
"For humble ease, ye powers! I pray;
That plain warm suit for every day!
And pleasure, and brocade, bestow;
To flaunt it—once a month or so.
The first for constant wear we want;
The first, ye powers! for ever grant;
But constant wear the last bespatters,
And turns the tissue into tatters.
Where'er my vagrant course I bend,
Let me secure one faithful friend.
Let me, in public scenes, request
A friend of wit and taste, well drest:
And, if I must not hope such favour,
A friend of wit and taste, however,

Alas! that Wisdom ever shuns
To congregate her scatter'd sons;
Whose nervous forces well combin'd
Would win the field, and sway mankind.
The fool will squeeze, from morn to night,
To fix his follies full in sight;
The note he strikes, the plume he shows,
Attract whole flights of fops and beaux;
And kindred-fools, who ne'er had known him,
Flock at the sight; caress, and own him;
But ill-starr'd Sense, nor gay nor loud,
Steals soft on tip-toe through the crowd;
Conveys his meagre form between;
And slides, like pervious air, unseen:
Contracts his known tenuity,
As though 'twere e'en a crime, to be;
Nor e'en permits his eyes to stray,
And win acquaintance in their way.
In company, so mean his air,
You scarce are conscious he is there:
Till from some nook, like sharpen'd steel,
Occurs his face's thin profile,
Still seeming, from the gazer's eye,
Like Venus, newly bath'd, to fly.
Yet, while reluctant he displays
His real gems before the blaze,
The fool hath, in its centre, plac'd
His tawdry stock of painted paste.
Disus'd to speak, he tries his skill;
Speaks coldly, and succeeds but ill;
His pensive manner, dull ness deem'd;
His modesty, reserve esteem'd;
His wit unknown, his learning vain,
He wips not one of all the train.
And those who, mutually known,
In Friendship's fairest list had shone,
Less proné than pebbles to unite,
Retire to shades from public sight;
Grow savage, quit their social nature;
And starve, to study mutual satire.
But friends, and favourites, to chagrin them,
Find counties, countries, seas between them:
Meet once a year, then part, and then,
Retiring, wish to meet again.
Sick of the thought, let me provide
Some human form to grace my side;
At hand, where'er I shape my course;
An useful, pliant, stalking-horse!
No gesture free from some grimace;
No seam, without its share of lace;
But, mark'd with gold or silver either,
Hint where his coat was piec'd together.
His legs be lengthen'd, I advise,
And stockings roll'd abridge his thighs.
What though Vandyck had other rules,
What had Vandyck to do with fools?
Be nothing wanting but his mind:
Before, a solitaire; behind,
A twisted ribbon, like the track
Which Nature gives an ass's back.
Silent as midnight! pity 'twere
His wisdom's slender wealth to share!
And, whilst in flocks our fancies stray,
To wish the poor man's lamb away.
This form attracting every eye,
I stroll all unregarded by:
This wards the jokes of every kind,
As an umbrella sun or wind;
Or, like a sponge, absorbs the sallies
And pestilential fumes of malice;
Or, like a splendid shield, is fit
To screen the Templar's random wit;
Or what some gentler cit lets fall,
As wool-packs quash the leaden ball.
Allusions these of weaker force,
And apter still the stalking-horse!
O let me wander all unseen,
Beneath the sanction of his mien!
As lilies soft, as roses fair!
Empty as air-pumps drain'd of air!
With steady eye and pace remark
The speckled flock that haunts the Park [1];
Level my pen with wondrous heed
At follies flocking there to feed;
And, as my satire bursts amain,
See, feather'd foppery strew the plain.
But when I seek my rural grove,
And share the peaceful haunts I love,
Let none of this unhallow'd train
My sweet sequester'd paths profane.
Oft may some polish'd, virtuous friend
To the soft winding vales descend;
And love with me inglorious things,
And scorn with me the pomp of kings;
And check me, when my bosom burns
For statues, paintings, coins, and urns.
For I in Damon's prayer could join,
And Damon's wish might now be mine—
But all dispers'd! the wish, the prayer,
Are driven to mix with common air.

PART THE SECOND.

How happy once was Damon's lot,
While yet romantic scenes were not!
Ere yet he sent his weakly eyes
To plan frail castles in the skies;
Forsaking pleasures cheap and common,
To court a blaze, still flitting from one.
Ah happy Damon! thrice and more,
Had Taste ne'er touch'd thy tranquil shore!
Oh days! when to a girdle tied
The couples jingled at his side;
And Damon swore he would not barter
The sportsman's girdle, for a garter!
Whoever came to kill an hour,
Found easy Damon in their power;
Pure social Nature all his guide,
"Damon had not a grain of pride."
He wish'd not to elude the snares
Which Knavery plans and Craft prepares;
But rather wealth to crown their wiles,
And win their universal smiles:
For who are cheerful, who at ease,
But they who cheat us as they please?
He wink'd at many a gross design,
The new-fallen calf might countermine:
Thus every fool allow'd his merit;
"Yes! Damon had a generous spirit!"
A coxcomb's jest, however vile,
Was sure, at least, of Damon's smile:
That coxcomb ne'er denied him sense;
For why? it prov'd his own pretence:
All own'd, were modesty away,
Damon could shine as much as they.
When wine and folly came in season,
Damon ne'er strove to save his reason;

[1] St. James's.

Obnoxious to the mad uproar:
A spy upon a hostile shore!
'Twas this his company endear'd:
Mirth never came till he appear'd:
His lodgings—every drawer could show them;
The slave was kick'd who did not know them.
Thus Damon, studious of his ease,
And pleasing all whom mirth could please,
Defied the world, like idle Colley,
To show a softer word than folly.
Since Wisdom's gorgon-shield was known
To stare the gazer into stone;
He chose to trust in Folly's charm,
To keep his breast alive and warm.
At length grave Learning's sober train
Remark'd the trifler with disdain;
The sons of Taste contemn'd his ways,
And rank'd him with the brutes that graze;
While they to nobler heights aspir'd,
And grew belov'd, esteem'd, admir'd.
Hence with our youth, not void of spirit,
His old companions lost their merit:
And every kind well-natur'd sot
Seem'd a dull play, without a plot;
Where every yawning guest agrees,
The willing creature strives to please:
But temper never could amuse;
It barely led us to excuse;
'Twas true, conversing they averr'd,
All they had seen, or felt, or heard:
Talents of weight! for wights like these,
The Law might choose for witnesses:
But sure th' attesting dry narration
Ill suits a judge of conversation.
What were their freedoms[2]? mere excuses
To vent ill-manners, blows, and bruises.
Yet Freedom, gallant Freedom! hailing,
At Form, at Form, incessant railing,
Would they examine each offence,
Its latent cause, its known pretence,
Punctilio ne'er was known to breed them,
So sure as fond prolific Freedom.
Their courage! but a loaded gun;
Machine the wise would wish to shun;
Its guard unsafe, its lock an ill one,
Where accident might fire and kill one.
In short, disgusted out of measure,
Through much contempt, and slender pleasure,
His sense of dignity returns;
His native pride his bosom burns;
He seeks respect—but how to gain it?
Wit, social Mirth, could ne'er obtain it:
And Laughter, where it reigns uncheck'd,
Discards and dissipates respect.
The man who bravely bows, enjoys it;
But shaking hands, at once, destroys it.
Precarious plant, which, fresh and gay,
Shrinks at the touch, and fades away!
Come then, Reserve! yet from thy train
Banish Contempt, and curst Disdain.
Teach me, he cried, thy magic art,
To act the decent distant part:
To husband well my complaisance,
Nor let e'en Wit too far advance;
But choose calm Reason for my theme,
In these her royal realms supreme;
And o'er her charms, with caution shown,
Be still a graceful umbrage thrown;
And each abrupter period crown'd,
With nods, and winks, and smiles profound,
Till, rescued from the crowd beneath,
No more with pain to move or breathe,
I rise with head elate, to share
Salubrious draughts of purer air.
Respect is won by grave pretence,
And silence, surer e'en than sense—
'Tis hence the sacred grandeur springs
Of eastern—and of other kings,
Or whence this awe to Virtue due,
While Virtue's distant as Peru?
The sheathless sword the guard displays,
Which round emits its dazzling rays:
The stately fort, the turrets tall,
Portcullis'd gate, and battled wall,
Less screens the body, than controls,
And wards contempt from royal souls.
The crowns they wear but check the eye,
Before it fondly pierce too nigh;
That dazzled crowds may be employ'd
Around the surface of—the void.
O! 'tis the statesman's craft profound
To scatter his amusements round!
To tempt us from the conscious breast,
Where full-fledg'd crimes enjoy their nest.
Nor awes us every worth reveal'd
So deeply as each vice conceal'd.
The lordly log, dispatch'd of yore,
That the frog people might adore,
With guards to keep them at a distance,
Had reign'd, nor wanted wit's assistance:
Nay—had addresses from his nation,
In praise of log-administration.

[2] Boisterous mirth.

PART THE THIRD.

The buoyant fires of youth were o'er,
And fame and finery pleas'd no more;
Productive of that general stare,
Which cool reflection ill can bear!
And, crowds commencing mere vexation,
Retirement sent its invitation.
Romantic scenes of pendent hills,
And verdant vales, and falling rills,
And mossy banks, the fields adorn,
Where Damon, simple swain, was born.
The Dryads rear'd a shady grove,
Where such as think, and such as love,
May safely sigh their summer's day;
Or muse their silent hours away.
The Oreads lik'd the climate well;
And taught the level plain to swell
In verdant mounds, from whence the eye
Might all their larger works descry.
The Naiads pour'd their urns around,
From nodding rocks o'er vales profound.
They form'd their streams to please the view,
And bade them wind, as serpents do:
And, having shown them where to stray,
Threw little pebbles in their way.
These Fancy, all-sagacious maid,
Had at their several tasks survey'd:
She saw and smil'd; and oft would lead
Our Damon's foot o'er hill and mead;
There, with descriptive finger, trace
The genuine beauties of the place;
And, when she all its charms had shown,
Prescribe improvements of her own.

"See yonder hill, so green, so round,
Its brow with ambient beeches crown'd!
'Twould well become thy gentle care
To raise a dome to Venus there:
Pleas'd would the nymphs thy zeal survey;
And Venus, in their arms, repay.
'Twas such a shade, and such a nook,
In such a vale, near such a brook;
From such a rocky fragment springing;
That fam'd Apollo chose, to sing in.
There let an altar wrought with art
Engage thy tuneful patron's heart.
How charming there to muse and warble
Beneath his bust of breathing marble!
With laurel wreath and mimic lyre,
That crown a poet's vast desire.
Then, near it, scoop the vaulted cell
Where Music's[3] charming maids may dwell;
Prone to indulge thy tender passion,
And make thee many an assignation.
Deep in the grove's obscure retreat
Be plac'd Minerva's sacred seat;
There let her awful turrets rise,
(For Wisdom flies from vulgar eyes:)
There her calm dictates shalt thou bear
Distinctly strike thy listening ear:
And who would shun the pleasing labour,
To have Minerva for his neighbour?"

In short, so charm'd each wild suggestion,
Its truth was little call'd in question:
And Damon dreamt he saw the Fauns,
And Nymphs, distinctly, skim the lawns;
Now trac'd amid the trees, and then
Lost in the circling shades again.
With leer oblique their lover viewing—
And Cupid—panting—and pursuing—
"Fancy, enchanting fair," he cried,
"Be thou my goddess! thou my guide!
For thy bright visions I despise
What foes may think or friends advise.
The feign'd concern, when folks survey
Expense, time, study, cast away;
The real spleen, with which they see:
I please myself, and follow thee."

Thus glow'd his breast by fancy warm'd;
And thus the fairy landscape charm'd.
But most he hop'd his constant care
Might win the favour of the fair;
And, wandering late through yonder glade,
He thus the soft design betray'd:

"Ye doves! for whom I rear'd the grove,
With melting lays salute my love!
My Delia with your notes detain,
Or I have rear'd the grove in vain!
Ye flowers! which early spring supplies,
Display at once your brightest dyes!
That she your opening charms may see:
Or what were else your charms to me?
Kind Zephyr! brush each fragrant flower,
And shed its odours round my bower;
Or ne'er again, O gentle wind!
Shall I, in thee, refreshment find:
Ye streams, if e'er your banks I lov'd,
If e'er your native sounds improv'd,
May each soft murmur sooth my fair;
Or, oh, 't will deepen my despair!
Be sure, ye willows! you be seen
Array'd in liveliest robes of green;
Or I will tear your slighted boughs,
And let them fade around my brows.
And thou, my grot! whose lonely bounds
The melancholy pine surrounds!
May she admire thy peaceful gloom,
Or thou shalt prove her lover's tomb."

And now the lofty domes were rear'd;
Loud laugh'd the 'squires, the rabble star'd.

"See, neighbours, what our Damon 's doing!
I think some folks are fond of ruin!
I saw his sheep at random stray—
But he has thrown his crook away—
And builds such huts, as in foul weather
Are fit for sheep nor shepherd neither."

"Whence came the sober swain misled?"
"Why, Phœbus put it in his head.
Phœbus befriends him, we are told;
And Phœbus coins bright tons of gold.
'Twere prudent not to be so vain on't,
I think he 'll never touch a grain on 't.
And if, from Phœbus, and his Muse,
Mere earthly laziness ensues;
'Tis plain, for aught that I can say,
The Devil inspires, as well as they."
So they—while fools of grosser kind,
Less weeting what our bard design'd,
Impute his schemes to real evil;
That in these haunts he met the Devil.

He own'd, though their advice was vain,
It suited wights who trod the plain:
For dulness—though he might abhor it—
In them he made allowance for it:
Nor wonder'd, if, beholding mottos,
And urns, and domes, and cells, and grottos,
Folks, little dreaming of the Muses,
Were plagued to guess their proper uses.

But did the Muses haunt his cell?
Or in his dome did Venus dwell?
Did Pallas in his counsels share?
The Delian god reward his prayer?
Or did his zeal engage the fair?
When all the structures shone complete;
Not much convenient, wondrous neat;
Adorn'd with gilding, painting, planting,
And the fair guests alone were wanting;
Ah, me! ('twas Damon's own confession)
Came Poverty, and took possession.

[3] The Muses.

PART THE FOURTH.

Why droops my Damon, whilst he roves
Through ornamented meads and groves?
Near columns, obelisks, and spires,
Which every critic eye admires?
'Tis Poverty, detested maid,
Sole tenant of their ample shade!
'T is she, that robs him of his ease,
And bids their very charms displease.
But now, by Fancy long control'd,
And with the sons of Taste enroll'd,
He deem'd it shameful to commence
First minister to Common-sense:
Far more elated, to pursue
The lowest task of dear Vertù.

And now behold his lofty soul,
That whilom flew from pole to pole,
Settle on some elaborate flower;
And, like a bee, the sweets devour!

Now, of a rose enamour'd, prove
The wild solicitudes of love!
Now, in a lily's cup enshrin'd,
Forgo the commerce of mankind!
As in these toils he wore away
The calm remainder of his day;
Conducting sun, and shade, and shower,
As most might glad the new-born flower,
So Fate ordain'd—before his eye
Starts up the long-sought butterfly!
While, fluttering round, her plumes unfold
Celestial crimson dropt with gold.
Adieu, ye bands of flowerets fair!
The living beauty claims his care,
For this he strips—nor bolt, nor chain,
Could Damon's warm pursuit restrain.
See him o'er hill, morass, or mound,
Where'er the speckled game is found,
Though bent with age, with zeal pursue;
And totter tow'rds the prey in view.
Nor rock, nor stream, his steps retard,
Intent upon the blest reward!
One vassal fly repays the chase!
A wing, a film, reward the race!
Reward him, though Disease attend,
And in a fatal surfeit end.
So fierce Camilla skimm'd the plain.
Smit with the purple's pleasing stain,
She eye'd intent the glittering stranger,
And knew, alas! nor fear, nor danger;
Till deep within her panting heart
Malicious Fate impell'd the dart!
How studious he what favourite food
Regales dame Nature's tiny brood!
What junkets fat the filmy people!
And what liqueurs they choose to tipple!
Behold him, at some crise, prescribe,
And raise with drugs the sickening tribe!
Or haply, when their spirits fau'ter,
Sprinkling my Lord of Cloyne's tar-water.
When Nature's brood of insects dies,
See how he pimps for amorous flies!
See him the timely succour lend her,
And help the wantons to engender!
Or see him guard their pregnant hour;
Exert his soft obstetric power;
And, lending each his lenient hand,
With new-born grubs enrich the land!
O Wilks[4]! what poet's loftiest lays
Can match thy labours, and thy praise?
Immortal sage! by Fate decreed
To guard the moth's illustrious breed;
Till fluttering swarms on swarms arise,
And all our wardrobes teem with flies!
And must we praise this taste for toys?
Admire it then in girls and boys.
Ye youths of fifteen years, or more,
Resign your moths—the season 's o'er.
'Tis time more social joys to prove;
'T were now your nobler task—to love.
Let * * * *'s eyes more deeply warm;
Nor, slighting Nature's fairest form,
The bias of your souls determine
Towards the mean love of Nature's vermin.
But, ah! how wondrous few have known,
To give each stage of life its own!

'Tis the prætexta's utmost bound,
With radiant purple edg'd around,
To please the child; whose glowing dyes
Too long delight maturer eyes:
And few, but with regret, assume
The plain-wrought labours of the loom.
Ah! let not me by fancy steer,
When life's autumnal clouds appear;
Nor e'en in learning's long delays
Consume my fairest, fruitless days:
Like him, who should in armour spend
The sums that armour should defend.
A while in Pleasure's myrtle bower,
We share her smiles, and bless her power;
But find at last, we vainly strive
To fix the worst coquette alive.
O you! that with assiduous flame
Have long pursued the faithless dame,
Forsake her soft abodes a while,
And dare her frown, and slight her smile:
Nor scorn, whatever wits may say,
The foot-path road, the king's high-way,
No more the scrupulous charmer tease,
But seek the roofs of honest Ease;
The rival fair, no more pursued,
Shall there with forward pace intrude;
Shall there her every art essay,
To win you to her slighted sway;
And grant your scorn a glance more fair
Than e'er she gave your fondest prayer.
But would you happiness pursue?
Partake both ease, and pleasure too?
Would you, through all your days, dispense
The joys of reason, and of sense?
Or give to life the most you can,
Let social virtue shape the plan.
For does not to the virtuous deed
A train of pleasing sweets succeed;
Or, like the sweets of wild desire,
Did social pleasures ever tire?
Yet midst the group be some preferr'd,
Be some abhorr'd—for Damon err'd:
And such there are—of fair address—
As 't were unsocial to caress.
O learn by Reason's equal rule
To shun the praise of knave, or fool!
Then, though you deem it better still
To gain some rustic 'squire's good will;
And souls, however mean or vile,
Like features, brighten by a smile;
Yet Reason holds it for a crime,
The trivial breast should share thy time:
And Virtue, with reluctant eyes,
Beholds this human sacrifice!
Through deep reserve, and air erect,
Mistaken Damon won respect;
But could the specious homage pass,
With any creature, but an ass?
If conscious, they who fear'd the skin,
Would scorn the sluggish brute within.
What awe-struck slaves the towers enclose,
Where Persian monarchs eat and doze!
What prostrate reverence all agree
To pay a prince they never see!
Mere vassals of a royal throne!
The sophi's virtues must he shown,
To make the reverence his own.
As for Thalia—wouldst thou make her
Thy bride without a portion?—take her,

[4] Alluding to moths and butterflies, delineated by Benjamin Wilks. See his very expensive proposals.

She will with duteous care attend,
And all thy duteous hours befriend;
Will swell thy joys, will share thy pain;
With thee rejoice, with thee complain;
Will smooth thy pillow, pleat thy bowers;
And bind thy aching head with flowers.
But be this previous maxim known,
If thou canst feed on love alone:
If, blest with her, thou canst sustain
Contempt, and poverty, and pain:
If so—then rifle all her graces——
And fruitful be your fond embraces!
Too soon, by caitiff-spleen inspir'd,
Sage Damon to his groves retir'd:
The path disclaim'd by sober Reason;
Retirement claims a later season;
Ere active youth and warm desires
Have quite withdrawn their lingering fires.
With the warm bosom ill agree
Or limpid stream or shady tree.
Love lurks within the rosy bower,
And claims the speculative hour;
Ambition finds his calm retreat,
And bids his pulse too fiercely beat.
E'en social Friendship duns his ear,
And cites him to the public sphere.
Does he resist their genuine force?
His temper takes some froward course;
Till Passion, misdirected, sighs
For weeds, or shells, or grubs, or flies!
Far happiest he, whose early days,
Spent in the social paths of praise,
Leave, fairly printed on his mind,
A train of virtuous deeds behind:
From this rich fund, the memory draws
The lasting mead of self-applause.
Such fair ideas lend their aid
To people their sequester'd shade.
Such are the Naiads, Nymphs, and Fauns,
That haunt his floods, or cheer his lawns.
If, where his devious ramble strays,
He Virtue's radiant form surveys;
She seems no longer now to wear
The rigid mien, the frown severe[5];
To show him her remote abode;
To point the rocky arduous road:
But from each flower, his fields allow,
She twines a garland for his brow.

ECONOMY.

A RHAPSODY,

Addressed to Young Poets.

Insanis; omnes gelidis quæcunque lacernis
Sunt tibi, Nasones Virgiliosque vides. MART.

PART THE FIRST.

To you, ye bards! whose lavish breast requires
This monitory lay, the strains belong;
Nor think some miser vents his sapient saw,
Or some dull cit, unfeeling of the charms
That tempt profusion, sings; while friendly zeal,
To guard from fatal ills the tribe he loves,
Inspires the meanest of the Muses' train!
Like you I loathe the grovelling progeny,
Whose wily arts, by creeping Time matur'd,
Advance them high on Power's tyrannic throne:
To lord it there in gorgeous uselessness,
And spurn successless Worth that pines below!
See the rich churl, amid the social sons
Of wine and wit, regaling; hark he joins
In the free jest delighted! seems to show
A meliorated heart! he laughs! he sings!
Songs of gay import, madrigals of glee,
And drunken anthems set agape the board.
Like Demea, in the play, benign and mild,
And pouring forth benevolence of soul,
Till Micio wonders: or, in Shakespeare's line,
Obstreperous Silence; drowning Shallow's voice,
And startling Falstaff, and his mad compeers.
He owns 't is prudence, ever and anon,
To smooth his careful brow! to let his purse
Ope to a sixpence's diameter!
He likes our ways; he owns the ways of wit
Are ways of pleasaunce, and deserve regard.
True we are dainty good society,
But what art thou? Alas! consider well,
Thou bane of social pleasure, know thyself.
Thy fell approach, like some invasive damp [eaves,
Breath'd through the pores of earth from Stygian
Destroys the lamp of mirth; the lamp which we
Its flamens boast to guard: we know not how,
But at thy sight the fading flame assumes
A ghastly blue, and in a stench expires. [ensky'd;
True, thou seem'st chang'd; all sainted, all
The trembling tears that charge thy melting eyes
Say thou art honest, and of gentle kind.
But all is false! an intermitting sigh
Condemns each hour, each moment giv'n to smiles,
And deems those only lost, thou dost not lose.
E'en for a demi-groat, this open'd soul,
This boon companion, this elastic breast
Revibrates quick; and sends the tuneful tongue
To lavish music on the rugged walls
Of some dark dungeon. Hence, thou caitiff, fly!
Touch not my glass, nor drain my sacred bowl,
Monster, ingrate! beneath one common sky [roof
Why shouldst thou breathe? beneath one common
Thou ne'er shalt harbour: nor my little boat
Receive a soul with crimes to press it down.
Go to thy bags, thou recreant! hourly go,
And, gazing there, bid them be wit, be mirth,
Be conversation. Not a face that smiles
Admit thy presence; not a soul that glows
With social purport, bid or ev'n or morn
Invest thee happy! but when life declines,
May thy sure heirs stand tittering round thy bed,
And, ushering in their favourites, burst thy locks,
And fill their lamps with gold; till Want and Care
With joy depart, and cry, "We ask no more."
Ah never never may th' harmonious mind
Endure the worldly! Poets, ever void
Of guile, distrustless, scorn the treasur'd gold,
And spurn the miser, spurn his deity.
Balanc'd with friendship, in the poet's eye
The rival scale of interest kicks the beam,
Than lightning swifter. From his cavern'd store
The sordid soul, with self applause, remarks
The kind propensity; remarks and smiles,
And lies with impious haste to spread the snare.
Him we deride, and in our comic scenes
Contemn the niggard form Moliere has drawn.
We loathe with justice; but alas the pain
To bow the knee before this calf of gold;
Implore his envious aid, and meet his frown!

[5] Alluding to the allegory in Cebes's table.

But 't is not Gomez, 't is not he whose heart
Is crusted o'er with dross, whose callous mind
Is senseless as his gold, the slighted Muse
Intensely loathes. 'T is sure no equal task
To pardon *him*, who lavishes his wealth
On racer, fox-hound, hawk or spaniel, all
But human merit; who with gold essays
All, but the noblest pleasure, to remove
The want of genius, and its smiles enjoy.
But you, ye titled youths! whose nobler zeal
Would burnish o'er your coronets with fame;
Who listen pleas'd when poet tunes his lay;
Permit him not, in distant solitudes,
To pine, to languish out the fleeting hours
Of active youth! then virtue pants for praise.
That season unadorn'd, the careless bard
Quits your worn threshold, and like honest Gay
Contemns the niggard boon ye time so ill.
Your favours then, like trophies given the tomb,
Th' enfranchis'd spirit soaring not perceives,
Or scorns perceiv'd; and execrates the smile
Which bade his vigorous bloom, to treacherous hopes
And servile cares a prey, expire in vain!—
Two lawless powers, engag'd by mutual hate
In endless war, beneath their flags enroll
The vassal world. This Avarice is nam'd,
That Luxury; 't is true their partial friends
Assign them softer names; usurpers both;
That share by dint of arms the legal throne
Of just Economy; yet both betray'd
By fraudful ministers. The niggard chief,
Listening to want, all faithless, and prepar'd
To join each moment in his rival's train,
His conduct models by the needless fears
The slave inspires; while Luxury, a chief
Of amplest faith, to Plenty's rule resigns [sounds
His whole campaign. 'T is Plenty's flattering
Engross his ear; 't is Plenty's smiling form
Moves still before his eyes. Discretion strives,
But strives in vain, to banish from the throne
The perjur'd minion. He, secure of trust,
With latent malice to the hostile camp,
Day, night, and hour, his monarch's wealth conveys.
Ye towering minds! ye sublimated souls!
Who, careless of your fortunes, seal and sign,
Set, let, contract, acquit, with easier mien
Than fops take snuff! whose economic care
Your green-silk purse engrosses! easy, pleas'd,
To see gold sparkle through the subtle folds;
Lovely, as when th' Hesperian fruitage smil'd
Amid the verdurous grove! who fondly hope
Spontaneous harvests! harvests all the year!
Who scatter wealth, as though the radiant crop
Glitter'd on every bough; and every bough
Like that the Trojan gather'd, once avuls'd
Were by a splendid successor supplied
Instant, spontaneous! listen to my lays.
For 't is not fools, whate'er proverbial phrase
Have long decreed, that quit with greatest ease
The treasur'd gold. Of words indeed profuse,
Of gold tenacious, their torpescent soul
Clenches their coin, and what electral fire
Shall solve the frosty gripe, and bid it flow?
'T is Genius, Fancy, that to wild expense
Of health! of treasure! stimulates the soul:
These, with officious care, and fatal art,
Improve the vinous flavour; these the smile
Of Cloe soften; these the glare of dress
Illume; the glittering chariot gild anew,
And add strange wisdom to the furs of power.

Alas! that he, amid the race of men,
That he, who thinks of purest gold with scorn,
Should, with unsated appetite, demand
And vainly court the pleasure it procures!
When fancy's vivid spark impels the soul
To scorn quotidian scenes, to spurn the bliss
Of vulgar minds, what nostrum shall compose
Its fatal tension? in what lonely vale
Of balmy medicine's various field aspires
The blest refrigerant? Vain, all vain the hope
Of future peace, this orgasm uncontrol'd!
Impatient, hence, of all the frugal mind
Requires; to eat, to drink, to sleep, to fill
A chest with gold, the sprightly breast demands
Incessant rapture; life, a tedious load
Denied its continuity of joy.
But whence obtain? Philosophy requires
No lavish cost; to crown its utmost prayer
Suffice the root-built cell, the simple fleece,
The juicy viand, and the crystal stream.
E'en mild Stupidity rewards her train
With cheap contentment. Taste alone requires
Entire profusion! Days, and nights, and hours,
Thy voice, hydropic Fancy! calls aloud
For costly draughts, inundant bowls of joy,
Rivers of rich regalement! seas of bliss!
Seas without shore! infinity of sweets!
And yet, unless sage Reason join her hand
In pleasure's purchase, pleasure is unsure:
And yet, unless Economy's consent
Legitimate expense, some graceless mark,
Some symptom ill-conceal'd, shall, soon or late,
Burst like a pimple from the vicious tide
Of acid blood, proclaiming want's disease,
Amidst the bloom of show. The scanty stream
Slow-loitering in its channel, seems to vie
With Vaga's depth; but should the sedgy power,
Vain-glorious, empty his penurious urn
O'er the rough rock, how must his fellow streams
Deride the tinklings of the boastive rill!
I not aspire to mark the dubious path
That leads to wealth, to poets mark'd in vain!
But ere self-flattery sooth the vivid breast
With dreams of fortune ne'er allied to fame,
Reflect how few, who charm'd the listening ear
Of satrap or of king, her smiles enjoy'd!
Consider well, what meagre alms repaid
The great Mæonian, sire of tuneful song,
And prototype of all that soar'd sublime,
And left dull cares below; what griefs impell'd
The modest bard of learn'd Eliza's reign
To swell with tears his Mulla's parent stream,
And mourn aloud the pang "to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone."
Why should I tell of Cowley's pensive Muse
Belov'd in vain? too copious is my theme!
Which of your boasted race might hope reward
Like loyal Butler, when the liberal Charles,
The judge of wit, perus'd the sprightly page,
Triumphant o'er his foes? Believe not Hope,
The poet's parasite; but learn alone
To spare the scanty boon the Fates decree.
Poet and rich! tis solecism extreme!
'T is heighten'd contradiction! in his frame,
In every nerve and fibre of his soul,
Th' latent seeds and principles of Want
Hath Nature wove; and Fate confirm'd the clue.
Yet yet despair to shun the ruder gripe
Of Penury; with nice precision learn

A dollar's value. Foremost in the page
That marks th' expense of each revolving year,
Place inattention. When the lust of praise,
Or honour's false idea, tempts thy soul
To slight frugality, assure thine heart
That danger's near, This perishable coin
Is no vain ore. It is thy liberty,
It fetters misers, but it must alone
Enfranchise thee. The would, the cit-like world,
Bids thee beware; thy little craft essay;
Nor, piddling with a tea-spoon's slender form,
See with soup-ladles devils gormandize.
Economy! thou good old aunt whose mien
Furrow'd with age and care the wise adore.
The wits contemn! reserving still thy stores
To cheer thy friends at last! why with the cit,
Or bookless churl, with each ignoble name,
Each earthly nature, deign'st thou to reside?
And, shunning all who by thy favours crown'd
Might glad the world, to seek some vulgar mind
Inspiring pride, and selfish shapes of ill?
Why, with the old, infirm, and impotent,
And childless, love to dwell; yet leave the breast
Of youth, unwarn'd, unguided, uninform'd?
Of youth, to whom thy monitory voice
Were doubly kind? for sure to youthful eyes
(How short soe'er it prove) the road of life
Appears protracted; fair on either side
The Loves, the Graces play, on Fortune's child
Profusely smiling; well might you essay
The frugal plan, the lucrative employ,
Source of their favour all the live-long day,
But Fate assents not. Age alone contracts
His meagre palm, to clench the tempting bane
Of all his peace, the glittering seeds of care!
O that the Muse's voice might pierce the ear
Of generous youth! for youth deserves her song,
Youth is fair virtue's season, virtue then
Requires the pruner's hand; the sequent stage,
It barely vegetates: nor long the space
Ere robb'd of warmth its arid trunk display
Fell Winter's total reign. O lovely source
Of generous foibles, youth! when opening minds
Are honest as the light, lucid as air,
As fostering breezes kind, as linnets gay,
Tender as buds, and lavish as the Spring!
Yet, hapless state of man! his earliest youth
Cozens itself; his age defrauds mankind.
Nor deem it strange that rolling years abrade
The social bias. Life's extensive page
What does it but unfold repeated proofs
Of gold's omnipotence? With patriots, friends,
Sickening beneath its ray, enervate some,
And others dead, whose putrid name exhales
A noisome scent, the bulky volume teems.
With kinsmen, brothers, sons, moistening the shroud,
Or honouring the grave, with specious grief
Of short duration; soon in Fortune's beams
Alert, and wondering at the tears they shed.
But who shall save by tame prosaic strain
That glowing breast, where wit with youth conspires
To sweeten luxury? The fearful Muse
Shall yet proceed, though by the faintest gleam
Of hope inspir'd, to warn the train she loves.

PART THE SECOND.

In some dark season, when the misty shower
Obscures the Sun and saddens all the sky;
When linnets drop the wing, nor grove nor stream
Invites thee forth, to sport thy drooping Muse;
Seize the dull hour, nor with regret assign
To worldly prudence. She nor nice nor coy
Accepts the tribute of a joyless day;
She smiles well-pleas'd, when wit and mirth recede,
And not a Grace, and not a Muse will hear.
Then, from majestic Maro's awful strain,
Or towering Homer, let thine eye descend
To trace, with patient industry, the page
Of income and expense. And oh! beware
Thy breast, self-flattering, place no courtly smile,
No golden promise of your faithless Muse,
Nor latent mine which Fortune's hand may show,
Amid thy solid store. The Syren's song
Wrecks not the listening sailor half so sure.
See by what avenues, what devious paths,
The foot of Want detested steals along,
And bars each fatal pass. Some few short hours
Of punctual care, the refuse of thy ear
On frugal schemes employ'd, shall give the Muse
To sing intrepid many a cheerful day.
But if too soon before the tepid gales
Thy resolution melt; and ardent vows,
In wary hours preferr'd, or die forgot,
Or seem the forc'd effect of hazy skies;
Then, ere Surprise, by whose impetuous rage
The massy fort, with which thy gentler breast
I not compare, is won, the song proceeds.
Know too, by Nature's undiminish'd law,
Throughout her realms obey'd, the various parts
Of deep creation, atoms, systems, all!
Attract and are attracted; nor prevails the law
Alone in matter; soul alike with soul
Aspires to join; nor yet in souls alone:
In each idea it imbibes, is found
The kind propensity. And when they meet,
And grow familiar, various though their tribe,
Their tempers various, vow perpetual faith:
That, should the world's disjointed frame once more
To chaos yield the sway, amid the wreck
Their union should survive; with Roman warmth,
By sacred hospitable laws endear'd,
Should each idea recollect its friend.
Here then we fix; on this perennial base
Erect thy safety, and defy the storm.
Let soft Profusion's fair idea join
Her hand with Poverty; nor here desist,
Till, o'er the group that forms their various train,
Thou sing loud hymeneals. Let the pride
Of outward show in lasting leagues combine
With Shame threadbare; the gay vermilion face
Of rash Intemperance be discreetly pair'd
With sallow Hunger; the licentious Joy,
With mean Dependence; e'en the dear delight
Of sculpture, paint, intaglios, books, and coins,
Thy breast, sagacious Prudence! shall connect
With filth and beggary; nor disdain to link
With black Insolvency. Thy soul alarm'd
Shall shun the syren's voice; nor boldly dare
To bid the soft enchantress share thy breast,
With such a train of horrid fiends conjoin'd.
Nor think, ye sordid race! ye grovelling minds!
I frame the song for you! for you, the Muse
Could other rules impart; the friendly strain,
For gentler blossoms plann'd, to yours would prove
The juice of lurid aconite, exceed
Whatever Colchos bore; and in your breast
Compassion, love, and friendship, all destroy!
It greatly shall avail, if e'er thy stores

Increase apace, by periodic days
Of annual payment, or thy patron's boon,
The lean reward of gross unbounded praise!
It much avails, to seize the present hour,
And, undeliberating, call around
The hungry creditors; their horrid rage
When once appeas'd, the small remaining store
Shall rise in weight tenfold, in lustre rise,
As gold improv'd by many a fierce essay.
'Tis thus the frugal husbandman directs
His narrow stream, if, o'er its wonted banks
By sudden rains impell'd, it proudly swell;
His timely hand through better tracks conveys
The quick decreasing tide; ere borne along
Or through the wild morass, or cultur'd field,
Or bladed grass mature, or barren sands,
It flow destructive, or it flow in vain!
But happiest he who sanctifies expense
By present pay! who subjects not his fame
To tradesmen's varlets, nor bequeaths his name,
His honour'd name, to deck the vulgar page
Of base mechanic, sordid, unsincere!
There, haply, while thy Muse sublimely soars
Beyond this earthly sphere, in Heaven's abodes,
And dreams of nectar and ambrosial sweets,
Thy growing debt steals unregarded o'er
The punctual record; till nor Phœbus' self,
Nor sage Minerva's art, can aught avail
To sooth the ruthless dun's detested rage.
Frantic and fell, with many a curse profane
He loads the gentle Muse; then hurls thee down
To want, remorse, captivity, and shame.
Each public place, the glittering haunts of men,
With horrour fly. Why loiter near thy bane?—
Why fondly linger on a hostile shore,
Disarm'd, defenceless? why require to tread
The precipice? or why, alas, to breathe
A moment's space, where every breeze is death?
Death to thy future peace! Away! collect
Thy dissipated mind; contract thy train
Of wild ideas o'er the flowery fields
Of show diffus'd, and speed to safer climes.
Economy presents her glass, accept
The faithful mirror: powerful to disclose
A thousand forms, unseen by careless eyes,
That plot thy fate. Temptation, in a robe
Of Tyrian dye, with every sweet perfum'd,
Besets thy sense; Extortion follows close
Her wanton step, and Ruin brings the rear.
These and the rest shall her mysterious glass
Embody to thy view: like Venus kind,
When to her labouring son, the vengeful powers
That urg'd the fall of Ilium, she display'd,
He, not imprudent, at the sight declin'd
The unequal conflict, and decreed to raise
The Trojan welfare on some happier shore.
For here to drain thy swelling purse await
A thousand arts, a thousand frauds attend, [boxes,
"The cloud-wrought canes, the gorgeous snuff-
The twinkling jewels, and the gold etwee,
With all its bright inhabitants, shall waste
Its melting stores, and in the dreary void
Leave not a doit behind." Ere yet exhaust
Its flimsy folds offend thy pensive eye,
Away! embosom'd deep in distant shades,
Nor seen nor seeing, thou mayst vent thy scorn
Of lace, embroidery, purple, gems, and gold!
There of the farded fop, and essenc'd beau,
Ferocious with a stoic's frown disclose
Thy manly scorn, averse to tinsel pomp;
And fluent thine harangue, But can thy soul
Deny thy limbs the radiant grace of dress,
Where dress is merit! where thy graver friend
Shall wish thee burnish'd! where the sprightly fair
Demand embellishment! e'en Delia's eye,
As in a garden, roves, of hues alone
Inquirent, curious? Fly the curst domain;
These are the realms of luxury and show;
No classic soil: away! the bloomy Spring,
Attracts thee hence; the waning Autumn warns;
Fly to thy native shades, and dread e'en there,
Lest busy fancy tempt thy narrow state
Beyond its bounds. Observe Florelio's mien.
Why treads my friend with melancholy step
That beauteous lawn; why pensive strays his eye
O'er statues, grottos, urns, by critic art
Proportion'd fair? or from his lofty dome,
Bright glittering through the grove, returns his eye
Unpleas'd, disconsolate? And is it Love,
Disastrous Love, that robs the finish'd scenes
Of all their beauty?—centring all in her
His soul adores? or from a blacker cause
Springs this remorseful gloom? is conscious Guilt
The latent source of more than love's despair?
It cannot be within that polish'd breast [there;
Where science dwells, that guilt should harbour
No! 'tis the sad survey of present want,
And past profusion! Lost to him the sweets
Of yon pavilion, fraught with every charm
For other eyes; or, if remaining, proofs
Of criminal expense! Sweet interchange
Of river, valley, mountain, woods, and plains!
How gladsome once he rang'd your native turf,
Your simple scenes, how rapture'd! ere expense
Had lavish'd thousand ornaments, and taught
Convenience to perplex him, art to pall,
Pomp to deject, and beauty to displease.
Oh! for a soul to all the glare of wealth,
To Fortune's wide exhaustless treasury,
Nobly superior! but let Caution guide
The coy disposal of the wealth we scorn,
And Prudence be our almoner! Alas!
The pilgrim wandering o'er some distant clime,
Sworn foe of Avarice! not disdains to learn
Its coin's imputed worth; the destin'd means
To smooth his passage to the favour'd shrine.
Ah let not us, who tread this stranger-world,
Let none who sojourn on the realms of life,
Forget the land is mercenary; nor waste
His fare, ere landed on no venal shore.
Let never bard consult Palladio's rules;
Let never bard, O Burlington! survey
Thy learned art, in Chiswick's dome display'd;
Dangerous incentive! nor with lingering eye
Survey the window Venice calls her own.
Better for him, with no ingrateful Muse,
To sing a requiem to that gentle soul
Who plann'd the sky-light; which to lavish bards
Conveys alone the pure ethereal ray.
For garrets him, and squalid walls await,
Unless, presageful, from this friendly strain
He glean advice, and shun the scribbler's doom.

PART THE THIRD.

Yet once again, and to thy doubtful fate
The trembling Muse consigns thee. Ere contempt,
Or Want's empoison'd arrow, ridicule,
Transfix thy weak unguarded breast, behold!

The poet's roofs, the careless poet's, his
Who scorns advice, shall close my serious lay.
When Gulliver, now great, now little deem'd,
The plaything of comparison, arriv'd
Where learned bosoms their aërial schemes
Projected, studious of the public weal;
'Mid these, one subtler artist he descried,
Who cherish'd in his dusty tenement
The spider's web, injurious, to supplant
Fair Albion's fleeces! Never, never may
Our monarchs on such fatal purpose smile,
And irritate Minerva's beggar'd sons
The Melksham weavers! Here in every nook
Their wefts they spun; here revell'd uncontrol'd,
And, like the flags from Westminster's high roof
Dependent, here their fluttering textures wav'd.
Such, so adorn'd, the cell I mean to sing!
Cell ever squalid! where the sneerful maid
Will not fatigue her hand! broom never comes,
That comes to all! o'er whose quiescent walls
Arachne's unmolested care has drawn
Curtains subsusk, and save th' expense of art.
Survey those walls, in fady texture clad,
Where wandering snails in many a slimy path,
Free, unrestrain'd, their various journeys crawl;
Peregrinations strange, and labyrinths
Confus'd, inextricable! such the clue
Of Cretan Ariadne ne'er explain'd!
Hooks! angles! crooks! and involutions wild!
Mean time, thus silver'd with meanders gay,
In mimic pride the snail-wrought tissue shines,
Perchance of tabby, or of harateen,
Not ill expressive! such the power of snails.
Behold the chair, whose fractur'd seat infirm
An aged cushion hides! replete with dust
The foliag'd velvet; pleasing to the eye
Of great Eliza's reign, but now the snare
Of weary guest that on the specious bed
Sits down confiding. Ah! disastrous wight!
In evil hour and rashly dost thou trust
The fraudful couch! for, though in velvet cas'd,
Thy sated thigh shall kiss the dusty floor.
The traveller thus, that o'er Hibernian plains
Hath shap'd his way; on beds profuse of flowers,
Cowslip, or primrose, or the circular eye
Of daisy fair, decrees to bask supine,
And see! delighted, down he drops, secure
Of sweet refreshment, ease without annoy,
Or luscious noon-day nap. Ah much deceiv'd,
Much suffering pilgrim! thou nor noon-day nap,
Nor sweet repose shalt find; the false morass
In quivering undulations yields beneath
Thy burthen, in the miry gulf enclos'd!
And who would trust appearance! Cast thine eye
Where 'mid machines of heterogeneous form
His coat depends; alas! his only coat,
Eldest of things! and napless, as an heath
Of small extent by fleecy myriads graz'd.
Not different have I seen in dreary vault
Display'd, a coffin; on each sable side
The texture unmolested seems entire.
Fraudful, when touch'd it glides to dust away!
And leaves the wondering swain to gape, or stare,
And with expressive shrug, and piteous sigh,
Declare the fatal force of rolling years,
Or dire extent of frail mortality.
This aged vesture, scorn of gazing beaux,
And formal cits, (themselves too haply scorn'd)
Both on its sleeve and on its skirt, retains
Full many a pin wide-sparkling: for, if e'er
Their well-known crest met his delighted eye,
Though wrapt in thought, commercing with the sky,
He, gently stooping, scorn'd not to upraise,
And on each sleeve, as conscious of their use,
Indenting fix them; nor, when arm'd with these,
The cure of rents and separations dire,
And chasms enormous, did he view dismay'd
Hedge, bramble, thicket, bush, portending fate
To breeches, coat and hose! had any wight
Of vulgar skill the tender texture own'd;
But gave his mind to form a sonnet quaint
Of Sylvia's shoe-string, or of Cloe's fan,
Or sweetly-fashion'd tip of Celia's ear.
Alas! by frequent use decays the force
Of mortal art! the refractory robe
Eludes the tailor's art, eludes his own;
How potent once, in union quaint conjoin'd!
See near his bed (his bed too falsely call'd
The place of rest, while it a bard sustains;
Pale, meagre, muse-rid wight! who reads in vain
Narcotic volumes o'er) his candlestick,
Radiant machine, when from the plastic hand
Of Mulciber, the mayor of Birmingham,
The engine issued; now alas disguis'd
By many an unctuous tide, that wandering down
Its sides congeal; what he, perhaps, essays
With humour forc'd, and ill-dissembled smile,
Idly to liken to the poplar's trunk
When o'er its bark the lucid amber, wound
In many a pleasing fold, incrusts the tree.
Or suits him more the winter's candied thorn,
When from each branch, anneal'd, the works of frost
Pervasive, radiant icicles depend?
How shall I sing the various ill that waits
The careful sonneteer? or who can paint
The shifts enormous, that in vain he forms
To patch his paneless window; to cement
His batter'd tea-pot, ill-retentive vase?
To war with ruin! anxious to conceal
Want's fell appearance, of the real ill
Nor foe, nor fearful. Ruin unforeseen
Invades his chattels; ruin will invade;
Will claim his whole invention to repair,
Nor, of the gift, for tuneful ends design'd,
Allow one part to decorate his song.
While Ridicule, with ever-pointing hand
Conscious of every shift, of every shift
Indicative, his inmost plot betrays,
Points to the nook, which he his study calls
Pompous and vain! for thus he might esteem
His chest, a wardrobe; a purse, a treasury;
And shows, to crown her full display, himself.
One whom the powers above, in place of health
And wonted vigour; of paternal cot,
Or little farm; of bag, or scrip, or staff,
Cup, dish, spoon, plate, or worldly utensil,
A poet fram'd; yet fram'd not to repine,
And wish the cobler's loftiest site his own;
Nor, partial as they seem, upbraid the Fates,
Who to the humbler mechanism join'd
Goods so superior, such exalted bliss!
See with what seeming ease, what labour'd peace,
He, hapless hypocrite! refines his nail,
His chief amusement! then how feign'd, how forc'd,
That care-defying sonnet, which implies
His debts discharg'd, and he of half a crown
In full possession, uncontested right
And property! Yet ah! whoe'er this wight
Admiring view, if such there be, distrust
The vain pretence; the smiles that harbour grief,

As lurks the serpent deep in flowers unwreath'd.
Forewarn'd, be frugal; or with prudent rage
Thy pen demolish; choose the trustier flail,
And bless those labours which the choice inspir'd.
But if thou view'st a vulgar mind, a wight
Of common sense, who seeks no brighter name,
Him envy, him admire, him, from thy breast,
Prescient of future dignities, salute
Sheriff, or mayor, in comfortable furs
Enwrapt, secure: nor yet the laureat's crown
In thought exclude him! He perchance shall rise
To nobler heights than foresight can decree.
When fir'd with wrath, for his intrigues display'd
In many an idle song, Saturnian Jove
Vow'd sure destruction to the tuneful race;
Appeas'd by suppliant Phœbus, "Bards," he said,
"Henceforth of plenty, wealth, and pomp debarr'd,
But fed by frugal cares, might wear the bay
Secure of thunder."—Low the Delian bow'd,
Nor at th' invidious favour dar'd repine.

THE RUIN'D ABBEY;

OR,

THE EFFECTS OF SUPERSTITION.

At length fair Peace, with olive crown'd, regains
Her lawful throne, and to the sacred haunts
Of wood or fount the frighted Muse returns.
Happy the Bard, who, from his native hills,
Soft musing on a summer's eve, surveys
His azure stream, with pensile woods enclos'd!
Or o'er the glassy surface, with his friend,
Or faithful fair, through bordering willows green
Wafts his small frigate. Fearless he of shouts,
Or taunts, the rhetoric of the watery crew
That ape confusion from the realms they rule!
Fearless of these; who shares the gentler voice
Of peace and music; birds of sweetest song
Attune from native boughs their various lay,
And cheer the forest; birds of brighter plume
With busy pinion skim the glittering wave
And tempt the Sun; ambitious to display
Their several merit, while the vocal flute,
Or number'd verse, by female voice endear'd,
Crowns his delight, and mollifies the scene.
If Solitude his wandering steps invite
To some more deep recess (for hours there are,
When gay, when social minds to Friendship's voice,
Or Beauty's charm, her wild abodes prefer);
How pleas'd he treads her venerable shades,
Her solemn courts! the centre of the grove!
The root-built cave, by far-extended rocks
Around embosom'd, how it sooths the soul!
If scoop'd at first by superstitious hands
The rugged cell receiv'd alone the shoals
Of bigot minds, Religion dwells not here,
Yet Virtue pleas'd, at intervals, retires:
Yet here may Wisdom, as she walks the maze,
Some serious truths collect, the rules of life,
And serious truths of mightier weight than gold!
I ask not wealth; but let me hoard with care,
With frugal cunning, with a niggard's art,
A few fixt principles! in early life,
Ere indolence impede the search, explor'd.
Then, like old Latimer, when age impairs
My judgment's eye, when quibbling schools attack
My grounded hope, or subtler wits deride,
Will I not blush to shun the vain debate,
And this mine answer: "Thus, 't was thus I thought;
My mind yet vigorous, and my soul entire;
Thus will I think, averse to listen more
To intricate discussion prone to stray.
Perhaps my reason may but ill defend
My settled faith; my mind, with age impair'd,
Too sure its own infirmities declare.
But I am arm'd by caution, studious youth,
And early foresight; now the winds may rise,
The tempest whistle, and the billows roar;
My pinnace rides in port, despoil'd and worn,
Shatter'd by time and storms, but while it shuns
Th' inequal conflict, and declines the deep,
Sees the strong vessel fluctuate less secure."
Thus while he strays, a thousand rural scenes
Suggest instruction, and instructing please.
And see betwixt the grove's extended arms
An Abbey's rude remains attract thy view,
Gilt by the mid-day sun: with lingering step
Produce thine axe, (for, aiming to destroy
Tree, branch, or shade, for never shall thy breast
Too long deliberate) with timorous hand
Remove th' obstructive bough; nor yet refuse,
Though sighing, to destroy that favourite pine,
Rais'd by thine hand, in its luxuriant prime
Of beauty fair, that screens the vast remains.
Aggriev'd but constant as the Roman sire,
The rigid Manlius, when his conquering son
Bled by a parent's voice; the cruel meed
Of virtuous ardour, timelessly display'd;
Nor cease till, through the gloomy road, the pile
Gleam unobstructed; thither oft thine eye
Shall sweetly wander; thence returning, sooth
With pensive scenes thy philosophic mind.
These were thy haunts, thy opulent abodes,
O Superstition! hence the dire disease
(Balanc'd with which the fam'd Athenian pest
Were a short head-ach, were the trivial pain
Of transient indigestion) seiz'd mankind.
Long time she rag'd, and scarce a southern gale
Warm'd our chill air, unloaded with the threats
Of tyrant Rome; but futile all, till she,
Rome's abler legate, magnified their power,
And in a thousand horrid forms attir'd.
Where then was Truth to sanctify the page
Of British annals? If a foe expir'd,
The perjur'd monk suborn'd infernal shrieks,
And fiends to snatch at the departing soul
With hellish emulation. If a friend,
High o'er his roof exultant angels tune
Their golden lyres, and waft him to the skies.
What then were vows, were oaths, were plighted faith?
The sovereign's just, the subject's loyal pact,
To cherish mutual good, annull'd and vain,
By Roman magic, grew an idle scroll
Ere the frail sanction of the wax was cold.
With thee, Plantagenet [1], from civil broils
The land a while respir'd, and all was peace.
Then Becket rose, and, impotent of mind,
From regal courts with lawless fury march'd
The churches' blood-stain'd convicts, and forgave;
Bid murderous priests the sovereign frown contemn,
And with unhallow'd crosier bruis'd the crown.
Yet yielded not supinely tame a prince
Of Henry's virtues; learn'd, courageous, wise,
Of fair ambition. Long his regal soul
Firm and erect the peevish priest exil'd,

[1] Henry II.

And brav'd the fury of revengeful Rome.
In vain! let one faint malady diffuse
The pensive gloom which Superstition loves,
And see him, dwindled to a recreant groom,
Rein the proud palfrey whilst the priest ascends!
Was Cœur-de-lion [2] blest with whiter days?
Here the cowl'd zealots with united cries
Urg'd the crusade; and see, of half his stores
Despoil'd the wretch, whose wiser bosom chose
To bless his friend, his race, his native land.
Of ten fair Suns that roll'd their annual race,
Not one beheld him on his vacant throne;
While haughty Longchamp [3], 'mid his liveried files
Of wanton vassals, spoil'd his faithful realm,
Battling in foreign fields; collecting wide
A laurel harvest for a pillag'd land.
Oh dear-bought trophies! when a prince deserts
His drooping realm, to pluck the barren sprays!
When faithless John usurp'd the sullied crown,
What ample tyranny! the groaning land
Deem'd Earth, deem'd Heaven its foe! six tedious years
Our helpless fathers in despair obey'd
The papal interdict; and who obey'd,
The sovereign plunder'd. O inglorious days!
When the French tyrant, by the futile grant
Of papal rescript, claim'd Britannia's throne,
And durst invade; be such inglorious days
Or hence forgot, or not recall'd in vain!
Scarce had the tortur'd ear dejected heard
Rome's loud anathema, but heartless, dead
To every purpose, men nor wish'd to live,
Nor dar'd to die. The poor laborious hind
Heard the dire curse, and from his trembling hand
Fell the neglected crook that rul'd the plain.
Thence journeying home, in every cloud he sees
A vengeful angel, in whose waving scroll
He reads DAMNATION; sees its sable train
Of grim attendants, pencil'd by despair!
The weary pilgrim from remoter climes
By painful steps arriv'd; his home, his friends,
His offspring left, to lavish on the shrine
Of some far-honour'd saint his costly stores,
Inverts his footstep; sickens at the sight,
Of the barr'd fane, and silent sheds his tear.
The wretch whose hope by stern Oppression chas'd
From every earthly bliss, still as it saw
Triumphant Wrong, took wing, and flew to Heaven,
And rested there, now mourn'd his refuge lost
And wonted peace. The sacred fane was barr'd,
And the lone altar, where the mourners throng'd
To supplicate remission, smok'd no more;
While the green weed luxuriant round uprose.
Some from the death-bed, whose delirious faith
Through every stage of life to Rome's decrees
Obsequious, humbly hop'd to die in peace,
Now saw the ghastly king approach, begirt
In tenfold terrours; now expiring heard
The last loud clarion sound, and Heaven's decree
With unremitting vengeance bar the skies.
Nor light the grief, by Superstition weigh'd,
That their dishonour'd corse, shut from the verge
Of hallow'd earth, or tutelary fane,
Must sleep with brutes their vassals; on the field;
Unneath some path, in marl unexorcis'd!
No solemn bell extort a neighbour's tear!
No tongue of priest pronounce their soul secure!
Nor fondest friend assure their peace obtain'd!

The priest! alas, so boundless was the ill!
He, like the flock he pillag'd, pin'd forlorn!
The vivid vermeil fled his fady cheek,
And his big paunch, distended with the spoils
Of half his flock, emaciate, groan'd beneath
Superior pride, and mightier lust of power!
'T was now Rome's fondest friend, whose meagre hand
Told to the midnight lamp his holy beads
With nice precision, felt the deeper wound
As his gull'd soul rever'd the conclave more.
Whom did the ruin spare? for wealth, for power,
Birth, honour, virtue, enemy, and friend,
Sunk helpless in the dreary gulf involv'd;
And one capricious curse envelop'd all!
Were kings secure? in towering stations born,
In flattery nurs'd, inur'd to scorn mankind,
Or view diminish'd from their site sublime;
As when a shepherd, from the lofty brow
Of some proud cliff, surveys his lessening flock
In snowy groups diffusive scud the vale.
A while the furious menace John return'd,
And breath'd defiance loud. Alas! too soon
Allegiance sickening saw its sovereign yield,
An angry prey to scruples not his own.
The loyal soldier, girt around with strength,
Who stole from mirth and wine his blooming years,
And seiz'd the falchion, resolute to guard
His sovereign's right, impalsied at the news,
Finds the firm bias of his soul revers'd
For foul desertion; drops the lifted steel,
And quits Fame's noble harvest, to expire
The death of monks, of surfeit, and of sloth!
At length, fatigued with wrongs, the servile king
Drain'd from his land its small remaining stores
To buy remission. But could these obtain?
No! resolute in wrongs the priests obdur'd;
Till crawling base to Rome's deputed slave,
His fame, his people, and his crown, he gave.
Mean monarch! slighted, brav'd, abhorr'd before!
And now, appeas'd by delegated sway,
The wily pontiff scorns not to recall
His interdictions. Now the sacred doors
Admit repentant multitudes, prepar'd
To buy deceit; admit obsequious tribes
Of satraps! princes! crawling to the shrine
Of sainted villany! the pompous tomb
Dazzling with gems and gold, on ima cloud
Of incense wreath'd; amidst a drooping land
That sigh'd for bread! 'Tis thus the Indian clove
Displays its verdant leaf, its crimson flower,
And sheds its odours; while the flocks around,
Hungry and faint, the barren sands explore.
In vain! nor plant nor herb endears the soil;
Drain'd and exhaust to swell its thirsty pores,
And furnish luxury.—Yet in vain
Britannia strove; and whether artful Rome
Caress'd or ours'd her, Superstition rag'd
And blinded, fetter'd, and despoil'd the land.
At length some murderous monk, with poisonous art,
Expell'd the life his brethren robb'd of peace.
Nor yet surceas'd with John's disastrous fate
Pontific fury! English wealth exhaust,
The sequent reign [4] beheld the beggar'd shore
Grim with Italian usurers; prepar'd
To lend, for griping unexampled hire,
To lend—what Rome might pillage uncontrol'd.

[2] Richard I. [3] Bishop of Ely, lord chancellor.

[4] Henry III. who cancelled the Magna Charta.

For now with more extensive havoc rag'd
Relentless Gregory, with a thousand arts,
And each rapacious, born to drain the world!
Nor shall the Muse repeat, how oft he blew
The croise's trumpet; then for sums of gold
Annull'd the vow, and bade the false alarm
Swell the gross hoards of Henry, or his own.
Nor shall she tell, how pontiffs dar'd repeal
The best of charters! dar'd absolve the tie
Of British kings by legal oath restrain'd.
Nor can she dwell on argosies of gold
From Albion's realm to servile shores convey'd,
Wrung from her sons, and speeded by her kings!
Oh irksome day! when wicked thrones combine
With papal craft to gull their native land!
Such was our fate, while Rome's director taught
Of subjects, born to be their monarch's prey,
To toil for monks, for gluttony to toil,
For vacant gluttony, extortion, fraud,
For avarice, envy, pride, revenge, and shame!
O doctrine breath'd from Stygian caves! exhal'd
From inmost Erebus!—Such Henry's reign!
Urging his loyal realm's reluctant hand
To wield the peaceful sword; by John ere while
Forc'd from his scabbard; and with burnish'd lance
Essay the savage cure, domestic war!
And now some nobler spirits chas'd the mist
Of general darkness. Grosted[5] now adorn'd
The mitred wreath he wore, with reason's sword
Staggering delusion's frauds; at length beneath
Rome's interdict expiring calm, resign'd
No vulgar soul that dar'd to Heaven appeal!
But ah this fertile glebe, this fair domain,
Had well nigh ceded to the slothful hands
Of monks libidinous; ere Edward's care
The lavish hand of death-bed fear restrain'd.
Yet was he clear of Superstition's taint?
He too, misdeemful of his wholesome law,
E'en he, expiring, gave his treasur'd gold
To fatten monks on Salem's distant soil!
Yes, the Third Edward's breast, to papal sway
So little prone, and fierce in honour's cause,
Could Superstition quell! before the towers
Of haggard Paris, at the thunder's voice
He drops the sword, and signs ignoble peace!
But still the Night by Romish art diffus'd
Collects her clouds, and with slow pace recedes,
When, by soft Bourdeau's braver queen approv'd,
Bold Wickliff rose: and while the bigot Power
Amidst her native darkness skulk'd secure,
The demon vanish'd as he spread the day.
So from his bosom Cacus breath'd of old
The pitchy cloud, and in a night of smoke
Secure a while his recreant life sustain'd;
Till fam'd Alcides, o'er his subtlest wiles
Victorious, cheer'd the ravag'd nations round.
Hail, honour'd Wickliff! enterprising sage!
An Epicurus in the cause of truth!
For 'tis not radiant suns, the jovial hours
Of youthful Spring, an ether all serene,
Nor all the verdure of Campania's vales,
Can chase religious gloom! 'Tis reason, thought,
The light, the radiance that pervades the soul,
And sheds its beams on Heav'n's mysterious sway!
As yet this light but glimmer'd, and again
Errour prevail'd; while kings by force uprais'd
Let loose the rage of bigots on their foes,
And seek affection by the dreadful boon
Of licens'd murder. E'en the kindest prince,
The most extended breast, the royal Hal!
All unrelenting heard the Lollards' cry
Burst from the centre of remorseless flames;
Their shrieks endur'd! Oh stain to martial praise!
When Cobham, generous as the noble peer
That wears his honours, paid the fatal price
Of virtue blooming ere the storms were laid!
'Twas thus, alternate, truth's precarious flame
Decay'd or flourish'd. With malignant eye
The pontiff saw Britannia's golden fleece,
Once all his own, invest her worthier sons!
Her verdant valleys, and her fertile plains,
Yellow with grain, abjure his hateful sway!
Essay'd his utmost art, and inly own'd
No labours bore proportion to the prize.
So when the tempter view'd, with envious eye,
The first fair pattern of the female frame,
All Nature's beauties in one form display'd,
And centring there, in wild amaze he stood;
Then only envying Heaven's creative hand,
Wish'd to his gloomy reign his envious arts
Might win this prize, and doubled every snare.
And vain were reason, courage, learning, all,
Till power accede; till Tudor's wild caprice
Smile on their cause; Tudor, whose tyrant reign,
With mental freedom crown'd, the best of kings
Might envious view, and ill prefer their own!
Then Wolsey rose, by Nature form'd to seek
Ambition's trophies, by address to win,
By temper to enjoy—whose humbler birth
Taught the gay scenes of pomp to dazzle more.
Then from its towering height with horrid sound
Rush'd the proud Abbey. Then the vaulted roofs,
Torn from their walls, disclos'd the wanton scene
Of monkish chastity! Each angry friar
Crawl'd from his bedded strumpet, muttering low
An ineffectual curse. The pervious nooks
That, ages past, convey'd the guileful priest
To play some image on the gaping crowd,
Imbibe the novel day-light; and expose
Obvious the fraudful engin'ry of Rome.
As though this opening Earth to nether realms
Should flash meridian day, the hooded race
Shudder abash'd to find their cheats display'd;
And, conscious of their guilt, and pleas'd to wave
Its fearful meed, resign'd their fair domain.
Nor yet supine, nor void of rage, retir'd
The pest gigantic; whose revengeful stroke
Ting'd the red annals of Maria's reign.
When from the tenderest breast each wayward priest
Could banish mercy and implant a fiend!
When Cruelty the funeral pyre uprear'd,
And bound Religion there, and fir'd the base!
When the same blaze, which on each tortur'd limb
Fed with luxuriant rage, in every face
Triumphant Faith appear'd, and smiling Hope.
O blest Eliza! from thy piercing beam
Forth flew this hated fiend, the child of Rome;
Driven to the verge of Albion, linger'd there,
Then with her James receding, cast behind
One angry frown, and sought more servile climes.
Henceforth they plied the long-continued task
Of righteous havoc, covering distant fields
With the wrought remnants of the shatter'd pile.
While through the land the musing pilgrim sees
A tract of brighter green, and in the midst
Appears a mouldering wall, with ivy crown'd;

[5] Bishop of Lincoln, called Malleus Romanorum.

Or Gothic turret, pride of ancient days!
Now but of use to grace a rural scene;
To bound our vistas, and to glad the sons
Of George's reign, reserv'd for fairer times!

LOVE AND HONOUR.

Sed neque Medorum sylvæ, ditissima terra,
Nec pulcher Ganges, atque auro turbidus Hæmus,
Laudibus Angligenûm certent: non Bactra, nec Indi,
Totaque thuriferis Panchaia pinguis arenis.

LET the green olive glad Hesperian shores;
Her tawny citron, and her orange groves,
These let Iberia boast; but if in vain,
To win the stranger plant's diffusive smile,
The Briton labours, yet our native minds,
Our constant bosoms—these, the dazzled world
May view with envy; these, Iberian dames
Survey with fixt esteem and fond desire.
Hapless Elvira! thy disastrous fate
May well this truth explain, nor ill adorn
The British lyre; then chiefly, if the Muse,
Nor vain, nor partial, from the simple guise
Of ancient record catch the pensive lay:
And in less grovelling accents give to fame.
Elvira! loveliest maid! th' Iberian realm
Could boast no purer breast, no sprightlier mind,
No race more splendent, and no form so fair.
Such was the chance of war, this peerless maid
In life's luxuriant bloom enrich'd the spoil
Of British victors—victory's noblest pride!
She, she alone, amid the wailful train
Of captive maids, assign'd to Henry's care;
Lord of her life, her fortune, and her fame!
He, generous youth, with no penurious hand,
The tedious moments that unjoyous roll
Where freedom's cheerful radiance shines no more,
Essay'd to soften; conscious of the pang
That Beauty feels, to waste its fleeting hours
In some dim fort, by foreign rule restrain'd,
Far from the haunts of men, or eye of Day!
Sometimes, to cheat her bosom of its cares,
Her kind protector number'd o'er the toils
Himself had worn: the frowns of angry seas,
Or hostile rage, or faithless friend more fell
Than storm or foe: if haply she might find
Her cares diminish'd; fruitless fond essay!
Now to her lovely hand, with modest awe
The tender lute he gave: she, not averse
Nor destitute of skill, with willing hand
Call'd forth angelic strains; the sacred debt
Of gratitude, she said, whose just commands
Still might her hand with equal pride obey!
Nor to the melting sounds the nymph refus'd
Her vocal art; harmonious, as the strain
Of some imprison'd lark, who, daily cheer'd
By guardian cares, repays them with a song:
Nor droops, nor deems sweet liberty resign'd.
The song, not artless, had she fram'd to paint
Disastrous passion; how by tyrant laws
Of idiot Custom sway'd, some soft-ey'd fair
Lov'd only one: nor dar'd that love reveal!
How the soft anguish banish'd from her cheek
The damask rose full-blown; a fever came;
And from her bosom forc'd the plaintive tale.
Then swift as light, he sought the love-lorn maid,
But vainly sought her; torn by swifter Fate
To join the tenants of the myrtle shade,
Love's mournful victims on the plains below.
Sometimes, as Fancy spoke the pleasing task,
She taught her artful needle to display
The various pride of Spring: then swift upsprung
Thickets of myrtle, eglantine, and rose:
There might you see, on gentle toils intent,
A train of busy Loves; some pluck the flower,
Some twine the garland, some with grave grimace
Around a vacant warrior cast the wreath.
'Twas paint, 'twas life! and sure to piercing eyes
The warrior's face depictur'd Henry's mien.
Now had the generous chief with joy perus'd
The royal scroll, which to their native home,
Their ancient rights, uninjur'd, unredeem'd,
Restor'd the captives. Forth with rapid haste
To glad his fair Elvira's ear, he sprung;
Fir'd by the bliss he panted to convey;
But fir'd in vain! Ah! what was his amaze,
His fond distress, when o'er her pallid face
Dejection reign'd, and from her lifeless hand
Down dropp'd the myrtle's fair unfinish'd flower!
Speechless she stood; at length with accents faint,
"Well may my native shore," she said, "resound
Thy monarch's praise; and ere Elvira prove
Of thine forgetful, flowers shall cease to feel
The fostering breeze, and Nature change her laws."
And now the grateful edict wide alarm'd
The British host. Around the smiling youths,
Call'd to their native scenes, with willing haste
Their fleet unmoor'd; impatient of the love
That weds each bosom to its native soil.
The patriot passion, strong in every clime,
How justly theirs, who find no foreign sweets
To dissipate their loves, or match their own.
Not so Elvira: she, disastrous maid,
Was doubly captive! Power nor Chance could loose
The subtle bands; she lov'd her generous foe.
She, where her Henry dwelt, her Henry smil'd,
Could term her native shore; her native shore,
By him deserted, some unfriendly strand,
Strange, bleak, forlorn! a desert waste and wild.
The fleet careen'd, the wind propitious fill'd
The swelling sails, the glittering transports wav'd
Their pennants gay, and halcyon's azure wing
With flight auspicious skimm'd the placid main.
On her lone couch in tears Elvira lay,
And chid th' officious wind the tempting sea,
And wish'd a storm as merciless, as tore
Her labouring bosom. Fondly now she strove
To banish passion; now the vassal days,
The captive moments, that so smoothly pass'd,
By many an art recall'd; now from her lute
With trembling fingers call'd the favourite sounds
Which Henry deign'd to praise; and now essay'd
With mimic chains of silken fillets wove
To paint her captive state; if any fraud
Might to her love the pleasing scenes prolong,
And with the dear idea feast the soul.
But now the chief return'd; prepar'd to launch
On Ocean's willing breast, and bid adieu
To his fair prisoner. She, soon as she heard
His hated errand, now no more conceal'd
The raging flame; but, with a spreading blush
And rising sigh, the latent pang disclos'd.
"Yes, generous youth! I see thy bosom glow
With virtuous transport, that the task is thine

To solve my chains; and to my weeping friends,
And every longing relative, restore
A soft-ey'd maid, a mild offenceless prey!
But know, my soldier, never youthful mind,
Torn from the lavish joys of wild expense
By him he loath'd, and in a dungeon bound
To languish out his bloom, could catch the pains
This ill-starr'd freedom gives my tortur'd mind.
" What call I freedom? is it that these limbs,
From rigid bolts secure, may wander far
From him I love? Alas! ere I may boast
That sacred blessing, some superior power
To mortal kings, to sublunary thrones,
Must loose my passion, must unchain my soul.
E'en that I loath; all liberty I loath!
But most the joyless privilege to gaze
With cold indifference, where desert is love.
" True, I was born an alien to those eyes
I ask alone to please; my fortune's crime!
And ah! this flatter'd form by dress endear'd
To Spanish eyes, by dress may thine offend,
Whilst I, ill-fated maid! ordain'd to strive
With Custom's load, beneath its weight expire.
" Yet Henry's beauties knew in foreign garb
To vanquish me! his form, howe'er disguis'd,
To me were fatal! no fantastic robe
That e'er Caprice invented, Custom wore,
Or Folly smil'd on, could eclipse thy charms.
" Perhaps by Birth decreed, by Fortune plac'd
Thy country's foe, Elvira's warmest plea
Seems but the subtler accent Fraud inspires;
My tenderest glances, but the specious flowers
That shade the viper while she plots her wound.
And can the trembling candidate of Love
Awake thy fears? and can a female breast,
By ties of grateful duty bound, ensnare?
Is there no brighter mien, no softer smile
For Love to wear, to dark deceit unknown?
Heaven search my soul, and if through all its cells
Lurk the pernicious drop of poisonous guile;
Full on my fenceless head its phial'd wrath
May Fate exhaust; and for my happiest hour
Exalt the vengeance I prepare for thee!
" Ah me! nor Henry's, nor his country's foe,
On thee I gaz'd, and Reason soon dispell'd
Dim Errour's gloom, and to thy favour'd isle
Assign'd its total merit, unrestrain'd.
Oh! lovely region to the candid eye!
'T was there my fancy saw the Virtues dwell,
The Loves, the Graces play; and blest the soil
That nurtur'd thee! for sure the Virtues form'd
Thy generous breast; the Loves, the Graces, plann'd
Thy shapely limbs. Relation, Birth, essay'd
Their partial power in vain: again I gaz'd,
And Albion's isle appear'd, amidst a tract
Of savage wastes, the darling of the skies!
And thou by Nature form'd, by Fate assign'd,
To paint the genius of thy native shore.
" 'Tis true, with flowers, with many a dazzling scene
Of burnish'd plants, to lure a female eye,
Iberia glows: but ah! the genial Sun,
That gilds the lemon's fruit, or scents the flower,
On Spanish minds, a nation's nobler boast!
Beams forth ungentle influences. There
Sits Jealousy enthron'd, and at each ray
Exultant lights his slow-consuming fires.
Not such thy charming region; long before
My sweet experience taught me to decide
Of English worth, the sound had pleas'd mine ear.
Is there that savage coast, that rude sojourn,
Stranger to British worth? the worth which forms
The kindest friends; the most tremendous foes;
First, best supports of liberty and love;
No; let subjected India, while she throws
O'er Spanish deeds the veil, your praise resound.
Long as I heard, or ere in story read
Of English fame, my bias'd partial breast
Wish'd them success, and, happiest she, I cried,
Of woman happiest she, who shares the love,
The fame, the virtues, of an English lord!
And now what shall I say? blest be the hour
Your fair-built vessels touch'd th' Iberian shore:
Blest did I say the time?—if I may bless
That lov'd event, let Henry's smiles declare.
Our hearts and cities won,—Will Henry's youth
Forego its nobler conquest? will he slight
The soft endearments of the lovelier spoil?
And yet Iberia's sons, with every vow
Of lasting faith, have sworn these humble charms
Were not excell'd; the source of all their pains,
And love her just desert, who sues for love;
But sues to thee, while natives sigh in vain.
" Perhaps in Henry's eye (for vulgar minds
Dissent from his) it spreads a hateful stain
On honest Fame, amid his train to bear
A female friend. Then learn, my gentle youth!
Not Love himself, with all the pointed pains
That store his quiver, shall seduce my soul
From Honour's laws. Elvira once denied
A consort's name, more swift than lightning flies
When elements discordant vex the sky,
Shall blushing from the form she loves retire.
" Yet if the specious wish the vulgar voice
Has titled Prudence, sways a soul like thine,
In gems or gold what proud Iberian dame
Eclipses me? Nor paint the dreary storms
Or hair-breadth 'scapes that haunt the boundless deep
And force from tender eyes the silent tear;
When memory to the pensive maid suggests,
In full contrast, the safe domestic scene
For these resign'd. Beyond the frantic rage
Of conquering heroes brave, the female mind,
When steel'd by Love, in Love's most horrid way
Beholds not danger, or beholding scorns.
Heaven take my life, but let it crown my love."
She ceas'd: and, ere his words her fate decreed,
Impatient watch'd the language of his eye:
There Pity dwelt, and from its tender sphere
Sent looks of love, and faithless hopes inspir'd.
" Forgive me, generous maid," the youth return'd,
" If by thy accents charm'd, thus long I bore
To let such sweetness plead, alas! in vain!
Thy virtue merits more than crowns can yield
Of solid bliss, or happiest love bestow.
But ere from native shores I plough'd the main,
To one dear maid, by virtue and by charms
Alone endear'd, my plighted vows I gave;
To guard my faith, whatever chance should wait
My warring sword: if conquest, fame, and spoil,
Grac'd my return, before her feet to pour
The glittering treasure, and the laurel wreath
Enjoying conquest then, and fame, and spoil;
If Fortune frown'd adverse, and Death forbade
The blissful union, with my latest breath

To dwell on Medway's and Maria's name.
This ardent vow, deep-rooted, from my soul
No dangers tore; this vow my bosom fir'd
To conquer danger, and the spoils enjoy.
Her shall I leave, with fair events elate.
Who crown'd mine humblest fortune with her love?
Her shall I leave, who now perchance alone
Climbs the proud cliff, and chides my slow return?
And shall that vessel, whose approaching sails
Shall swell her breast with ecstasies, convey
Death to her hopes, and anguish to her soul?
No! may the deep my villain-corse devour,
If all the wealth Iberian mines conceal,
If all the charms Iberian maids disclose,
If thine, Elvira, thine, uniting all!
Thus far prevail—nor can thy virtuous breast
Demand what Honour, Faith, and Love, denies."
"Oh! happy she," rejoin'd the pensive maid,
"Who shares thy fame, thy virtue, and thy love!
And be she happy! thy distinguish'd choice
Declares her worth, and vindicates her claim.
Farewell my luckless hopes, my flattering dreams
Of rapturous days! my guilty suit, farewell!
Yet, fond howe'er my plea, or deep the wound
That waits my fame, let not the random shaft
Of Censure pierce with me th' Iberian dames:
They love with caution, and with happier stars.
And oh! by pity mov'd, restrain the taunts
Of levity, nor brand Elvira's flame;
By merit rais'd; by gratitude approv'd;
By hope confirm'd; with artless truth reveal'd;
Let, let me say, but for one matchless maid
Of happier birth, with mutual ardour crown'd.
"These radiant gems, which burnish happiness,
But mock misfortune, to thy favourite's hand
With care convey. And well may such adorn
Her cheerful front, who finds in thee alone
The source of every transport; but disgrace
My pensive breast, which, doom'd to lasting woe,
In thee the source of every bliss resigns.
"And now farewel, thou darling youth! the gem
Of English merit! Peace, Content, and Joy,
And tender Hopes, and young Desires, farewel!
Attend, ye smiling train, this gallant mind
Back to his native shores; there sweetly smooth
His evening pillow; dance around his groves;
And, where he treads, with violets paint his way.
But leave Elvira! leave her, now no more
Your frail companion! In the sacred cells
Of some lone cloister let me shroud my shame:
There, to the matin bell, obsequious, pour
My constant orisons. The wanton Loves,
And gay Desires, shall spy the glimmering towers,
And wing their flight aloof: but rest confirm'd,
That never shall Elvira's tongue conclude
Her shortest prayer, ere Henry's dear success
The warmest accent of her zeal employ."
Thus spoke the weeping fair, whose artless mind
Impartial scorn'd to model her esteem
By native customs; dress, and face, and air,
And manners, less; nor yet resolv'd in vain.
He, bound by prior love, the solemn vow
Given and receiv'd, to soft compassion gave
A tender tear; then with that kind adieu
Esteem could warrant, wearied Heaven with prayers
To shield that tender breast he left forlorn.
He ceas'd; and to the cloister's pensive scene
Elvira shap'd her solitary way.

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo. VIRG.

ADVERTISEMENT.

What particulars in Spenser were imagined most proper for the author's imitation on this occasion, are his language, his simplicity, his manner of description, and a peculiar tenderness of sentiment remarkable throughout his works.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest Worth neglected lies
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone, as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit, ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull Obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to Fame,
There dwells in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School-mistress name;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame;
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stowe;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow;
And work the simple vassal's mickle woe;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low;
And as they look'd they found their horrour grew,
And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast;
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast;
Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
No vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door imprisoning-board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray:
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the bare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,

With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have ken'd, in semblance meet pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Eol's train; [train;
Libs, Notus, Auster: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or Earth, or Sky, or Main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell,
Where comely peace of mind, and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'T was simple russet, but it was her own;
'T was her own country bred the flock so fair!
'T was her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Through pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
Ne pompous title did bebauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right dear:
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere:
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame;
Which, ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came!
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And, if Neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew;
Where no vain flower disclos'd a gawdy streak;
But herbs for use, and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew:
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue;
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around;
And pungent radish, biting infants' tongue;
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, ere-while, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom, [fume.
And crown her kerchiefs clean, with mickle rare per-

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer;
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glittering skirts appear,
Oh wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere:
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete,
If winter 't were, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe men did a song entreat,
All, for the nonce, untuning every string,
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those olden days, would oft deplore
The times, when Truth by Popish rage did bleed;
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn:
Ah! dearest Lord, forefend, thilk days should e'er return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefest liege is plac'd,
The matron sate; and some with rank she grac'd,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways:
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair:
The work so gay that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare;
On which thilk wight that has y-gazing been,
Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight, I ween!

Ah luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write:
As erst the bard[1] by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite.
For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight!
And down they drop; appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry-coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure,
His little sister doth his peril see:
All playful as she sate, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a prayer to set him free;
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)

[1] Spenser.

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wings her so that all for pity she could dye.

No longer can she now her shriek's command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh Justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow;
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain?
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet repreve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and conn their tasks with mickle care:
By turns, astony'd, every twig survey,
And, from their fellows' hateful wounds, beware;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair;
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth them greet,
And ginger-bread y-rare; now certes, doubly sweet!

See to their seats they hye with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there;
All but the wight of bum y-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair;
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, that rends his hair;)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting! does declare
His grievous wrong; his dame's unjust behest;
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be caress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power!
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall claim
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught
But to the wind all merriment resigns;
And deems it shame, if he to peace inclines;
And many a sullen look ascance is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her haviour past resent.

Ah me! how much I fear lest pride it be!
But, if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames, with nice discernment see,
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is Valour's generous heat;
The firm fixt breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul! more justly great
Than Craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false Deceit.

Yet nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits appear!
E'en now sagacious Foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellour in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er shall die!
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor staryeling elf! his paper kite may fly.

And this perhaps, who, censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fate incline,
And many an epic to his rage shall yield;
And many a poet'quit th' Aonian field;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work; and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, "What stuff is here?"

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle skie,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque had cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run,
Heavenshield their short-liv'd pastimes, I implore!
For well may Freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the Sun.

Enjoy, poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing!
But most in courts where proud Ambition towers;
Deluded wight! who weens fair Peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kegar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play;
Thilk to the huxter's savory cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th' allotted mite to spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore th' unmoney'd wight, are seen;
And goose-b'rie clad in livery red or green;
And here of lovely dye, the catharine pear,
Fine pear! as lovely for thy juice, I ween:
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest smit with ardent love he pine with hopeless care!

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside;
And must be bought, though penury betide.
The plumb all azure and the nut all brown,
And here each season do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names [2] th' inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises known,

[2] Shrewsbury cakes.

Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave:
Ah! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave,
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray;
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their way.

EPITAPH[1].

Here, here she lies, a budding rose
Blasted before its bloom,
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her death are griev'd,
This consolation's given;
She's from the storms of life reliv'd
To them more bright in Heaven.

INSCRIPTIONS.

I. *ON A TABLET AGAINST A ROOT-HOUSE.*

Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,
We rural fays and faeries dwell;
Though rarely seen by mortal eye,
When the pale Moon, ascending high,
Darts through yon lines her quivering beams,
We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams, reflected from the wave,
Afford the light our revels crave;
The turf, with daisies broider'd o'er,
Exceeds, we wot, the Parian floor;
Nor yet for artful strains we call,
But listen to the water's fall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,
Be sure your bosoms be serene:
Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,
Devoid of all that poisons life:
And much it 'vails you in their place,
To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favour'd bowers,
Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers;
So may your path with sweets abound;
So may your couch with rest be crown'd!
But harm betide the wayward swain,
Who dares our hallow'd haunts profane!

II. *ON AN URN.*

INGENIO ET AMICITIAE
GUILIELMI SOMERVILE.

And on the opposite side,

G. S. POSVIT,
Debitâ spargens lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.

[1] In Halesowen church-yard, on Miss Anne Powell.

III. *TO MR. DODSLEY.*

Come then, my friend, thy sylvan taste display,
Come, hear thy Faunus tune his rustic lay;
Ah, rather come, and in these dells disown
The care of other strains, and tune thine own.

IV. *ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC SEAT.*

Shepherd, would'st thou here obtain
Pleasure unalloy'd with pain?
Joy that suits the rural sphere?
Gentle shepherd, lend an ear.

Learn to relish calm delight,
Verdant vales and fountains bright;
Trees that nod on sloping hills,
Caves that echo tinkling rills.

If thou canst no charm disclose
In the simplest bud that blows;
Go, forsake thy plain and fold,
Join the crowd, and toil for gold.

Tranquil pleasures never cloy;
Banish each tumultuous joy:
All but love—for love inspires
Fonder wishes, warmer fires.

Love and all its joys be thine—
Yet, ere thou the reins resign,
Hear what Reason seems to say:
Hear attentive, and obey.

"Crimson leaves the rose adorn,
But beneath them lurks a thorn;
Fair and flowery is the brake,
Yet it hides the vengeful snake.

"Think not she, whose empty pride
Dares the fleecy garb deride,
Think not she, who, light and vain,
Scorns the sheep, can love the swain.

"Artless deed and simple dress
Mark the chosen shepherdess;
Thoughts by decency control'd,
Well conceiv'd, and freely told.

"Sense, that shuns each conscious air,
Wit, that falls ere well aware;
Generous pity, prone to sigh
If her kid or lambkin die.

"Let not lucre, let not pride,
Draw thee from such charms aside;
Have not those their proper sphere?
Gentler passions triumph here.

"See, to sweeten thy repose,
The blossom buds, the fountain flows;
Lo! to crown thy healthful board,
All that milk and fruits afford.

"Seek no more—the rest is vain;
Pleasure ending soon in pain:
Anguish lightly gilded o'er:—
Close thy wish, and seek no more."

V. *ON THE BACK OF A GOTHIC ALCOVE*

O You that bathe in courtly blysse,
Or toyle in Fortune's giddy spheare;
Do not too rashly deem amysse
Of him that bydes contented here.

Nor yet disdeigne the russet stoale,
Which o'er each carelesse lymbe he flyngs:
Nor yet deryde the beechen bowle,
In whyche he quaffs the lympid springs.

Forgive him, if at eve or dawne,
Devoide of worldlye cark he stray:
Or all beside some flowerye lawne,
He waste his inoffensive daye.

So may he pardonne fraud and strife,
If such in courtlye haunt he see:
For faults there beene in busye life,
From whyche these peaceful glennes are free.

VI. *ON A SEAT, UNDER A SPREADING BEECH.*

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
Et paulum sylvæ super his foret. Auctius atque
Dii melius fecere.——

VII. *ON A SEAT.*

IOSEPHO SPENCE,
EXIMIO NOSTRO CRITONI;
CVI DICARI VELLET
MVSARVM OMNIVM ET GRATIARVM CHORVS,
DICAT AMICITIA.
MDCCLVIII.

VIII. *ON THE ASSIGNATION SEAT.*

Nerine Galatea! thymo mihi dulcior Hyblæ,
Candidior cygnis, hedera formosior alba!
Cum primum pasti repetent præsepia tauri,
Si quæ tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

IX. *ON AN ORNAMENTED URN.*

Inscribed to Miss Dolman, a beautiful and amiable relation of Mr. Shenstone's, who died of the small-pox, about twenty-one years of age.

PER AMABILI SVAE CONSOBRINAE
M. D.

On the other side:

AH MARIA
PVELLARVM ELEGANTISSIMA,
AH FLORE VENVSTATIS ABREPTA,
VALE!
HEV QVANTO MINVS EST
CVM RELIQVIS VERSARI,
QVAM TVI
MEMINISSE!

X. *ON A SEAT.*

CELEBERRIMO POETAE
IACOBO THOMSON
PROPE FONTES ILLI NON FASTIDITOS
G. S.
SEDEM HANC ORNAVIT.

Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam litora, nec quæ
Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

XI. *ON A SEAT*

AT THE BOTTOM OF A LARGE ROOT, ON THE SIDE OF A SLOPE.

O Let me haunt this peaceful shade;
Nor let Ambition e'er invade
The tenants of this leafy bower,
That shun her paths, and slight her power!

Hither the peaceful Halcyon flies
From social meads and open skies;
Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
And hide her sapphire plumage here.

The trout, bedropt with crimson stains,
Forsakes the river's proud domains;
Forsakes the Sun's unwelcome gleam,
To lurk within this humble stream.

And sure I hear the Naiad say,
"Flow, flow, my stream, this devious way,
Though lovely soft thy murmurs are,
Thy waters lovely cool and fair.

"Flow, gentle stream, nor let the vain
Thy small unsully'd stores disdain:
Nor let the pensive sage repine,
Whose latent course resembles thine."

XII. *ON A SMALL OBELISK IN VIRGIL'S GROVE.*

P. VIRGILIO MARONI
LAPIS ISTE CVM LVCO SACER ESTO.

XIII. *ON A STONE, BY A CHALYBEAT SPRING.*

FONS FERRVGINEVS.
DIVAE QUAE SECESSV ISTO FRVI CONCEDIT.

XIV. *ON A STONE SEAT, MAKING PART OF A CAVE.*

INTVS AQVAE DULCIS, VIVOQUE SEDILIA SAXO;
NYMPHARVM DOMVS.

XV. *ON TWO SEATS, TO TWO OF HIS MOST PARTICULAR FRIENDS.*

The first thus:

AMICITIAE ET MERITI
RICHARDI GRAVES:
IPSAE TE, TITYRE, PINVS,
IPSI TE FONTES, IPSA HAEC ARBVSTA VOCABANT.

The other,

AMICITIAE ET MERITIS
RICHARDI LAGO.

XVI. *ON A STATUE OF VENUS DE MEDICIS.*

——— Semi educta Venus.

To Venus, Venus here retir'd,
My sober vows I pay:
Not her on Paphian plains admir'd,
The bold, the pert, the gay.

Not her whose amorous leer prevail'd
To bribe the Phrygian boy;
Not her, who, clad in armour, fail'd
To save disastrous Troy.

Fresh rising from the foamy tide,
She every bosom warms:
While half withdrawn she seems to hide,
And half reveals, her charms.

Learn hence, ye boastful sons of taste,
Who plan the rural shade;
Learn hence to shun the vicious waste
Of pomp, at large display'd.

Let sweet concealment's magic art
Your mazy bounds invest;
And while the sight unveils a part,
Let fancy paint the rest.

Let coy reserve with cost unite
To grace your wood or field;
No ray obtrusive pall the sight,
In aught you paint, or build.

And far be driven the sumptuous glare
Of gold, from British groves;
And far the meretricious air
Of China's vain alcoves.

'Tis bashful beauty ever twines
The most coercive chain;
'Tis she, that sovereign rule declines,
Who best deserves to reign."

XVII. Intended to be written at the Beginning of a Collection of Flowers, which Mr. SHENSTONE coloured for Mrs. JAGO.

ELEGANTISSIMAE PVELLAE
DOROTHEAE FANCOVRT
QVAE PERDILECTI SVI CONDISCIPVLI
RICHARDI IAGO
AMORES MERVIT,
D. D.
GVLIELMVS SHENSTONE;
DEBITAE NYMPHIS OPIFEX CORONAE.

XVIII. Proposed to Mr. GRAVES by Mr. SHENSTONE, as a proper Inscription for himself.

AMICITIAE G. S.
QVI,
NAIADAS PARITER AC MVSAS
EXCOLENDO,
SIMUL ET VILLAM EIVS ELEGANTISSIMAM
NOMENQVE SVVM
ILLVSTRAVIT.

" (FORTVNATVS ET ILLE DEOS QVI NOVIT AGRESTES)
PANAQVE, SVLVANVMQVE, SENEM, NYMPHASQVE SORORES." VIRG.

VERSES

TO

SHENSTONE.

WRITTEN ON A FERME ORNEE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM.

BY THE LATE LADY LUXBOROUGH.

'Tis Nature here bids pleasing scenes arise,
And wisely gives them Cynthio to revise:
To veil each blemish; brighten every grace;
Yet still preserve the lovely parent's face.
How well the Bard obeys, each valley tells;
These lucid streams, gay meads, and lonely cells;
Where modest Art in silence lurks conceal'd,
While Nature shines so gracefully reveal'd,
That she triumphant claims the total plan,
And, with fresh pride, adopts the work of man.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ., AT THE LEASOWES.

BY MR. GRAVES.

Vellem in amicitia sic erraremus! HOR.

See! the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
To affluence born, and from restraint set free,
Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
The mall, the rout, the play-house, and the court:
Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,
Or powder'd peeress, counterfeits a flame.
Behold him now, enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why;
Till, by kind Fate restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural fair:
Smit with her unaffected native charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms:
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.
Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career.
From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprise;
Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigued, not satisfied, to town.
Yet if some kinder Genius point his way
To where the Muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,
Charm'd with the sylvan beauties of the place,
Where Art assumes the sweets of Nature's face,
Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move.
Like the sage captive in Calypso's grot,
The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

VERSES

RECEIVED BY THE POST, FROM A LADY UNKNOWN, 1761.

Health to the bard in Leasowes' happy groves;
Health, and sweet converse with the Muse he loves!
The humblest votary of the tuneful Nine,
With trembling hand, attempts her artless line,
In numbers such as untaught Nature brings;
As flow, spontaneous, like thy native springs.
But ah! what airy forms around me rise?
The russet mountain glows with richer dyes;
In circling dance a pigmy crowd appear,
And hark! an infant voice salutes my ear:
"Mortal, thy aim we know, thy task approve;
His merit honour, and his genius love:
For us what verdant carpets has he spread,
Where nightly we our mystic mazes tread!
For us, each shady grove and rural seat,
His falling streams and flowing numbers sweet!
Didst thou not mark, amid the winding dell,
What tuneful verse adorns the mossy cell?
There every Fairy of our sprightly train
Resort, to bless the woodland and the plain.
There, as we move, unbidden beauties glow,
The green turf brightens, and the violets blow;
And there with thoughts sublime we bless the swain,
Nor we inspire, nor he attends, in vain.
"Go, simple rhymer! bear this message true;
The truths that Fairies dictate none shall rue.
Say to the Bard in Leasowes' happy grove,
Whom Dryads honour, and whom Fairies love—
'Content thyself no longer that thy lays,
By others foster'd, lend to others praise;
No longer to the favouring world refuse
The welcome treasures of thy polish'd Muse;
The scatter'd blooms, that boast thy valued name,
Collect, unite, and give the wreath to fame:
Ne'er can thy virtues, or thy verse, engage
More solid praise than in this happiest age,
When sense and merit's cherish'd by the Throne,
And each illustrious privilege their own.
Though modest be thy gentle Muse, I ween,
Oh, lead her blushing from the daisied green,
A fit attendant on Britannia's Queen."

Ye sportive elves, as faithful I relate
Th' intrusted mandates of your fairy state,
Visit these wilds again with nightly care;
So shall my kine, of all the herd, repair
In healthful plight to fill the copious pail!
My sheep lie pent with safety in the dale:
My poultry fear no robber in the roost,
My linen more than common whiteness boast:
Let order, peace, and housewifry be mine;
Shenstone, be fancy, fame, and fortune thine.

COTSWOULDIA.

ON THE DISCOVERY OF AN ECHO AT EDGBASTON.

BY ——— ———.

HA! what art thou, whose voice unknown
Pours on these plains its tender moan?
Art thou the nymph in Shenstone's dale,
Who dost with plaintive note bewail
That he forsakes th' Aonian maids,
To court inconstant rills and shades?
Mourn not, sweet nymphs—alas, in vain
Do they invite, and thou complain—
Yet, while he woo'd the gentle throng,
With liquid lay and melting song,
The listening herd around him stray'd,
In wanton frisk the lambkins play'd,
And every Naïad ceas'd to lave
Her azure limbs amid the wave.
The Graces danc'd; the rosy band
Of Smiles and Loves went hand in hand;
And purple Pleasures strew'd the way
With sweetest flowers: and every ray
Of each fond Muse, with rapture fir'd,
To glowing thought his breast inspir'd.
The hills rejoic'd, the valleys rung,
All Nature smil'd, while Shenstone sung.
So charm'd his lay; but now no more—
Ah! why dost thou repeat—"no more?"
E'en now he hies to deck the grove,
To deck the scene the Muses love;
And soon again will own their sway,
And thou resound the peerless lay,
And with immortal numbers fill
Each rocky cave and vocal hill.

VERSES BY MR. DODSLEY,

ON HIS FIRST ARRIVAL AT THE LEASOWES, 1754.

"How shall I fix my wandering eye? Where find
The source of this enchantment? Dwells it in
The woods? or waves there not a magic wand
O'er the translucent waters? Sure, unseen,
Some favouring power directs the happy lines
That sketch these beauties; swells the rising hills,
And scoops the dales, to Nature's finest forms,
Vague, undetermin'd, infinite; untaught
By line or compass, yet supremely fair."
So spake Philenor, as with raptur'd gaze
He travers'd Damon's farm. From distant plains
Hesought his friend's abode: nor had the fame
Of that new-form'd Arcadia reach'd his ear.
And thus the swain, as o'er each hill and dale,
Through lawn or thicket he pursued his way,
"What is it gilds the verdure of these meads
With hues more bright than fancy paints the flowers
Of Paradise? What Naïad's guiding hand
Leads, through the broider'd vale, the lucid rills,
That, murmuring as they flow, bear melody
Along their banks; and through the vocal shades
Improve the music of the woodland choir?
What pensive Dryad rais'd you solemn grove,
Where minds contemplative, at close of day
Retiring, muse o'er Nature's various works,
Her wonders venerate, or her sweets enjoy—
What room for doubt? Some rural deity,
Presiding, scatters o'er th' unequal lawns,
In beauteous wildness, yon fair-spreading trees;
And mingling woods and waters, hills and dales,
And herds and bleating flocks, domestic fowl,
And those that swim the lake, sees rising round
More pleasing landscapes than in Tempe's vale
Penéus water'd. Yes, some sylvan god
Spreads wide the varied prospect; waves the woods,
Lifts the proud hills, and clears the shining lakes;
While, from the congregated waters pour'd,
The bursting torrent tumbles down the steep
In foaming fury; fierce, irregular,
Wild, interrupted, cross'd with rocks and roots
And interwoven trees; till, soon absorb'd,
An opening cavern all its rage entombs.
So vanish human glories! Such the pomp
Of swelling warriors, of ambitious kings,
Who fret and strut their hour upon the stage
Of busy life, and then are heard no more!
"Yes, 't is enchantment all—And see, the spells,
The powerful incantations, magic verse,
Inscrib'd on every tree, alcove, or urn—
Spells!—Incantations!—ah, my tuneful friend!
Thine are the numbers! thine the wondrous work!—
Yes, great magician! now I read thee right,
And lightly weigh all sorcery but thine.
No Naïad's leading step conducts the rill;
Nor sylvan god presiding skirts the lawn
In beauteous wildness, with fair-spreading trees;
Nor magic wand has circumscrib'd the scene.
'T is thine own taste, thy genius that presides,
Nor needs there other deity, nor needs
More potent spells than they."—No more the swain,
For lo, his Damon, o'er the tufted lawn
Advancing, leads him to the social dome.

TO MR. R. D. ON THE DEATH OF MR. SHENSTONE.

Thee, shepherd, thee, the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn. MILT.

'T is past, my friend; the transient scene is clos'd!
The fairy pile, th' enchanted vision rais'd
By Damon's magic skill, is lost in air!
What though the lawns and pendant woods remain,
Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract,
With lapse incessant echoes through the dale?
Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now?
The charm's dissolv'd; the genius of the wood,
Alas! is flown—for Damon is no more.
As when from fair Lyceum crown'd with pines,
Or Mænalus with leaves autumnal strew'd,

The tuneful Pan retires; the vocal hills
Resound no more, and all Arcadia mourns.
Yet here we fondly dreamt of lasting joys:
Here we had hop'd, from noisy throngs retir'd,
To drink large draughts of friendship's cordial stream;
In sweet oblivion wrapt, by Damon's verse,
And social converse, many a summer's day.
Romantic wish! In vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss—whilst yet
Th' enraptur'd fire his well-plann'd structure views,
Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves:
Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilac blend;
Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain:
Death spreads the fatal shaft, and bids his heir
Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.
Oh! teach me then, like you, my friend, to raise
To moral truths my grovelling song; for all
Too long, by lawless Fancy led astray,
Of nymphs and groves I've dreamt, and dancing fauns
Or Naïad leaning o'er her tinkling urn.
Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
With hymns, like those by tuneful Meyrick sung—
Or rather catch the melancholy sounds
From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre—to paint
The sudden gloom that damps my soul—But see!
Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe,
With which sad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd;
And plaintive cries, "My Shenstone is no more!"

R. GRAVES.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT THE GARDENS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQUIRE, NEAR BIRMINGHAM, 1756.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes
Angulus ridet. HOR.

Would you these lov'd recesses trace,
And view fair Nature's modest face?
See her in every field-flower bloom?
O'er every thicket shed perfume?
By verdant groves, and vocal hills,
By mossy grots, near purling rills,
Where'er you turn your wondering eyes,
Behold her win without disguise.
What though no pageant trifles here,
As in the glare of courts, appear;
Though rarely here be heard the name
Of rank, or title, power, or fame:
Yet, if ingenuous be your mind,
A bliss more pure and unconfin'd
Your step attends—Draw freely nigh,
And meet the Bard's benignant eye:
On him no pedant forms await,
No proud reserve shuts up his gate;
No spleen, no party views control
That warm benevolence of soul,
Which prompts the friendly generous part,
Regardless of each venal art;
Regardless of the world's acclaim;
And courteous with no selfish aim.
Draw freely nigh, and welcome find,
If not the costly, yet the kind.
Oh, he will lead you to the cells
Where every Muse and Virtue dwells,
Where the green Dryads guard his woods,
Where the blue Naiads guide his floods;
Where all the Sister-Graces gay,
That shap'd his walk's meandering way,
Stark-naked, or but wreath'd with flowers,
Lie slumbering soft beneath his bowers.
Wak'd by the stock-dove's melting strain,
Behold them rise! and, with the train
Of nymphs that haunt the stream or grove,
Or o'er the flowery champain rove,
Join hand in hand—attentive gaze—
And mark the dance's mystic maze.
"Such is the waving line," they cry,
"For ever dear to Fancy's eye!
Yon stream that wanders down the dale,
The spiral wood, the winding vale,
The path which, wrought with hidden skill,
Slow twining scales yon distant hill
With fir invested—all combine
To recommend the waving line.
"The wreathed rod of Bacchus fair,
The ringlets of Apollo's hair,
The wand by Maia's offspring borne,
The smooth volutes of Ammon's horn,
The structure of the Cyprian dame,
And each fair female's beauteous frame,
Show, to the pupils of design,
The triumphs of the waving line."
Then gaze, and mark that union sweet,
Where fair convex and concave meet;
And while, quick shifting as you stray,
The vivid scenes on fancy play;
The lawn, of aspect smooth and mild;
The forest-ground grotesque and wild;
The shrub that scents the mounting gale;
The stream rough dashing down the dale,
From rock to rock, in eddies tost;
The distant lake in which 'tis lost;
Blue hills gay beaming through the glade;
Lone urns that solemnize the shade;
Sweet interchange of all that charms
In groves, meads, dingles, rivulets, farms;
If aught the fair confusion please,
With lasting health, and lasting ease,
To him who form'd the blissful bower,
And gave thy life one tranquil hour;
Wish peace and freedom—these possest,
His temperate mind secures the rest.
But if thy soul such bliss despise,
Avert thy dull incurious eyes;
Go fix them there, where gems and gold,
Improv'd by art, their power unfold;
Go try in courtly scenes to trace
A fairer form of Nature's face:
Go, scorn Simplicity—but know,
That all our heart-felt joys below,
That all which virtue loves to name,
Which art consigns to lasting fame,
Which fixes wit or beauty's throne,
Derives its source from Her alone.

ARCADIO.

TO WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ. IN HIS SICKNESS.

BY MR. WOODHOUSE.

Ye flowery plains, ye breezy woods,
Ye bowers and gay alcoves,
Ye falling streams, ye silver floods,
Ye grottoes, and ye groves!

Alas! my heart feels no delight,
Though I your charms survey;
While he consumes in pain the night,
In languid sighs the day.

The flowers disclose a thousand blooms,
A thousand scents diffuse;
Yet all in vain they shed perfumes,
In vain display their hues.

Restrain, ye flowers, your thoughtless pride,
Recline your gaudy heads;
And sadly drooping, side by side,
Embrace your humid beds.

Tall oaks, that o'er the woodland shade,
Your lofty summits rear!
Ah, why, in wonted charms array'd,
Expand your leaves so fair!

For lo, the flowers as gaily smile,
As wanton waves the tree;
And though I sadly plain the while,
Yet they regard not me.

Ah, should the Fates an arrow send,
And strike the fatal wound,
Who, who shall then your sweets defend,
Or fence your beauties round?

But hark, perhaps, the plumy throng
Have learnt my plaintive tale,
And some sad dirge, or mournful song,
Comes floating in the gale.

Ah, no! they chant a sprightly strain,
To soothe an amorous mate;
Unmindful of my anxious pain
And his uncertain fate.

But see, these little murmuring rills
With fond repinings rove;
And trickle wailing down the hills,
Or weep along the grove.

Oh, mock not, if beside your stream,
Ye hear me too repine;
Or aid with sighs your mournful theme,
And fondly call him mine.

Ye envious winds, the cause display,
In whispers as ye blow,
Why did your treacherous gales convey
The poison'd shafts of woe?

Did he not plant the shady bower,
Where you so blithely meet?
The scented shrub, and fragrant flower,
To make your breezes sweet?

And must he leave the wood, the field,
The dear Arcadian reign?
Can neither verse nor virtue shield
The guardian of the plain?

Must he his tuneful breath resign,
Whom all the Muses love?
That round his brow their laurels twine,
And all his songs approve.

Preserve him, mild Omnipotence!
Our Father, King, and God,
Who clear'st the paths of life and sense,
Or stopp'st them at thy nod.

Blest power, who calm'st the raging deep,
His valued health restore,
Nor let the sons of genius weep,
Nor let the good deplore!

But if thy boundless wisdom knows
His longer date an ill,
Let not my soul a wish disclose
To contradict thy will.

For happy, happy were the change,
For such a god-like mind,
To go where kindred spirits range,
Nor leave a wish behind.

And though, to share his pleasures here,
Kings might their state forego:
Yet must he feel such raptures there,
As none can taste below.

VERSES

LEFT ON A SEAT,—THE HAND UNKNOWN.

O Earth! to his remains indulgent be,
Who so much care and cost bestow'd on thee!
Who crown'd thy barren hills with useful shade,
And cheer'd with tinkling rills each silent glade;
Here taught the day to wear a thoughtful gloom,
And there enliven'd Nature's vernal bloom.
Propitious earth! lie lightly on his head,
And ever on his tomb thy vernal glories spread!

CORYDON, A PASTORAL.

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ.

Come, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
And see our lov'd Corydon laid:
Though sorrow may blemish the verse,
Yet let the sad tribute be paid.
They call'd him the pride of the plain;
In sooth, he was gentle and kind;
He mark'd in his elegant strain
The graces that glow'd in his mind.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never would rifle their cell.
Ye lambkins, that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And Winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing
(Our hedges so vocal before,)
Since he that should welcome the Spring,
Can greet the gay season no more.

His Phyllis was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
They listen'd, and envied his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song?

Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my Corydon's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

J. CUNNINGHAM.

M. S. GULIELMI SHENSTONE!

Ah! Gulielme,
Hominum dignissime,
Amicorum integerrime,
Indole optimâ,
Moribus gratissimis,
Eruditione diffusâ,
Ac corde quam maxime benigno
Prædite,
Morte, heu! præmaturâ obrepte,
Ah! Gulielme,
Vale!
"Quanto minus est,
Cum aliis versari,
Quam tui meminisse!"

T. H.

EXTRACT FROM MR. MASON'S ENGLISH GARDEN, Book I.

—— Nor, Shenstone, thou
Shalt pass without thy meed, thou son of peace!
Who knew'st, perchance, to harmonize thy shades,
Still softer than thy song; yet was that song
Nor rude, nor inharmonious, when attun'd
To pastoral plaint, or tale of slighted love.

THE

POEMS

OF

EDWARD YOUNG, L.L.D.

THE

LIFE OF YOUNG,

BY THE REV. SIR HERBERT CROFT AND DR. JOHNSON.

THE following life was written, at my request, by a gentleman who had better information than I could easily have obtained; and the public will perhaps wish that I had solicited and obtained more such favours from him[1].

"DEAR SIR,

"IN consequence of our different conversations about authentic materials for the Life of Young, I send you the following detail.

"Of great men, something must always be said to gratify curiosity. Of the illustrious author of the Night Thoughts much has been told of which there never could have been proofs; and little care appears to have been taken to tell that of which proofs, with little trouble, might have been procured."

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, near Winchester, in June 1681. He was the son of Edward Young, at that time fellow of Winchester College and rector of Upham; who was the son of Jo. Young of Woodhay, in Berkshire, styled by Wood, gentleman. In September 1682 the poet's father was collated to the prebend of Gillingham Minor, in the church of Sarum, by bishop Ward. When Ward's faculties were impaired through age, his duties were necessarily performed by others. We learn from Wood, that at a visitation of Sprat's, July the 12th, 1686, the prebendary preached a Latin sermon, afterwards published, with which the bishop was so pleased, that he told the chapter he was concerned to find the preacher had one of the worst prebends in their church. Some time after this, in consequence of his merit and reputation, or of the interest of lord Bradford, to whom, in 1702, he dedicated two volumes of sermons, he was appointed chaplain to king William and queen Mary, and preferred to the deanery of Sarum. Jacob, who wrote in 1720, says, "he was chaplain and clerk of the closet to the late queen, who honoured him by standing godmother to the poet." His fellowship of Winchester he resigned in favour of a gentleman of the name of Harris, who married his only daughter. The dean died at Sarum, after a short illness, in 1705, in the sixty-third year of his age. On the Sunday after his decease bishop Burnet preached at the cathedral, and began his sermon with saying, "Death has been of late walking round us, and making breach upon

[1] See Gent. Mag. vol. lxx. p. 225. *N.*

breach upon us, and has now carried away the head of this body with a stroke; so that he, whom you saw a week ago distributing the holy mysteries, is now laid in the dust. But he still lives in the many excellent directions he has left us, both how to live and how to die."

The dean placed his son upon the foundation at Winchester College, where he had himself been educated. At this school Edward Young remained till the election after his eighteenth birth-day, the period at which those upon the foundation are superannuated. Whether he did not betray his abilities early in life, or his masters had not skill enough to discover in their pupil any marks of genius for which he merited reward, or no vacancy at Oxford offered them an opportunity to bestow upon him the reward provided for merit by William of Wykeham; certain it is, that to an Oxford fellowship our poet did not succeed. By chance, or by choice, New College cannot claim the honour of numbering among its fellows him who wrote the Night Thoughts.

On the 13th of October, 1703, he was entered an independent member of New College, that he might live at little expense in the warden's lodgings, who was a particular friend of his father's, till he should be qualified to stand for a fellowship at All Souls. In a few months the warden of New College died. He then removed to Corpus College. The president of this society, from regard also for his father, invited him thither, in order to lessen his academical expenses. In 1708, he was nominated to a law-fellowship at All Souls by archbishop Tenison, into whose hands it came by devolution. Such repeated patronage, while it justifies Burnet's praise of the father, reflects credit on the conduct of the son. The manner in which it was exerted seems to prove, that the father did not leave behind much wealth.

On the 23d of April, 1714, Young took his degree of bachelor of civil laws, and his doctor's degree on the 10th of June, 1719.

Soon after he went to Oxford, he discovered, it is said, an inclination for pupils. Whether he ever commenced tutor is not known. None has hitherto boasted to have received his academical instruction from the author of the Night Thoughts.

It is probable that his College was proud of him no less as a scholar than as a poet; for in 1716, when the foundation of the Codrington Library was laid, two years after he had taken his bachelor's degree, Young was appointed to speak the Latin Oration. This is at least particular for being dedicated in English "To the Ladies of the Codrington family." To these ladies he says, "that he was unavoidably flung into a singularity, by being obliged to write an epistle dedicatory void of common-place, and such a one as was never published before by any author whatever; that this practice absolved them from any obligation of reading what was presented to them; and that the bookseller approved of it, because it would make people stare, was absurd enough, and perfectly right."

Of this Oration there is no appearance in his own edition of his works; and prefixed to an edition by Curll and Tonson, 1741, is a letter from Young to Curll, if we may credit Curll, dated December the 9th, 1739, wherein he says, that he has not leisure to review what he formerly wrote, and adds, "I have not the Epistle to Lord Lansdowne. If you will take my advice, I would have you omit that, and the Oration on Codrington. I think the collection will sell better without them."

There are who relate, that when first Young found himself independent, and his own master at All Souls, he was not the ornament to religion and morality which he afterwards became.

The authority of his father, indeed, had ceased, some time before, by his death; and Young was certainly not ashamed to be patronised by the infamous Wharton. But Wharton befriended in Young, perhaps, the poet, and particularly the tragedian. If virtuous authors must be patronized only by virtuous peers, who shall point them out?

Yet Pope is said by Ruffhead to have told Warburton, that "Young had much of a sublime genius, though without common sense; so that his genius, having no guide, was perpetually liable to degenerate into bombast. This made him pass a foolish youth, the sport of peers and poets; but his having a very good heart enabled him to support the clerical character when he assumed it, first with decency, and afterwards with honour."

They who think ill of Young's morality in the early part of his life, may perhaps be wrong; but Tindal could not err in his opioion of Young's warmth and ability in the cause of religion. Tindal used to spend much of his time at All Souls. "The other boys," said the atheist, "I can always answer, because I always know whence they have their arguments, which I have read a hundred times; but that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own*."

After all, Tindal and the censurers of Young may be reconcileable. Young might, for two or three years, have tried that kind of life, in which his natural principles would not suffer him to wallow long. If this were so, he has left behind him not only his evidence in favour of virtue, but the potent testimony of experience against vice.

We shall soon see that one of his earliest productions was more serious than what comes from the generality of unfledged poets.

Young perhaps ascribed the good fortune of Addison to the Poem to his Majesty, presented, with a copy of verses, to Somers; and hoped that he also might soar to wealth and honour on wings of the same kind. His first poetical flight was when queen Anne called up to the house of lords the sons of the earls of Northampton and Aylesbury, and added, in one day, ten others to the number of peers. In order to reconcile the people to one, at least, of the new lords, he published, in 1712, An Epistle to the Right Honourable George Lord Lansdowne. In this composition the poet pours out his panegyric with the extravagance of a young man, who thinks his present stock of wealth will never be exhausted.

The poem seems intended also to reconcile the public to the late peace. This is endeavoured to be done by showing that men are slain in war, and that in peace "harvests wave, and Commerce swells her sail." If this be humanity, for which he meant it; is it politics? Another purpose of this Epistle appears to have been, to prepare the public for the reception of some tragedy he might have in hand. His lordship's patronage, he says, will not let him "repent his passion for the stage;" and the particular praise bestowed on Othello and Oroonoko looks as if some such character as Zanga was even then in contemplation. The affectionate mention of the death of his friend Harrison, of New College, at the close of this poem, is an instance of Young's art, which displayed itself so wonderfully some time afterwards in the Night Thoughts, of making the public a party in his private sorrow.

* As my great friend is now become the subject of biography, it should be told, that, every time I called upon Johnson during the time I was employed in collecting materials for this life and putting it together, he never suffered me to depart without some such farewell as this: "Don't forget that rascal Tindal, sir. Be sure to hang up the atheist." Alluding to this anecdote, which Johnson had mentioned to me.

Should justice call upon you to censure this poem, it ought at least to be remembered that he did not insert it in his works; and that in the letter to Curll, as we have seen, he advises its omission. The booksellers, in the late body of English poetry, should have distinguished what was deliberately rejected by the respective authors[3]. This I shall be careful to do with regard to Young. "I think," says he, "the following pieces in *four* volumes to be the most excusable of all that I have written; and I wish less apology was needful for these. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republished I have revised and corrected, and rendered them as pardonable as it was in my power to do."

Shall the gates of repentance be shut only against literary sinners?

When Addison published Cato, in 1713, Young had the honour of prefixing to it a recommendatory copy of verses. This is one of the pieces which the author of the Night Thoughts did not republish.

On the appearance of his Poem on the Last Day, Addison did not return Young's compliment; but The Englishman, of October 29, 1713, which was probably written by Addison, speaks handsomely of this poem. The Last Day was published soon after the peace. The vice-chancellor's *imprimatur*, for it was printed at Oxford, is dated March the 19th, 1713. From the exordium, Young appears to have spent some time on the composition of it. While other bards "with Britain's hero set their souls on fire," he draws, he says, a deeper scene. Marlborough had been considered by Britain as her *hero*; but when the Last Day was published, female cabal had blasted for a time the laurels of Blenheim. This serious poem was finished by Young as early as 1710, before he was thirty, for part of it is printed in the Tatler[4]. It was inscribed to the queen, in a dedication, which, for some reason, he did not admit into his works. It tells her that his only title to the great honour he now does himself, is the obligation which he formerly received from her royal indulgence.

Of this obligation nothing is now known, unless he alluded to her being his god-mother. He is said indeed to have been engaged at a settled stipend as a writer for the court. In Swift's Rhapsody on Poetry are these lines, speaking of the court——

> Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
> Where Pope will never show his face,
> Where Y—— must torture his invention
> To flatter knaves, or lose his pension.

That Y—— means Young seems clear from four other lines in the same poem:

> Attend, ye Popes and Youngs and Gays,
> And tune your harps and strew your bays;
> Your panegyrics here provide;
> You cannot err on flattery's side.

Yet who shall say with certainty, that Young was a pensioner? In all modern periods of this country, have not the writers on one side been regularly called hirelings, and on the other patriots?

Of the dedication, the complexion is clearly political. It speaks in the highest terms of the late peace; it gives her majesty praise indeed for her victories, but says,

[3] Dr. Johnson, in many cases, thought and directed differently, particularly in Young's Works. *J. N*

[4] Not in the Tatler, but in the Guardian, May 9, 1713. *C.*

that the author is more pleased to see her rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second Heavens, and leaving the fixed stars behind her; nor will he lose her there, he says, but keep her still in view through the boundless spaces on the other side of Creation, in her journey towards eternal bliss, till he beholds the Heaven of Heavens open, and angels receiving and conveying her still onward from the stretch of his imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to Earth.

The queen was soon called away from this lower world, to a place where human praise or human flattery, even less general than this, are of little consequence. If Young thought the dedication contained only the praise of truth, he should not have omitted it in his works. Was he conscious of the exaggeration of party? Then he should not have written it. The poem itself is not without a glance towards politics, notwithstanding the subject. The cry that the church was in danger, had not yet subsided. The Last Day, written by a layman, was much approved by the ministry, and their friends.

Before the queen's death, The Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love, was sent into the world. This poem is founded on the execution of lady Jane Grey and her husband lord Guildford, 1554, a story chosen for the subject of a tragedy by Edmund Smith, and wrought into a tragedy by Rowe. The dedication of it to the countess of Salisbury does not appear in his own edition. He hopes it may be some excuse for his presumption, that the story could not have been read without thoughts of the countess of Salisbury, though it had been dedicated to another. "To behold," he proceeds, "a person *only* virtuous, stirs in us a prudent regret; to behold a person *only* amiable to the sight, warms us with a religious indignation; but to turn our eyes to a countess of Salisbury, gives us pleasure and improvement; it works a sort of miracle, occasions the bias of our nature to fall off from sin, and makes our very senses and affections converts to our religion, and promoters of our duty." His flattery was as ready for the other sex as for ours, and was at least as well adapted.

August the 27th, 1714, Pope writes to his friend Jervas, that he is just arrived from Oxford; that every one is much concerned for the queen's death, but that no panegyrics are ready yet for the king. Nothing like friendship had yet taken place between Pope and Young; for, soon after the event which Pope mentions, Young published a poem on the queen's death, and his majesty's accession to the throne. It is inscribed to Addison, then secretary to the lords justices. Whatever were the obligations which he had formerly received from Anne, the poet appears to aim at something of the same sort from George. Of the poem the intention seems to have been, to show that he had the same extravagant strain of praise for a king as for a queen. To discover, at the very onset of a foreigner's reign, that the gods bless his new subjects in such a king, is something more than praise. Neither was this deemed one of his *excusable pieces*. We do not find it in his works.

Young's father had been well acquainted with lady Anne Wharton, the first wife of Thomas Wharton, Esq. afterwards marquis of Wharton; a lady celebrated for her poetical talents by Burnet and by Waller.

To the dean of Sarum's visitation sermon, already mentioned, were added some verses by that excellent poetess Mrs. Anne Wharton, upon its being translated into English, at the instance of Waller, by Atwood. Wharton, after he became ennobled, did not drop the son of his old friend. In him, during the short time he lived, Young

found a patron, and in his dissolute descendant a friend and a companion. The marquis died in April, 1715. In the beginning of the next year the young marquis set out upon his travels, from which he returned in about a twelvemonth. The beginning of 1717 carried him to Ireland; where, says the Biographia, "on the score of his extraordinary qualities, he had the honour done him of being admitted, though under age, to take his seat in the house of lords."

With this unhappy character, it is not unlikely that Young went to Ireland. From his letter to Richardson on Original Composition, it is clear he was, at some period of his life, in that country. "I remember," says he, in that letter, speaking of Swift, "as I and others were taking with him an evening walk, about a mile out of Dublin, he stopped short; we passed on; but perceiving he did not follow us, I went back and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing at it, he said, 'I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top.'" Is it not probable, that this visit to Ireland was paid when he had an opportunity of going thither with his avowed friend and patron?

From The Englishman it appears that a tragedy by Young was in the theatre so early as 1713. Yet Busiris was not brought upon Drury-Lane stage till 1719. It was inscribed to the duke of Newcastle, "because the late instances he had received of his grace's undeserved and uncommon favour, in an affair of some consequence, foreign to the theatre, had taken from him the privilege of choosing a patron." The dedication he afterwards suppressed.

Busiris was followed in the year 1721 by The Revenge. He dedicated this famous tragedy to the duke of Wharton. "Your grace," says the dedication, "has been pleased to make yourself accessary to the following scenes, not only by suggesting the most beautiful incident in them, but by making all possible provision for the success of the whole."

That his grace should have suggested the incident to which he alludes, whatever that incident might have been, is not unlikely. The last mental exertion of the superannuated young man, in his quarters at Lerida, in Spain, was some scenes of a tragedy on the story of Mary queen of Scots.

Dryden dedicated Marriage à la Mode to Wharton's infamous relation Rochester, whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but as the promoter of his fortune. Young concludes his address to Wharton thus—"My present fortune is his bounty, and my future his care; which I will venture to say will be always remembered to his honour, since he, I know, intended his generosity as an encouragement to merit, though, through his very pardonable partiality to one who bears him so sincere a duty and respect, I happen to receive the benefit of it." That he ever had such a patron as Wharton, Young took all the pains in his power to conceal from the world, by excluding this dedication from his works. He should have remembered that he at the same time concealed his obligation to Wharton for the most beautiful incident in what is surely not his least beautiful composition. The passage just quoted, is in a poem afterwards addressed to Walpole, literally copied:

> Be this thy partial smile from censure free!
> 'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

While Young, who, in his Love of Fame, complains grievously how often "dedications wash an Ethiop white," was painting an amiable duke of Wharton in pe-

rishable prose, Pope was, perhaps, beginning to describe "the scorn and wonder of his days" in lasting verse.

To the patronage of such a character, had Young studied men as much as Pope, he would have known how little to have trusted. Young, however, was certainly indebted to it for something material; and the duke's regard for Young, added to his "lust of praise," procured to All-Soul's College a donation, which was not forgotten by the poet when he dedicated The Revenge.

It will surprise you to see me cite second Atkins, case 136, Stiles *versus* the Attorney-General, March 14, 1740, as authority for the life of a poet. But biographers do not always find such certain guides as the oaths of the persons whom they record. Chancellor Hardwicke was to determine whether two annuities, granted by the duke of Wharton to Young, were for legal considerations. One was dated the 24th of March, 1719, and accounted for his grace's bounty in a style princely and commendable, if not legal—"considering that the public good is advanced by the encouragement of learning and the polite arts, and being pleased therein with the attempts of Dr. Young, in consideration thereof, and of the love I bear him, &c." The other was dated the 10th of July, 1722.

Young, on his examination, swore that he quitted the Exeter family, and refused an annuity of 100*l.* which had been offered him for life if he would continue tutor to lord Burleigh, upon the pressing solicitations of the duke of Wharton, and his grace's assurances of providing for him in a much more ample manner. It also appeared that the duke had given him a bond for 600*l.* dated the 15th of March, 1721, in consideration of his taking several journeys, and being at great expenses, in order to be chosen member of the house of commons, at the duke's desire, and in consideration of his not taking two livings of 200*l.* and 400*l.* in the gift of All-Souls College, on his grace's promises of serving and advancing him in the world.

Of his adventures in the Exeter family I am unable to give any account. The attempt to get into parliament was at Cirencester, where Young stood a contested election. His grace discovered in him talents for oratory as well as for poetry. Nor was this judgment wrong. Young, after he took orders, became a very popular preacher, and was much followed for the grace and animation of his delivery. By his oratorical talents he was once in his life, according to the Biographia, deserted. As he was preaching in his turn at St. James's, he plainly perceived it was out of his power to command the attention of his audience. This so affected the feelings of the preacher, that he sat back in the pulpit, and burst into tears. But we must pursue his poetical life.

In 1719 he lamented the death of Addison, in a letter addressed to their common friend Tickell. For the secret history of the following lines, if they contain any, it is now vain to seek:

> *In joy once join'd*, in sorrow, now, for years—
> Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
> Tickell, accept this verse, thy mournful due.

From your account of Tickell it appears that he and Young used to "communicate to each other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things."

In 1719 appeared a Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job. Parker, to whom it is dedicated, had not long, by means of the seals, been qualified for a patron. Of this work the author's opinion may be known from his letter to Curll: "You seem, in

the Collection you propose, to have omitted what I think may claim the first place in it; I mean a Translation from Part of Job, printed by Mr. Tonson." The dedication, which was only suffered to appear in Mr. Tonson's edition, while it speaks with satisfaction of his present retirement, seems to make an unusual struggle to escape from retirement. But every one who sings in the dark does not sing from joy. It is addressed, in no common strain of flattery, to a chancellor, of whom he clearly appears to have had no kind of knowledge.

Of his Satires it would not have been possible to fix the dates without the assistance of first editions, which, as you had occasion to observe in your account of Dryden, are with difficulty found. We must then have referred to the poems, to discover when they were written. For these internal notes of time we should not have referred in vain. The first satire laments, that "Guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled." The second, addressing himself, asks,

> Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
> Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
> A fool at *forty* is a fool indeed.

The Satires were originally published separately in folio, under the title of The Universal Passion. These passages fix the appearance of the first to about 1725, the time at which it came out. As Young seldom suffered his pen to dry, after he had once dipped it in poetry, we may conclude that he began his satires soon after he had written the Paraphrase on Job. The last Satire was certainly finished in the beginning of the year 1726. In December 1725, the king, in his passage from Helvoetsluys, escaped with great difficulty from a storm by landing at Rye; and the conclusion of the satire turns the escape into a miracle, in such an encomiastic strain of compliment as Poetry too often seeks to pay to Royalty.

From the sixth of these poems we learn,

> Midst Empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
> Glow'd with the love of virtue and of art:

since the grateful poet tells us, in the next couplet,

> Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
> Excess of goodness, it has dawn'd on me.

Her majesty had stood godmother, and given her name to the daughter of the lady whom Young married in 1731; and had perhaps shown some attention to lady Elizabeth's future husband.

The fifth Satire, On Women, was not published till 1727; and the sixth not till 1728.

To these poems, when, in 1728, he gathered them into one publication, he prefixed a preface; in which he observes, that "no man can converse much in the world, but at what he meets with he must either be insensible or grieve, or be angry or smile. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule," he adds, "I think most eligible, as it hurts ourselves least, and gives Vice and Folly the greatest offence. Laughing at the misconduct of the world will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another than by reason, whatever some teach." So wrote, and so of course thought, the lively and witty satirist at the grave age of almost fifty, who, many years earlier in life, wrote The Last Day. After all, Swift pronounced of these Satires, that they should either have been more angry or more merry.

Is it not somewhat singular that Young preserved, without any palliation, this preface, so bluntly decisive in favour of laughing at the world, in the same collection of his works which contains the mournful, angry, gloomy, Night Thoughts?

At the conclusion of the preface he applies Plato's beautiful fable of The-Birth of Love to modern poetry, with the addition, "that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; and that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations." Poetry, it is true, did not lead Young to preferments or to honours; but was there not something like blindness in the flattery which he sometimes forced her, and her sister Prose, to utter? She was always, indeed, taught by him to entertain a most dutiful admiration of riches; but surely Young, though nearly related to Poetry, had no connexion with her whom Plato makes the mother of Love. That he could not well complain of being related to Poverty appears clearly from the frequent bounties which his gratitude records, and from the wealth which he left behind him. By The Universal Passion he acquired no vulgar fortune, more than three thousand pounds. A considerable sum had already been swallowed up in the South Sea. For this loss he took the vengeance of an author. His Muse makes poetical use more than once of a South Sea dream.

It is related by Mr. Spence, in his Manuscript Anecdotes, on the authority of Mr. Rawlinson, that Young, upon the publication of his Universal Passion, received from the duke of Grafton two thousand pounds; and that, when one of his friends exclaimed, "Two thousand pounds for a poem!" he said it was the best bargain he ever made in his life, for the poem was worth four thousand.

This story may be true; but it seems to have been raised from the two answers of lord Burghley and sir Philip Sidney in Spenser's Life.

After inscribing his Satires, not perhaps without the hopes of preferment and honours, to such names as the duke of Dorset, Mr. Dodington, Mr. Spencer Compton, lady Elizabeth Germaine, and sir Robert Walpole, he returns to plain panegyric. In 1726 he addressed a poem to sir Robert Walpole, of which the title sufficiently explains the intention. If Young must be acknowledged a ready celebrator, he did not endeavour, or did not choose, to be a lasting one. The Instalment is among the pieces he did not admit into the number of his *excusable writings*. Yet it contains a couplet which pretends to pant after the power of bestowing immortality:

> O! how I long, enkindled by the theme,
> In deep eternity to launch thy name!

The bounty of the former reign seems to have been continued, possibly increased, in this. Whatever it might have been, the poet thought he deserved it; for he was not ashamed to acknowledge what, without his acknowledgment, would now perhaps never have been known:

> My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire,
> The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
> Refresh the dry domains of Poesy.

If the purity of modern patriotism will term Young a pensioner, it must at least be confessed he was a grateful one.

The reign of the new monarch was ushered in by Young with Ocean, an Ode. The hint of it was taken from the royal speech, which recommended the increase and the encouragement of the seamen; that they might be "invited, rather than com-

pelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country;" a plan which humanity must lament that policy has not even yet been able, or willing, to carry into execution. Prefixed to the original publication were an Ode to the King, Pater Patriæ, and an Essay on Lyric Poetry. It is but justice to confess, that he preserved neither of them; and that the ode itself, which in the first edition, and in the last, consists of seventy-three stanzas, in the author's own edition is reduced to forty-nine. Among the omitted passages is a Wish, that concluded the poem, which few would have suspected Young of forming; and of which few, after having formed it, would confess something like their shame by suppression.

It stood originally so high in the author's opinion, that he entitled the poem Ocean, an Ode;—concluding with a Wish. This wish consists of thirteen stanzas. The first runs thus:

O may I *steal*
Along the *vale*
Of humble life secure from foes!
My friend sincere,
My judgment clear,
And gentle business my repose!

The three last stanzas are not more remarkable for just rhymes: but, altogether, they will make rather a curious page in the life of Young:

Prophetic schemes,
And golden dreams,
May I, unsanguine, cast away!
Have what I *have*,
And live, not *leave*,
Enamour'd of the present day!
My hours my own!
My faults unknown!
My chief revenue in content!
Then leave one *beam*
Of honest *fame!*
And scorn the labour'd monument!
Unhurt my urn
Till that great TURN
When mighty Nature's self shall die,
Time cease to glide,
With human pride,
Sunk in the ocean of eternity!

It is whimsical, that he, who was soon to bid adieu to rhyme, should fix upon a measure in which rhyme abounds even to satiety. Of this he said, in his Essay on Lyric Poetry, prefixed to the poem—"For the more *harmony* likewise I chose the frequent return of rhyme, which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome, give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the *pleasure of rhyme in general* (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth." Yet the moderns surely deserve not much censure for their fondness of what, by their own confession, affords pleasure, and abounds in harmony.

The next paragraph in his Essay did not occur to him when he talked of "that great turn" in the stanza just quoted. "But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome. That is, he must make rhyme consist with as perfect sense and expression, as could be expected if he was perfectly free from that shackle."

Another part of this Essay will convict the following stanza of, what every reader will discover in it, "involuntary burlesque."

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The *stars gone out*,
The boiling streight, the monster's shock.

But would the English poets fill quite so many volumes, if all their productions were to be tried, like this, by an elaborate essay on each particular species of poetry of which they exhibit specimens?

If Young be not a lyric poet, he is at least a critic in that sort of poetry; and, if his lyric poetry can be proved bad, it was first proved so by his own criticism. This surely is candid.

Milbourn was styled by Pope "the fairest of critics," only because he exhibited his own version of Virgil to be compared with Dryden's which he condemned, and with which every reader had it not otherwise in his power to compare it. Young was surely not the most unfair of poets for prefixing to a lyric composition an Essay on Lyric Poetry, so just and impartial as to condemn himself.

We shall soon come to a work, before which we find indeed no critical essay, but which disdains to shrink from the touchstone of the severest critic; and which certainly, as I remember to have heard you say, if it contains some of the worst, contains also some of the best things in the language.

Soon after the appearance of Ocean, when he was almost fifty, Young entered into orders. In April 1728 [5], not long after he had put on the gown, he was appointed chaplain to George the Second.

The tragedy of The Brothers, which was already in rehearsal, he immediately withdrew from the stage. The managers resigned it with some reluctance to the delicacy of the new clergyman. The epilogue to The Brothers, the only appendages to any of his three plays which he added himself, is, I believe, the only one of the kind. He calls it an historical epilogue. Finding that "Guilt's dreadful close his narrow scene denied," he, in a manner, continues the tragedy in the epilogue, and relates how Rome revenged the shade of Demetrius, and punished Perseus "for this night's deed."

Of Young's taking orders something is told by the biographer of Pope, which places the easiness and simplicity of the poet in a singular light. When he determined on the church, he did not address himself to Sherlock, to Atterbury, or to Hare, for the best instructions in theology; but to Pope, who, in a youthful frolic, advised the diligent perusal of Thomas Aquinas. With this treasure Young retired from interruption to an obscure place in the suburbs. His poetical guide to godliness hearing nothing of him during half a year, and apprehending he might have carried the jest too far, sought after him, and found him just in time to prevent what Ruffhead calls "an irretrievable derangement."

That attachment to his favourite study, which made him think a poet the surest guide to his new profession, left him little doubt whether poetry was the surest path to its honours and preferments. Not long indeed after he took orders, he published in prose, 1728, A true Estimate of Human Life, dedicated, notwithstanding the

[5] Davies, in his Life of Garrick, says 1720, and that it was produced thirty-three years after, which corresponds with date in p. 357. *C.*

Latin quotations with which it abounds, to the queen; and a sermon preached before the house of commons, 1729, on the martyrdom of king Charles, entitled, An Apology for Princes, or The Reverence due to Government. But the Second Discourse, the counterpart of his Estimate; without which it cannot be called a "true Estimate," though in 1728 it was announced as "soon to be published," never appeared; and his old friends the Muses were not forgotten. In 1730 he relapsed to poetry, and sent into the world Imperium Pelagi: a Naval Lyric, written in Imitation of Pindar's Spirit, Occasioned by his Majesty's Return from Hanover, September 1729, and the succeeding Peace. It is inscribed to the duke of Chandos. In the preface we are told, that the ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and that the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. "This I speak," he adds, "with sufficient candour, at my own very great peril. But truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it." Behold, again, the fairest of poets. Young's Imperium Pelagi was ridiculed in Fielding's Tom Thumb; but, let us not forget that it was one of his pieces which the author of the Night Thoughts deliberately refused to own.

Not long after this Pindaric attempt, he published two Epistles to Pope, concerning the Authors of the Age, 1730. Of these poems one occasion seems to have been an apprehension lest, from the liveliness of his satires, he should not be deemed sufficiently serious for promotion in the church.

In July 1730 he was presented by his college to the rectory of Welwyn in Hertfordshire. In May 1731 he married lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the earl of Lichfield, and the widow of colonel Lee. His connexion with this lady arose from his father's acquaintance, already mentioned, with lady Anne Wharton, who was coheiress of sir Henry Lee of Ditchley in Oxfordshire. Poetry had lately been taught by Addison to aspire to the arms of Nobility, though not with extraordinary happiness.

We may naturally conclude that Young now gave himself up in some measure to the comforts of his new connexion, and to the expectations of that preferment which he thought due to his poetical talents, or, at least, to the manner in which they had so frequently been exerted.

The next production of his Muse was A Sea-piece, in two odes.

Young enjoys the credit of what is called an Extempore Epigram on Voltaire; who, when he was in England, ridiculed, in the company of the jealous English poet, Milton's allegory of Sin and Death——

> You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
> At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin.

From the following passage in the poetical Dedication of his Sea-piece to Voltaire, it seems that this extemporaneous reproof, if it must be extemporaneous (for what few will now affirm Voltaire to have deserved any reproof), was something longer than a distich, and something more gentle than the distich just quoted.

> No stranger, sir, though born in foreign climes.
> On *Dorset* downs, when Milton's page,
> With Sin and Death provok'd thy rage,
> Thy rage provok'd, who sooth'd with *gentle* rhymes?

By *Dorset downs* he probably meant Mr. Dodington's seat. In Pitt's Poems is An Epistle to Dr. Edward Young, at Eastbury in Dorsetshire, on the Review at Sarum, 1722.

> While with your Dodington retir'd you sit,
> Charm'd with his flowing Burgundy and wit, &c.

Thomson, in his Autumn, addressing Mr. Dodington, calls his seat, the seat of the Muses,

> Where, in the secret bower and winding walk,
> For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.

The praises Thomson bestows but a few lines before on Philips, the second

> Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
> With British freedom sing the British song,

added to Thomson's example and success, might perhaps induce Young, as we shall see presently, to write his great work without rhyme.

In 1734 he published The Foreign Address; or The best Argument for Peace, occasioned by the British Fleet and the Posture of Affairs. Written in the Character of a Sailor. It is not to be found in the author's four volumes.

He now appears to have given up all hopes of overtaking Pindar, and perhaps at last resolved to turn his ambition to some original species of poetry. This poem concludes with a formal farewell to Ode, which few of Young's readers will regret:

> My shell, which Clio gave, which *kings applaud*,
> Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
> Adieu!

In a species of poetry altogether his own, he next tried his skill, and succeeded.

Of his wife he was deprived 1741. Lady Elizabeth had lost, after her marriage with Young, an amiable daughter, by her former husband, just after she was married to Mr. Temple, son of lord Palmerston. Mr. Temple did not long remain after his wife, though he was married a second time, to a daughter of sir John Barnard's, whose son is the present peer. Mr. and Mrs. Temple have generally been considered as Philander and Narcissa. From the great friendship which constantly subsisted between Mr. Temple and Young, as well as from other circumstances, it is probable that the poet had both him and Mrs. Temple in view for these characters; though at the same time some passages respecting Philander do not appear to suit either Mr. Temple or any other person with whom Young was known to be connected or acquainted, while all the circumstances relating to Narcissa have been constantly found applicable to Young's daughter-in-law.

At what short intervals the poet tells us he was wounded by the deaths of the three persons particularly lamented, none that has read The Night Thoughts (and who has not read them?) needs to be informed.

> Insatiate Archer! could not one suffice?
> Thy shaft flew thrice; and thrice my peace was slain;
> And thrice, ere thrice yon Moon had fill'd her horn.

Yet how it is possible that Mr. and Mrs. Temple and lady Elizabeth Young could be these three victims, over whom Young has hitherto been pitied for having to pour the "midnight sorrows" of his religious poetry; Mrs. Temple died in 1736; Mr. Temple four years afterwards, in 1740; and the poet's wife seven months after Mr. Temple, in 1741. How could the insatiate Archer thrice slay his peace, in these three persons, "ere thrice the Moon had fill'd her horn?"

But in the short preface to The Complaint he seriously tells us, "that the occasion of this poem was real, not fictitious; and that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer." It is probable,

therefore, that in these three contradictory lines the poet complains more than the father-in-law, the friend, or the widower.

Whatever names belong to these facts, or, if the names be those generally supposed, whatever heightening a poet's sorrow may have given the facts; to the sorrow Young felt from them, religion and morality are indebted for the Night Thoughts. There is a pleasure sure in sadness which mourners only know!

Of these poems the two or three first have been perused perhaps more eagerly and more frequently than the rest. When he got as far as the fourth or fifth, his original motive for taking up the pen was answered; his grief was naturally either diminished or exhausted. We still find the same pious poet; but we hear less of Philander and Narcissa, and less of the mourner whom he loved to pity.

Mrs. Temple died of a consumption at Lyons, in her way to Nice, the year after her marriage; that is, when Poetry relates the fact, "in her bridal hour." It is more than poetically true, that Young accompanied her to the continent:

> I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid North,
> And bore her nearer to the Sun.

But in vain. Her funeral was attended with the difficulties painted in such animated colours in Night the Third. After her death, the remainder of the party passed the ensuing winter at Nice.

The poet seems perhaps in these compositions to dwell with more melancholy on the death of Philander and Narcissa, than of his wife. But it is only for this reason. He who runs and reads may remember, that in the Night Thoughts Philander and Narcissa are often mentioned and often lamented. To recollect lamentations over the author's wife, the memory must have been charged with distinct passages. This lady brought him one child, Frederick, now living, to whom the prince of Wales was godfather.

That domestic grief is, in the first instance, to be thanked for these ornaments to our language, it is impossible to deny. Nor would it be common hardiness to contend, that worldly discontent had no hand in these joint productions of poetry and piety. Yet am I by no means sure that, at any rate, we should not have had something of the same colour from Young's pencil, notwithstanding the liveliness of his satires. In so long a life, causes for discontent and occasions for grief must have occurred. It is not clear to me that his Muse was not sitting upon the watch for the first which happened. Night Thoughts were not uncommon to her, even when first she visited the poet, and at a time when he himself was remarkable neither for gravity nor gloominess. In his Last Day, almost his earliest poem, he calls her The Melancholy Maid,

> ——————whom dismal scenes delight,
> Frequent at tombs and in the realms of Night.

In the prayer which concludes the second book of the same poem, he says—

> —Oh! permit the gloom of solemn Night
> To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
> Oh! how divine to tread the Milky Way,
> To the bright palace of Eternal Day!

When Young was writing a tragedy, Grafton is said by Spence to have sent him a human skull, with a candle in it, as a lamp; and the poet is reported to have used it.

What he calls The *true* Estimate of Human Life, which has already been men-

tioned, exhibits only the wrong side of the tapestry; and, being asked why he did not show the right, he is said to have replied, that he could not. By others it has been told me that this was finished; but that, before there existed any copy, it was torn in pieces by a lady's monkey.

Still, is it altogether fair to dress up the poet for the man, and to bring the gloominess of the Night Thoughts to prove the gloominess of Young, and to show that his genius, like the genius of Swift, was in some measure the sullen inspiration of discontent?

From them who answer in the affirmative it should not be concealed that, though Invisibilia non decipiunt appeared upon a deception in Young's grounds, and Ambulantes in horto audiêrunt vocem Dei on a building in his garden, his parish was indebted to the good-humour of the author of the Night Thoughts for an assembly and a bowling-green.

Whether you think with me, I know not; but the famous De mortuis nil nisi bonum always appeared to me to savour more of female weakness than of manly reason. He that has too much feeling to speak ill of the dead, who, if they cannot defend themselves, are at least ignorant of his abuse, will not hesitate by the most wanton calumny to destroy the quiet, the reputation, the fortune, of the living. Yet censure is not heard beneath the tomb, any more than praise. De mortuis nil nisi verum—De vivis nil nisi bonum—would approach much nearer to good sense. After all, the few handfuls of remaining dust which once composed the body of the author of the Night Thoughts feel not much concern whether Young pass now for a man of sorrow, or for a "fellow of infinite jest." To this favour must come the whole family of Yorick. His immortal part, wherever that now dwells, is still less solicitous on this head.

But to a son of worth and sensibility it is of some little consequence whether contemporaries believe, and posterity be taught to believe, that his debauched and reprobate life cast a Stygian gloom over the evening of his father's days, saved him the trouble of feigning a character completely detestable, and succeeded at last in bringing his "gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

The humanity of the world, little satisfied with inventing perhaps a melancholy disposition for the father, proceeds next to invent an argument in support of their invention, and chooses that Lorenzo should be Young's own son. The Biographia, and every account of Young pretty roundly assert this to be the fact; of the absolute impossibility of which, the Biographia itself, in particular dates, contains undeniable evidence. Readers I know there are of a strange turn of mind, who will hereafter peruse the Night Thoughts with less satisfaction; who will wish they had still been deceived; who will quarrel with me for discovering that no such character as their Lorenzo ever yet disgraced human nature, or broke a father's heart. Yet would these admirers of the sublime and terrible be offended, should you set them down for cruel and for savage.

Of this report, inhuman to the surviving son, if it be true, in proportion as the character of Lorenzo is diabolical, where are we to find the proof? Perhaps it is clear from the poems.

From the first line to the last of the Night Thoughts, no one expresssion can be discovered which betrays any thing like the father. In the Second Night I find an expression which betrays something else: that Lorenzo was his friend; one, it is possible, of his former companions, one of the duke of Wharton's set. The poet

styles him "gay friend;" an appellation not very natural from a pious incensed father to such a being as he paints Lorenzo, and that being his son.

But let us see how he has sketched this dreadful portrait, from the sight of some of whose features the artist himself must have turned away with horrour. A subject more shocking, if his only child really sat to him, than the crucifixion of Michael Angelo; upon the horrid story told of which, Young composed a short poem of fourteen lines, in the early part of his life, which he did not think deserved to be republished.

In the First Night, the address to the poet's supposed son is,

> Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee.

In the Fifth Night—

> And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
> Of life, to hang his airy nest on high?

Is this a picture of the son of the rector of Welwyn?

Eighth Night—

> In foreign realms (for thou hast travell'd far)—

which even now does not apply to his son.

In Night Five—

> So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate;
> Who gave that angel-boy on whom he dotes;
> And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth!

At the beginning of the Fifth Night we find—

> Lorenzo, to recriminate is just,
> I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.

But, to cut short all inquiry; if any one of these passages, if any passage in the poems, be applicable, my friend shall pass for Lorenzo. The son of the author of the Night Thoughts was not old enough, when they were written, to recriminate, or to be a father. The Night Thoughts were begun immediately after the mournful event of 1741. The first Night's appear, in the books of the company of stationers, as the property of Robert Dodsley, in 1742. The preface to Night Seven is dated July the 7th, 1744. The marriage, in consequence of which the supposed Lorenzo was born, happened in May 1731. Young's child was not born till June 1733. In 1741 this Lorenzo, this finished infidel, this father to whose education Vice had for some years put the last hand, was only eight years old.

An anecdote of this cruel sort, so open to contradiction, so impossible to be true, who could propagate? Thus easily are blasted the reputations of the living and of the dead.

Who, then, was Lorenzo? exclaim the readers I have mentioned. If we cannot be sure that he was his son, which would have been finely terrible, was he not his nephew, his cousin?

These are questions which I do not pretend to answer. For the sake of human nature, I could wish Lorenzo to have been only the creation of the poet's fancy: like the Quintus of Anti Lucretius, quo nomine, says Polignac, quemvis atheum intellige. That this was the case, many expressions in the Night Thoughts would seem to prove, did not a passage in Night Eight appear to show that he had something in his eye for the ground-work at least of the painting. Lovelace or

Lorenzo may be feigned characters; but a writer does not feign a name of which he only gives the initial letter:

> Tell not Calista. She will laugh thee dead,*
> Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.

The Biographia, not satisfied with pointing out the son of Young, in that son's life-time, as his father's Lorenzo, travels out of its way into the history of the son, and tells of his having been forbidden his college at Oxford for misbehaviour. How such anecdotes, were they true, tend to illustrate the life of Young, it is not easy to discover. Was the son of the author of the Night Thoughts, indeed, forbidden his college for a time, at one of the universities? The author of Paradise Lost is by some supposed to have been disgracefully ejected from the other. From juvenile follies who is free? But, whatever the Biographia chooses to relate, the son of Young experienced no dismission from his college either lasting or temporary.

Yet, were Nature to indulge him with a second youth, and to leave him at the same time the experience of that which is past, he would probably spend it differently—who would not?—he would certainly be the occasion of less uneasiness to his father. But, from the same experience, he would as certainly, in the same case, be treated differently by his father.

Young was a poet: poets, with reverence be it spoken, do not make the best parents. Fancy and imagination seldom deign to stoop from their heights; always stoop unwillingly to the low level of common duties. Aloof from vulgar life, they pursue their rapid flight beyond the ken of mortals, and descend not to Earth but when compelled by necessity. The prose of ordinary occurrences is beneath the dignity of poets.

He who is connected with the author of the Night Thoughts, only by veneration for the poet and the Christian, may be allowed to observe, that Young is one of those, concerning whom, as you remark in your account of Addison, it is proper rather to say "nothing that is false than all that is true."

But the son of Young would almost sooner, I know, pass for a Lorenzo, than see himself vindicated, at the expense of his father's memory, from follies which, if it may be thought blameable in a boy to have committed them, it is surely praiseworthy in a man to lament, and certainly not only unnecessary but cruel in a biographer to record.

Of the Night Thoughts, notwithstanding their author's professed retirement, all are inscribed to great or to growing names. He had not yet weaned himself from earls and dukes, from the speakers of the house of commons, lords commissioners of the treasury, and chancellors of the exchequer. In Night Eight the politician plainly betrays himself——*

> Think no post needful that demands a knave:
> When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
> So P—— thought: think better if you can.

Yet it must be confessed, that at the conclusion of Night Nine, weary perhaps of courting earthly patrons, he tells his soul,

> Henceforth
> Thy *patron* be, whose diadem has dropt
> Yon gems of Heaven; eternity thy prize;
> And leave the racers of the world their own.

The Fourth Night was addressed by "a much indebted Muse" to the honourable

Mr. Yorke, now lord Hardwicke; who meant to have laid the Muse under still greater obligaton, by the living of Shenfield in Essex, if it had become vacant.

The First Night concludes with this passage——

Dark, though not blind, like thee, Meonides:
Or Milton, thee. Ah! could I reach your strain;
Or his who made Meonides our own!
Man too he sung. Immortal man I sing.
Oh, had he prest his theme, pursu'd the track
Which opens out of darkness into day!
Oh, had he mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd, where I sink, and sung immor al man—
How had it blest mankind, and rescu'd me!

To the author of these lines was dedicated, in 1756, the first volume of An Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope, which attempted, whether justly or not, to pluck from Pope his "wing of fire," and to reduce him to a rank at least one degree lower than the first class of English poets. If Young accepted and approved the dedication, he countenanced this attack upon the fame of him whom he invokes as his Muse.

Part of "paper-sparing" Pope's third book of the Odyssey, deposited in the Museum, is written upon the back of a letter signed "E. Young," which is clearly the hand-writing of our Young. The letter, dated only May the 2d, seems obscure; but there can be little doubt that the friendship he requests was a literary one, and that he had the highest literary opinion of Pope. The request was a prologue, I am told.

"Dear Sir, "May the 2d.

"Having been often from home, I know not if you have done me the favour of calling on me. But, be that as it will, I much want that instance of your friendship I mentioned in my last; a friendship I am very sensible I can receive from no one but yourself. I should not urge this thing so much but for very particular reasons; nor can you be at a loss to conceive how a 'trifle of this nature' may be of serious moment to me; and while I am in hopes of the great advantage of your advice about it, I shall not be so absurd as to make any further step without it. I know you are much engaged, and only hope to hear of you at your entire leisure.

"I am, sir, your most faithful
and obedient servant,
"E. Young."

Nay, even after Pope's death, he says, in Night Seven,

Pope, who couldst make immortals, art thou dead?

Either the Essay, then, was dedicated to a patron who disapproved its doctrine, which I have been told by the author was not the case; or Young appears, in his old age, to have bartered for a dedication an opinion entertained of his friend through all that part of life when he must have been best able to form opinions.

From this account of Young, two or three short passages, which stand almost together in Night Four, should not be excluded. They afford a picture by his own hand, from the study of which my readers may choose to form their own opinion of the features of his mind and the complexion of his life.

'Ah me! the dire effect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long;
Of old so gracious (and let that suffice)

My very master knows me not.
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.

*

When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to morrow.

*

Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court-favour, yet untaken, I *besiege*.

*

If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state.

Deduct from the writer's age "twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy," and you will still leave him more than forty when he sat down to the miserable siege of court favour. He has before told us

A fool at *forty* is a fool indeed.

After all, the siege seems to have been raised only in consequence of what the general thought his death-bed.

By these extraordinary poems, written after he was sixty, of which I have been led to say so much, I hope, by the wish of doing justice to the living and the dead, it was the desire of Young to be principally known. He entitled the four volumes which he published himself, The Works of the Author of the Night Thoughts. While it is remembered, that from these he excluded many of his writings, let it not be forgotten, that the rejected pieces contained nothing prejudicial to the cause of virtue, or of religion. Were every thing that Young ever wrote to be published, he would only appear perhaps in a less respectable light as a poet, and more despicable as a dedicator; he would not pass for a worse Christian or for a worse man. This enviable praise is due to Young. Can it be claimed by every writer? His dedications, after all, he had perhaps no right to suppress. They all, I believe, speak, not a little to the credit of his gratitude, of favours received; and I know not whether the author, who has once solemnly printed an acknowledgment of a favour, should not always print it.

Is it to the credit or to the discredit of Young, as a poet, that of his Night Thoughts the French are particularly fond?

Of the Epitaph on lord Aubrey Beauclerk, dated 1740, all I know is, that I find it in the late body of English poetry, and that I am sorry to find it there.

Notwithstanding the farewel which he seemed to have taken in the Night Thoughts of every thing which bore the least resemblance to ambition, he dipped again in politics. In 1745 he wrote Reflections on the public Situation of the Kingdom, addressed to the duke of Newcastle; indignant, as it appears, to behold

— a pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scrap'd
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne.

This political poem might be called a Night Thought. Indeed it was originally printed as the conclusion of the Night Thoughts, though he did not gather it with his other works.

Prefixed to the second edition of Howe's Devout Meditations is a Letter from Young, dated January 19, 1752, addressed to Archibald Macauly, esq.; thanking him for the book, which he says "he shall never lay far out of his reach; for a greater demonstration of a sound head and a sincere heart he never saw."

In 1753, when The Brothers had lain by him above thirty years, it appeared upon the stage. If any part of his fortune head been acquired by servility of adulation, he now determined to deduct from it no inconsiderable sum, as a gift to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. To this sum he hoped the profits of The Brothers would amount. In his calculation he was deceived; but by the bad success of his play the society was not a loser. The author made up the sum he originally intended, which was a thousand pounds, from his own pocket.

The next performance which he printed was a prose publication, entitled, The Centaur not fabulous, in six Letters to a Friend on the Life in Vogue. The conclusion is dated November 29, 1754. In the third Letter is described the death-bed of the "gay, young, noble, ingenious, accomplished, and most wretched Altamont." His last words were—"My principles have poisoned my friend, my extravagance has beggared my boy, my unkindness has murdered my wife." Either Altamont and Lorenzo were the twin production of fancy, or Young was unlucky enough to know two characters who bore no little resemblance to each other in perfection of wickedness. Report has been accustomed to call Altamont Lord Euston.

The Old Man's Relapse, occasioned by an epistle to Walpole, if written by Young, which I much doubt, must have been written very late in life. It has been seen, I am told, in a Miscellany published thirty years before his death. In 1758, he exhibited The Old Man's Relapse in more than words, by again becoming a dedicator, and publishing a sermon addressed to the king.

The lively letter in prose, On Original Composition, addressed to Richardson, the author of Clarissa, appeared in 1759. Though he despairs "of breaking through the frozen obstructions of age and care's incumbent cloud, into that flow of thought and brightness of expression which subjects so polite require;" yet is it more like the production of untamed, unbridled youth, than of jaded fourscore. Some sevenfold volumes put him in mind of Ovid's sevenfold channels of the Nile at the conflagration:

——————— ostia septem
Pulverulenta vocant, septem sine flumine valles.

Such leaden labours are like Lycurgus's iron money, which are so much less in value than in bulk, that it required barns for strong boxes, and a yoke of oxen to draw five hundred pounds.

If there is a famine of invention in the land, we must travel, he says, like Joseph's brethren, far for food; we must visit the remote and rich antients. But an inventive genius may safely stay at home: that, like the widow's cruse, is divinely replenished from within, and affords us a miraculous delight. He asks why it should seem altogether impossible, that Heaven's latest editions of the human mind may be the most correct and fair? And Jonson, he tells us, was very learned, as Sampson was very strong, to his own hurt. Blind to the nature of tragedy, he pulled down all antiquity on his head, and buried himself under it.

Is this "care's incumbent cloud," or "the frozen obstructions of age?"

In this letter Pope is severely censured for his "fall from Homer's numbers, free as air, lofty and harmonious as the spheres, into childish shackles and tinkling sounds;

for putting Achilles into petticoats a second time:" but we are told that the dying swan talked over an epic plan with Young a few weeks before his decease.

Young's chief inducement to write this letter was, as he confesses, that he might erect a monumental marble to the memory of an old friend. He, who employed his pious pen for almost the last time in thus doing justice to the exemplary death-bed of Addison, might probably, at the close of his own life, afford no unuseful lesson for the death of others.

In the postscript, he writes to Richardson, that he will see in his next how far Addison is an original. But no other letter appears.

The few lines which stand in the last edition, as "sent by lord Melcombe to Dr. Young, not long before his lordship's death," were indeed so sent, but were only an introduction to what was there meant by "the Muse's latest spark." The poem is necessary, whatever may be its merit, since the preface to it is already printed. Lord Melcombe called his Tusculum La Trappe.

"Love thy country, wish it well,
Not with too intense a care,
'Tis enough, that, when it fell,
Thou its ruin didst not share.

Envy's censure, Flattery's praise,
With unmov'd indifference view;
Learn to tread life's dangerous maze,
With unerring Virtue's clue.

Void of strong desire and fear,
Life's wide ocean trust no more;
Strive thy little bark to steer
With the tide, but near the shore.

Thus prepar'd, thy shorten'd sail
Shall, whene'er the winds increase,
Seizing each propitious gale,
Waft thee to the Port of Peace.

Keep thy conscience from offence,
And tempestuous passions free,
So, when thou art call'd from hence,
Easy shall thy passage be;

Easy shall thy passage be,
Cheerful thy allotted stay,
Short th' account 'twixt God and thee:
Hope shall meet thee on the way:

Truth shall lead thee to the gate,
Mercy's self shall let thee in,
Where its never-changing state
Full perfection shall begin."

The poem was accompanied by a letter.

"Dear Sir," "La Trappe, the 27th of Oct. 1761.

"You seemed to like the ode I sent you for your amusement: I now send it you as a present. If you please to accept of it, and are willing that our friendship should be known when we are gone, you will be pleased to leave this among those of your

own papers that may possibly see the light by a posthumous publication. God send us health while we stay, and an easy journey!

"My dear Dr. Young,
yours, most cordially,
"MELCOMBE."

In 1762, a short time before his death, Young published Resignation. Notwithstanding the manner in which it was really forced from him by the world, criticism has treated it with no common severity. If it shall be thought not to deserve the highest praise, on the other side of fourscore, by whom, except by Newton and by Waller, has praise been merited?

To Mrs. Montagu, the famous champion of Shakspeare, I am indebted for the history of Resignation. Observing that Mrs. Boscawen, in the midst of her grief for the loss of the admiral, derived consolation from the perusal of the Night Thoughts, Mrs. Montagu proposed a visit to the author. From conversing with Young, Mrs. Boscawen derived still further consolation; and to that visit she and the world were indebted for this poem. It compliments Mrs. Montagu in the following lines:

Yet write I must. A lady sues:
How shameful her request!
My brain in labour with dull rhyme,
Hers teeming with the best!

And again——

A friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which died in your distress.

That friend, the spirit of thy theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; such as these.

By the same lady I am enabled to say, in her own words, that Young's unbounded genius appeared to greater advantage in the companion than even in the author; that the Christian was in him a character still more inspired, more enraptured, more sublime, than the poet; and that, in his ordinary conversation,

—— letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky.

Notwithstanding Young had said, in his Conjectures on original Composition, that "blank verse is verse unfallen, uncurst; verse reclaimed, re-inthroned in the true language of the gods:" notwithstanding he administered consolation to his own grief in this immortal language, Mrs. Boscawen was comforted in rhyme.

While the poet and the Christian were applying this comfort, Young had himself occasion for comfort, in consequence of the sudden death of Richardson, who was printing the former part of the poem. Of Richardson's death he says—

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And Earth's enchantment end;
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

To Resignation was prefixed an apology for its appearance: to which more credit is due than to the generality of such apologies, from Young's unusual anxiety that

no more productions of his old age should disgrace his former fame. In his will, dated February 1760, he desires of his executors, *in a particular manner,* that all his manuscript books and writings whatever might be burned, except his book of accounts.

In September 1764, he added a kind of codicil, wherein he made it his dying entreaty to his housekeeper, to whom he left 1000*l.* "that all his manuscripts might be destroyed as soon as he was dead, which would greatly oblige her deceased *friend.*"

It may teach mankind the uncertainty of worldly friendships, to know that Young, either by surviving those he loved, or by outliving their affections, could only recollect the names of two *friends,* his housekeeper and a hatter, to mention in his will; and it may serve to repress that testamentary pride, which too often seeks for sounding names and titles, to be informed that the author of the Night Thoughts did not blush to leave a legacy to his friend Henry Stevens, a hatter at the Temple-gate. Of these two remaining friends, one went before Young. But, at eighty-four, "where," as he asks in The Centaur, "is that world into which we were born?"

The same humility which marked a hatter and a housekeeper for the friends of the author of the Night Thoughts, had before bestowed the same title on his footman, in an epitaph in his Church-yard upon James Baker, dated 1749; which I am glad to find in the late collection of his works.

Young and his housekeeper were ridiculed, with more ill nature than wit, in a kind of novel published by Kidgell in 1755, called The Card, under the names of Dr. Elwes and Mrs. Fusby.

In April 1765, at an age to which few attain, a period was put to the life of Young.

He had performed no duty for three or four years, but he retained his intellects to the last.

Much is told in the Biographia, which I know not to have been true, of the manner of his burial; of the master and children of a charity-school, which he founded in his parish, who neglected to attend their benefactor's corpse; and of a bell which was not caused to toll as often as upon those occasions bells usually toll. Had that humanity, which is here lavished upon things of little consequence either to the living or to the dead, been shown in its proper place to the living, I should have had less to say about Lorenzo. They who lament that these misfortunes happened to Young, forget the praise he bestows upon Socrates, in the preface to Night Seven, for resenting his friend's request about his funeral.

During some part of his life Young was abroad, but I have not been able to learn any particulars.

In his seventh Satire he says,

> When, after battle, I the field have SEEN
> Spread o'er with ghastly shapes which once were *men.*

It is known also, that from this or from some other field he once wandered into the camp with a classic in his hand, which he was reading intently; and had some difficulty to prove that he was only an absent poet, and not a spy.

The curious reader of Young's life will naturally inquire to what it was owing, that though he lived almost forty years after he took orders, which included one whole reign uncommonly long, and part of another, he was never thought worthy of the least preferment. The author of the Night Thoughts ended his days upon a living which came to him from his college without any favour, and to which he probably

had an eye when he determined on the church. To satisfy curiosity of this kind is, at this distance of time, far from easy. The parties themselves know not often, at the instant, why they are neglected, or why they are preferred. The neglect of Young is by some ascribed to his having attached himself to the prince of Wales, and to his having preached an offensive sermon at St. James's. It has been told me that he had two hundred a year in the late reign, by the patronage of Walpole; and that, whenever any one reminded the king of Young, the only answer was, "he has a pension." All the light thrown on this inquiry, by the following letter from Secker, only serves to show at what a late period of life the author of the Night Thoughts solicited preferment:

"Deanery of St. Paul's, July 8, 1758.

"Good Dr. Young,

"I have long wondered, that more suitable notice of your great merit hath not been taken by persons in power. But how to remedy the omission I see not. No encouragement hath ever been given me to mention things of this nature to his majesty. And therefore, in all likelihood, the only consequence of doing it would be weakening the little influence which else I may possibly have on some other occasions. Your fortune and your reputation set you above the need of advancement; and your sentiments, above that concern for it, on your own account, which, on that of the public, is sincerely felt by

"Your loving brother,

"Tho. Cant."

At last, at the age of fourscore, he was appointed, in 1761, clerk of the closet to the princess dowager.

One obstacle must have stood not a little in the way of that preferment after which his whole life seems to have panted. Though he took orders, he never entirely shook off politics. He was always the lion of his master Milton, "pawing to get free his hinder parts." By this conduct, if he gained some friends, he made many enemies.

Again: Young was a poet; and again, with reverence be it spoken, poets by profession do not always make the best clergymen. If the author of the Night Thoughts composed many sermons, he did not oblige the public with many.

Besides, in the latter part of life, Young was fond of holding himself out for a man retired from the world. But he seemed to have forgotten that the same verse which contains oblitus meorum, contains also obliviscendus et illis. The brittle chain of worldly friendship and patronage is broken as effectually, when one goes beyond the length of it, as when the other does. To the vessel which is sailing from the shore, it only appears that the shore also recedes; in life it is truly thus. He who retires from the world will find himself, in reality, deserted as fast, if not faster, by the world. The public is not to be treated as the coxcomb treats his mistress; to be threatened with desertion, in order to increase fondness.

Young seems to have been taken at his word. Notwithstanding his frequent complaints of being neglected, no hand was reached out to pull him from that retirement of which he declared himself enamoured. Alexander assigned no palace for the residence of Diogenes, who boasted his surly satisfaction with his tub.

Of the domestic manners and petty habits of the author of the Night Thoughts, I hoped to have given you an account from the best authority: but who shall dare to say, To morrow I will be wise or virtuous, or to morrow I will do a particular

thing? Upon inquiring for his housekeeper, I learned that she was buried two days before I reached the town of her abode.

In a letter from Tscharner, a noble foreigner, to count Haller, Tscharner says, he has lately spent four days with Young at Welwyn, where the author takes all the ease and pleasure mankind can desire. "Every thing about him shows the man, each individual being placed by rule. All is neat without art. He is very pleasant in conversation, and extremely polite."

This, and more, may possibly be true; but Tscharner's was a first visit, a visit of curiosity and admiration, and a visit which the author expected.

Of Edward Young an anecdote which wanders among readers is not true, that he was Fielding's Parson Adams. The original of that famous painting was William Young, who was a clergyman. He supported an uncomfortable existence by translating for the booksellers from Greek; and, if he did not seem to be his own friend, was at least no man's enemy. Yet the facility with which this report has gained belief in the world argues, were it not sufficiently known, that the author of the Night Thoughts bore some resemblance to Adams.

The attention which Young bestowed upon the perusal of books is not unworthy imitation. When any passage pleased him, he appears to have folded down the leaf. On these passages he bestowed a second reading. But the labours of man are too frequently vain. Before he returned to much of what he had once approved, he died. Many of his books, which I have seen, are by those notes of approbation so swelled beyond their real bulk, that they will hardly shut.

What though we wade in wealth or soar in fame!
Earth's highest station ends in *Here he lies!*
And *dust to dust* concludes her noblest song!

The author of these lines is not without his *Hic jacet*.

By the good sense of his son, it contains none of that praise which no marble can make the bad or the foolish merit; which, without the direction of a stone or a turf, will find its way, sooner or later, to the deserving.

M. S.
Optimi Parentis
Edvardi Young, LL. D.
Hujus ecclesiæ rect.
Et Elizabethæ
fœm. prænob.
Conjugis ejus amantissimæ,
Pio & gratissimo animo
Hoc marmor posuit
F. Y.
Filius superstes.

Is it not strange that the author of the Night Thoughts has inscribed no monument to the memory of his lamented wife? Yet what marble will endure as long as the poems?

Such, my good friend, is the account which I have been able to collect of the great Young. That it may be long before any thing like what I have just transcribed be necessary for you, is the sincere wish of,

dear sir,
your greatly obliged friend,
Herbert Croft, Jun.

Lincoln's Inn, Sept. 1780.

P. S. This account of Young was seen by you in manuscript, you know, sir; and, though I could not prevail on you to make any alteration, you insisted on striking out one passage, because it said, that, if I did not wish you to live long for your sake, I did for the sake of myself and of the world. But this postscript you will not see before the printing of it; and I will say here, in spite of you, how I feel myself honoured and bettered by your friendship: and that, if I do credit to the church, after which I always longed, and for which I am now going to give in exchange the bar, though not at so late a period of life as Young took orders, it will be owing, in no small measure, to my having had the happiness of calling the author of The Rambler my friend.

Oxford, Oct. 1782. H. C.

Of Young's Poems it is difficult to give any general character; for he has no uniformity of manner: one of his pieces has no great resemblance to another. He began to write early, and continued long; and at different times had different modes of poetical excellence in view. His numbers are sometimes smooth, and sometimes rugged; his style is sometimes concatenated, and sometimes abrupt; sometimes diffusive, and sometimes concise. His plan seems to have started in his mind at the present moment; and his thoughts appear the effect of chance, sometimes adverse, and sometimes lucky, with very little operation of judgment.

He was not one of those writers whom experience improves, and who, observing their own faults, become gradually correct. His poem on the Last Day, his first great performance, has an equability and propriety, which he afterwards either never endeavoured or never attained. Many paragraphs are noble, and few are mean, yet the whole is languid; the plan is too much extended, and a succession of images divides and weakens the general conception: but the great reason why the reader is disappointed is, that the thought of the Last Day makes every man more than poetical, by spreading over his mind a general obscurity of sacred horrour, that oppresses distinction, and disdains expression.

His story of Jane Grey was never popular. It is written with elegance enough; but Jane is too heroic to be pitied.

The Universal Passion is indeed a very great performance. It is said to be a series of epigrams; but, if it be, it is what the author intended: his endeavour was at the production of striking distichs and pointed sentences; and his distichs have the weight of solid sentiment, and his points the sharpness of resistless truth.

His characters are often selected with discernment, and drawn with nicety; his illustrations were often happy, and his reflections often just. His species of satire is between those of Horace and Juvenal; and he has the gaiety of Horace without his laxity of numbers, and the morality of Juvenal with greater variation of images. He plays, indeed, only on the surface of life; he never penetrates the recesses of the mind, and therefore the whole power of his poetry is exhausted by a single perusal; his conceits please only when they surprise.

To translate he never condescended, unless his Paraphrase on Job may be considered as a version: in which he has not, I think, been unsuccessful; he indeed favoured himself, by choosing those parts which most easily admit the ornaments of English poetry.

He had least success in his lyric attempts, in which he seems to have been under some malignant influence: he is always labouring to be great, and at last is only turgid.

In his Night Thoughts he has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and of every odour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be changed for rhyme but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme. The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness; particular lines are not to be regarded; the power is in the whole; and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantation, the magnificence of vast extent and endless diversity.

His last poem was Resignation; in which he made, as he was accustomed, an experiment of a new mode of writing, and succeeded better than in his Ocean or his Merchant. It was very falsely represented as a proof of decayed faculties. There is Young in every stanza, such as he often was in the highest vigour.

His Tragedies, not making part of the collection, I had forgotten, till Mr. Steevens recalled them to my thoughts by remarking, that he seemed to have one favourite catastrophe, as his three plays all concluded with lavish suicide; a method by which, as Dryden remarked, a poet easily rids his scene of persons whom he wants not to keep alive. In Busiris there are the greatest ebullitions of imagination: but the pride of Busiris is such as no other man can have, and the whole is too remote from known life to raise either grief, terrour, or indignation. The Revenge approaches much nearer to human practices and manners, and therefore keeps possession of the stage: the first design seems suggested by Othello; but the reflections, the incidents, and the diction, are original. The moral observations are so introduced, and so expressed, as to have all the novelty that can be required. Of The Brothers I may be allowed to say nothing, since nothing was ever said of it by the public.

It must be allowed of Young's poetry that it abounds in thought, but without much accuracy or selection. When he lays hold of an illustration, he pursues it beyond expectation, sometimes happily, as in his parallel of *quicksilver* with *pleasure*, which I have heard repeated with approbation by a lady, of whose praise he would have been justly proud, and which is very ingenious, very subtle, and almost exact; but sometimes he is less lucky, as when, in his Night Thoughts, having it dropped into his mind, that the orbs, floating in space, might be called the *cluster* of creation, he thinks on a cluster of grapes, and says, that they all hang on the great vine, drinking the "nectareous juice of immortal life."

His conceits are sometimes yet less valuable. In The Last Day he hopes to illustrate the re-assembly of the atoms that compose the human body at the "trump of Doom" by the collection of bees into a swarm at the tinkling of a pan.

The prophet says of Tyre, that her merchants are princes. Young says of Tyre in his Merchant,

> Her merchants princes, and each *deck a throne.*

Let burlesque try to go beyond him.

He has the trick of joining the turgid and familiar: to buy the alliance of Britain, "climes were paid down." Antithesis is his favourite, "They for kindness hate:" and "because she's right, she's ever in the wrong."

His versification is his own; neither his blank nor his rhyming lines have any resemblance to those of former writers; he picks up no hemistichs, he copies no

favourite expressions; he seems to have laid up no stores of thought or diction, but to owe all to the fortuitous suggestions of the present moment. Yet I have reason to believe that, when once he had formed a new design, he then laboured it with very patient industry; and that he composed with great labour, and frequent revisions.

His verses are formed by no certain model; he is no more like himself in his different productions than he is like others. He seems never to have studied prosody, nor to have had any direction but from his own ear. But with all his defects, he was a man of genius and a poet.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

TO DR. YOUNG.

Now let the atheist tremble; thou alone
Can bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heard'st the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driven out from God, and never must return.
Yet more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When Nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou saw'st the boundless ruins of the world.
When guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The patriarch thus, the fiery tempest past;
With pious horrour view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.
But tell me, oh! what heavenly pleasure, tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wondrous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high!
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view!
But thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Coll. T. WARTON.
Oxon.

TO A LADY, WITH THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE; sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his towering Muse,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of mortality,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar,
Where only Milton gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terrour, and delight.
Thus did the Muses sing in early times,
Ere skill'd to flatter Vice and varnish crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They sooth the wanton pleasures of the great;
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age;
Deceitful charms attract our wondering eyes,
And specious Ruin unsuspected lies.
So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish Nature's choicest stores,
Where serpents lurk, by flowers conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.
These purer thoughts from gross alloys refin'd,
With heavenly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy;
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, solid bliss, for ever great and new,
The more 't is known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten every grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
"Of future judgment, and the rising dead;
Of time's grand period, Heaven and Earth o'erthrown;
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan."
These, when the stars and Sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore:
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

T. TRISTAM.

TO THE AUTHOR,

ON HIS LAST DAY AND UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND must it be as thou hast sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic Young?
Will there no trace, no point be found,
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, must they decay?
On Nature's self, Destruction prey?
Then Fame, the most immortal thing
E'en thou canst hope, is on the wing.

Shall Newton's system be admir'd,
When Time and Motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From Pope's and thy corrective page,
When Vice and Virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of Genius shall be seen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For Homer, Horace, Pope, or thee?

Through life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;
First, beyond time our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both we own thy doctrine just;
And Fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736.

J. BANCKS.

POEMS

OF

EDWARD YOUNG, L. L. D.

THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies.—VIRG.

BOOK I.

Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugére feræ, et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. VIRG.

While others sing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state;
With Britain's hero [1] set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both Earth and Heaven o'erthrown,
And gasping Nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's antient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the sight of conscious stars or Sun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the splendours of the British crown.
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound;
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis our Eternal King I strive to praise.
But chiefly thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whose throne arch-angels prostrate fall;
If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
Sprang beauty and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel;
To my great subject Thou my breast inspire,
And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.
Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous Nature's face:
See Spring's gay bloom; see golden Autumn's store;
See how Earth smiles, and hear old Ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide;
There, valleys, fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms' fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole Earth's vast landscape unconfin'd,
Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'T will raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? The labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year control:
They shine through time, with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period rise, and that decay:
So *vast*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space;
So *bright*, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'T were sin in Heathens not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as Autumn's sickliest grain,
And Earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all Nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of Fate!)

[1] The duke of Marlborough.

This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving Earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who *now* life's mazes run,
Of Earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd Sun;
(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear and shake)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day;
In sudden night all Earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the trembled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver Moon o'erspread;
Darkness the circle of the Sun invade;
From inmost Heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh powerful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighted ear of Nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Though God's whole enginery discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware?
How shall a son of Earth decline the snare?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind:
None are supinely good: through care and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best;
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.
If then, obsequious to the will of Fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would *this* great scene display,
Call down th' immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No power on Earth her firm resolve could shake;
Engag'd with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And Death might shake his threatening lance in vain!
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.
Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flows the terrours of that *day* I sing;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.
The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horrour move,
And strong aversion softens into love.
Say then, my Muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terrour and despair;
Oh say, what change on Earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.
Ah mournful turn! the blissful Earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey prest;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of Fall and Spring:
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watery worlds to sink or swell:
Around her some their splendours to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and favourite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No Sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light, but from the terrours of the sky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos tost:
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.
Such, Earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the Moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his *form*,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade!
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
Who can sustain thy anger? Who can stand
Beneath the terrours of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought: Oh save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of Fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom Death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While Death sits threatening in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command
To change his native for a distant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.
But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Worus all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less;
Heavens! how the *good* man trembles!—

And is there a Last Day? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition, swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that Vanity can blow:
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, shine;
Shine all; in all your charms together rise;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at Death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals *this?* And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heavenly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.
For ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning power suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrours spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges, tost on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;
When Death draws near, the mariners aghast
Look back with terrour on their actions past;
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away;
Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempest can appease;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
Unload their shatter'd bark, though richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the storm so high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye just! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety pursue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous Nature silent stand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
He bridles-in the monsters of the deep:
The bridled monsters awful distance keep;
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.
But still arise new wonders; Nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his state;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound;
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws' enormous size;
The prophet views the cavern with surprise;
Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descried,
And rolls his wondering eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.
Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below;
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely through the paths of death.
Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Through labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
A type of that great blessing, which the Muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

BOOK II.

———Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν
Λείψαν ἀποικομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθονται.
PHOCYL.

———We hope, that the departed will rise again from the dust: after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
In wide Eternity I dare be lost.
The Muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To *teach the swain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to *human kind*:
I sing to men and angels; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long-committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,

To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members and complete the frame.
When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid, with due horrour, his great soul farewell.
Obscure his fall! all weltering in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each fragrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.
So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wanderings end
And, gently circling, on a bough descend,
The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been fluttering near the pole,
Or midst the burning planets wondering stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd for, her appointed fate;
This soul, returning with a constant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.
Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.
That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome [2],
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, though great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows: a numerous race
Of rising kings fill all the extended space:
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his second-birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on Earth, but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise:
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;
Shrink backward from the terrour of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.

[2] Westminster Abbey.

Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fixt as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
Such, in this day of horrours, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a god-like mien:
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
An Earth dissolving, and a Heaven thrown wide,
A yawning gulf, and fiends on every side,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bless the dawn of everlasting day.
Here, *greatness* prostrate falls! there, *strength* gives place;
Here, *lazars* smile; there, Beauty hides her face.
Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.
But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
Than those, whose pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illustrious rank, what shining light
With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
Bend down, my grateful Muse, that homage show,
Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
Wickham! Fox! Chichley! hail, illustrious names [3],
Who to far distant times dispense your beams;
Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you rise, eternally to shine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! Oh how shall mortal raise
His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
For bounty so profuse to human kind,
Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
Was nothing; shall I live, when every fire
And every star shall languish and expire?
When Earth's no more, shall I survive above,
And through the radiant files of angels move?
Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought;
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*
But oh! before this blissful state, before
Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.
This mighty scene I next presume to draw:
Attend, great Anna, with religious awe:
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Descending here, no fabled god, be seen;
Behold the GOD of *Gods* indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!

[3] Founders of New-College, Corpus Christi, and All-Souls, in Oxford; of all which the author was a member.

Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At Heaven's all-powerful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And every age, and nation, pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth day, or descent!
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of antient days;
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands.
How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another, *Stand*;
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the Fate's decree,
And Earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!"
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And Hell through all her trembling realms resound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of Earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, "Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine:"
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my Muse,
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou choose?
A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where Heaven's great Sovereign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence Nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne,
Sublimely rais'd, Heaven's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the worlds,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, *dominion*, *praise*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple Morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a Paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, Knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of Justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!
Thus glorious through the courts of Heaven, the source
Of life and death eternal bends his course;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices in rich concert swell;
Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of Bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigonce of *him* in Bethlem born;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted, guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast;
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
From *him* who was betray'd, forsook, denied,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and died;
Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
All Heaven in tears above, Earth unconcern'd below!
And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd—I am wholly thine.
Mistaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blasphem'd;
Thou, or thy prisoner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well mightst thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrours of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'T is wondrous all! E'en He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, died for Thee.
Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From Earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the Sun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:

The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary Muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the *Sun* shrink in his beam),
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.
Ah! how but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of prayer?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
"O Thou! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.
Oh! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee:
Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know!
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise;
My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
And lift the burthen from the soul oppress'd.
Oh may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
Who decks the maiden Spring with flowery pride?
Who calls forth Summer, like a sparkling bride?
Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
May sea and land, and Earth and Heaven be join'd,
To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul!
When Earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the MAJESTY *Divine*!
"Through every scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:
'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
And, giv'st great Anne *thy* sceptre o'er the north.
"Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting Sun ascend the skies:
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting Sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.
"And, oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies;
Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
And show all Nature in a milder light;
How every boisterous thought in calms subsides!
How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
O how divine! to tread the milky way,
To the bright palace of the Lord of day:
His court admire, or for his favour sue,
Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
While I long vigils to its Founder keep!
"Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh control,
Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul:
Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
O may I pant for thee in each desire!
And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
At the Great Day of recompense behold,
Devoid of fear, the *fatal book* unfold!
Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
From age to age, my grateful song repeat;
My light, my life, my GOD, my Saviour see,
And rival angels in the praise of THEE.

BOOK III.

Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cœli
Ardeat; et mundi moles operosa laboret.

OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrours of the world below;
I next presume to sing: what yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the Muse or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the Sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heaven opening, all its sacred pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
And echoing Nature lengthens out the sound!
Ten thousand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse:
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As Nature died, when she had groan'd her last.
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise;
In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard,

And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden prayer,
And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in every face and mien!
With what distress, and glarings of affright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight!
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And every groan is loaden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the Muse, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended interests level at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;
How would it wound! What millions wouldst thou give
For one more trial, one more day to live!
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm of air,
Arrest the Sun; but still of this despair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image fresh in every face!
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flash sustain, against its terrour rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast;
Look round, vain-glorious Muse, and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts Time's brightest annals grace;
Who founded sects; crowns conquer'd, or resign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main:
All lost? all undistinguish'd? no-where found?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound?
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd—
Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display
Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day;
Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
Through Heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.
Horrours, *beneath*, darkness in darkness, Hell
Of Hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer press Heaven's everlasting throne.
Such is the scene; and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 't is distant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the *guilty* breast,
In these, or words like these, shall be express:—
"Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
Ah! cruel Death, that would no longer save,
But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
And cast me out into the wrath of God;
Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
Must all those powers Heaven gave me to supply
My soul with pleasure, and bring-in my joy,
Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe?
And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of Hell?
Oh! must I look with terrour on my gain,
And with *existence* only measure *pain*?
What! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
No beam of hope, from any point of Heaven!
Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
Is Love extinguish'd in the Source of Love?
"Bold that I am, did Heaven stoop down to Hell?
Th' expiring Lord of life my ransom seal?
Have I not been industrious to provoke?
From his embraces obstinately broke?
Pursued, and panted for his mortal hate,
Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
And dare I on extinguish'd Love exclaim?
Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slackening flame;
Just is my lot—but oh! must it transcend
The reach of time, despair a distant end?,
With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!
"*NEVER!* where falls the soul at that dread sound!
Down an abyss how dark, and how profound!
Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;

My plunge but still begun—And this for sin!
Could I offend, if I had never been,
But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass?
"Father of mercies! why from silent earth
Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth,
Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
And make a thankless present of thy light?
Push into being a reverse of thee,
And animate a clod with misery?
"The beasts are happy; they come forth, and keep
Short watch on Earth, and then lie down to sleep.
Pain is for man; and oh! how vast a *pain*
For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain!
Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
And flung his agonies, and death, away!
As our dire punishment for ever strong,
Our constitution too for ever young.
Curs'd with returns of vigour, still the same
Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame:
Still to be caught, and still to be pursued!
To perish still, and still to be renew'd!
"And this, *my Help! my God!* at thy decree?
Nature is chang'd, and *Hell* should *succour* me.
And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,
And see me plunging in the dark abyss?
Calling thee Father, in a sea of fire?
Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire?
With mortals' anguish wilt thou raise *thy* name,
And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
"Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe;
Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
On me Almighty wrath is cast away.
Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame;
But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
And from its course turn back Omnipotence?
"Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at least
This one, this slender, almost *no* request;
When I have wept a thousand lives away,
When Torment is grown weary of its prey,
When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire."
Deep anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrours, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempests; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge in triumph move,
To take possession of their thrones above;
Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky;
Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth;
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill Heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And choose a less, but no ignoble theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And Nature shrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heaven's terrours in array surround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteor's blaze conspire,
And, darted downward, set the world on fire;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light;
From Heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame: It spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky:
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighbouring vales the vast destruction fills.
Hear'st thou that dreadful crack? that sound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
What wonders must that groan of Nature tell!
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell;
Which seem'd above the reach of Fate to stand,
A towering monument of God's *right hand*;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow, *so lately, spread*
O'er shelter'd *countries its diffusive shade.*
Show me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which Heaven seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia. Can her glories end?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold surrounding seas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel, say where ran proud Asia's bound?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd?
Where stretch'd waste Libya? Where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus Earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aspire.
And catch the clouds, and make the Heavens their prey;
The Sun, the Moon, the stars, all melt away;
All, all is lost; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire;
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet one *soul*
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole;

Exalted in superior excellence,
Cast down to nothing, such a vast expense.
Have you not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
An Earth dissolving, a descending God?
What strange surprises through all Nature ran?
For whom these revolutions, but for man?
For him, Omnipotence now measures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.
Think deeply then, O man, *how great* thou art;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright!
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promise of celestial worth!
Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *minor*, canst not guess thy vast estate;
What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait:
Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all Heaven, and please that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky:
That service done, its beams shall fade away,
And GOD shine forth in *one Eternal* DAY.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

OR,

VANQUISHED LOVE;

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

BOOK I.

——Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.
—— VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,
And open'd wondrous scenes above the sky,
My Muse, descend: indulge my fond desire,
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While Anna reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Virtue is beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes such bright objects still more bright,
And *fortune* sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of Heaven that we below may view,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this isle adorn,
Ere Ormond, other glorious queen, was born:
When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of Fate.
But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid to *know*:
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye;
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.
At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heavenly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle and sweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.
"Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is lost;
What far outshines a crown, we still may boast;
A mind compos'd; a mind that can disdain
A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
To wealth eternal; and return above;
Above, where no distinction shall be known
'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
And him, who, basking in the smiles of Fate,
Shone forth in all the splendour of the great:
Nor can I find the difference here below;
I lately was a queen; I still am so,
While Guilford's wife: thee rather I obey,
Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
Incens'd Maria may her rage forget;
And I to death my duty will improve,
And what you miss in empire, add in love—
Your God-like soul is open'd in your look,
And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
To find with what content we lay it down.
Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."
Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whose boding bosom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head:
Too just, alas, the terrours which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In space confin'd, the Muse forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue less;
He thought in grief there could be no excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
Now, silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,
And sicken'd at their pomp, and tax'd his fate,
Which thus adorn'd, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch magnificently poor.

Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And every transport stabb'd him to the heart.
That happy Moon, which summon'd to delight,
That Moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the vision of a day.
Thus, in the British clime, a summer-storm
Will oft the smiling face of Heaven deform;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the forest bend;
A sudden winter, while the Sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the cheerful day?
The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrours rise:
For pomp and splendour, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts each morn invade the lover's breast,
Each night, a ruffian locks the queen to rest.
Ah, mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best display'd
In deep desertion of all human aid:
To succour in extremes is her delight,
And cheer the heart, when terrour strikes the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief!
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Against her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
Address'd her God—"Almighty Power Divine!
'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;
With honour to light up the name unknown,
Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
And though with ill frail Nature will be mov'd,
I'll bear it well: (O strengthen me to bear!)
And if my piety may claim thy care;
If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
And tumult of a court, a future state;
O favour, when thy mercy I implore
For *one* who never guilty sceptre bore!
'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free!
If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
And in a guilty land to speak thy praise!
O may th' indulgence of a *father's* love,
Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
If *these* are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,
And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed."
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Through rigid justice, rush'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The Sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
The sad necessity of his return;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:
The tapers cast an inauspicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet Innocence in chains can take her rest;
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,
She sinks; and in her sleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gawdy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
And stretches wide her shadow of command:
With royal purple is her vision hung;
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquests rung;
Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies;
Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade;
The busy trades in cities had began
To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants' breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and smiles; nor night's imposture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A short-liv'd blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That died in birth, that shone, and was no more:
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind well suited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though serious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford!) of her instant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltless of the sight;
Or haste more swiftly to the western main;
Nor let her bloom the conscious daylight stain!
Oh! how severe! to fall so new a bride,
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride;
When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd blessings) vanish from her view;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights;
Pleasures that blossom e'en from doubts and fears;
And bliss and rapture rising out of *cares*:
No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face;
Who, when her *dearest father* shall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-rising blossoms smile,
And the blest Indian of his care beguile.
In vain these various reasons jointly press,
To blacken Death, and heighten her distress;
She, through th' encircling terrours, darts her sight
To the bless'd regions of eternal *light*,
And fills her soul with peace: to weeping friends,
Her *father*, and her *lord*, she recommends;
Unmov'd herself: her eyes her air survey,
And rage to see their malice thrown away.
She soars; now nought on Earth detains her care—
But Guilford; who still struggles for his share:
Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog and retard her transport to the skies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her soul onward from the seats above
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length she conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heaven she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
Now Death is welcome; his approach is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.
She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate:
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim [illegible]n' offended monarch's rage.
How grew the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father past!
A fonder parent Nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She weeps, and weeps! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.
Celestial Patience! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate?
While Passion takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace;
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.
Now *she* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While Nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn: the queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas! should Guilford too—when now she's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till Heaven's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now her lord appears—
But not to cheer her heart and dry her tears!
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows and the damps away:
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair:
Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptra reponis?
——— Virg.

Her Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire:
She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And Guilford too, or she had loath'd the sight:
Her *father's* death she bore, despis'd her *own*,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan:
"Ah! Guilford," she began, and would have spoke;
But sobs rush'd in, and every accent broke:
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.
So the youth lost his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the soft affections, and control
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.
This Guilford prov'd; and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair: sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himself away; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cried,
With ill-dissembled grief; "My life, forbear!
You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear:
Did you not chide my grief?—Repress your own;
Nor want compassion for *yourself* alone:
Have you beheld, how, from the distant main,
The thronging waves roll on, a numerous train,
And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore;
There burst their noisy pride, and are no more;
Thus the successive flows of human race,
Chas'd by the coming, the preceding chase;
They sound, and swell, their haughty heads they rear;
Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay;
And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
Why should you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis most unkind;
Your *own* you bore with an unshaken mind:
And which, can you imagine, was the dart
That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
I cannot live without you; and my doom
I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
And are again your tears profusely spilt!
Oh! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt;
It foils itself, if it recall your pain;
Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
The load which Fate imposes, you increase;
And help, Maria, to destroy my peace."
But, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd:
Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind:
Her sorrow flow'd in streams: nor her's alone;
While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal state;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?

'Tis now the queen's command, they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in state:
She forms the *decent* misery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
A spacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky:
It sheds a quivering melancholy gloom,
Which only shows the darkness of the room.
A shining axe is on the table laid;
A dreadful sight! and glitters through the shade.
In this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
A scene of terrours, to a guilty mind!
A scene, that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd, every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes—
Then Guilford, thus abruptly; "I despise
An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
In full possession of thy snowy hand!
And, through th' unclouded crystal of thine eye,
The heavenly treasures of the mind to spy!
Till rapture reason happily destroys,
And my soul wanders through immortal joys!
Give me the world, and ask me, Where's my bliss?
I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, *This*.
And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wondering, sees, in sad *presaging* thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!
Oh! let those *tremble*, who are greatly bless'd!
For who, but Guilford, could be thus distress'd?
Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
From flowery meadows, and from rooms of state:
Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the brave or fair.
Was ever such a mournful, moving, sight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling, light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They stiffen into statues of despair:
Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again.
Meantime, the queen new cruelty decreed;
But ill content that they should *only* bleed,
A priest is sent; who, with insidious art,
Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart;
And Guilford drank it: hanging on the breast,
He from his childhood was with Rome possest.
When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind,
Bespoke her thus: "Grieve not, 'tis in your power
Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."
Her bosom pants; she draws her breath with pain;
A sudden horrour thrills through every vein;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent;
And her soul trembles for the great event.
The priest proceeds: "Embrace the faith of Rome,
And ward your own, your lord's, and father's doom."
Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain;
The past was ease; now *first* she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her father's death? must she
Bid Guilford bleed?—It must not, cannot, be.
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature; and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted air our vigorous *youth* can break,
And a chill blast the hardy *warrior* shake,
Yet are we strong: hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more;
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raise our humble names;
'Tis *our* Jehovah fills the Heavens; as long
As he shall reign Almighty, we are strong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almost make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of Heaven by fervent prayer;
And call forth triumph out of *man's* despair.
Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad—Then, brightening, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majesty, till now unknown;
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms——"
Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barbarous man!
Is this thy love?) as swift as lightning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her, with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*; he beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul exprest:
"Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
And show one moment uninflam'd with love!
Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
In pity to thyself, forget the past!
Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou hast held so dear:
Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;
That to *continue*, was its utmost power,
And make the future like the present hour.
Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel sword
Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;
Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),
And stain his honour with a *traitor's* name.
This might perhaps be borne without remorse;
But sure a *father's* pangs will have their force!
Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
Through cruel torment to the grave descend?
His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground?
But he to you has ever been severe;
Then take your vengeance"—Suffolk now drew near;
Bending beneath the burthen of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepit Winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming Spring:
Downward he cast a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly spoke:

" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
That axe can *only* rob *me* of a day;
For *thee*, my soul's desire! I can't refrain;
And shall my tears, my *last* tears, flow in vain?
When you shall know a mother's tender name,
My heart's distress no longer *will* you blame."
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.
Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the queen brib'd you to distress her foe?
O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky!
And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
The broken force of her aspiring mind;
As round the generous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His poisonous tail, and stings her as she flies!
While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, weltering on the ground,
Three headless trunks, of those whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd;
The lifted axe assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale?
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal.
She met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity, and pious state:
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breast:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace!
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky:
" Your over-fondness has not mov'd my hate;
I am well pleas'd you make my death so *great*;
I joy I cannot save you; and have given
Two lives, much *dearer* than my own to Heaven,
If so the queen decrees[1]:—But I have cause
To hope my blood will satisfy the laws;
And there is mercy still, for you, in store:
With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
He shot his sting in *that* farewell-embrace;
And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress,
Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
Then, turning to the ministers of Fate,
She, smiling, says, " My victory's complete:
And tell your queen, I thank her for the blow,
And grieve my gratitude I cannot show:
A poor return I leave in England's crown,
For everlasting pleasure, and renown:
Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
Her guilt— the *only* vengeance in her power."
Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce Maria pitied her too late.

[1] Here she embraces them.

LOVE OF FAME,

THE

UNIVERSAL PASSION;

IN

SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

——Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru
Non minus ignotos generosis. Hor.

PREFACE.

These Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation; the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible, that satire may not do much good: men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared, that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will certainly never be chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to the graver compositions. Ethics, Heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that, I hope, these satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the author has failed in his aim. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: an unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; what

ever some may teach: for to reason we owe our passions; had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success: the world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: he has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the sixth Satire (where the occasion most required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success; but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious Satire on Woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, *pressness*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais! The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it is, aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior [1].

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the weak, in some Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities; but not with equal success: for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some French writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of The Birth of Love: one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern poetry. Love, says he, is the son of the goddess of Poverty, and the god of Riches: he has from his father his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made; viz. that Poetry, like Love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical quiver; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

However, this is not necessity, but choice: were Wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.

[1] Val. Max.

SATIRE I.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

——Tanto major Famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis. Juv. Sat. x.

My verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a Muse you cannot *fear*.
To poets sacred is a Dorset's name;
Their wonted passport through the gates of Fame;
It *bribes* the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue:
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining *supplement* of public *laws*!
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the *Law* shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-sea treasures are not brought to light;
When *churchmen* Scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's *grace* to *wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?
Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white,

Set up each senseless wretch for Nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post*?
Shall funeral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And *satirise* with nothing—but their *praise*?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addison, is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will;

Doubly distrest, what author shall we find,
Discreetly daring, and severely kind;
The courtly Roman's[1] shining path to tread,
And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for *sacred praise*?
The *love of praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in every heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here, to Steele's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's *eloquence*.
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in sable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wistful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* towards a book:
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
If at his title T——— had dropp'd his quill,
T——— might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But T——— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious some a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon load of meanings for *one* word,
While A's *depos'd*, and B with pomp *restor'd*.

Some, for *renown*, on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

On *glass* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?

Polite diseases make some idiots *vain*;
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign

[1] Horace.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor is 't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can she not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame:
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep:
And (stronger still!) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Though her lov'd lord has four half-months beendead.

This passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a cause; and give a judge the spleen,
By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
It makes Globoso a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Though for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
To *quality* belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He stands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, prov'd *patient* or *discreet*:
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* less wise!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his father's from the grave.
Men should press foward in Fame's glorious chace?
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more great;
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise*;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of earth, who on a South-sea tide
Of full success, swam into *wealth* and *pride*.
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause*!
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

Belus with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound;
But *builds* himself a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate!
In cost and grandeur, Chandos he'll out-do;
And Burlington, thy taste is not so true.

The pile is finish'd; every toil is past;
And full perfection is arriv'd at last:
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat.
But a discharge in full for an estate?
In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame:
Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, sirs," he cries; "I'll sooner rot in jail:
Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such *heads* might make their very *busts* laugh:
His daughter starves; but Cleopatra's safe[2].
Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis sad
To say you're *curious*, when we swear you're *mad*.
By your revenue measure your expense;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
No man is bless'd by *accident* or *guess*;
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness*:
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.
But how, my Muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for satire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to pass we see preside
On both their brows an equal share of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their hands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight:
Some lords it bids *resign*; and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
The boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.
What numbers *here*, through odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by *joy*, *desert* was understood:
And all the fortunate were *wise* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by Monteuil [3] and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit and *public* face:
Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*.
Put off at night, with lady B———'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.
What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *stoic*-like, support.
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.

[2] A famous statue. [3] A famous tailor.

Courts can give nothing to the *wise* and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss*, create:
None think the great unhappy, but the great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, *there*:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *unlaught*, o'erhear the whispering rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still:
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.
The *squire* is *proud* to see his coursers strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolytus, (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypsy *you* commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.
Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew:
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords to Scrope discreetly bend;
And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his *friend*.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At Bath, in *summer*, chants the reigning lass,
And sweetly *whistles* as the *waters* pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up?
Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame?
Such and such only, might exhaust my theme:
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad,
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad*?

SATIRE II.

My Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *gods* make other poems fine;
Plain Satire calls for *sense* in every line:
Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage:
And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.
So weak are human-kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty *Vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.

Thou, like the Sun, all *colours* dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every soul finds reason to be proud,
Though hiss'd-and hooted by the pointing crowd.
Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolytus [1] demands the *sylvan* crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
Why teems the Earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the Sun? To make Paul Diack [2] rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good;
What shape! What hue! Was ever nymph so fair?
He dotes! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are those enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and miss'd it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *demon* cropt my flower?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."
But all men want *amusement*; and what crime
In such a Paradise to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they soar:
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.
We smile at florists; we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power?
Another Florio doting on a flower!
A short-liv'd flower; and which has often sprung.
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.
With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The *flower* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee, bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard;
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to some peculiar end design'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for *sport* alone, and not for *game*.
If so, sure they who the *mere volume* prize
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection!, what is to be done?
He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells e'en his house; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the generous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.

When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.
Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be *thought*;
And to this cost another must succeed
To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen;
But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their *sense*.
O Stanhope, whose accomplishments make good
The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The strictest *honour!* and the finest *taste!*
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an *humanity*.
By your example would Hilario mend;
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compris'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste*, his sense;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.
What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 't is *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen;
Both pain us *least* when exquisitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jester*, when the joke's *unkind*.
Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place so fit?
His most facetious letters [3] came to hand,
Which my First Satire sweetly reprimand:
If that a *just* offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a *fool*, or *knave*?
For all but such with caution I forbore;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No mask so good, but Marcus must shine through:
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy best concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
Of *other's* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.
In malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
Their *peevish* reason; *vain* of being dull;
When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
In vengeance they determine—to be *fools*;
Through spleen, that *little* Nature gave, make *less*,
Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness*;

[1] This refers to the first satire.
[2] The name of a tulip.
[3] Letters sent to the author, signed Marcus.

To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take;
And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—"*He's a wit.*"
Poor *negroes*, thus, to show their burning spite
To cacodemons, say, they're *devilish white*.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the rest.
How just his *grief!* one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much pains*, exerting *all* his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son;
And by Heaven's *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *lisp*; another *not* to see:
Miss D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
Whilst these, what Nature gave, disown through pride,
Others affect what Nature has denied;
What Nature has denied, fools will pursue:
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

Crassus, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the sage support.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:"
Then quotes the Stagyrite, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new*."
Is 't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though Satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off *nonsense* with a better grace:
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can *artifice* disdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *sot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen*;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, Chesterfield, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide masquerade;
Where swarms of *knaves* the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a *naked face!*
Where Nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a *brother*, is undone!

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen!
How blank his look! how discompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain*.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
A curious artist, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some God inspir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous *watch-case*, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er, by *seeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But Fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valued, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.
A fam'd surtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Level'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpris'd the darling *rent:*
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
"And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out."[*]

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *sloven* and the *fopling* are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass;
While both are *one:* and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

"But who art thou?" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art *thou* only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*.
O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last:*
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

[*] Milton.

And what so foolish as the chase of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. MR. DODINGTON.

Long, Dodington, in debt I long have sought
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three*:
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays;
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who *run in debt* for their disgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Latetimes the verse may read, if these refuse;
And from sour critics vindicate the Muse.
"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.
Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *boding*, cries,
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.
One judges as the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*;
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, because it is too soon to *sleep*.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer, fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.
Critics on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *books* their *criticism* waste:
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is reris'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the Sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—*to dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*;
And to a kind *digestion* spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.
These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare*;
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.
To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels; wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to *mistake*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns or blots,
Men *forge the patents* that create them sots.
As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those; who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can e'en Satire blame them; for 't is true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful Britain! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of *fools*, to stock the continent.
Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill;
A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
See Tityrus, with merriment possest,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest:
What need he stay? for, when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *these*, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth?

Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houses* some; nay, houses that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.
Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears*;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.
To show the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 't is follow'd, and by all denied.
What numbers are there, which at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to contemn it, too!
Vincenna knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
To win applause; and takes it by surprise.
"To err," says he, "in small things, is my fate."
You know your answer, "He's exact in great."
"My *style*," says he, "is rude and full of faults."
"But oh! what sense! what energy of thoughts!"
That he wants algebra, he must confess;
"But not a soul to give our arms success."
"Ah! That's a hit indeed," Vincenna cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wise?
I own 't was wrong, when thousands call'd me back,
To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd, attack;
All say, 't was madness; nor dare I deny;
Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in *thee*;
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy *little self*, that I may scorn thee less.
Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, shall make.
Even *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign;
Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
And, oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some *little place* by storm;
Enough to keep *two shoes* on Sunday clean,
And *starve* upon discreetly, in Sheer-Lane.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then starve without the *favour* of my lord.
'T is true, great fortunes some great men confer:
But often, even in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come:
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's nearest, *yawning*, they advance:
'T is *inhumanity* to *bless* by chance.
If *merit* sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's possest:
Philander! thou art exquisitely blest;
The public envy! Now then, 't is allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *justly* proud:
But, see! how sickly is ambition's taste!
Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast;
For, lo! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
Some nymphs sell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:
Italian music's sweet, because 't is dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,
And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that English is their mother tongue.
To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine;
While *tradesmen* starve, these Philomels are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.
Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene!
The legislature join'd with Drury-Lane!
When Britain calls, th' embroidered patriots run,
And serve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtless! but first set your notions right.
Worth, of *politeness* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel;
'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.
Great, chosen prophet! for these latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy *master* serve;
Well has he seen his *servant* should not starve.
Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior offerings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards* and *dice*;
Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids!*
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades!
If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
An hundred head of *cuckolds* may suffice.
Thou smil'st, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.
See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate!
What godlike enterprise is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting Earth?
'T is done! with loud applause the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-strings!*
Though bold these truths, thou, Muse, with truths like these,
Wilt none offend, whom 't is a praise to please:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd; thou,
Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common-sense,
To write a *satire*, which gave none *offence!*
And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure *me?*
The fool, and knave, 't is glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.
How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence:
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face;
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.

To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
For men's refusing what you ought to gain.
May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd!
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

Round some fair tree th' ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs:
So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious verse, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse;
Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone;
Chremes, for airy pensions of *renown*,
Devotes his service to the state and crown:
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Though Britain's thankless, still *this patriot* loves:
But patriots differ; some may shed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms, or sunshine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A quidnunc is an *almanac* of state.
You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use;
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roast the choice Castanian *nut*;
Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *put*;
Since half the senate "Not content" can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.
What makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things:
Poor Chremes can't conduct his *own estate*,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.
Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still:
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible, and a *shoulder-knot*;
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul*;
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the Creed:
Howe'er well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.
Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the Sun shines, Blunt talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.
Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
Just as their *mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke:
Let but the logic in his *pulse* decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.
C——, who makes merry with the Creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks so: to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.
Narcissus the Tartarian *club* disclaims;
Nay, a free-mason, with some terrour, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* say,
He miss'd, these many years, the church, or play:
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 't is due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in every public place;
As sure as *cards*, he to th' *assembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:
Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.
To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
What other men dislike, is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear *antipodes*;
Through pride not malice, they run counter still,
And *birth-days* are their days of dressing *ill*.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,
S—ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and Sussex is the worst of friends;
They take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And blush, if you surprise them in the *right*;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out*.
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
Though wrong the mode, comply; more sense is shown
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than Sloane, the foremost *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* inhances,
And Ashmole's baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which Joseph *never* wore!

He shows, on *holidays*, a sacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd Queen Bess's chin.
"Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
Since that great *plague* that swept as many more,
Was ever year unblest *as this*?" he'll cry,
"It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
Unhappy I——y! how came *you* to please?
Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chase is much the same:
Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate*:
Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find
Or Lico, or their *shadows*, lag behind;
He *sets* them sure, where-e'er their *lordships* run,
Close at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;
As if their grandeur by contagion wrought,
And *fame* was like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after seven years' dance, from place to place,
The Dane[1] is more familiar with his grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whispering secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face!
Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes *it* leave;
Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better ease;
Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, bespoke,
When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, "Chimney sweep," or drive a *plough*?
With terms like these, how mean the tribe that *close*!
Scarce meaner they, who terms like these *impose*.
But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For Fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profest.
"Boyle shines in *council*, Mordaunt in the fight,
Pelham's magnificent; but I can *write*,
And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That *fame*'s unwholesome taken without *meat*,
And *life is best sustain'd by what is eat*:
Grown *lean*, and *wise*, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.
Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner*'s lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends sirloins, which sons of dulness *eat*?
What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor Muse, for less than half a crown,
A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, though *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for Geneva in the Mint?
Ye bards! why will your sing, though uninspir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd*?

[1] A Danish dog of the duke of Argyll.

Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your *spectres* haunt the frighted press?
Bad metre, that *excrescence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will sprout, although the poet's *dead*.
All other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren Labeo, the true *mumper's* fashion,
Exposes *borrow'd brats* to move *compassion*.
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my *friend*.
"Is't then a crime to *write*?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
For some, though few, there are, large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen;
Who know the Muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support;
Who serve, *unask'd*, the *least pretence* to wit;
My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
Argyll true wit is studious to restore;
And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before;
Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And Henrietta like a Muse inspires.
But ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can possess *alive*!
Fame's a *reversion*, in which men take place
(O late reversion!), at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.
That *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in *rags*;
And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
From rescued candles' ends who rais'd a sum,
And starves, to join a *penny* to a *plum*.
A *beardless* miser! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage Celia to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, Castalio dies;
Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail—but *half a crown*.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd:
He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.
"Who'd be a slave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right—
Just is his title—for he will not *fight*:
All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*—by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain;
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge*, and *half absolves* his sword.
Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid*:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy*.
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
Augustus' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak;
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V.

ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation! last and best!
Of all God's works! Creature in whom excell'd,
Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost!— MILTON.

Nor reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *sigh*.
The sex we honour, though their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme:
A theme, fair———! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing *those* is praising *thee*;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.
Britannia's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight:
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the Sun,
Through every *sign* of vanity they run;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers, caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Installments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and, still stranger!) pews.
Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame;
And Love lies vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again:
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms,
'T is, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this:
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spite!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.
Zara resembles Ætna crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the Sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the *psalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In — Cleopatra, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.
Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is she,
Who through good-breeding is ill company;
Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her subtle head,
And vows—"that her great-grandfather is dead."
A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 't is a task indeed to learn—*to hear*:
In that the skill of conversation lies;
That *shows*, or *makes*, you both polite and wise.
Xantippe cries, "Let nymphs who nought can say
Be lost in silence, and resign the day;
And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
By tame behaviour, and a soft address!"
Through *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wisdom, *she* refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen Xantippe, scorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*;
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.
Is 't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise*?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaseless* cares besiege our state!
What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate!*
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *suicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unnecessary skill!
Is *Nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of Death!) with solemn knell,
On *Folly's* errands as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home!
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our uphill chase
We press coy Fortune with a slacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,
Jour night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *satiety* and *fierce desire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing smile;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.
How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame;
Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.
The *sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Master* Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miss* Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barbarous sun and wind.

Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *managed steed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Fobert has the forming of the *fair*.
More than *one* steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as she guides it through th' admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the *silken* thong!
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her *diæretic* strains:
Sesostris like, such charioteers as *these*
May drive six harness'd *monarchs*, if they please:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory smit,
Leap, *swim*, *shoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the belles-lettres lovely Daphne reigns;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains:
With legs toss'd high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair*.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* sparkles from their *eyes*.
"But hold," she cries, "lampooner! have a care;
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair?"
O no: see Stella; her *eyes* shine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,
Nor is 't a sanction for *impertinence*.
Sempronia lik'd her man; and well she might;
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright;
Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart:
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his possessions, and beyond her own;
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd, *threescore*.
The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear:
Of pride and *avarice* who can cure the fair?
Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites:
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to *reason*, nor to *sense*.
When *surfeit*, or *unthankfulness*, destroys,
In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.
Lemira's sick; make haste; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares; her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, "My lady, sir, is always so:
Diversions put her maladies to flight;
True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night:
I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
For *fevers* take an opera in June:
And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
A midnight park is sovereign for a *cold*:
With *colics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
With *indigestions*, supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies sir Hans,
Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
Though sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*:
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.
Alas, my heart! how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! With what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has Veny [1] chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting-up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 't was *night*."
Did she then dance or play? "Nor this, nor that."
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her *prayers* she rather chose,
Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose."
Then lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.
Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day she shines in glossy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass:
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her *art* scarce makes her please us *less*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints less fair the *lily* and the *rose*.
How gay *they* smile! Such blessings *Nature* pours,
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores:
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And *waste* their music on the savage race.
Is *Nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;
And to be press'd to death, transports her quite:
Where silver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,
Black kennels' absent *odours* she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.
Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way:
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we stray;
Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!

[1] Lap-dog.

By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on Earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd
This life we relish, and ensure the *next*;
There too the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses; but not there alone:
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phœbe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness;
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure, we were so happy *yesterday!*
And then that charming party for *to morrow!*"
Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow:
But she dares never boast the *present* hour;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For such is our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when Strephon, waking, found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
"What miracle," says Strephon, "makes thee weep?"
"Ah, barbarous man," she cries, "how could you—
Men love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast*; [*sleep?*"
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste!*
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress, and our meat, away:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn:
Eternal love let man, then, never swear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair*;
Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the *will*.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phyllis; Phyllis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phyllis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phyllis with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my *all*, my *mistress*, and my *friend!*
What day next week, th' *eternity* shall *end?*

Some nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love*;
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance:
Of Desaguliers she bespeaks fresh air;
And Whiston has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton *is* a sot.
To ——— turn; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled Learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wise* are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and Colberteen,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress?*

But oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries,
Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *sine-cure*:
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her *cards* are good.
What angels would those be, who thus excell
In theologics, could they *sew* as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee*;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flower!*

The *young* and *gay* declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise*:
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.

Can wealth give happiness? look round and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!

Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it says;
Like any lord, it *promises*—and *pays*.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold!
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more* is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*; *anon* we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make *worth* their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair;
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* should be won,
As *flowers* unfold their beauties to the *Sun*;
And yet in female scales a fop out-weighs,
And wit must wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.
If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

The *languid* lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
She, by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the *stairs*.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* style;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather *sees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! oh help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*:
But chew she must herself; ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by *proxy* eat.

An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind Heaven!) against the *poison* of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What Nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
This *honest fellow* is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shows a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighbouring Echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She, on the Christian system, is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dress*, she's not a grenadier.

If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deputes a lady in his stead?
A *lady*? pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence;
Good-breeding is the blossom of good-sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern *toasts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and *toss* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers *died*, her parents *paid*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is, not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

"But adoration! give me something *more*,"
Cries Lycé, on the borders of *threescore*:
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *Time*;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;
'T is greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal Lycé carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lycé but *herself* is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herself) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! *Her* gray hairs *engage*,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* shine.
That, and that *only*, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly some are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*, by *nature* some decay,
And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away;
Till, naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.
Where's Portia now?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.

What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *passion* toss it to and fro;
A while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
Your best *example* lies, *my precepts* trust.
Life swarms with ills; the *boldest* are afraid;
Where then is safety for a *tender maid?*
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate;
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, through malice of your *own*.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise:
Then please the *best*; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *simple* manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain *show* and *noise* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine *unknown*;
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirst
With which the age is eminently curst:
To drink of *pleasure*, but inflames desire;
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terrour* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promise bliss *to come*.

SATIRE VI.

ON WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON. THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem.

HOR.

I sought a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—"Germain."—
I know her not.—"Your reason's somewhat odd;
Who knows his patron, now?" replied the god.
"Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
Then steal great names, to shield them from the town:
Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid;
Should *she* refuse to patronise your lays,
In vengeance write a volume in *her praise*.
Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture see;
Nor hope from Zinck more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; choose my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.

Lavinia is *polite*, but not *profane*;
To church as constant as to Drury-lane.
She decently, *in form*, pays Heaven its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *prayer*:
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace, succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the Creed.
Or, if she joins the service, 'tis to *speak*;
Through dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break:
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from the sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.
Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reserve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
"Or if you take a lion by the beard [1],
Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
First *make your will*; and then *converse* with her.
This lady glories in profuse expense;
And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant, is *some* delight;
To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*;
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad*;
Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.

Flavia is constant to her old gallant,
And generously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she *is*, she'll not *appear* a saint:
Her soul superior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*.—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid?"

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?

[1] Shakespeare.

If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.
Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *idiot*, but she eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
The rude *material*: *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of bliss;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.
If Tullia had been blest with *half* her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But since she can make *errour* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing should a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*:
Let men *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with sweet delay.
For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must *grieve*.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.
Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"How charming this!"—The pleasure lasted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong:
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more!
She tries a thousand arts; but none succeed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.
Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable sin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.
And this, because she's exquisitely fair:
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare!
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd! And yet the case is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the Sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *resist* though not exceeding fair.
Arpasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teas'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! Things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where-e'er she goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heaven by its favour has the fair distrest,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.
Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring?
Thou *shining*, *frail*, *ador'd*, and *wretched* thing!
Old-age *will* come; disease *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes;
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.
Julia's a manager; she's born for rule;
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*;
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed:
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But, if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her *own* breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a serious *face*;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies supreme among amusements reign;
By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lies:
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wise*?
Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.
Brunetta's wise in actions, great, and rare:
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.
Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree:
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is untied,
And what she has of head-dress, is aside.
She draws her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For Harvey, the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond, the first *toast*, for thee.
Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?

Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female slovен* is an odious sight.
Fair Isabella is so fond of *fame*,
That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.
Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raises our renown;
Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it *should* procure.
Whom praise we *most*? The virtuous, brave, and wise?
No; wretches, whom, in secret, we despise.
And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
No rivals rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime so dear, must never claim
Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.
But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean task! how much more generous to commend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.
"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye:
What pity 't is her shoulder is awry!
Aspasia's shape indeed—But then her air—
The man has parts who finds destruction there.
Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!
Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—
Who was it said Selina's near threescore?
At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
The world congratulates so wise a choice;
His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
But mortgages will sap the best estate.
In Shirley's form might cherubims appear;
But then—she has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright;
But how comes this to pass?—She died last night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
Indeed *that's* needless, if *such praise* prevail.
And whence such praise? Our virulence is thrown
On *others'* fame, through fondness for our *own*.
Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;
For are not *coronets* a-kin to *crowns*?
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, seek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontrol'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*;
And quite as much detested as a *wit*.
Can gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom*, from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer; for 't is much less
To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
That happiness which great-ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
Themselves unblest. The poor are *only* poor!
But what are they who *droop* amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of state*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,
Our envy would be due to large expense.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languish! oh support them with a *lie!*
A *decent competence* we fully taste;
It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone;
The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest;
To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.
But some, great souls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
All *hoarded* treasures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
Through *secret* streams diffusively they bless;
And, while their bounties glide, conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.
But Satire is my task; and these destroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, Germain:
But our *invectives* must despair success;
For, next to *praise*, she values nothing less.
What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame?
Or is 't Asturia, that affected dame?
The brightest forms, through *affectation*, fade
To strange *new* things, which *Nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:
How two red lips affected Zephyrs blow,
To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau:
While one white *finger* and a *thumb* conspire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
A *hecatomb* of characters supplies
Thy painted altars' daily sacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste;
Scandal's the sweetner of a *female* feast.
But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolting Naiads call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*

Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie?
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass;
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.
Nor to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er Law and Gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for *none* but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 't is steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look most meek!
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?
What swarms of amorous *grandmothers* I see!
And misses, *ancient* in iniquity!
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming!
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence;
Such griping avarice, such profuse expense;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times;
Such venal faith, such misapplied applause;
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws!
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'T is not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *Hell*;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
Who listen less to Collins than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare; since Nature's birth,
Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on Earth.
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.
But, not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own
In this pursuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more substantial view,
"From thinking free, to be free agents too."
They strive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaisance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with shame at thought of being *good!*
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?
They Heaven defy, to Earth's vile dregs a slave;
Through cowardice, most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a satire, who defy the skies.
Atheists are few: most nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheists far, they steadfastly believe
God is, and is Almighty—to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But *mercy*, sure, is his chief attribute:
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A *lady's* soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose,
The *pure!* the *just!* and set up, in his stead,
A deity, that's perfectly *well-bred*.
"Dear Tillotson! be sure the best of men;
Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.
Though once upon a time he misbehav'd;
Poor Satan! doubtless, he'll at length be sav'd.
Let priests do something for their one in ten;
It is their *trade*; so far they're honest men.
Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black*;
Fright us with terrours of a world *unknown*,
From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
Of Earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
But then they leave our *untith'd virtue* free.
Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:
Did ever mortal write like Rouchefoucault?"
Thus pleads the Devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.
But charms decline: the fair long vigils keep:
They sleep no more! Quadrille has murder'd sleep[1].
"Poor K—p!" cries Livia; "I have not been there
These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
And people of condition should bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons run;
Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—through *charity*.
Immortal were we, or else mortal *quite*,
I less should blame this criminal delight:
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *short* being shun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at Heaven, neglects the ties of blood;
Destroys the power and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.
See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal* and the *ruin* of our isle!
And see (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;

[1] Shakespeare.

That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which Earth's foundation shook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies!
For men, I mean—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to Heaven alone.
See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles swell!
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her *soft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *spadille*:
And if she's brought to bed, 't is ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.
O scene of horrour, and of wild despair,
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?
Why pale distraction through the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?
What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but last night—my lady *play'd*.
But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*?
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd,
'Twas first a *vain devotion* to the *mode*;
Nor cease we *here*, since 't is a vice so strong;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.
If sin you must, take Nature for your guide:
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride:
Ye fair apostates from love's antient power!
Can nothing *ravish*, but a *golden shower*?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize;
Must Cupid learn to *punt*, e'er he can *please*?
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *cast*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaste*?
Why must strong youths *unmarried* pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd—from play.
Why pine the *married*?—O severer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd—*estate*.
Flavia, at lovers false, *untouch'd*, and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
While *Death* stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long his *own*;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the fair;
Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen*, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall control,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with
Her deeds are precepts, her example law; [awe?
'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*!
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.
Thus the majestic mother of mankind [2],
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

SATIRE VII.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.
—— VIRG.

On this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile, Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain:
To *thee*, 't is due; that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design!
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known,
To *give*, and *take*, a lustre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.
How all mankind will be surpris'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Say, Britain! whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which through their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of *success*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky.
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murdering sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.
The follies past are of a private kind;
Their sphere is small; their mischief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my Muse,
And raise thy verse!) who bolder phrensy choose;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away:
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.

[2] Milton.

The Grecian chief, th' enthusiast of his *pride*,
With Rage and Terrour stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd *hosts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What wasted *countries!* and what crimson *seas!*
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *pestilence*, to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.
One to destroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thousands*, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.
When, after battle, I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
A *nation* crush'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This *human chaos*, carry smiles away?
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!
How guilty these! Yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace;"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.
Here cease, my Muse! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The *justice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.
Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.
How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *Sun*.
How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.
How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer;
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.
How Versus is less qualified to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.
How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguish is another's sport;
And e'en denials cost us dear at court.
How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.
This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for Tonson's at the gate.
The Love of Fame in its *effect* survey'd,
The Muse has sung: be now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by Heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;
Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest;
And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine:
What more can prove its origin divine?
But oh! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.
Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a pattern Pollia *might* have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools*;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of Nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?
(For, though in all, not equally she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.
Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.
Ambition, in the *truly noble mind*,
With Sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt* and *shame*, by her last conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* Ambition works alone;
But with such art puts Virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The God and mortal in the comic scene[1].
False Julius, Ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.
No mask in *basest minds* Ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears:

[1] Amphitryon.

All I have sung are instances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.
Ye *vain!* desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the *false* sublime of life.
The *true* ambition there alone resides,
Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state;
Our *purpose* good, as our *achievement* great;
Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Wouldst thou be *fam'd*? Have those high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though *scandal* should ensue.
Behold a prince! whom no swoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after *fame*:
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessings to their ardent king:
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *sudden* foe to splendour and applause;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.
From one fam'd Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po; there shine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile; a thousand harvests rise.
In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.
Nor *human* rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*[2].
E'en storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, *Nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
Styles Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.
While *sea* and *air*, great Brunswick! shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd by fear
Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep!*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm!
What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm!
Our Palinurus slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions tost, by cares opprest,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *Nature* and the *Graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush the *civil* storm.

[2] The king in danger by sea.

OCEAN;

AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN ODE TO THE KING;

AND

A DISCOURSE ON ODE.

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance; and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it: a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country. [Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.]

TO THE KING.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly-British theme I sing;
A theme so great
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean, Ocean's king.

To gods and kings
The poet sings;
To kings and gods the Muse is dear;
The Muse inspires
With all her fires;
Begin, my soul! thy bold career.

From awful state,
From high debate,
From morning-splendours of a crown,
From homage paid,
From empires weigh'd,
From plans of blessings and renown;

Great monarch! bow
Thy beaming brow;
To thee I strike the sounding lyre,
With proud design
In verse to shine;
To rival Greek and Roman fire.

The Roman ode
Majestic flow'd;
Its stream divinely clear and strong;
In sense, and sound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a Northern Isle;
Late Time shall know
The North can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

The work is done!
The distant Sun
His smile supplies! exalts my voice!
Through Earth's wide bound
Shall George resound,
My theme, by duty, and by choice.

The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if war or commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

Since then the main
Sublimes my strain,
To whom should I address my song?
To whom but thee?
The boundless *sea*,
And grateful Muse, to George belong.

Hail, mighty theme!
Rich mine of fame!
If gods invok'd extend their aid;
Hail, subject new!
As Britain's due
Reserv'd by the Pierian maid.

Durst Homer's Muse,
Or Pindar's, choose
To pour the billows on his string?
No, both defraud
The tuneful god;
Scarce more sublime, when Jove they sing.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

Now low, now high,
My fingers fly,
Now pause, and now fresh music spring;
Now dance, now creep,
Now dive, now sweep,
And fetch the sound from every string.

Now numbers rise,
Like virgin's sighs;
The soft Favonians melt away;
As from the north
Now rushes forth
A blast, that thunders in my lay.

My lays I file
With curious toil;
Ye Graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils beat
Your strokes repeat;
At every stroke the work refines!

How music charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom:
Wit scorns the grave;
To wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts,
Frown, frowning Fate, and fickle Chance!

Nor life is long;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore;
We make, at least,
Of *bad* the *best*,
If in life's phantom, fame, we soar.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride;
With those we lift to life, we live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun?
"Justice sincere,
And courage clear,
Rise the two columns of his throne.

"How form'd for sway!
Who look, obey;
They read the monarch in his port.
Their love and awe
Supply the law;
And his own lustre makes the court;

"But shines supreme,
Where heroes flame;
In war's high-hearted pomp he prides!
By godlike arts
Enthron'd in hearts,
Our bosom-lord o'er wills presides."

Our factions end!
The nations bend!
For when Britannia's sons, combin'd
In fair array,
All march one way;
They march the terrour of mankind.

If equal all
Who tread the ball,
Our bounded prospect, *here*, would end;
But heroes prove
As steps to Jove,
By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend.

From what we view
We take the clue,
Which leads from great to greater things;
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant shines, and shines *alone*?
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the Sun, 'tis Britain's throne.

Our monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

At his proud foot
The sea pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies;
Thence wealth, and state,
And power, and—fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

ON LYRIC POETRY.

How imperfect soever my own composition may be, yet am I willing to speak a word or two, of the nature of lyric poetry; to show that I have, at least, some idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myself poet enough entirely to rely on inspiration for success in it.

To our having, or not having, this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as also the modesty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in speaking of it I shall show how it unavoidably comes to pass, that *bad* poets, that is, poets in general, are esteemed, and really *are*, the most vain, the most irritable, and most ridiculous set of men upon Earth. But poetry in its own nature is certainly

—Non hos quæsitum munus in usus. VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *must*: and yet he will be *vain*. For every little degree of beauty, how short or improper soever, will be looked on fondly by him; because it is all pure gains, and more than he promised to himself; and because he has no test, or standard in his judgment, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing; and because more refined, therefore more difficult; and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attained; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have said, the source of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity consequently flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that quick resentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the genus irritabile among mankind. And from this combustible temper, this serious anger for no very serious things, things looked on by most as foreign to the important points of life, as consequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As soon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonson's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

Concordes animæ—dum nocte premuntur;
Heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
Attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt!
Qui Juvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires.
Ne, pueri! ne tanta animis assuescite bella.
Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
Sidereo flagrans clypeo, et cœlestibus armis,
Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!
Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ispe Typhœus
Arduus, arma tenens; non te Messapus et Ufens,
Contemptorque Deûm Mezentius. VIRG.

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be *modest*; because to rise up to that idea, which he proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two observations account for what may seem as strange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they show us why good writers have the lowest, and bad writers the highest, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or less, have proportionable degrees of modesty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good understanding makes a tolerably just judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The Ode, as it is the eldest kind of poetry, so it is more spiritous, and more remote from prose than any other, in sense, sound, expression, and conduct. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral; its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious; its expression pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other poems; its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connexion, which gives form and life to *some* compositions, takes away the very soul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and select thought, are indispensable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode is the most pitiful errour a pen can commit.

Musa dedit Fidibus divos, puerosque deorum.

And as its subjects are sublime, its writer's genius should be so too; otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, viz. an involuntary burlesque.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the ode, a little to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taste in their judgments; and, like persons of a tender sight, they look on bright objects, in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what *is* most delightful to a stronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Aristotle or Euclid, to some critics has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine spirit. Dwarf-understandings, measuring others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a monster, when they see a man.

And indeed it seems to be the amends which Nature makes to those whom she has not blessed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish.

Judgment, indeed, that masculine power of the mind, in ode, as in all compositions, should bear the supreme sway; and a beautiful imagination, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion.

Hence, and hence only, can proceed the fairest offspring of the human mind.

But then in ode, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judgment, *like* an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shows the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It must be very enterprising; it must, in Shakespeare's style, have hair-breadth 'scapes; and often tread the very brink of errour: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the *real* judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *contrary*.

Such is Casimire's strain among the moderns, whose lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might justly be much admired, if any thing more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own: his original, from which I have taken my motto, through all the disadvantages of a northern prose translation, is still admirable; and, Cowley says, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great masters of lyric poetry among Heathen writers. Pindar's Muse, like Sacharissa, is a stately, imperious, and accomplished beauty; equally disdaining the use of art, and the fear of any rival; so intoxicating that it was the highest commendation that could be given an antient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms;

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus;

a danger which Horace declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's Muse is like Amoret, most sweet, natural, and delicate; all over flowers, graces, and charms; inspiring complacency, not awe; and she seems to have good-nature enough to *admit* a rival, which she cannot *find*.

Sappho's Muse, like Lady ——, is passionately tender, and glowing; like oil set on fire, she is *soft*, and *warm*, in excess. Sappho has left us a few fragments only; Time has swallowed the rest; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was dissolved at her banquet, may be esteemed (as was that jewel) a sufficient ornament for the goddess of beauty herself.

Horace's Muse (like one I shall not presume to name) is correct, solid, and moral; she joins all the sweetness and majesty, all the sense and the fire of the *former*, in the justest proportions and degrees; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this particularity, That she abounds in *hidden* graces, and *secret* charms, which none but the discerning can discover; nor are any capable of doing full justice, in their opinion, to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country I must add, that I think Mr. Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day inferior to no composition of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the occasion. Those by which he has chosen to express Majesty, (viz.)

Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres,

are chosen in the following ode, because the subject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the pleasure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the writer must take care that the difficulty *is* overcome. That is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect sense, and expression, as could be expected if he was free from that shackle. Otherwise, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleasure to the reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the poet.

To sum the whole: Ode should be peculiar, but not strained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obscure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which should be most harmonious, without the least sacrifice of expression, or of sense. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, somewhat of an original spirit should be, at least, attempted; otherwise the poet, whose character disclaims mediocrity, makes a secondary praise his ultimate ambition; which has something of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the best imitations, as men from the most animated pictures of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due deference for the great standards of antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtless their example is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general motives, and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themselves. This is a distinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the first may make us their equals; the second must pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmost success. But the first of these prizes is not so readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the thief.

The antients had a particular regard to the choice of their subjects; which were generally national and great. My subject is, in its own nature, noble; most proper for an Englishman; never more proper than on this occasion; and (what is strange) hitherto unsung.

If I stand not absolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the spirit of ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that "Music alone, sometimes, makes an excellent ode;"

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;

if there is any thought, enthusiasm, and picture, which are as the body, soul, and robe of Poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope smaller faults will meet indulgence for the sake of the design, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And indeed, this may be said, in general, that great subjects are above being nice; that dignity and spirit ever suffer from scrupulous exactness; and that the minuter cares effeminate a composition. Great masters of poetry, painting, and statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and justly; for a truly-masculine

air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

Grandis oratio haberet majestatis suæ pondus.
PETRON.

A poem, like a criminal, under too severe correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire. We know it was Faberrimus, that was such an artist at a hair or a nail. And we know the cause was

Quia ponere totum
Nescius. HOR.

To close: If a piece of this nature wants an apology, I must own, that those who have strength of mind sufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the *severer* studies, I despair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and strengthened by variety; and he that sometimes is sporting with his pen, is only taking the most effectual means of giving a general importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of history; from which I could cite very celebrated instances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I should condemn myself, who am so little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

OCEAN;
AN ODE.
CONCLUDING WITH A WISH.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands. —— PSAL. xcviii.

SWEET rural scene!
Of flocks and green!
At careless ease my limbs are spread;
All nature still,
But yonder rill;
And listening pines nod o'er my head:

In prospect wide,
The boundless tide!
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in measure, to the shore.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force?
Vast field of commerce and big war:
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrours swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

Where? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
What, none aspire?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire
With voice and shell to lift it high!

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair;
Their verdant tresses pour behind.
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The god Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnassus' hill,
And Orpheus' skill;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

The main! the main!
Is Britain's reign;
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet;
The main! the main!
Be Briton's strain;
As Triton's strong, as Syren's sweet.

Through nature wide,
Is nought descried
So rich in pleasure, or surprise;
When all-serene,
How sweet the scene!
How dreadful, when the billows rise:

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which ere-while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air.

When tempests cease,
And hush'd in peace
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas!
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar;
And every canvass courts the breeze!

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

With terrour mark
Yon flying bark!
Now, centre-deep descend the brave;
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the towering wave!

Now, spins around
In whirls profound;
Now, whelm'd; now, pendant near the clouds;
Now, stunn'd, it reels
'Midst thunder's peals;
And, now, fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

All ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends once more the seas and skies;
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O Deep! and the blue concave, lies.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling streight, the monsters shock,

Let others fear;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Those terrours charm,
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain or fame.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed through shadows temper'd fire!
And Phœbus flames
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these?
Bright Thetys! thou art not outshone;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

There, set in green,
Gold-stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the Sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

Those clouds, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain;
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the watery woof was lent.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The pearl in rows
Pale lustre throws;
The wealth immense, which storms devour.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And toss him breathless on the shore.

His son complains
In pious strains;
"Ah! cruel thirst of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

Thou watery vast,
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings-o'er?
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

Gold Pleasure buys;
But Pleasure dies,
Too soon the gross fruition cloys:
Though raptures court,
The sense is short;
But Virtue kindles living joys;

Joys felt alone!
Joys ask'd of none!
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss;
Joys that subsist,
Though Fates resist,
And unprecarious endless bliss!

The soul refin'd
Is most inclin'd
To every moral excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And Virtue is the child of Sense.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planets' fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

What end so great,
As that which late
Awoke the Genius of the *main*,
Which towering rose
With George to close,
And rival great Eliza's reign?

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To reinflame a grand design;
That voice shall rear
Yon *fabric fair*!,
As Nature's rose at the *divine*.

When Nature sprung,
Blest angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

From boisterous seas,
The lap of ease
Receives our wounded and our old;
High domes ascend!
Stretch'd arches bend!
Proud columns swell! wide gates unfold!

So sleeps the grain,
In fostering rain,
And vital beams, till Jove descend;
Then bursts the root!
The verdures shoot!
And Earth enrich, adorn, defend!

Here, soft-reclin'd
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er,

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of age!
And o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of listening youth, *to martial rage*,

! Greenwich.

The story done,
Their setting Sun,
Serenely smiling down the west,
In soft decay,
They drop away;
And Honour leads them to their rest.

Unhappy they!
And falsely gay!
Who bask for ever in success;
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

What charms us most,
Our joy, our boast,
Familiar, loses all its gloss;
And gold refin'd
The sated mind
Fastidious turns to perfect drosa.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose!
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

Ye warlike slain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watery winding-sheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

What powerful charm
Can Death disarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake! awake! awake!

Our joy so proud,
Our shout so loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear:
And see, they rouse!
Their awful brows,
Deep-scarr'd, from oozy pillows rear!

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell
That all your watery realms should ring;
Your pearl-alcoves,
Your coral-groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

Peculiar both!
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind;
Sure Heaven besopke
Our hearts, and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

That noblest birth
Of teeming Earth,
Of forests fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud:

Now big with war
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now, sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

Hence, Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns,
A night or day of glory springs.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

How mixt, how frail,
How sure to fail,
Is every pleasure of mankind!
A damp destroys
My blooming joys,
While Britain's glory fires my mind.

For who can gaze
On restless seas,
Unstruck with life's more restless state?
Where all are tost,
And most are lost,
By tides of passion, blasts of fate?

The world's the main,
How vext! how vain!
Ambition swells, and Anger foams;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiseless shore, unruffled homes!

The public scene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me to despise!
The world few know
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience rise;

All tender sense
Is banish'd thence,
All maiden nature's first alarms
What shock'd before
Disgust no more,
And what disgusted has its charms.

In landscapes green
True Bliss is seen,
With Innocence, in shades, she sports;
In wealthy towns
Proud Labour frowns,
And painted Sorrow smiles in courts.

These scenes untried
Seduc'd my pride,
To Fortune's arrows bar'd my breast;
Till Wisdom came,
A hoary dame!
And told me Pleasure was in rest.

"O may I steal
Along the vale
Of humble life, secure from foes!
My friend sincere!
My judgment clear!
And gentle business my repose!

" My mind be strong
To combat wrong !,
Grateful, O king ! for favours shown !
Soft to complain
For others' pain !
And bold to triumph o'er my own !

" (When Fortune's kind)
Acute to find,
And warm to relish every boon !
And wise to still
Fantastic ill,
Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon !

" No fruitless toils !
No brainless broils !
Each moment level'd at the mark !
Our day so short
Invites to sport ;
Be sad and solemn when 't is dark.

" Yet, Prudence, still
Rein thou my will !
What's most important, make most dear !
For 'tis in this
Resides true bliss ;
True bliss, a deity severe !

" When temper leans
To gayer scenes,
And serious life void moments spares,
The sylvan chase
My sinews brace !
Or song unbend my mind from cares !

" Nor shun, my soul !
The genial bowl,
Where mirth, good-nature, spirit, flow !
Ingredients these,
Above, to please
The laughing gods, the wise, below.

" Though rich the vine,
More wit, than wine,
More sense, than wit, good-will than art,
May I provide !
Fair truth, my pride !
My joy, the converse of the heart !

" The gloomy brow,
The broken vow,
To distant climes, ye gods ! remove !
The nobly-soul'd
Their commerce hold
With words of truth, and looks of love !

" O glorious aim !
O wealth supreme !
Divine benevolence of soul !
That greatly glows,
And freely flows,
And in one blessing grasps the whole ;

" Prophetic schemes,
And golden dreams,
May I, unsanguine, cast away !
Have, what I have !
And live, not leave,
Enamour'd of the present day !

" My hours my own !
My faults unknown !
My chief revenue in content !
Then, leave one beam
Of honest fame !
And scorn the labour'd monument !

" Unhurt my urn !
Till that great turn
When mighty Nature's self shall die !
Time cease to glide,
With human pride,
Sunk in the Ocean of Eternity."

A PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF

THE BOOK OF JOB.

TO THE RT. HON. THOMAS LORD PARKER, BARON OF MACCLESFIELD,

LORD HIGH-CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN, ETC. ETC.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being known to your lordship, I presume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themselves in possession of, as being the only method they have of making their way to persons of your lordship's high station without struggling through multitudes for access. I may possibly fail in my respect to your lordship, even while I endeavour to show it most ; but if I err, it is because I imagined I ought not to make my first approach to one of your lordship's exalted character with less ceremony than that of a dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to suffer more from the malice of its enemies, than from the importunity of its admirers ; and perhaps it would be unjust, that your lordship should hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you possess all the talents, of a patron.

I have here a fair occasion to celebrate those sublime qualities, of which a whole nation is sensible, were it not inconsistent with the design of my present application. By the just discharge of your great employments, your lordship may well deserve the prayers of the distressed, the thanks of your country, and the approbation of your royal master : this indeed is a reason why every good Briton should applaud your lordship ; but it is equally a reason why none should disturb you in the execution of your important affairs by works of fancy and amusement. I was therefore induced to make this address to your lordship, by considering you rather in the amiable light of a person distinguished for a refined taste of the polite arts, and the candour that usually attends it, than in the dignity of your public character.

The greatness and solemnity of the subjects treated of in the following work cannot fail in some measure to recommend it to a person who holds in the utmost veneration those sacred books from which it is taken ; and would at the same time justify to the world my choice of the great name prefixed to it, could I be assured that the undertaking had not suffered in my hands. Thus much I think myself obliged to say ; that if this little performance had not been very indulgently spoken of by some, whose judgment is universally allowed in writings of this nature, I had not dared to gratify my ambition in offering it to your lordship : I am sensible that I am endeavouring to excuse one vanity by another ; but I hope I shall

meet with pardon for it, since it is visibly intended to show the great submission and respect with which I am,

my lord,
your lordship's most obedient
and most humble servant,
EDWARD YOUNG.

THRICE happy Job long liv'd in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed! a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more!
A change so sad what mortal here could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And seven long days in solemn silence spent!
A debt of reverence to distress so great!
Then JOB contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.
His day of birth, its inauspicious light,
He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
And summon all their reason to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
A pause ensued.—When, lo! Heaven interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies:
(They saw, and trembled!) from the darkness broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke:

"Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign;
Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
And tells the World's Creator what is just?
Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:—
Where didst thou dwell at Nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the spacious *Earth*?
Who on its surface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-stone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air;
When the bright morning-stars in concert sung,
When Heaven's high arch with loud hosannahs rung,
When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound?
Earth's numerous *kingdoms*, hast thou view'd them all?
And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
And casts its shadow into distant lands?
"Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due subjection keep?
I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow side,
And did a bason for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling sea,
Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree;
'Thus far, thy floating tide shall be convey'd;
And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd.'
"Hast thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?
"Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to thee?
Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.
"Where dwells the *light*? In what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought;
Since Nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye!
"*Are mists* begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the stream by night, what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost*?
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?
"Thou know'st me not; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow;
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?
"Who lanch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who, in rough deserts far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the Sun alone.
"To check the shower, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,
When Earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains;
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And Earth and Heaven are fill'd with rich perfume?
"Hast thou e'er seal'd my wintry skies, and seen
Of *hail* and *snows* my northern magazine?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms at my command
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.
"Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through Nature with the solemn roar

Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.
"Who drew the *comet* out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nation, and denounce, from thee?
"Who on low Earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *stars* along th' ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain;
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year;
Bid Mazzaroth his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.
"Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *Sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the spacious ring of Heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant Earth lies basking in the blaze?
"Who did the *soul* with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre bright,
When stars and Sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply."
Th' Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the sky.
What then, Chaldæan sire, was thy surprise!
Thus thou, with trembling heart and down-cast eyes:—
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.
My voice is in eternal silence bound,
And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: when, lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
"Can that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine;
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?
"Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy power display'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake;
Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
Of thee thou art, and mayst undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.
"Fond man! the vision of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd;
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food:
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest?
"Who in the stupid ostrich has subdued
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent sky:
Adopted by the Sun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
May crush her young in their neglected bed.
What time she skims along the field with speed,
She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.
"How rich the peacock! what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the Sun!
He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.
"Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The Sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
"Though strong the hawk, though practis'd well to fly,
An eagle drops her in a lower sky;
An eagle, when, deserting human sight,
She seeks the Sun in her unwearied flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and set her on the clift,
Where far above *thy* world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
Thence wide o'er Nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?
She feasts her young with blood; and, hovering o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.
"Know'st thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once; forsake the dam's warm side;
Take the wide world, with Nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade;
And find a home in each delightful shade.
"Will the tall reem, which knows no Lord but me,
Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.
"Didst thou from service the wild-ass discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?
By Nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
The threatening driver, and the servile rein.
"Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest
With thunder his robust distended chest?
No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;

To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
High rais'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
How does his firm, his rising heart advance
Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance; 270
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He sinks the sense of pain in generous pride,
Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.
"But, fiercer still, the lordly lion stalks,
Grimly majestic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the desert with his rolling eye. 280
Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
By the pale Moon they take their destin'd round,
And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground. 290
Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
They rage, they rend; their ravenous jaws distil
With crimson foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They stride away, and paint their steps with gore;
In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
And shudders at the talon in the dust.
"Mild is my behemoth, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and represt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food; 300
Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof and shut against a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
The bars of steel; his ribs are ribs of brass;
His port majestic and his armed jaw
Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law. 310
The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatness nearer they survey,
Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
His noontide shelter from the burning heat;
Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their shade.
"His eye drinks Jordan up, when fir'd with drought
He trusts to turn its current down his throat; 320
In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.
Go to the Nile, and, from its fruitful side,
Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide:
With slender hair leviathan command,
And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
Will he become thy servant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown?
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play? 330
"Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Through his firm skull what steel its way can win?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might:
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight;
The rashest dare not rouse him up: Who then
Shall turn on me, among the sons of men? 340
"Am I a debtor? Hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on me conferr'd?
My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,
And mine the herds that graze a thousand hills:
Earth, sea, and air, all Nature is my own;
And stars and Sun are dust beneath my throne.
And dar'st thou with the World's great Father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?
"At full my large leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size.
Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
And marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise!
And what a deep abyss between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound. 360
His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terrour, this thy great superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart. 370
"When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the Sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terrour spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
"Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.
"In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade; 380
His naked breast their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle falchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow;
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.
"His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea; 390
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where Death has been.
"His *like* Earth bears not on her spacious face;
Alone in Nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around;
Makes every swoln, disdainful heart subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride."
Then the Chaldæan eas'd his labouring breast,
With full conviction of his crime opprest. 400
"Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of Might!
And every thought is naked to thy sight.

But, oh! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
Oft have I heard of thine almighty power;
But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of Life I see,
Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee.
Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more:
Man is not made to *question*, but *adore*."

NOTES ON THE PARAPHRASE.

Book of Job.] It is disputed amongst the critics who was the author of the Book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of those opinions; and because I do not find them mentioned by any one else, I have flung them into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

Ver. 1.] The Almighty's speech, chapter xxxviii, &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most antient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole Book of Job.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *Sun*, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shows that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems, indeed, the proper style of Majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

Ver. 41.] The Book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened dignus vindice nodus) is fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any since. Frequent, before the Law, were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. c. xix. Ezek. c. i. &c. Hence is he said to "dwell in thick darkness: and have his way in the whirlwind."

Ver. 69.] There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of "Let there be light," &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moses is author of the book of Job.

Ver. 191.] Another argument that Moses was the author is, that most of the creatures here are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because, by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω, ἀ κόραξ, Ælian. l. ii. c. 48. is "to ask earnestly." And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

Ver. 195.] There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. *First*, It covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight:

Stat lumine clauso
Ridendum revolta caput, creditque latere
Quæ non ispa videt. CLAUD.

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other. They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing; nor *withdraw*, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. *A likeness* is lost in too much description, as a *meaning* often in too much illustration.

Ver. 205.] Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and, using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut Libyæ venantum vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat. CLAUD. in Eutr.

Ver. 206.] Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

Ver. 207.] Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little further, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the Sun is true: Expandit colores adverso maximè Sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant. PLIN. l. x. c. 20.

Ver. 219.] Thuanus (de Re Accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow *above mentioned*, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

Ver. 227.] The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that, when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems

to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

Ver. 231.] The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the *time* and *circumstances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called seselis, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect. Ps. xxix. In so early an age to observe these things, may style our author a naturalist.

Ver. 259.] The descripton of the horse is the most celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent critique on it in the *Guardian*. I shall therefore only observe, that in this description, as in other parts of this speech, our *vulgar translation* has much more spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the most poetic and exalted sense, so that most commentators, even on the Hebrew itself, fall beneath it.

Ver. 289.] Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion. Ps. cvi. 20. The Arabians have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies "the hunter by moon-shine."

Ver. 322.] Cephesi glaciale caput quo suetos anhelam
Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.
STAT. Theb. v. 349.

Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c. CLAUD. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyberbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

Ver. 323.] The taking of the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Eygpt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, Nemo antea religavit.

Ver. 339.] This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when sated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

Ver. 353.] The crocodile's mouth is exceedingly wide. When he gapes, says Pliny, sit totum os. Martial says to his old woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus angustâ;

so that the expression here is barely just.

Ver. 364.] This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long represt is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him:

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness from passages in them ill understood.

Ver. 377.] "His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian; the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it: but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terrour of the hippopotamus and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him; it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

ON DR. YOUNG'S TRANSLATION OF PART OF JOB.

BY DR. COBDEN.

THE poem, which, originally great,
Had long sustain'd poor Job's unhappy fate,
Fallen from its grandeur, clad in mean array,
And in the dust of prose inglorious lay;
Like him now shines, with former greatness blest,
And in its native majesty confest.

MISCELLANIES.

ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXON;

WHO IS SAID TO HAVE STABBED A PERSON THAT HE MIGHT DRAW IT MORE NATURALLY [1].

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies:
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies:
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up every pang repeats his blow;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft! oh nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught,
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horrour lost.

[1] Though the report was propagated without the least truth, it may be sufficient ground to justify a poetical fancy's enlarging on it.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON

THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

What do we see? Is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before?
How will posterity this truth explain?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Cæsar fought, and Cato bled for you.

All Souls Coll. Oxon.

HISTORICAL EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

A TRAGEDY.

An *Epilogue*, through custom, is your right,
But ne'er perhaps was *needful* till this night:
To night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies,
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade;
Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,
With pity some e'en Perseus may behold.
Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan:
Nor reign'd he long; from Rome swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw:
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For *this* night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled:
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.
When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung;
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe;
At which thy tears, O Rome! began to flow;
So sad the scene! What then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel:
To see the slaves of his worst foes increase,
From such a source!—An emperor's embrace!
He sicken'd soon to death; and, what is worse,
He well *deserv'd*, and *felt*, the coward's curse;
Unpitied, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's power:
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign;
No suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus—dire vengeance to complete,
His antient empire falling shares his fate:
His throne forgot! his weeping country chain'd!
And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crime pursue,
So public blessings are his virtue's due.
Shout, Britons, shout—auspicious fortune bless!
And cry, Long live—*Our title to success!*

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK[1],

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1740.

Whilst Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep:
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn;
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires:
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar;
And Spain still felt him, when he breath'd no more.

EPITAPH

AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

If fond of what is rare, attend!
Here lies an *honest man*,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deserves the greatest.
An example
Which shone through all the clouds of fortune,
Industrious in low estate,
The lesson and reproach of those above him.
To lay this little stone
Is my ambition;
While others rear
The polish'd marbles of the great!
Vain pomp;
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.

E. Y. 1749.

A LETTER TO MR. TICKELL,

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. 1719.

—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo. VIRG.

Long with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts and sacred friendship join'd;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;

[1] Lord Aubrey Beauclerk was the eighth son of the duke of St. Alban's, who was one of the sons of king Charles the Second. He was born in the year 1711; and, being regularly bred to the sea service, in 1731 he was appointed to the command of his majesty's ship the Ludlow Castle; and he commanded the Prince Frederick at the attack of the harbour of Carthagena, March 24, 1741. This young nobleman was one of the most promising commanders in the king's service. When on the desperate attack of the castle of Bocca Chica, at the entrance of the said harbour, he lost his life, both his legs being first shot off. The prose part of the inscription on his monument was the production of Mrs. Mary Jones of Oxford; who also wrote a poem on his death, printed in her Miscellanies, 8vo. 1752. R.

Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to sing:
A darling theme! once powerful to inspire,
And now to melt, the Muses' mournful choir:
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.
Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
"See, see," she cried, "old Maro's Muse appears,
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
All read transported his pure classic page;
Read, and forget their climate and their age."
The state, when now his rising fame was known,
Th' unrival'd genius challeng'd for her own,
Nor would that one, for scenes for action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song. [pense,
As health and strength the brightest charms dis-
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense:
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour;
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.
Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid, lurking in the Trojan boy;
Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a god was in her arms.
Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:
This Sommers[1] knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the north,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise;
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the Sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.
Ausonia soon receiv'd her wondering guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
To see her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul:
In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.
Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought;
Great work! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.
He now returns to Britain a support,
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court;
And when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O Warwick! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
O Warwick! by divine contagion bright!
How early didst thou catch his radiant light!
By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime!
On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shows th' abundance of her purple rays.
Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree;
We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see;
Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime:
He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed:
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.
When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.
What he has sung, how early and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.
No fuller proof of power th' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.
Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bowers of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great author! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul? [brought
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
"How could a mortal essence think so well?"
But why so large in the great writer's praise?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise;
In him (illustrious rivalry! contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend!
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.
In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
Thou further shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And, as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy Muse began.
Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.
But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,
The gift[2] bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend? [Think not, O patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown;
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

[1] Lord Sommers procured a pension for Mr. Addison, which enabled him to prosecute his travels.—*R*.

[2] The publication of his Works.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

Holles! immortal in far more than fame!
Be thou illustrious in far more than power.
Great things are small when greater rise to view.
Though station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
Disdain not to peruse my serious song,
Which peradventure may push by the world:
Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
And leave Europa's counsels less mature!
For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
Long vers'd in senates and in cabinets,
States' intricate demands and high debates!
As thou of use to those, so this to thee;
And in a point that empire far outweighs,
That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
Let greatness prove its title to be great.
'Tis Power's supreme prerogative to stamp
On others' minds an image of its own.
Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem
The stream that sweeps away the country's weal;
The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
Far as thou mayst give life to virtue's cause;
Let not the ties of personal regard
Betray the nation's trust to feeble hands:
Let not fomented flames of private pique
Prey on the vitals of the public good:
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach:
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires,
Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,
The bastards of their blood! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis to call them fools:
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine support.
Such deeds the minister, the prince adorn;
No power is shown but in such deeds as these:
All, all is impotence but acting right; [power?
And where's the statesman but would show his
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal!
Be it henceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne;
Though this supported, that adorn'd so well,
A throne superior our first homage claims;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due:
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside:
Illustrious followers; we must first be just;
And what so just as awe for the Supreme?
Less fear we rugged ruffians of the North,
Than Virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home;
Less Loyola's disguis'd, all-aping sons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites;
Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace:
Yon savage mountaineers are tame to these.
Against those rioters send forth the laws,
And break to Reason's yoke their wild careers.
Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though some seem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's generous views and interests spread
Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
And their grand entries make on distant lands;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave bestrides,
And, like a vast Colossus, towering stands
With one foot planted on the continent;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though such high cares should call as call'd of late;
The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while;
For greater drop it: ponder and adjust
The rival interests and contending claims
Of life and death, of now and of for-ever;
Sublimest theme; and needful as sublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts!),
Thus every statesman thought that ever—*died*.
There's inspiration in a sable hour,
And Death's approach makes politicians wise.
When thunderstruck, that eagle Wolsey fell;
When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gasping grandeur! naked on the strand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Assistance; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And sunk beneath the level of a man!
On the grand article, the sum of things!
The point of the first magnitude! that point
Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach;
Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
First right to judge; then choose; then persevere,
Steadfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
These, these are politics will stand the test,
When finer politics their masters sting,
And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
These, these are politics will answer now,
(When common men would fain to statesmen swell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme.
All safety rests on honest counsels: these
Immortalize the statesman, bless the state,
Make the prince triumph, and the people smile;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Close-leagued with an invincible ally,
Which honest counsels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land;
A land—that starts at such a land as this,
A parliament, so principled, will sink
All antient schools of empire in disgrace,
And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud Fame's superior song.
Britain!—that word pronounc'd is an alarm;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins;
Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of Death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
O what illustrious images arise!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial spoils!
Ye scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike strangers! stay:
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulse: the noble pulse of war
Beats to that antient measure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes slain.
No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
With blushes; their renown our shame no more.
In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts Old Britain; crosiers are laid by;

Trade wields the sword, and Agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In distant courts is our commotion felt;
And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or sinews or success,
Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends,
With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every stroke, and save a sinking land?
Or death or victory must be resolv'd;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix display'd,
Fools think Heaven purchas'd by the blood they
By giving, not supporting, pains and death! [shed;
Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints
Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whose darling title is the Prince of Peace,
The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes;
To save us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themselves with Earth content;
What modesty!—such virtues Rome adorn!
And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
Whose name from Jesus, and whose hearts from Hell!
And shall a pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting, [scrap'd
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne?
One that has suck'd-in malice with his milk,
Malice, to Britain, Liberty, and Truth?
Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
The howling nurse of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worse than Pagan harbour'd there.
Hail to the brave! be Britain Britain still:
Britain! high favour'd of indulgent Heaven!
Nature's anointed empress of the deep!
The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns!
Supreme in commerce! that exuberant source
Of wealth, the nerve of war; of wealth, the blood,
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To set high bloom on the fair face of peace!
This once so-celebrated seat of power,
From which escap'd the mighty Cæsar triumph'd!
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast!
This terrour of armadas! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair!
This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe!
Which says to their ambition's foaming waves,
"Thus far, nor farther!"—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown;
Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
To be transmitted to their latest sons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
Their cancel'd will is impiously profan'd,
Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.
Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This sacred isle,
Cut from the continent, that world of slaves;
This temple built by Heaven's peculiar care,
In a recess from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long, to liberty,
That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil life!
This temple of still more divine; of faith
Sifted from errours, purify'd by flames,
Like gold, to take anew Truth's heavenly stamp,
And (rising both in lustre and in weight)
With her bless'd Master's unmaim'd image shine;
Why should she longer droop? why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
And give him leave, among his dastard troops,
To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes?
Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes?
Where are her foes most fatal? Blushing Truth,
"In her friends' vices,"—with a sigh replies.
Empire on Virtue's rock unshaken stands;
Flux as the billows, when in vice dissolv'd.
If Heaven reclaims us by the scourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid?
Would they a revolution?—Aid their aim,
But be the revolution—in our hearts!
Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the
The shaken bark of Britain, should out-ride [bark,
The present blast, and every future storm?
Give it that balast which alone has weight
With Him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey,
Persist. Are others subtle? Thou be wise:
Above the Florentine's court-science raise;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world;
The pattern, and the patron, of the just:
Thus strengthen Britain's military strength;
Give its own terrour to the sword she draws.
Ask you, "What mean I?"—The most obvious
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day. [truth;
When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall;
Of aid from Him by whom the feeble stand;
Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
Or gives the sword commission to destroy;
Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—
Emasculated, then, most manly might;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails:
Then wither'd weakness foils the sinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power:
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travel'd banners fanning southern climes,
What do they? This; and more what can they do?
When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
By such bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While Heaven commands her executioner,
Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, "Not strong is human strength;
And that the proudest empire holds of Heaven."
O Britain! often rescued, often crown'd,
Beyond thy merit and most sanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or sweet in peace!
Know from what source thy signal blessings flow,
Though bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenc'd with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard;
In Him, who thee, though naked, could defend;
Tho' weak, could strengthen; ruin'd, could restore.
How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from war?
Or, rather, won the day, when war despair'd?
How oft has providential succour aw'd,
Aw'd while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt;

Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too!
Well may we tremble now; what manners reign?
But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
Would shock too much? Kind Heaven! avert events
Whose fatal nature might reply too plain!
Heaven's half-bar'd arm of vengeance has been
In northern skies, and pointed to the south. [wav'd
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments;
More formidably blackens in the wind;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the suspended storm.
"That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of adventurous thought!
Or pious coward's pulpit-cushion'd dream;
Far from it. This is certain; this is fate.
What says Experience, in her awful chair
Of ages, her authentic annals spread
Around her? What says Reason eagle-eyed?
Nay, what says Common Sense, with common care
Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
All give one verdict, one decision sign;
And this the sentence Delphos could not mend:
"Whatever secondary props may rise
From politics, to build the public peace,
The basis is the manners of the land.
When rotten these, the politician's wiles
But struggle with destruction, as a child
With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
Or military phantoms void of force,
But scare away the vultures for an hour;
The scent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
The stench of profligates!) soon lures them back;
On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
Their idols grac'd and gorgeous with our spoils,
Of universal empire sure presage!
Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."
And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colours of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of state Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil presses, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
To duty, double duty, are the great!
And are there Samsons that can burst them all?
Yes; and great minds that stand in need of none,
Whose pulse beats virtues, and whose generous
Aids mental motives to push on renown, [blood
In emulation of their glorious sires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream.
Some sow good seeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some cursed tares, like Satan in the text:
This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)
In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes,
Re cumbling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of toasted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
A Gothic hero[1] rising from the dead,
And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
With succour suitable from lower still)
A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
Rend up her antient honours by the root,
And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hogues,
Her Cresseys, and her Blenheims) in the dust.
How must this strike a horrour through the breast,
Through every generous breast where honour reigns,
Through every breast where honour claims a share!
Yes, and through every breast of honour void!
This thought might animate the dregs of men;
Ferment them into spirit; give them fire
To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
Foul core of all!—corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the stream of time
Swept, with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deified by half mankind,
To dark Oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant Infamy's eternal brand!
Those names, at which surrounding nations shook,
Those names ador'd, a nuisance! or forgot!
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful die,
But Nature's course; no single chance against it.
For know, my lord! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fixt, as is the basis of the world,
Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
What saw these eyes, surpris'd!—Yet why surpris'd—
For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition given!
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace disturb'd by rumours from the North,
While thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving signal of some strange event,
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he lov'd,
Albion the fair! so long his empire's queen,
Whose reign is, now, contested by her foes,
On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
By Fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
And thus the title ran:

THE STATESMAN'S CREED.

"Ye states! and empires! nor of empires least,
Though least in size, hear, Britain! thou whose lot,
Whose final lot, is in the balance laid,
Irresolutely play the doubtful scales, [me,
Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know then from
As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise:
State-ministers, as upright or corrupt,
Are balm or poison in a nation's veins!
Health or distemper, hasten or retard
The period of her pride, her day of doom:
And though, for reasons obvious to the wise,
Just Providence deals otherwise with men,
Yet believe, Britons! nor too late believe,
"Tis fix'd! by Fate irrevocably fix'd!
Virtue and vice are empire's life and death."
Thus it is written—Heard you not a groan?
Is Britain on her death-bed?—No, that groan
Was utter'd by her foes—But soon the scale,
If this divine monition is despis'd,
May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule!
With reverence read; with steadfastness believe;
With courage act as such belief inspires;
Then shall your glory stand like Fate's decree;
Then shall your name in adamant be writ,

[1] The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

In records that defy the tooth of Time,
By nations sav'd, resounding your applause.
While deep beyond your monument's proud base,
In black Oblivion's kennel, shall be trod
Their execrable names, who, high in power,
And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
(The meteors of the state!) give Vice her head,
To License lewd let loose the public rein;
Quench every spark of conscience in the land,
And triumph in the profligate's applause:
Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,
Their country sell, sell all their fathers bought
With funds exhausted and exhausted veins,
To demons, by his Holiness ordain'd
To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome;
Hawk'd through the world by consecrated bulls;
And how illustrated?—by Smithfield flames:
Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
Down narrow-minded Self's voracious gulf,
Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save:
Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
And hug the horrours of a victor's chain:
Of bodies politic that destin'd Hell,
Inflicted here, since here their beings end;
And fall from foes detested and despis'd,
On disbelievers—of the Statesman's Creed.
Note, here, my lord, (unnoted yet it lies
By most, or all) these truths political
Serve more than public ends: this Creed of States
Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
The Christian Creed. Are you surpris'd?—Attend;
And on the Statesman's build a nobler name.
This punctual justice exercis'd on states,
With which authentic chronicle abounds,
As all men know, and therefore must believe;
This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
Pour'd on them here, where only they exist,
What is it but an argument of sense,
Or rather demonstration, to support
Our feeble faith—"That they who states compose,
That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
Shall meet like measure at their proper hour?"
For God is equal, similarly deals
With states and persons, or he were not God!
What means a rectitude immutable?
A pattern here of universal right.
What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man?
Nothing, it is reply'd. Reply'd, by whom?
Reply'd by politicians well as priests:
Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
The whole world's annals; these pronounce his doom.
Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
E'en politics advance divinity:
True masters there are better scholars here,
Who travel history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths that other aims inspire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Christians on their road:
Digging for silver, they may strike on gold;
May be surpris'd with better than they sought,
And entertain an angel unawares.
Nor is divinity ungrateful found,
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief;
And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
For deviations in our moral line?
This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye
As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
His own exalted science, both conspire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of Heaven,
The grand administration of the whole,
What's the next world? A supplement of this:
Without it, justice is defective here;
Just as to states, defective as to men:
If so, what is this world? as sure as Right
Sits in Heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet? then believe him too:
His prophecy more precious than his smile.
How comes it then to pass, with most on Earth,
That this should charm us, that should discompose?
Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
So long his politics are uncomplete;
In danger he; nor is the nation safe,
But soon must rue his inauspicious power.
What hence results? a truth that should resound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear:
"Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
Sole source of public and of private peace."
This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
And praise and preach it too:—and when that's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 't is forgot.
What highland pole-axe half so deep can wound?
But how dare I, so mean, presume so far?
Assume my seat in the dictator's chair?
Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inspir'd),
Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes?
Two mighty columns rise in my support;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and sacred, drown the Muse,
Though loud, and far out-thread her threatening song.
Still further. Holles! suffer me to plead
That I speak freely, as I speak to thee:
Guilt only startles at the name of guilt;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.
Praise, and immortal praise, is Virtue's claim;
And Virtue's sphere is action: yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every British breast, true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To close, my lord! with that which all should close
And all begin, and strike us every hour,
Though no war wak'd us, no black tempest frown'd,
The morning rises gay; yet gayest morn
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades;
Less glorious far bright Nature, rich array'd
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of Moral day?
Sole day, (let those whom statesmen serve attend)
Though the Sun ripens diamonds for their crowns;
Sole day worth his regard whom Heaven ordains,
Undarken'd, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the Sun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year;
Where statesmen, and their monarchs, (names of awe
And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

THE COMPLAINT:

OR,

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

PREFACE.

As the occasion of this poem was *real*, not *fictitious*; so the method pursued in it, was rather *imposed*, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than *meditated* or *designed*; which will appear very probable from the nature of it. For it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is, that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

NIGHT THE FIRST.

ON

LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR ONSLOW, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

'Tis'd Nature's sweet restorer, balmy *Sleep!*
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: How happy they, who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wreck'd desponding thought,
From wave to wave of *fancied* misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Though now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The *Day* too short for my distress; and *Night*,
E'en in the *zenith* of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her *ebon* throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd;
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and *Darkness!* solemn sisters! twins
From antient *Night*, who nurse the tender thought
To *reason*, and on *reason* build *resolve*,
(That column of true majesty in man)
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave, your kingdom: *there* this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?—
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval *Silence*, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball!
O thou, whose word from solid *darkness* struck
That spark, the Sun; strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her trea-
As misers to their gold, while others rest. [sure,
Through this opaque of *Nature*, and of *soul*,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it through various scenes of *life* and *death*;
And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my *conduct*, than my *song*;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.
The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue,
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the *knell* of my departed hours:
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the *signal* that demands dispatch;
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine!*
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
How passing wonder he, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd *link* in being's endless chain!
Midway from *nothing* to the *Deity!*
A beam ethereal, sully'd and absorpt!
Though sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of *dust!*
Helpless immortal! insect *infinite!*
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wondering at her *own*: How Reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs *sleep's* soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod; [nature
Active, aërial, towering, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
E'en silent night proclaims my soul *immortal:*
E'en silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, Heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.
Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress? Are *angels* there?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire?
They live! they greatly live a life on Earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd; and from an eye

Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, *this* the solitude:
How populous, how vital, is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad *cypress* gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on Earth, is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance*; the reverse is folly's *creed*:
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and Death,
Strong Death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us *embryos* of existence free.
From *real* life, but little more remote
Is *he*, not yet a candidate for light,
The *future* embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! *here* buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of Earth, and pent beneath the Moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heaven
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where *seraphs* gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more! [pire!
Where Time, and Pain, and Chance, and Death ex-
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles *ocean* into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.
Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself;
How was my heart incrusted by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grovelling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile *Fancy* spun,
Till darken'd *Reason* lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort *here*,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!
Night-visions may befriend (as sung above):
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at Death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my phrensy's pompous furniture?
The *cobweb'd* cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mouldering mud, is *royalty* to me!
The *spider's* most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss! it breaks at every breeze.
O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full, above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A *perpetuity* of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodg'd above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the *best*,
More mortal than the *common* births of fate.
Each *moment* has its sickle, emulous
Of *Time's* enormous scythe, whose ample sweep
Strikes *empires* from the root; each *moment* plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet *domestic* comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.
Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!
Implicit treason to divine decree!
A bold invasion of the rights of Heaven!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace!
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart!
Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The Sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere,
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy *partial* quiver on a mark so *mean*?
Why thy *peculiar* rancour wreak'd on *me*?
Insatiate archer! could not *one* suffice?
Thy shaft flew *thrice*; and *thrice* my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon Moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my *borrow'd* bliss! from *fortune's* smile,
Precarious courtesy! not *virtue's* sure,
Self-given, *solar* ray of sound delight.
In every vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd every thought of every joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Through the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover!) o'er the pleasing *past*;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert *now*; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a numerous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear;
And every pleasure pains me to the heart.
Yet why *complain*? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the Sun his lustre but for me,
The *single* man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In *this* shape, or in *that*, has Fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of *pain*.
War, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine broils, *Oppression*, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a Sun was made,
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life;
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair:
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread through realms their valour sav'd,

If so the tyrant, or his minion, doom.
Want, and incurable *Disease*, (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning *hospitals* eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in *Fortune's* lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!
To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit *here*,
And breathe from your debauch: *give*, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.
Happy! did sorrow seize on *such* alone.
Not *prudence* can defend, or *virtue* save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Through thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns;
And his guard, falling, crushes him to death.
Not *happiness* itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we doat on most,
From that for which we doat, *felicity!*
The *smoothest* course of Nature has its pains!
And *truest* friends, through errour, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities, without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on Earth;
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.
A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man! the rest a *waste*,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands:
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death.
Such is Earth's melancholy map! but, far
More sad! this Earth is a true map of *man*.
So bounded are its haughty lord's *delights*
To *woe's* wide empire; where deep *troubles* toss,
Loud *sorrows* howl, envenom'd *passions* bite,
Ravenous *calamities* our vitals seize,
And threatening *fate* wide opens to devour.
What then am I, who sorrow for *myself!*
In age, in infancy, from other's aid
Is all our hope; to teach us to be *kind*.
That, Nature's *first*, *last* lesson to mankind:
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels.
More generous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than *prudence*, bids me give
Swoln thought a *second* channel; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O *World!* thy much indebted tear:
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour!
O thou! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults!
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate?
I know thou wouldst; thy pride demands it from
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs, [me.
The salutary censure of a friend.
Thou happy *wretch!* by blindness thou art blest;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, *smiler!* at thy peril art thou pleas'd!
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Lorenzo, Fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the *Syren* sings.
Dear is thy welfare; think me not unkind;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that *fear* is sacred to the storm:
Stand on thy guard against the *smiles* of Fate.
Is Heaven tremendous in its frowns? Most sure;
And in its favours formidable too:
Its favours here are trials, not rewards;
A call to duty, not discharge from care;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes;
Awake us to their *cause* and *consequence*;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert;
Awe Nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest, while we clasp, we kill them; nay, invert
To worse than *simple* misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what Earth calls happiness; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an *immortal* base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.
Mine died with thee, Philander! thy last sigh
Dissolv'd the charm; the disenchanted Earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glittering towers?
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste; a dreary vale of tears;
The great magician's dead! Thou poor, pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness! what a change
From yesterday! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize!) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. *Death's* subtle seed within
(Sly, treacherous miner!) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell; one moment's prey!
Man's foresight is *conditionally* wise;
Lorenzo! wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye!
The *present* moment terminates our sight; [*next*;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By Fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, "Where eternity begins."
By Nature's law, what may be, may be *now*;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow? In another world.
For numbers this is certain; the reverse
Is sure to none; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.
Not e'en Philander had bespoke his shroud:
Nor had he cause; a warning was deny'd:
How many fall as sudden, not as safe!
As sudden, though for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo! a *slow sudden* death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, *this* is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least, their own; their *future* selves applaud;
How excellent that life they *ne'er* will lead!
Time lodg'd in their *own* hands is *folly's* vails;
That lodg'd in *fate's*, to *wisdom* they consign;
The thing they can't but *purpose*, they *postpone*;
'Tis not in *folly*, not to scorn a fool;
And scarce in human *wisdom*, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
Unanxious for *ourselves*; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our *fathers* were more wise.
At *thirty* man *suspects* himself a fool;
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan;
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves; and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where, past the shaft, no trace is found.
As from the *wing*, no scar the sky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the *keel*;
So dies in human hearts the thoughts of death.
E'en with the tender tear which Nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander? That were strange!
O my full heart!—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, though longer far, would fail,
And the *lark* listen to my *midnight* song.
The spritely *lark's* shrill matin wakes the morn;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast,
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel! like thee,
And call the stars to listen: every star
Is deaf to mine, enamour'd of thy lay.
Yet be not vain; there are, who thine excel,
And charm through distant ages: wrapt in shade,
Prisoner of darkness! to the silent *hours*,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe!
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, though not blind, like thee, Mæonides!
Or, Milton! thee; ah, could I reach your strain!
Or *his*, who made Mæonides our *own*.
Man too he sung: *immortal* man I sing;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life;
What, *now*, but immortality can please?
O had *he* press'd his theme, pursued the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day!
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,
Soar'd where I sink, and sung *immortal* man!
How had it blest mankind, and rescued me!

NIGHT THE SECOND.

ON

TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

When the cock crew, he wept"—smote by that eye
Which looks on me, on all: that power, who bids
This midnight sentinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of *Heaven*.
Shall I too weep? Where then is fortitude?
And, fortitude abandon'd, where is man?
I know the terms on which he sees the light;
He that is born, is 'listed; life is war;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On *other* themes I 'll dwell.
Lorenzo! let me turn *my* thoughts on thee,
And *thine*, on themes may profit; profit there:
Where most they need. Themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's dust. He *thus*, though dead,
May still befriend—What themes? *Time's wondrous price*,
Death, *friendship*, and Philander's *final scene*.
So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengag'd,
The good deed would delight me; half impress
On my dark cloud an Iris; and from grief
Call glory—Dost thou mourn Philander's fate?
I know thou say'st it: Says thy *life* the same?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thirst, that avarice of time,
(O glorious avarice!) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold?
O *time!* than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead, to fools; and fools *reputed* wise.
What *moment* granted man without account?
What *years* are squander'd, *wisdom's* debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days, all due to *that* discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he 's at the door,
Insidious *Death!* should his strong hand arrest,
No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I shudder'd on the brink! how late
Life call'd for her last refuge in despair!
That *time* is mine, O Mead! to thee I owe;
Fain would I pay thee with *eternity*.
But ill my genius answers my desire;
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will;—*that* dies not with my strain.
For what calls *thy* disease, Lorenzo? not
For *Esculapian*, but for *moral* aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in *time*, it may be poor;
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what its worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher aim'd, still nearer the great *mark*
Of men and angels; virtue more divine.
Is this our *duty*, *wisdom*, *glory*, *gain*?
(These Heaven benign in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire? *Amusement* reigns
Man's great demand: to trifle, is to live:
And is it then a trifle, too, to die?
Thou say'st I *preach*, Lorenzo! 'tis confest.

What if, for once, I preach thee quite *awake?*
Who wants *amusement* in the flame of battle?
Is it not treason to the soul *immortal,*
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize?
Will toys amuse, when medicines cannot cure?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands, and cities with their glittering spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there?
Will toys amuse? No: thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.
Redeem we time?—Its loss we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports?
He pleads *time's* numerous *blanks;* he loudly pleads
The straw-like *trifles* on life's common stream.
From whom those *blanks* and *trifles,* but from *thee?*
No *blank,* no *trifle,* Nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or *purpos'd* virtue, still be thine;
This cancels thy complaint at once. *This* leaves
In *act* no *trifle,* and no *blank* in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalizes all;
This, the blest art of turning all to gold;
This the *good* heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours;
Immense revenue! every moment *pays,*
If nothing more than *purpose* in thy power;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed:
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Our *outward* act indeed admits restraint;
'T is not in things o'er *thought* to domineer;
Guard well thy thought; our thoughts are heard in Heaven.
On all important *time,* through every age,
Though much, and warm, the wise have urg'd; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
"*I've lost a day*"—the prince who nobly cried
Had been an emperor without his crown;
Of Rome? say, rather, lord of human race:
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind,
So should all speak: So *Reason* speaks in all:
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrensy fly,
For rescue from the *blessing* we possess?
Time the supreme!—Time is Eternity;
Pregnant with all eternity can give;
Pregnant with all that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only *not* ador'd.
Ah! how unjust to Nature and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless; inconsistent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
Art, brainless *Art!* our furious charioteer
(For *Nature's* voice unstifled would recall)
Drives headlong towards the precipice of death;
Death, most our dread; death *thus* more dreadful made:
O what a riddle of absurdity!
Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot wheels;
How heavily we drag the load of life!
Blest leisure is our curse; like *that of Cain,*
It makes us wander; wander Earth around
To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement;
The next amusement mortgages our fields;
Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
From hateful *Time* if prisons set us free.
Yet when *Death* kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age;
Behold him, when past by; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
Leave to thy foes these errours, and these ills;
To Nature just, their *cause* and *cure* explore.
Not short Heaven's bounty, boundless our expense;
No niggard, Nature; men are prodigals.
We *waste,* not *use* our time; we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life,
And *bare existence,* man, to *live* ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since *Time* was given for use, not waste,
Injoin'd to fly; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure: waste, a pain;
That man might *feel* his errour, if unseen:
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not, blundering, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts; such by Heaven design'd;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments, and without employ
The soul is on a rack; the rack of *rest,*
To souls most adverse; action all their joy.
Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds;
Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle, with *great Nature's plan;*
We thwart the Deity; and 't is decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom-broil;
We push *Time* from us, and we wish him back:
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life; [shun:
Life we think long, and short; *Death* seek, and
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
Oh the dark days of vanity! while here,
How tasteless! and how terrible, when gone!
Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still;
The spirit walks of every day deceased;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time *past,*
And time *possest,* both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
Time *us'd.* The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He *walks with Nature;* and her paths are peace.
Our errour's cause and cure are seen: See next
Time's *nature, origin, importance, speed;*
And thy great *gain* from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on *Time* as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 't is fortune's—Time's a god.
Hast *thou* ne'er heard of *Time's* omnipotence;
For, or *against,* what wonders he can do!
And *will:* to stand blank *neuter* he disdains.

Not on *those terms* was *Time* (Heaven's stranger!) sent
On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo! no: On the long-destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the Dread Sire, on emanation bent,
And big with Nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then *Time* was born),
By Godhead streaming through a thousand worlds;
Not on *those terms*, from the great days of Heaven,
From old Eternity's mysterious orb,
Was *Time* cut off, and cast beneath the skies;
The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children, play,
Like numerous wings around him, as he flies:
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his antient rest,
And join anew *Eternity*, his sire;
In his *immutability* to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles *now*, unhing'd
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To *timeless* night and chaos, whence they rose.
Why spur the speedy? Why with lenities
New wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight?
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done?
Man flies from *Time*, and *Time* from man; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end;
And then, where are we? where, Lorenzo! then
Thy sports? thy pomps?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious; in the *muffled* shroud,
Thy Parian tomb's *triumphant arch* beneath.
Has *Death* his fopperies? Then well may *Life*
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.
Ye *well-array'd!* ye lilies of our land!
Ye lilies *male!* who neither toil, nor spin,
(As sister lilies *might*) if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight!
Ye *delicate!* who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the Sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo; silky-soft
Favonius breathe still softer, or be chid;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms!
O ye Lorenzos of our age! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a misery
Not made for feeble man! who call aloud
For every bawble drivel'd o'er by sense;
For rattles, and conceits of every cast,
For change of follies, and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's *day*—say, sages! say,
Wit's oracles! say, dreamers of gay dreams!
How will you weather an *eternal night*,
Where such expedients fail? [sleep
O treacherous *Conscience!* while she seems to
On *rose* and *myrtle*, lull'd with syren song;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong *appetite* the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to *licence*, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes every fault,
And her dread diary with horrour fills.
Not the gross *act* alone employs her pen;
She reconnoitres *Fancy's* airy band,
A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And steals our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable *time*
Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
Writes our whole history: which *Death* shall read
In every pale delinquent's private ear;
And *Judgment* publish; publish to more worlds
Than this; and endless age in groans resound.
Lorenzo, *such* that *sleeper* in thy breast!
Such is her slumber; and her vengeance *such*
For slighted counsel; *such* thy future peace!
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise *too soon?*
But why on *time* so lavish is my song?
On this great *theme* kind *Nature* keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew: each day, a life!
And shall we kill each day? If *trifling* kills;
Sure *Vice* must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us! *Time* destroy'd
Is *suicide*, where more than *blood* is spilt.
Time flies, Death urges, knells call, Heaven invites,
Hell threatens: All exerts; in effort, all;
More than creation labours!—labours *more?*
And is there in creation what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch,
And ardent energy, supinely yawns?
Man sleeps; and *man* alone; and *man*, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze shaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles; drops! and *man*, for whom
All else is in alarm! *man*, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—Throw *years* away?
Throw *empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize;
Heaven's on their wing: a moment we may wish,
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid *Day* stand still,
Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
The period past, re-give the given hour.
Lorenzo, *more* than miracles we want;
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come!
Such is the language of the man *awake*;
His ardour such, for what *oppresses* thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo? No;
That *more* than miracle the gods indulge;
To-day is *yesterday* return'd; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate;
Nor, like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume? fly off
Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd?
More wretched for the clemencies of Heaven?
Where shall I find *him?* Angels! tell me where.
You know him: he is near you: point him out:
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers?
Your golden wings, *now* hovering o'er him, shed
Protection; now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight! lord of fate!
That awful independent on *to morrow!*
Whose *work is done*; who triumphs in the *past*;
Whose *yesterdays* look backwards with a smile;

Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly;
That common, but opprobrious lot! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd;
All god-like passion for eternals quencht;
All relish of realities expir'd;
Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies;
Our freedom chain'd; quite wingless our desire;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar;
Prone to the centre; crawling in the dust;
Dismounted every great and glorious aim;
Embruted every faculty divine;
Heart-bury'd in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd:
Though we from *Earth*; *ethereal*, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man.
Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this *escutcheon'd* world,
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night;
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud?
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink; and *are* what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is Death at distance? No: he has been on thee,
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: how fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world 's blown up *to thee*;
The Sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

'T is greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to Heaven;
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men *experience* call;
If *wisdom's* friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them! Kind *Experience* cries,
"There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain;
And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor is it only thus, but *must* be so.
Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child.
Loose then from Earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes?
Since by *life's* passing breath, blown up from Earth,
Light as the summer's dust, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till Earth herself shall be no more;
Since *then* (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore amaz'd, from out Earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controller of the skies!)
As man's despotic will, perhaps *one* hour,
(O how omnipotent is time!) decrees;
Should not each *warning* give a strong alarm?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead!
Should not each *dial* strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the *written wall*, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
Ere-while high-flusht with insolence and wine?
Like *that*, the dial speaks; and points to thee,
Lorenzo! loth to break thy banquet up:
"O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee;
And, while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Its silent language such: nor need'st thou call
Thy *Magi*, to decypher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls:
Dost ask, *How? Whence?* Belshazzar-like, amaz'd?
Man's make encloses the sure seeds of death;
Life feeds the murderer: Ingrate! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.

But here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies;
That *solar shadow*, as it measures life,
It life resembles too: life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth:
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time:
As *these* are useless when the Sun is set:
So *those*, but when more glorious *reason* shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'T is later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington goes slower than the Sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
E'en age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the spring;
And turn our blessing into bane. Since oft
Man must *compute* that age he cannot *feel*,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest;
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

On *this*, or similar, Philander! thou
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue;
And strong, to wield all science, worth the name;
How often we talk'd down the summer's Sun,
And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream!
How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck out latent truth,
Best found, so sought; to the *recluse* more coy!
Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the *lip*;
Clean runs the thread; if not 't is thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song;
Song, fashionably fruitless; such as stains
The *fancy*, and unhallow'd *passion* fires;
Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.

Know'st thou, Lorenzo! what a friend contains?
As bees *mixt nectar* draw from fragrant flowers,
So men from friendship, *wisdom* and *delight*;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroach?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the Sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied;
Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's criterion too!

Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross;
When coin'd in word, we know its *real* worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use:
'Twill buy thee benefit; perhaps renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possest;
Teaching, we learn; and, giving, we retain
The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
Brightens, for ornament; and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tomes,
And rusted in; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech;
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue!
'T is thought's exchange, which, like th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool,
In *contemplation* is his proud resource?
'T is poor, as proud, by *converse* unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in *contemplation's* field;
Converse, the menagé, breaks it to the bitt
Of due restraint; and *emulation's* spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'T is converse qualifies for solitude;
As exercise, for salutary rest.
By that untutor'd, *Contemplation* raves;
And *Nature's* fool, by *Wisdom* is undone.
Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of *happiness*?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an *undivided* joy,
Joy is an import; joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists: it calls for *two*;
Rich fruit! Heaven-planted! never pluckt by *one*.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To *social* man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight:
Delight intense is taken by rebound;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.
Celestial *Happiness*, whene'er she stoops
To visit Earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent Heaven—the bosom of a friend;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit; in *passion's* flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in *reason*; passion's foe:
Virtue alone entenders us for life:
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever:
Of *Friendship's* fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is *virtue* kindling at a rival fire,
And, *emulously*, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity! endearing strife!
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity. [themes,
From *Friendship*, which outlives my former
Glorious survivor of old *Time* and *Death*;
From Friendship, thus, that flower of heavenly seed;
The wise extract Earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian *flower*?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at *home*.
Lorenzo! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the *great*,
None clings more obstinate than fancy, fond
That sacred Friendship is their easy prey;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile.
Their smiles, the *great*, and the *coquet*, throw out
For others hearts, tenacious of their own;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers! Ye powers of wealth!
Can gold gain friendship? Impudence of hope!
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo! pride repress; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase; few the price will pay;
And this makes friends such miracles below.
What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I show thee friendship delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die?
Reserve will wound it; and *distrust*, destroy.
Deliberate in all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
First, on thy friend, deliberate with thyself;
Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen; fixing, fix;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend; but nobler far for thee;
How gallant danger for Earth's highest prize!
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
"Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
So sung he, (angels hear that angels sing!
Angels from friendship gather half their joy)
So sung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich *ichor*, in the generous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.
Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship *new*
(Not such was his) is neither strong, nor pure.
O! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side,
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down;
All social virtues rising in his soul;
As crystal clear; and smiling as they rise!
Here nectar flows; it sparkles in our sight;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart:
High-flavour'd bliss for gods! on Earth how rare!
On Earth how *lost!*—Philander is no more.
Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song?
Am I too warm? Too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight!
His flight Philander took; his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius!) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter; prudent foes forbear;
Rivals scarce damn; and Zoilus reprieve.

Yet what I can, I must; it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung!
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawak'd,
Painim or *Christian*; to the blush of wit
Man's highest triumph! man's profoundest fall!
The *death-bed* of the just! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand! it merits a divine:
Angels should paint it, angels ever *there*;
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.
Dare I presume, then? but Philander bids;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls—
Yet am I struck; as struck the soul, beneath
Aërial *groves'* impenetrable gloom;
Or, in some mighty *ruin's* solemn shade;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on *high-born dust*,
In vaults; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings;
Or, at the midnight *altar's* hallow'd flame.
Is it religion to proceed? I pause—
And enter, aw'd, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed? No: it is his shrine:
Behold him, there, just rising to a god.
The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of *virtuous* life, quite in the verge of Heaven.
Fly, ye profane! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
For, *here*, resistless demonstration dwells;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd *dissimulation* drops her masque,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real, and apparent, are the same.
You see the *man*; you see his hold on Heaven;
If sound his virtue; as Philander's sound.
Heaven waits not the last moment; owns her friends
On this side death; and points them out to men,
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death!
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander! he severely frown'd on thee.
"No warning given! Unceremonious Fate!
A sudden rush from life's meridian joy!
A wrench from all we *love!* from all we *are!*
A restless bed of pain! a plunge opaque
Beyond conjecture! feeble *Nature's* dread!
Strong *Reason's* shudder at the dark unknown!
A sun extinguisht! a just-opening grave!
And Oh! the last, last, what? (can words express?
Thought reach it?) the last—*silence* of a friend!"
Where are those horrours, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which *singly* shock,
Demand from man?—I thought him man till *now*.
Through Nature's wreck, through vanquisht
agonies, [gloom)
(Like the stars struggling through this midnight
What gleams of joy? what more than human peace!
Where, the frail mortal? the poor abject worm?
No, not in death, the *mortal* to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all;
Richer than *Mammon's* for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime; and closes with his fate.
How our hearts burnt within us at the scene;
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fixt to man?
His God sustains him in his final hour!
His final hour brings glory to his God!
Man's glory Heaven vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep; mixt tears of grief, of joy!
Amazement strikes! devotion bursts to flame!
Christians adore! and *Infidels* believe.
As some tall tower, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the Sun, illustrious, from its height;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps and darkness, drown the spacious vale;
Undampt by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,
At that black hour, which general horrour sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng:
Sweet *Peace*, and heavenly *Hope*, and humble *Joy*,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre bright.

NIGHT THE THIRD.

NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE THE DUTCHESS OF PORTLAND.

Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.
—— VIRG.

FROM *dreams*, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To *reason*, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.
O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude, to be alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our *reason*, *guardian angel*, and our *God!*
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote, *but* these.
How dreadful, *then*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! unapprov'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy breast;
To win thy wish, creation has no more.
Or if we wish a *fourth*, it is a friend—
But friends, how mortal, dangerous the desire!
Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards!
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head;
And reeling through the wilderness of joy;
Where *sense* runs savage, broke from *reason's* chain!
And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike; unlike my song;
Unlike the deity my song invokes.
I to *Day's* soft-ey'd sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival[1]) and her aid implore;
Now first implor'd in succour to the *Muse*.
Thou, who didst lately borrow Cynthia's form [1],
And modestly forego thine own! O thou,
Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire!
Say, why not Cynthia patroness of song?
As thou her crescent, she thy character
Assumes; still more a goddess by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute
This revolution in the world *inspir'd*?
Ye train Pierian! to the *lunar* sphere,
In silent hour, address your ardent call
For aid immortal; less her brother's right.

[1] At the duke of Norfolk's masquerade.

She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,
A strain for gods, denied to mortal ear.
Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of Heaven!
What title, or what name, endears the most!
Cynthia! Cyllenè! Phœbe! or dost hear
With higher gust, fair Portland of the skies!
Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
More powerful than of old Circean charm?
Come; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The soul of song, and whisper in my ear
The theft divine; or in propitious dreams [breast
(For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the
Of thy first votary.—But not thy last;
If, like thy *namesake*, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be; kind on such a theme;
A theme so like thee, a quite *lunar* theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair!
A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
'Twas *night*; on her fond hopes perpetual night;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb.
Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluster; rare are *solitary* woes;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel;
Her death invades *his* mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my lids for him:
Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he *more* than causes, he confounds;
For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
And make distress, distraction. Oh Philander!
What was thy fate? A double fate to me;
Portent, and pain! a menace, and a blow!
Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.
It call'd Narcissa long before her hour;
It call'd her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.
Sweet harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy *here*) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfixt by *fate* (who loves a lofty mark),
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguisht in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravisht ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling through my heart!
Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy; this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of Paradise,
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel and present it to the skies; as all
We guess of Heaven: and *these* were all her own,
And she was mine; and I was—*was!*—most blest—
Gay title of the deepest misery!
As bodies grow more ponderous, robb'd of life;
Good lost weighs more in grief, than gain'd in joy,
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there,
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep;
Our tears *indulg'd* indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.
Soon as the lustre languisht in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat; and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw, (and who would cease to gaze,
That once had seen?) with haste, parental haste
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid North,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the Sun; the Sun
(As if the Sun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies, not so fair!
Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives!
In morn and evening dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the Sun; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush (*mine* excepted) every fair;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coeval race with man! for man you smile!
Why not smile *at* him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass; but not his constant pain.
So man is made; nought ministers delight,
By what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture? Bold man! who tempt'st the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While *here*, presuming on the rights of Heaven.
For transport dost thou call on every hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expense, be wise;
Lean not on Earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed, at best; but oft, a spear;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.
Turn, hopeless thought! turn from her:—
Thought repell'd
Resenting rallies, and wakes every woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy fresh opening joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!
And on a foreign shore; where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness, wept: their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears! strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of Nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
While *Nature* melted, *Superstition* rav'd;
That mourn'd the dead; and *this* denied a grave.
Their sighs indens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the *tiger* suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
For, oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
While *sinful flesh* relented, *spirit* burst
In blind *infallibility's* embrace,
The *sainted spirit* petrify'd the breast;
Denied the charity of dust, to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What succour? What resource?
With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, *whisper'd* my last sigh.

I *whisper'd* what should echo through their realms;
Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While Nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my prayer;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stampt the curst soil; and with humanity
(Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.
Glows my resentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this Heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine!
This Heaven-assum'd majestic robe of Earth,
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloth'd the Sun in gold.
When every passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us every motive that can melt;
When man can wreak his rancour *uncontrol'd*,
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
Then, spleen to *dust*? the dust of innocence?
An angel's dust?—This Lucifer transcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.
For less than this is shocking in a race
Most *wretched*, but from streams of mutual love;
And *uncreated*, but for love divine,
And, but for love divine, this moment *lost*,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favours he confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou, pale Moon! turn paler at the sound;
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanoes bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heaven's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
That hideous sight, a *naked* human heart.
Fir'd is the Muse? And let the Muse be fir'd:
Who not inflam'd, when what he speaks, he feels,
And in the nerve most tender, in his friends?
Shame to mankind! Philander had his foes:
He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.
But he, nor I, feel more: past ills, Narcissa!
Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart!
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs;
Pangs numerous, as the numerous ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clustering there
Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd?
An aspic, each! and all, an hydra woe:
What strong Herculean virtue could suffice?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews;
And each tear mourns its own *distinct* distress;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like *this* proprietors excludes:
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore;
They make mankind the mourner; carry sighs
Far as the fatal *Fame* can wing her way;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.
The vale of death! that hush'd Cimmerian vale,
Where *darkness*, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day!) that interdicts all future change!
That subterranean world, that land of ruin!
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought!
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balsamic truths and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, *here*.
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
My soul! "The fruits of dying friends survey;
Expose the *vain* of life; weigh life and death;
Give death his eulogy; thy fear subdue;
And labour that first palm of noble minds,
A manly scorn of terrour from the tomb."
This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave.
As poet's feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscrib'd, a mournful flower;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And *first*, of dying friends; what fruit from these?
It brings us more than triple aid; an aid
To chase our *thoughtlessness*, *fear*, *pride* and *guilt*.
Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours; and abate
That glare of life which often blinds the wise,
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terrour and abhorrence Nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as *safe*, our port from every storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aërial heights,
And, dampt with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim Earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?
Lorenzo! no; the thought of death indulge;
Give it its wholesome empire! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy!
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast:
Auspicious era! golden days, begin!
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death? Is life the theme
Of every thought? and wish of every hour?
And song of every joy? Surprising truth!
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the numerous *ills* that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His *luxuries* have left him no reserve,

No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights;
On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless *present* chews the *past*;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on *arts*, and *glean* their former field.
Live ever here, Lorenzo!—shocking thought!
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light?
For what live ever here?—With labouring step
To tread our former footsteps? Pace the round
Eternal? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new? To beat, and beat
The beaten track? To bid each wretched day
The former mock? To surfeit on the *same*,
And yawn our joys? Or thank a misery
For change, though sad? To see what we have seen?
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale?
To taste the tasted, and at each return
Less tasteful? O'er our palates to decant
Another vintage? Strain a fatter year,
Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone?
Crazy machines to grind Earth's wasted fruits!
Ill-ground, and worse concocted! Load, not life!
The *rational* foul kennels of excess!
Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch!
Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch'd the bowl.
Such of our *fine-ones* is the wish refin'd!
So would they have it: elegant desire!
Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds?
But such examples might their riot awe.
Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
(Though on *bright thought* they father all their flights)
To what are they reduc'd? To love, and hate
The same vain world; to censure, and espouse,
This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
Each moment of each day; to flatter bad
Through dread of worse? to cling to this rude rock,
Barren, *to them*, of good, and sharp with ills,
And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
Scar'd at the gloomy gulf, that yawns beneath.
Such are their triumphs! such their pangs of joy!
'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
This *hugg'd*, this *hideous* state, what art can cure?
One only; but that one, what all may reach;
Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess! charms
That *rock* to bloom; and tames the *painted shrew*;
And, what will more surprise, Lorenzo! gives
To life's sick, nauseous *iteration*, change;
And straitens Nature's circle to a line.
Believ'st thou this, Lorenzo? lend an ear,
A patient ear, thou 'lt blush to disbelieve.
A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
Of sight, smell, taste: the cuckow-seasons sing
The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
But what those seasons, from the teeming Earth,
To doating *sense* indulge. But nobler minds,
Which relish fruits unripen'd by the *Sun*,
Make their days various; various as the dyes
On the dove's neck, which wanton in *his* rays.
On minds of dove-like innocence possest,
On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing *old* revolves
In *that*, for which they long; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing; *new* strength, lustre, fame;
While Nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling *beneath* their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour;
Advancing *virtue*, in a line to *bliss*;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire!
And *bliss*, which Christian schemes alone ensure?
And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates; and turn infidels for joy?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
"He sins against *this* life, who slights the *next*."
What is this life? How few their favourite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Lov'd life unlovely; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
An end deplorable! a means divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing! worse than nought;
A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much:
Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd,
When courted least; most worth, when disesteem'd:
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important! awful!
Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!
Where now the *barren rock*? the *painted shrew*?
Where now, Lorenzo! life's *eternal round*?
Have I not made my triple promise good?
Vain *is* the world; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines?
Waxes, and wanes? (In all propitious, *night*
Assists me here) compare it to the Moon;
Dark in herself, and indigent; but rich
In *borrow'd* lustre from a higher sphere.
When gross guilt interposes, labouring Earth,
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy;
Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that font
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.
Nor is that glory distant: Oh Lorenzo!
A good man, and an angel! these between
How thin the barrier! what divides their fate?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods;
Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
Starts timid Nature at the gloomy pass?
The *soft transition* call it; and be cheer'd:
Such it is often, and why not to thee?
To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise;
And may itself *procure*, what it *presumes*.
Life is much flatter'd, Death is much traduc'd;
Compare the rivals, and the kinder crown.
"*Strange competition!*"—True, Lorenzo! strange!
So little *life* can cast into the scale.
Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim *life* peeps at light;
Death bursts th' involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembody'd power.
Death has feign'd evils, *Nature* shall not feel;
Life, ills substantial, *wisdom* cannot shun.
Is not the mighty *mind*, that son of Heaven!
By tyrant *life* dethron'd, imprison'd, pain'd?

By *Death* enlarg'd, enobled, deify'd?
Death but entombs the body; *life* the soul.
"Is *Death* then guiltless? How he marks his way
With dreadful waste of what deserves to shine!
Art, genius, fortune, elevated power!
With various lustres *these* light up the world,
Which *Death* puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, Lorenzo! this indictment just:
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror!
Death humbles these; more barbarous *life*, the *man*.
Life is the triumph of our mouldering clay;
Death, of the spirit infinite! divine!
Death has no dread, but what frail *life* imparts;
Nor *life* true joy, but what kind *death* improves.
No bliss has *life* to boast, till death can give
Far greater; *life*'s a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice! letting in eternal day.
Lorenzo! blush at *fondness* for a *life*,
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense; and serve at boards,
Where every ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feast! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemir'd!
Lorenzo! blush at *terrour* for a *death*,
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
And eternize, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more? O *Death*, the palm is thine.
Then welcome, Death! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age, and *disease*; disease, though long my guest;
That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
That call my few friends to my funeral;
Where feeble Nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While Reason and Religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life:
Lust and *ambition*, *wrath* and *avarice*,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not *immortal* too, O Death! is thine.
Our day of dissolution!—name it right;
'Tis our great pay-day; 'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe. What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain?
More than thy balm, O Gilead! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and *death*'s deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-tax'd Nature pays
For mighty gain: the gain of each, of life!
But O! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compar'd; *life* lives beyond the grave.
And feel I, *Death!* no joy from thought of thee?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With every nobler thought, and fairer deed!
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man!
Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns!
Death, that absolves my birth; a curse without it!
Rich *death*, that realizes all my cares,
Toils, virtues, hopes; without it a chimera!
Death, of all pain the period, not of joy;
Joy's *source*, and *subject*, still subsist unhurt:
One, in my soul; and one, in her great Sire;
Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
(To dust when drop proud Nature's proudest spheres)
And live *entire*. Death is the crown of life:
Were death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Were death denied, to live would not be life;
Were death denied, e'en fools would wish to die.
Death wounds to cure: we fall; we rise, we reign!
Spring from our fetters; fasten in the skies;
Where blooming Eden withers in our sight:
Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
This king of terrours is the prince of peace.
When shall I die to vanity, pain, death?
When shall I *die*?—When shall I live for ever?

NIGHT THE FOURTH.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH.

Containing our only Cure for the Fear of Death; and proper Sentiments of that inestimable Blessing.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR. YORKE.

A MUCH-indebted Muse, O Yorke! intrudes,
Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
Thine ear is patient of a serious song,—
How deep implanted in the breast of man
The dread of death! I sing its sovereign cure.
Why start at Death? Where is he? Death ar-
Is past; not come or gone, he 's never *here*. [riv'd,
Ere *hope*, *sensation* fails; black-boding man
Receives, not *suffers*, Death's tremendous blow.
The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrours of the living, not the dead.
Imagination's fool, and *errour*'s wretch,
Man makes a death, which Nature never made;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.
But were death frightful, what has *age* to fear?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.
I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger; every date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me? Look the world around,
And tell me what: the wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of women give his thought
Full range, on just *dislike*'s unbounded field;
Of things, the vanity; of men, the flaws;
Flaws in the *best*; the many, flaw all o'er;
As *leopards*, spotted, or, as Ethiops, dark;
Vivacious *ill*; *good* dying immature;
(How immature, Narcissa's marble tells!)
And at his death bequeathing endless pain;
His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs, for *future* scenes.
But grant to life (and just it is to grant
To *lucky* life) some perquisites of joy;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-rifled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our *comment* on the comedy,
Pleasing *reflections* on parts well sustain'd,
Or purpos'd *emendations* where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid Judge,
When on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss *Fortune* back her tinsel, and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.
With me, that time is come; my world is dead;
A new world rises, and new manners reign:
Foreign comedians, a spruce band! arrive,
To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
What a pert race starts up! the strangers gaze,
And hat them; my neighbour is unknown;

Nor that the worst: Ah me! the dire effect
Of loitering here, of death defrauded long;
Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
My very master knows me not.—
Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate?
I 've been so long remember'd, I 'm forgot.
An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardour to be seen.
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to morrow.
Refusal! canst thou wear a smoother form?
Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme:
Who cheapens life, abates the *fear of death*:
Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas! ambition makes my little less;
Embittering the possest. Why wish for more?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst;
Philosophy's reverse; and health's decay!
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a South-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant *hectic* of a fool;
Caught at a court; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet; gifts of rural life!
Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms:
And meditate on scenes, more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the *fear of death*.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager *ambition's* fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves, for rapine; as the fox, for wiles;
Till *Death*, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies,"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know
One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought e'en gold might come a day too late;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state;
Some avocation deeming it—to die,
Unbit by rage canine of *dying rich*;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of Hell.
O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!
Poor human ruins, tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With avarice and convulsions, grasping hard?
Grasping at air! for what has Earth beside?
Man wants but little; nor that little, long:
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal Nature lent him for an hour!
Years *unexperienc'd* rush on numerous ills;
And soon as man, *expert* from time, has found
The *key* of life, it opes the gates of death.
When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive: and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible, I live?
Alive by miracle! or, what is next,
Alive by Mead? if I am still alive,
Who long have buried what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more *shallow*, than *impure*
And *vapid*; *sense* and *reason* show the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.
O thou great arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and could know
No motive, but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing! with the *patriarch's* joy,
Thy call I follow to the land *unknown*;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life, or death, is equal; neither weighs:
All weight in this—O let me live to thee!
Though *Nature's* terrours, *thus*, may be represt;
Still frowns grim *Death*; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
And whence all human guilt? From death forgot.
Ah me! too long I set at nought the swarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew;
And smil'd, unsmitten: small my cause to smile!
Death's admonitions, like shafts upward shot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound;
O, think how deep, Lorenzo! here it stings:
Who can appease its anguish? how it burns!
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd, thought can draw?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace,
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb?
With joy,—with grief, that *healing hand* I see;
Ah! too conspicuous! it is fix'd on high.
On *high*?—What means my phrensy? I blaspheme;
Alas! how *low!* how far beneath the skies!
The skies it form'd; and now it bleeds for *me*—
But bleeds the balm I want—Yet still it *bleeds*;
Draw the dire steel—ah no! the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego!
There hangs all human hope; that nail supports
The falling universe: that gone, we drop;
Horrour receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness is his curtain, and his bed the dust;
When stars and Sun are dust beneath his throne!
In Heaven itself can such indulgence dwell?
O what a groan was there! a groan *not his*.
He seiz'd our dreadful right; the load sustain'd;
And heav'd the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, *so* bought, were bought too dear;
Sensations *new* in angels' bosoms rise;
Suspend their song! and make a pause in bliss.
O for *their* song; to reach my lofty theme!
Inspire me, *Night!* with all thy tuneful spheres;
Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes!
And show to men the dignity of man;

Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Shall *pagan* pages glow celestial flame,
And *Christian* languish? on our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy: my heart! awake.
What can awake thee, unawak'd by *this*,
"Expended deity on human weal?"
Feel the *great truths*, which burst the tenfold night
Of *heathen* errour, with a golden flood
Of endless day; to feel, is to be fir'd;
And to believe, Lorenzo! is to feel.
Thou most indulgent, most tremendous Power!
Still more tremendous, for thy wondrous love!
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands;
And foul transgression dips in sevenfold night!
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense!
In love immense, inviolably just!
Thou, rather than thy *justice* should be stain'd,
Didst stain the *cross*; and work of wonders far
The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.
Bold thought! shall I dare speak it, or repress?
Should man more *execrate*, or *boast*, the guilt
Which rous'd such vengeance? which such love
inflam'd? [arms,
O'er guilt (how mountainous!) with out-stretch'd
Stern *justice* and soft-smiling *love* embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem'd its majesty to need support,
Or *that*, or *man*, inevitably lost;
What, but the *fathomless* of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue *both*? both rescue! both exalt!
O how are both exalted by the *deed!*
The wondrous deed! or shall I call it *more*?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself!
A mystery no less to gods than men!
Not *thus*, our infidels the Eternal draw,
A God all o'er, consummate, absolute,
Full orb'd, in his whole round of rays complete:
They set at odds Heaven's jarring attributes;
And, with one excellence, another wound;
Maim Heaven's perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid *mercy* triumph over—God himself,
Undeified by their opprobrious praise:
A God *all* mercy, is a God unjust.
Ye brainless wits! ye baptiz'd infidels!
Ye worse for mending! wash'd to fouler stains!
The ransom was paid down; the fund of Heaven,
Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
Amazing, and amaz'd, pour'd forth the price,
All price beyond: though curious to compute,
Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum:
Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds *create*,
For ever hides, and glows, in the *Supreme*.
And was the ransom paid? it was: and paid
(What can exalt the bounty more?) for *you*.
The Sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot: midnight veil'd his face;
Not such as *this*; not such as Nature makes;
A *midnight* Nature shudder'd to behold;
A *midnight* new! a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? Or start
At that enormous load of human guilt, [cross;
Which bow'd his blessed head; o'erwhelm'd his
Made groan the centre; burst Earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs! deliver'd of her dead?
Hell howl'd; and Heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heaven wept, that men might smile! Heaven bled,
Might never die!—— [that man
And is devotion virtue? 'Tis *compell'd*,
What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these?
Such contemplations mount us; and should mount
The mind still higher; nor ever glance on man
Unraptur'd, uninflam'd.—Where roll my thoughts
To rest from wonders? other wonders rise;
And strike where'er they roll: my soul is caught:
Heaven's sovereign blessings, clustering from the
Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round, [cross,
The prisoner of amaze!—in his blest *life*
I see the *path*, and in his *death* the *price*,
And in his great *ascent* the *proof* supreme
Of immortality.—And did he rise?
Hear, O ye nations! hear it, O ye dead!
He rose! he rose! he burst the bars of death.
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who left
His throne of glory, for the pang of death!
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? he who slew
The ravenous foe, that gorg'd all human race!
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumin'd, wilder'd in the theme.
The theme, the joy, how then shall *man* sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd
throne! [Heaven!
Last gasp! of vanquish'd Death. Shout Earth and
This *sum of good* to man. *Whose* nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb!
Then, then, I rose; then first *humanity*
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seiz'd eternal youth,
Seiz'd in *our* name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality [ration
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and Heaven's du-
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust—Man, all immortal! hail;
Hail, Heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.
Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount! Alas! small cause for joy?
What if to pain immortal? if extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd,
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in Heaven's indulgent sight.
If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in Heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierc'd his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who strive, who combat crimes, to drink, and live:
This, only *this*, subdues the *fear of death*.
And what is *this*?—Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
"Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon
Through means that speak its value infinite!
A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
With blood divine of him I made my foe!
Persisted to provoke! though woo'd, and aw'd,
Blest, and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne!
Nor I alone! a rebel universe!
My species up in arms! not one exempt!

Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies,
Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt!
As if our race were held of highest rank;
And godhead dearer, as more kind to man!"
Bound, every heart! and every bosom, burn!
O what a scale of miracles is here!
Its lowest round, high planted on the skies;
Its towering summit lost beyond the thought
Of man or angel! O that I could climb
The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
Praise! flow for ever (if astonishment
Will give thee leave:) my praise! for ever flow;
Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high Heaven
More fragrant, than Arabia sacrific'd,
And all her spicy mountains in a flame.
So dear, so due to Heaven, shall *praise* descend,
With her soft plume (from *plausive* angel's wing
First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,
Thus diving in the pockets of the great?
Is *praise* the perquisite of every paw,
Though black as Hell, that grapples well for gold?
Oh love of gold! thou meanest of amours!
Shall *praise* her odours waste on virtue's dead,
Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,
Earn dirty bread by washing Æthiops fair,
Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,
A scavenger in *scenes*, where *vacant* posts,
Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect
Their future ornaments? From courts and thrones,
Return, apostate *Praise!* thou vagabond!
Thou prostitute! to thy first love return,
Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd theme.
There flow redundant; like Meander flow,
Back to thy fountain; to that Parent Power,
Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,
The soul to *be*. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee,
Great Sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing:
To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!
Man's Author! End! Restorer! Law! and Judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of *night*,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What, Heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not praise be thine, not human praise?
While Heaven's high host on *hallelujahs* live?
O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of Hell, *great love!* by thee,
O most adorable! most unador'd! [end?
Where shall thy praise begin, which ne'er should
Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
How is *night's* sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine! [pomp,
What *wisdom* shines! what *love!* this midnight
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profusion: thou, apart,
Above! beyond! O tell me, mighty Mind!
Where art thou? Shall I dive into the *deep?*
Call to the *Sun*, or ask the roaring *winds*,
For their Creator? Shall I question loud
The *thunder*, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds he furious *storms* in straiten'd reins,
And bids fierce *whirlwinds* wheel his rapid car?
What mean these questions? Trembling, I retract;
My prostrate soul adores the *present* God:
Praise I a distant deity? He tunes
My voice (if tun'd; the nerve, that writes, sustains:
Wrapt in his Being, I resound his praise:
But though past *all* diffus'd, without a shore,
His essence; *local* is his throne (as meet),
To gather the disperst (as standards call
The listed from afar): to fix a point,
A central point, collective of his sons,
Since *finite* every nature but his own.
The nameless *He*, whose nod is *Nature's* birth;
And *Nature's* shield, the shadow of his hand;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile!
The great *First-Last!* pavilion'd high he sits,
In darkness from excessive splendour borne,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrours; he looks down
On all that soars; and spans immensity.
Though *night* unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundless creation! what art thou? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his majesty:
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter, in dust and sin, the theme of Heaven?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glittering ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay;
Goes out in darkness: if, on towering wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars!
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to *thee*,
Great! good! wise! wonderful! eternal King!
If to those *conscious stars* thy throne around,
Praise ever-pouring, and imbibing bliss;
And ask their strain; they want it, *more* they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.
Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone;
Their vast appointments reach it not: they see
On Earth a bounty not indulg'd on high;
And *downward* look for Heaven's superior praise!
First-born of ether! high in fields of light!
View man, to see the glory of your God!
Could angels envy, they had envied *here;*
And some *did* envy; and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods *unredeem'd* (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies)
They less would *feel*, though more adorn, my theme.
They sung *Creation* (for in that they shar'd):
How rose in melody, that child of love!
Creation's great superior, man! is thine;
Thine is *redemption;* they just gave the key:
'Tis thine to raise, and eternize, the song;
Though human, yet divine; for should not *this*
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs *here?*
Redemption! 'twas creation more sublime;
Redemption! 'twas the labour of the skies;
Far *more* than labour—It was *death* in Heaven.
A truth so strange! 't were bold to think it true;
If not far bolder still to disbelieve! [ven?
Here pause, and ponder: was there death in Hea-
What then on Earth? On Earth, which struck the blow?
Who struck it? Who?—O how is *man* enlarg'd
Seen through this medium! how the pigmy towers!
How counterpois'd his origin from dust!
How counterpois'd, to dust his sad return!
How voided his vast distance from the skies!
How near he presses on the seraph's wing!

Which is the seraph? Which the born of clay?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condens'd, the son of Heaven!
The *double* son; the made, and the re-made!
And shall Heaven's double property be lost?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding cross has promis'd *all*;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace;
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny?
O ye! who, from this *rock of ages*, leap,
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep!
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our interest in the master of the storm!
Cling *there*, and in wreck'd Nature's ruin *smile*;
While vile apostates *tremble* in a calm.
Man! know thyself. All wisdom centres there:
To none man seems ignoble, but to man;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire:
How long shall human nature be *their* book,
Degenerate mortal! and *unread* by thee?
The beam dim *reason* sheds shows wonders there;
What high contents! Illustrious faculties!
But the grand *comment*, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By Heaven compos'd, was publish'd on the *cross*.
Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful stranger, a terrestrial god?
A glorious partner with the Deity?
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm;
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, Eternity! at thee;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys:
How chang'd the face of Nature! how improv'd!
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden; heighten'd all!
It is another scene! another self!
And still another, as time rolls along;
And that a *self* far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray.
What evolutions of surprising fate!
How Nature opens, and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought! where gods
Encounter and embrace me! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the Sun;
Where what how charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
Old time, and fair *creation*, are forgot!
Is this extravagant? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just:
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him:
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's aweful fountain: pour'd himself
Through all their souls; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' aspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded; and when past
Their various trials in their various spheres,
If they *continue* rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.
Why doubt we, then, the *glorious truth* to sing,
Though yet *unsung*, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold?
Angels are men of a superior kind;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
Angels their failings, mortals have their praise;
While *here*, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the *glorious standard* soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our *brothers* thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent; but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles; Raphael sung
Our triumphs; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the Sovereign: and are these, O man!
Thy friends, thy warm allies? and thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder!) rival to the brute?
Religion 's All. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left,
Holds out *this* world, and, in her right, the *next*;
Religion! the sole voucher man is man;
Supporter sole of man above himself;
E'en in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion! Providence! an after-state!
Here is firm footing; *here* is solid rock!
This can support us; all is sea besides;
Sinks under us; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids Earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.
As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocation damps,
And dungeon-horrours, by kind fate, discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change;
So joys the soul, when, from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts
To *reason's* region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.
Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee! *There* shine
The noblest truths; *there* strongest motives sting;
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There, nothing but *compulsion* is forborne.
Can love allure us; or can terrour awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the Sun;
He sighs—the sigh Earth's deep foundation shakes.
If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can prayer, can praise, avert it?—Thou, my *All!*
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, e'en to me;
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!
What then art thou? by what name shall I call
Knew I the name devout archangels use, [thee?
Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
By me unrival'd; thousands more sublime,
None half so dear, as that, which, though unspoke,
Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
Is lost in love! Thou great philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleas'd, by bounty to distress!

To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to distance all return!
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
Thy right, too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
But since the naked *will* obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise *unpaid*,
And future life symphonious to my strain,
(That noblest hymn to Heaven!) for ever lie
Intomb'd my *fear of death!* and every fear,
The dread of every evil, but thy frown.
Whom see I, yonder, so demurely smile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rest.
Ye quietists, in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence; who *halt* indeed;
But, for the blessing, *wrestle* not with Heaven!
Think you my song too turbulent? too warm?
Are *passions*, then, the pagans of the soul!
Reason alone baptiz'd? alone *ordain'd*
To touch things sacred? Oh for warmer still!
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers;
Oh for an humbler heart! and prouder song!
Thou, my much-injur'd theme! with that soft eye
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.
Oh ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists!
On such a theme, 't is impious to be calm;
Passion is reason, transport temper, *here*.
Shall Heaven, which gave us ardour, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors, preach;
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise?
Rise odours sweet from incense *uninflam'd?*
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to Heaven;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung;
High Heaven's *orchestra* chaunts *amen* to man.
Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of Heaven,
Soft-wafted on celestial *pity's* plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom?
Oh when will *Death* (now stingless), like a friend,
Admit me of their choir? O when will *Death*
This mouldering, old, partition-wall throw down?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode?
Oh Death divine! that giv'st us to the skies!
Great *future!* glorious patron of the *past*,
And *present!* when shall I thy shrine adore?
From Nature's *continent*, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little *isle of life*,
This dark, incarcerated *colony*,
Divides us. Happy day! that breaks our chain;
That manumits; that calls from exile home;
That leads to Nature's great *metropolis*,
And re-admits us, through the *guardian* hand
Of elder brothers, to our *Father's* throne;
Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows *that* tender name.
'T is this makes *Christian triumph* a command:
'T is this makes joy a *duty* to the wise;
'T is impious in a good man to be sad.
See thou, Lorenzo! where hangs all our hope?
Touch'd by the *cross*, we live; or, *more* than die;
That *touch* which touch'd not angels; more divine
Than that which touch'd confusion into form,
And darkness into glory; partial *touch!*
Ineffably pre-eminent regard!
Sacred to man, and sovereign through the whole
Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs
From Heaven through all duration, and supports
In one illustrious and amazing plan,
Thy welfare, *Nature!* and thy God's renown;
That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul
Diseas'd, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
Turns Earth to Heaven, to heavenly thrones trans-
The ghastly ruins of the mouldering tomb. [forms
Dost ask me when? When he who died returns;
Returns, how chang'd! Where then the man of woe?
In glory's terrours all the Godhead burns;
And all his courts, exhausted by the tide
Of deities triumphant in his train,
Leave a stupendous solitude in Heaven;
Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase
Of pomp, and multitude; a radiant band
Of angels new; of angels from the *tomb*.
Is this my fancy thrown remote; and rise
Dark doubts between the promise and event?
I send thee not to volumes for thy cure;
Read Nature; Nature is a friend to truth;
Nature is *Christian;* preaches to mankind;
And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.
Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight?
Th' illustrious stranger, passing, terrour sheds
On gazing nations; from his fiery train
Of length enormous, takes his ample round
Through depths of ether; coasts unnumber'd worlds,
Of more than solar glory; doubles wide
Heaven's mighty cape; and then revisits Earth,
From the long travel of a thousand years.
Thus, at the destin'd period, shall return
He, once on Earth, who bids the comet blaze:
And, with him, *all* our triumph o'er the tomb.
Nature is dumb on this important point;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct; e'en *adders* hear:
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of Death,
To break the shock blind *Nature* cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the further shore.
Death's terrour is the mountain *faith* removes;
That mountain barrier between man and peace.
'T is *faith* disarms destruction; and absolves
From every clamorous charge, the guiltless tomb.
Why disbelieve? Lorenzo!—"*Reason* bids,
All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame:
All-sacred *reason!* source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on Earth, or Earth above!
My heart is thine: deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp'd
On passive Nature, before thought was born?
My birth's blind bigot! fir'd with *local* zeal!
No; *Reason* re-baptiz'd me when adult;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale;
My heart became the convert of my head,
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
"On argument alone my faith is built:"
Reason pursu'd is *faith;* and unpursued
Where proof invites, 't is reason, then, no more:
And such our *proof*, That, or our *faith* is *right*,
Or *Reason* lies, and Heaven design'd it *wrong:*
Absolve we this? What, then, is blasphemy?

Fond as we are, and justly fond, of *faith*,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair *faith* is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When *faith* is virtue, *reason* makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason *yours*:
'T is *reason* our great *Master* holds so dear;
'T is *reason's* injur'd rights his wrath resents;
'T is *reason's* voice obey'd his glories crown;
To give lost *reason* life, he pour'd his own:
Believe, and show the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb:
Through *reason's* wounds alone thy *faith* can die;
Which dying, tenfold terrour gives to death,
And dips in *venom* his twice-mortal sting.
Learn hence what honours, what loud *pæans*, due
To those, who push our *antidote* aside;
Those boasted friends to *reason*, and to *man*,
Whose fatal love stabs every joy, and leaves
Death's terrour heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
These pompous sons of *reason* idoliz'd
And vilified at once; of *reason* dead,
Then deify'd, as monarchs were of old;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow?
While *love of truth* through all their camp resounds,
They draw *pride's* curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, *call'd* argument;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
"Behold the Sun:" and, Indian-like, adore.
Talk they of *morals*? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of *new* morals to mankind!
The *grand* morality is love of thee.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)
As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.
A Christian is the highest style of man:
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight:
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief or wonder, who can tell?
Ye sold to sense! ye citizens of Earth!
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain?
Behold the picture of Earth's happiest man:
"He calls his wish, it comes; he sends it back,
And says, he call'd another; that arrives,
Meets the same welcome; yet he still calls on;
Till *one* calls him, who varies not his call,
But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,
Till Nature dies, and judgment sets him free;
A freedom far less welcome than his chain."
But grant man happy; grant him happy long;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career:
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud!
Where is the fable of thy former years?
Thrown down the gulf of time; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanc'd
By strides as swift: Eternity is all;
And whose Eternity? Who triumphs there?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss!
For ever basking in the Deity!
Lorenzo! who?—Thy conscience shall reply.
O give it leave to speak; 't will speak ere long,
Thy leave unask'd: Lorenzo! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild.
By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is deposited with man's *last hour*;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust:
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity;
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds;
Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made;
Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Smother'd with errours, and opprest with toys,
That Heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
But, from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
Like him they fable under Ætna whelm'd,
The goddess bursts, in thunder, and in flame;
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
Dark *demons* I discharge, and hydra stings;
The keen vibration of bright *truth*—is Hell:
Just definition! though by schools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth! peruse this parson'd page,
And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest;
"Men may *live* fools, but fools they cannot *die*."

NIGHT THE FIFTH.

THE RELAPSE.

TO THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF LITCHFIELD.

Lorenzo! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
Praise no man e'er deserv'd, who sought no more.
As just thy *second charge*. I grant the *Muse*
Has often blush't at her degenerate sons,
Retain'd by *sense* to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd:
As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
'T was given, to make a *civet* of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.
The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause,
We wear the chains of *pleasure* and of *pride*.
These share the man; and these distract him too;
Draw different ways, and clash in their commands.
Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars,
But *pleasure*, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, *pride* resents;
Pleasure embraces: man would *both* enjoy,
And both *at once*: a point how hard to gain!
But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?
Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise.
Since joys of *sense* can't rise to *reason's* taste;
In subtle *sophistry's* laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason *new*, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the *graces* the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a *plump god* to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound. [more;
Thus that which shock'd the *judgment*, shocks no
That which gave *pride* offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and *pride*, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal, which in man shall reign,

By *wit's* address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off th' indebted blush
From Nature's cheek, and bronzes every shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.
All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These *sensual ethics* far, in bulk, transcend.
The flowers of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can powers of genius exorcise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?
But let not these inexpiable strains
Condemn the Muse that knows her dignity;
Nor meanly stops at *time*, but holds the world
As 'tis, in Nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem; from whence to start;
And run the round of universal space,
To visit being universal there,
And being's Source, that utmost flight of mind!
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is *moral*, nought is *great*.
Sing *syrens* only? Do not angels sing?
There is in *poesy* a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to *prose*,
Her younger sister; haply, not more wise.
Think'st thou, Lorenzo! to find pastimes here?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgrac'd,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
No rainbow colours, *here*, or silken tale:
But solemn *counsels*, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man [spheres,
With double weight, through these revolving
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade:
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires;
And thy dark pencil, *midnight!* darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.
Yet this, even *this*, my laughter-loving friends!
Lorenzo! and thy brothers of the smile!
If, what imports you most, can most engage,
Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing; the truths I sing shall feel;
And, feeling, give assent; and their assent
Is ample recompense; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O Litchfield! nor mistake;
Think not unintroduc'd I force my way;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unallied,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth!
To thee, from blooming *amaranthine* bowers,
Where all the language *harmony*, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the Muse:
A Muse that will not pain thee with thy praise;
Thy praise she drops, by *nobler* still inspir'd.
O thou! Blest Spirit! *whether* the supreme,
Great antemundane Father! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Present, though future; prior to themselves;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again;
Or, from his throne some delegated power,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime!
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burst
From fam'd Castalia: nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst; though long my soul has rang'd
Through pleasing paths of *moral*, and *divine*,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.
By *them* best lighted are the paths of *thought*;
Nights are their *days*, their most illumin'd hours.
By *day*, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By *day* the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Impos'd, precarious, broken ere mature.
By *night*, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontrol'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of *one* world confin'd;
But from *ethereal* travels light on *Earth*,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.
Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the *Sun* adore:
Darkness has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme!
There lies our theatre! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene;
'T is the kind hand of Providence stretch'd out
'Twixt man and vanity; 'tis *reason's* reign,
And *virtue's* too; these tutelary shades
Are man's *asylum* from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's *friend*, and *guardian* too;
It no less *rescues* virtue, than *inspires*.
Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain:
The world's infections; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we *thought*, is blotted! we *resolv'd*,
Is shaken; we *renounc'd*, returns again.
Each *salutation* may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a firmer flaw.
Nor is it strange: *light*, *motion*, *concourse*, *noise*,
All, scatter us abroad; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.
Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with *double* force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition; *love of gain*
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast;
Riot, *pride*, *perfidy*, blue vapours breathe;
And *inhumanity* is caught from man,
From smiling man. A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever to the throbbing heart,
Of *envy*, *rancour*, or *impure desire*.
We see, we hear, with peril; *safety* dwells
Remote from *multitude*; the world's a school
Of *wrong*, and what proficients swarm around!
We must, or imitate, or disapprove;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes;
That stains our innocence; *this* wounds our peace.
From Nature's birth, hence, *wisdom* has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.
This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it?
'Tis the felt presence of the Deity.
Few are the faults we flatter when alone,
Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.
By night an atheist half-believes a God.
Night is fair virtue's memorial friend;
The conscious Moon, through every distant age,
Has held a lamp to *wisdom*, and let fall,

On *contemplation's* eye, her purging ray.
The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from Heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His labouring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In *private* audience: all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the Sun
(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main!)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments! stol'n from the black waste
Of murder'd time! Auspicious *midnight!* hail!
The world excluded, every passion hush't,
And open'd a calm intercourse with Heaven,
Here the soul sits in council; ponders *past*,
Predestines *future* action; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm;
All her lies answers, and *thinks* down her charms.
What awful joy! what mental liberty!
I am not pent in darkness; rather say,
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom! the clustering thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade;
But droop by day, and sicken in the *sun*.
Thought borrows light elsewhere; from that *first* fire,
Fountain of animation! whence descends
Urania, my celestial guest! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean; and *now*,
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of *night*
My wandering thought recalls, to what excites
Far other beat of heart! Narcissa's tomb!
Or is it feeble Nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again?
Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood?
A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins?
Or is it thus with all men?—Thus with all.
What are we? How unequal! Now we soar,
And now we sink: to be the *same*, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the *soul*
For lodging ill; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit, fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusty region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly;
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again;
And not to *yield*, though *beaten*, all our praise.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where *grief* detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off *pain*,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure,
And struck the stars; *now* feel my spirits fail;
They drop me from the zenith; down I rush,
Like him who in fable fledg'd with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd!
I dive for precious pearl in *sorrow's* stream:
Not so the thoughtless man that *only* grieves:
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain
(Inestimable gain!) and gives Heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.
If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Ennobles man? what else have angels learnt?)
Grief! more proficients in thy school are made,
Than *genius*, or *proud learning*, e'er could boast.
Voracious *learning*, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This *book-case*, with dark booty almost burst,
This *forager* on others' wisdom, leaves
Her native farm, her *reason*, quite untill'd.
With mixt manure she surfeits the rank soil,
Dung'd, but not dress'd; and rich to beggary.
A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
Her *servant's* wealth, encumber'd *wisdom* mourns.
And what says *genius?* "*Let the dull be wise.*"
Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong;
And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
It pleads exemption from the laws of *sense*;
Considers *reason* as a leveller;
And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
That wise it *could* be, thinks an ample claim
To *glory*, and to *pleasure* gives the rest.
Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.
Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.
But *wisdom* smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
When *sorrow* wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
And hearts obdurate feel her softening shower;
Her seed celestial, then, glad *wisdom* sows;
Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
If so, Narcissa! welcome my *Relapse*;
I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
And reap rich compensation from my pain.
I'll range the plenteous intellectual field;
And gather every thought of sovereign power
To chase the moral maladies of man;
Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
Though natives of this coarse penurious soil:
Nor wholly wither *there*, where *seraphs* sing,
Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in Heaven.
Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
In either clime, though more illustrious *there*.
These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb;
And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.
Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend?
"Th' importance of contemplating the tomb;
Why men decline it; *suicide's* foul birth;
The various *kind of grief*; the *faults of age*;
And *death's dread character*—invite my song."
And, first th' importance of our end survey'd.
Friends counsel quick dismission of our grief:
Mistaken kindness! our hearts heal *too soon*.
Are *they* more kind than *he*, who struck the blow?
Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till *nobler guests* arrive,
And bring it back, a true and endless peace?
Calamities are *friends*: as glaring *day*
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.
The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves!)
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk,
Beneath *death's* gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierc'd by vanity's fantastic ray;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs!
Lorenzo! read with me Narcissa's stone;
(Narcissa was thy favourite) let us read

Her *moral* stone! few doctors preach so well;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What *pathos* in the *date!*
Apt words can strike: and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we, *here*, enjoy.
What cause have *we* to build on length of life?
Temptations seize, when *fear* is laid asleep;
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.
See from her tomb, as from an humbler shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess! sallies on my soul,
And puts *Delusion's* dusky train to flight;
Dispels the mists our sultry *passions* raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene:
And shows the *real* estimate of things;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw;
Pulls off the veil from *Virtue's* rising charms;
Detects *Temptation* in a thousand lies.
Truth bids me look on men, as *autumn* leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driven by the whirlwind: lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities; think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys *possest*;
Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.
No *folly* keeps its colour in *her* sight;
Pale *worldly wisdom* loses all her charms;
In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,
If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like Sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss!
At the first blast it vanishes in air.
Not so, *celestial:* wouldst thou know, Lorenzo!
How differ *worldly wisdom*, and *divine?*
Just as the waning, and the waxing Moon.
More empty *worldly* wisdom every day;
And every day more fair her *rival* shines.
When *later*, there 's less time to play the fool.
Soon our old term for wisdom is expir'd
(Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave):
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or *real* wisdom wafts us to the skies.
As worldly schemes resemble Sibyls' leaves,
The good man's days to Sibyls' books compare,
(In antient story read, thou know'st the tale)
In price still rising, as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final hour.
For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones;
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
"Oh let me die his death!" all Nature cries.
"Then live his life."—All Nature faulters there.
Our great physician daily to consult,
To commune with the *grave*, our only cure.
What grave prescribes the best?—A friend's;
and yet,
From a friend's grave how soon we disengage!
E'en to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravisht from us? 'T is to bind,
By soft *affection's* ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which *reason*, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens *there*.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand!
Behold, th' inexorable hour forgot!
And to forget it, the chief *aim* of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief *end*.
Is death, that ever threatening, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind *imprudence*, unexpected still?
Though numerous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,
The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill?
All Heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.
Is it, that life has sown her *joys* so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of *cares*,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng?
Is it, that *time* steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes *indulgence* from her golden dream?
Today is so like *yesterday*, it cheats;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, Lorenzo! like a brook;
For ever changing, unperceiv'd the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice:
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the *much*, irrevocably laps'd,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of *time* descend, but not on *time* intent;
Amus'd, unconscious of the gliding wave;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock;
We start, awake, look out; what see we there?
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.
Is this the cause *death* flies all human thought?
Or is it *judgment*, by the *will* struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul!
Like *him* so strong, by Dalilah the fair?
Or is it *fear* turns startled *reason* back,
From looking down a precipice so steep?
'T is dreadful; and the dread is wisely plac'd,
By Nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terrour kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unaw'd, in life's most smiling hour,
The *good-man* would repine; would *suffer* joys,
And burn impatient for his promis'd skies.
The *bad*, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein;
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of Providence below.
What groan was that, Lorenzo?—Furies! rise,
And drown in your less execrable yell
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from Hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, so thought—And *then* he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for suicide!
An *island* in thy manners, far disjoin'd
From the whole world of *rationals* beside!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.
But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of *self-assault*, expose the monster's birth,
And bid *abhorrence* hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant Sun;
The Sun is innocent, thy clime absolv'd:
Immoral climes kind Nature never made.
The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.
The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his *soul*), a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,

Unsold, unmortgag'd for *Earth's* little bribes.
Th' illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of *Earth* suspicious, *Earth's* enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
On *immortality*, her godlike taste, [*there.*
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet
But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of *Earth* for guests that came from *Heaven:*
Sink into slaves; and sell, for *present* hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native *freedom*, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full;
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of Providence,
And bursting their confinement; though fast barr'd
By laws divine and human; guarded strong
With *horrours* doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest, *nature*, or *dire guilt* can raise;
And moted round with fathomless *destruction*,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.
Such, Britons! is the *cause*, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd; o'erlook'd by magistrates;
Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness: but the madness of the *heart.*
And what is that? Our utmost bound of guilt.
A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and *suicide*, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Through sacred *Nature's* murder, on their own,
Because they never *think of death*, they die.
'T is equally man's duty, glory, gain,
At once to shun; and meditate, his end.
When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of *wisdom!* if our choice, not fate)
Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and, in every clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity;
See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift
An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,
Then sink again, and quiver into death,
That most pathetic herald of our own!
How read we such sad scenes? As sent to man
In perfect vengeance? No; in pity sent,
To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,
Indelible, *Death's* image on his heart,
Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.
We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.
The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.
Our quick-returning *folly* cancels all;
As the tide rushing rases what is writ
In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.
Lorenzo! hast thou ever weigh'd a *sigh?*
Or study'd the philosophy of *tears?*
(A science, yet unlectur'd in our schools!)
Hast thou descended deep into the breast,
And seen their source? If not, descend with me,
And trace these briny rivulets to their springs.
Our funeral tears from different causes rise,
As if from separate cisterns in the soul,
Of *various kinds*, they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, *some* burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious *art* distill'd,
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fate of the deceas'd,
So high in merit, and to them so dear.
They dwell on praises, which they think they share;
And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn, in proof, that something they could
love:
They weep not to *relieve* their grief, but *show.*
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrear.
Some mischievously weep, not unappris'd,
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft Ephesians draw
Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts!
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While *liquid pearl* runs trickling down their cheek!
Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolv'd in love.
Some weep at *death*, abstracted from the *dead*,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
By kind construction some are *deem'd* to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.
Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears; while *reason* sleeps;
Or gazes like an *idiot*, unconcern'd;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm;
Knows not it speaks to *her*, and her *alone.*
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath,
That noble gift! that privilege of man!
From *sorrow's* pang, the birth of endless joy.
But *these* are barren of that birth divine:
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short! The cruel *grief* soon tam'd,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale;
Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread
The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of *wisdom* pays them for their *woe.*
Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by [*death*
Are spent in watering vanities of life;
In making *folly* flourish still more fair,
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust;
Instead of learning, *there*, her *true support*,
Though there thrown down her true support to learn.
Without Heaven's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell;
With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life:
Presents her *weed*, well fancied, at the ball,
And raffles for the *death's head* on the ring.
So wept Aurelia, till the destin'd youth
Stepp'd in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching sables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he dotes;
And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth!
Not such, Narcissa, my distresss for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
To sacrifice to wisdom. What wast thou?
"*Young, gay*, and *fortunate!*" Each yields a
theme.
I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe;
(Heaven knows I labour with severer still!)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.

A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.
And, first, thy *youth*. What says it to gray hairs!
Narcissa, I 'm become *thy* pupil *now*—
Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heaven.
Time on this head has snow'd; yet still 't is borne
Aloft; nor thinks but on *another's* grave.
Cover'd with shame I speak it, *age* severe
Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair;
With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
That youth chastis'd surpassing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulness of death:
As if, like objects passing on the sight,
Death had advanc'd too near us to be seen:
Or, that life's loan *time* ripen'd into right;
And men might plead prescription from the grave;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.
Deathless? far from it! *such* are dead already;
Their hearts are buried, and the world their grave.
Tell me, some god! my guardian angel! tell,
What thus infatuates? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us and Death
Already at the door? He knocks, we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd?
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling; wounded oft ourselves;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still!
We see Time's furrow on another's brow,
And Death entrench'd, preparing his assault;
How few themselves in that just mirror see!
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong!
There death is certain; doubtful *here*: he *must*,
And *soon*; we *may*, within an *age*, expire.
Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dissent;
Folly sings six, while *Nature* points at twelve.
Absurd *longevity!* More, more, it cries:
More life, more wealth, more trash of every kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails?
Object, and *appetite*, must club for joy;
Shall *folly* labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from *without*,
While *Nature* is relaxing every string?
Ask *thought* for joy; grow rich, and hoard *within*.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattles cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed?
Contract the taste immortal; learn e'en now
To relish what *alone* subsists hereafter.
Divine, or *none*, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of *age* the glory is, to *wish* to die.
That wish is *praise*, and *promise*; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires?
Grand-climacterical absurdities!
Gray-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking! it makes folly thrice a fool;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and *esteem* is all that age can hope.
Nothing but *wisdom* gives the *first*; the *last*,
Nothing, but the *repute of being wise*.
Folly bars both; our age is quite undone.
What folly can be ranker? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, *then*, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of *judgment*, and the *will's* subdue;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon;
And put *gold-works* on board; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown;
If *unconsider'd* too, a dreadful scene!
All should be prophets to themselves; foresee
Their future fate; their future fate foretaste;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The *thought* of death alone, the *fear* destroys.
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than *midnight* darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a *precipice*,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.
Dost ask, Lorenzo, why so warmly prest,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death? That thought is the machine,
The grand machine! that heaves us from the dust,
And rears us into men. That thought, plied home,
Will soon reduce the ghastly *precipice*
O'er-hanging Hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave;
How warmly to be wish'd! What heart of flesh
Would trifle with tremendous? dare extremes?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite? What hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language *too well* known to thee)
Would at a moment give its all to chance,
And *stamp* the die for an eternity?
Aid me, Narcissa! aid me to keep pace
With *Destiny*; and ere her scissars cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my slumbering *reason* to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe;
To sally; and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man;
Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.
All *accident* apart, by *Nature* sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.
Must I then *forward* only look for death?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a self-survivor every year.
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death 's a destroyer of quotidian prey.
My *youth*, my *noon-tide*, his; my *yesterday*;
The bold invader shares the *present* hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun;
As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.
Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives?
If fear we must, let *that* death turn us pale,
Which murders *strength* and *ardour*; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline!
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude visitant!) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear!
Be death your theme, in every place and hour;

Nor longer want, ye monumental sires!
A brother tomb to tell you ye shall die.
That death you *dread* (so great is Nature's skill)
Know, you shall *court* before you shall enjoy.
But you are learn'd; in volumes, deep you sit;
In wisdom shallow: pompous ignorance!
Would you be still more learned than the learn'd?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that *knowledge*, which impairs your *sense*.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,
Unhedg'd, lies open in life's common field;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of *Nature*, and *Experience*, moral truth;
Of indispensable, eternal fruit;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods:
And dive in *science* for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride!
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the *lunar* beam, affords
Light, but not heat; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn *Death's character*, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random: or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite *sarcastic*, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes not only *leave*,
But deeply *disappoint* us, by their deaths!
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.
Like other tyrants, *Death* delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud;
And weeping fathers build their childrens' tomb:
Me thine, Narcissa! — What though short thy date?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die;
O how *misdated* on their flattering tombs!
Narcissa's *youth* has lectur'd me thus far.
And can her *gaiety* give counsel too?
That, like the Jews' fam'd oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction; such as throws new light,
And opens more the *character of death*;
Ill-known to thee, Lorenzo! *this* thy vaunt:
"Give Death his due, the wretched, and the old;
E'en let him sweep his rubbish to the grave;
Let him not violate kind Nature's laws,
But own man born to *live* as well as *die*."
Wretched and *old* thou giv'st him; *young* and *gay*
He takes; and *plunder* is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, "That furthest from the *fear*,
Are often nearest to the *stroke* of fate?"
All, more than common, menaces an end.
A blaze betokens brevity of life:
As if bright embers should emit a flame,
Glad spirits sparkled from Narcissa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live.
As Nature's opposites wage endless war,
For *this* offence, as treason to the deep
Inviolable stupor of his reign,
Where *lust*, and turbulent *ambition*, sleep,
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
More life is still more odious; and, reduc'd
By conquest, aggrandizes more his power.
But *wherefore* aggrandiz'd? By Heaven's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In aweful expectation of our end.
Thus runs Death's dread commission: "Strike, but *so*
As most alarms the living by the dead,"
Hence *stratagem* delights him, and *surprise*,
And cruel sport with man's securities.
Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim:
And, where least fear'd, there conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.
What are *his* arts to lay our fears asleep?
Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up
In deep dissimulation's darkest night.
Like princes unconfest in foreign courts,
Who travel under cover, *Death* assumes
The name and look of *life*, and dwells among us.
He takes all shapes that serve his black designs:
Though master of a wider empire far
Than that o'er which the Roman eagle flew.
Like Nero, he's a fidler, charioteer,
Or drives his *phaeton*, in female guise;
Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,
His disarray'd oblation he devours.
He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self. Hence burly corpulence
Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile; or wanton dive
In dimples deep; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such, on Narcissa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown; and, when detected, still was seen
To *smile*; such peace has innocence in death!
Most happy they! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on *Death*, and one full fix'd on *Heaven*,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqu'd and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant *dress*;
Lay by his horrours, and put on his smiles.
Say, Muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And show Lorenzo the surprising scene;
If 't was a dream, his genius can explain.
'T was in a circle of the *gay* I stood.
Death would have enter'd; *Nature* push'd him back;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully *dismist*
The sage; for *Death* design'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious *usurer*
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd *spendthrift*; whose fantastic air,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crooked bow he straighten'd to a cane;
And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.
The dreadful masquerader, thus equipt,
Out-sallies on adventures. Ask you where?
Where is he not? For his peculiar haunts,
Let *this* suffice; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in *pleasure's* footsteps round the world,

When *pleasure* treads the paths, which *reason* shuns.
When, against *reason*, *riot* shuts the door,
And *gaiety* supplies the place of *sense*,
Then, foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,
As absent far: and when the revel burns,
When *fear* is banish'd, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the Moon,
Against him turns the key, and bids him sup
With their progenitors—he drops his mask;
Frowns out at full; they start, despair, expire.
Scarce with more sudden terrour and surprise,
From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And *more than simple conquest*, in the fiend?
And now, Lorenzo, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy?
In *death's* uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is *death* uncertain? Therefore thou be fit;
Fixt as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear;
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And *fate* surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's *period* hidden (as from most)
Hide too from thee the precious *use* of life.
Early, not sudden, was Narcissa's fate.
Soon, not surprising, *Death* his visit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor *gaiety* forgot it was to die:
Though *fortune* too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And every glittering gewgaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man;
And every thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with *youth* and *gaiety*, conspir'd
To weave a *triple* wreath of happiness
(If happiness on Earth) to crown her brow.
And could *Death* charge through such a shining shield?
That shining shield *invites* the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is prosperity!
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines!
Few years but yield us proof of *Death's* ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with every bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When *fortune* thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy! and our evening's sigh!
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flowery wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey.
High fortune seems in cruel league with *fate*.
Ask you for what? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
Of life? To hang his airy nest on high,
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall?
Granting grim *Death* at equal distance *there*;
Yet *peace* begins just where *ambition* ends.
What makes man wretched? Happiness *denied*?
Lorenzo! no: 'T is happiness *disdain'd*.
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile;
And calls herself *Content*, a homely name!
Our flame is *transport*, and *content* our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a *toil*, a *tempest*, in her stead;
A *tempest* to warm *transport* near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise;
And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.
And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth!
Of fortune fond! as thoughtless of thy fate!
As late I drew *Death's* picture, to stir up
Thy wholesome fears; now, drawn in contrast, see
Gay *Fortune's*, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious; friends o'er trodden friends;
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still *more* ador'd) to snatch the golden shower.
Gold glitters most, where *virtue* shines no more;
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennel'd from the prisons, and the stews,
Pour in, all opening in their idol's praise;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Untasted, through mad appetite for more;
Gorg'd to the throat, yet lean and ravenous still.
Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance!)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they lanch, they fly,
O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or power,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.
Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim mis-measur'd, and impetuous speed,
Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
Through fury to possess it: *some* succeed,
But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
From *some*, by sudden blasts, 't is whirl'd away,
And lodg'd in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
To *some* it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together *some* (unhappy rivals!) seize,
And rend abundance into poverty;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles:
Smiles too the goddess; but smiles most at those,
(Just victims of exorbitant desire!)
Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.

Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
The number small, which happiness can bear.
Though *various* for a while their fates; at last
One curse involves them all: at Death's approach,
All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn, in just proportion to their store.
And *Death's* approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of *Fortune's* smiles.
And art thou still a glutton of bright gold?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin?
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The Sun's defiance, and the flock's defence;
By the strong strokes of labouring hinds subdued,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground:
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.
These high-aim'd darts of *Death*, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, suspended in mid air,
Or near Heaven's *Archer*, in the zodiac, hung,
(So could it be) *should* draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind!
A constellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the *gay* through life's tempestuous wave;
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
"From greater danger, to grow more secure,
And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."
Lysander, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too *gay* to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aspasia: she was kind:
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest:
All who knew, envied; yet in envy lov'd:
Can fancy form more finisht happiness?
Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
So break those glittering shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smil'd: he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives:
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel);
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
The guilty billows innocently roar;
And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.
A tear?—Can tears suffice?—But not for *me*.
How vain our efforts! and our arts how vain!
The *distant* train of thought I took to shun,
Has thrown me on my fate—*These* died together;
Happy in ruin! *undivorc'd* by death!
Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
Narcissa! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
Yet thou wast only *near* me; not *myself*.
Survive *myself*?—*That* cures all other woe.
Narcissa lives; Philander is forgot.
O the soft commerce! O the tender ties,
Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart!
Which, broken, break them; and drain off the soul
Of human joy; and make it pain to live—
And is it then to live? When *such* friends part,
'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT THE SIXTH.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

IN TWO PARTS.

Containing the NATURE, PROOF, and IMPORTANCE, of IMMORTALITY.

PART THE FIRST.

Where, among other Things, Glory and Riches are particularly considered.

TO THE RIGHT HON. HENRY PELHAM, FIRST LORD COMMISSIONER OF THE TREASURY, AND CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

PREFACE.

Few ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, *Is man immortal, or is he not?* If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, *truth, reason, religion*, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty sound, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the *real* source and support of all our infidelity; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than *abstract reasonings*; and we daily see *bodies* drop around us, but the *soul* is invisible. The power which *inclination* has over the *judgment*, is greater than can be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they *rather* hoped, than firmly *believed*, immortality! And how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel: but by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being acccidentally privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize) are supported in their deplorable errour, by some doubt of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as,

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I am satisfied, will have great weight with all, who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall, *here*, occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference, to better judgments in this, of all points the *most* important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason *only*; viz. because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by *vanity*; which has a principal share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

NIGHT VI.

SHE[1] (for I know not yet her name in Heaven)
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancied medicine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'T is the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy pressure's still increasing weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress.
O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
Death's gallery! (might I dare to call it so)
With dismal *doubt*, and sable *terrour*, hung:
Sick *hopes*, pale lamp its only glimmering ray:
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid *self-love* itself to flatter, there,
How oft I gaz'd, prophetically sad!
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles!
In smiles she sunk *her* grief to lessen *mine*.
She spoke me comfort, and increas'd my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urg'd his deadly siege; in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings Nature lends
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars!
(Not now *first* made familiar to my sight)
And thou, O Moon! bear witness; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Tied down by sore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation! darker every hour!
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below;
When my soul shuddered at futurity;
When, on a moment's point, th' important die,
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life; my title to more woe.
But why more woe? More comfort let it be,
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what encumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from *real life*.
Where dwells *that* wish most ardent of the wise?
Too dark the Sun to see it; highest stars
Too low to reach it; *Death*, great *Death* alone,
O'er stars and Sun triumphant, lands us there.

[1] Referring to Night V.

Nor dreadful our *transition*; though the mind,
An artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true? The tyrant never *sat*.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance; never are alike;
Fear shakes the pencil; *Fancy* loves excess;
Dark *Ignorance* is lavish of her shades;
And *these* the formidable picture draw.
But grant the worst; 't is past; new prospects rise;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of *immortality*,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought!
Long life might lapse, age unperceiv'd come on;
And find the soul unsated with her theme.
Its *nature*, *proof*, *importance*, fire my song.
O that my song could emulate my soul!
Like her, immortal. No!—the soul disdains
A mark so mean; far nobler hope inflames;
If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the *laurel*, but the *palm*, inspire.
Thy *nature*, immortality! who knows?
And yet who knows it not? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun for ever; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian dye, how *black*, how *brittle here!*
How short our correspondence with the Sun!
And while it lasts, inglorious! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight! Our highest joys
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how *great*
To mingle interests, converse amities,
With all the sons of *reason*, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd! To live free citizens
Of universal Nature! To lay hold
By more than feeble *faith* on the *Supreme!*
To call Heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which support archangels in their state)
Our own! to rise in science, as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies!
To read creation; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity!
The plan, and execution, to collate!
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote; and leave
No mystery—But that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From Earth's *aceldama*, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,
From darkness, and from dust, to *such* a scene!
Love's element! true joy's illustrious home!
From Earth's sad contrast (now deplor'd) more fair!
What exquisite vicissitude of fate!
Blest absolution of our blackest hour!
Lorenzo, these are thoughts that make man man,
The wise illumine, aggrandize the great.
How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
And every moment fear to sink beneath
The clod *we* tread; soon trodden by our sons)
How great, in the wild whirl of *time's* pursuits,
To stop, and pause, involv'd in high presage,
Through the long vista of a thousand years,
To stand contemplating our distant selves,

As in a magnifying mirror seen,
Enlarg'd, ennobled, elevate, divine!
To prophesy our own futurities;
To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends!
To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
As far beyond conception as desert,
Ourselves th' astonish'd talkers, and the tale!
Lorenzo, swells thy bosom at the thought?
The swell becomes thee: 'tis an honest pride.
Revere thyself;—and yet thyself despise.
His *nature* no man can o'er-rate; and none
Can under-rate his *merit*. Take good heed,
Nor there be modest, where thou should'st be proud;
That almost universal errour shun.
How *just* our pride, when we behold *those* heights!
Not those *ambition* paints in air, but those
Reason points out, and ardent *virtue* gains;
And angels emulate; our pride how just! [quit
When mount we? When these shackles cast? When
This cell of the creation? this small nest,
Stuck in a corner of the universe,
Wrapt up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air?
Fine-spun to sense; but gross and feculent
To souls celestial; souls ordain'd to breathe
Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky;
Greatly triumphant on *time's* further shore,
Where *virtue* reigns, enrich'd with full arrears;
While *pomp imperial* begs an alms of peace.
In empire high, or in proud science deep,
Ye born of Earth! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight,
As on *this* theme, which angels praise and share?
Man's fates and favours are a theme in Heaven.
What wretched repetition cloys us *here!*
What periodic potions for the sick!
Distemper'd bodies! and distemper'd minds!
In an *eternity*, what scenes shall strike!
Adventures thicken! novelties surprise!
What webs of wonder shall unravel, *there!*
What full day pour on all the paths of Heaven,
And light th' Almighty's footsteps in the deep!
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze!
If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know; how rich, how full, our banquet *there!*
There, not the *moral* world alone unfolds;
The world *material*, lately seen in shades,
And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the *labouring* eye,
Unbroken, then, illustrious and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey;
And enters, at one glance, the ravisht sight.
From some superior point (where, who can tell?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
How shall the stranger man's illumin'd eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port? The *least*
Of these disseminated orbs, how great!
Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
Huge, as leviathan, to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceiv'd? *Stupendous* these!
Yet what are these stupendous to the *whole!*
As particles, as atoms ill perceiv'd;
As circulating globules in our veins;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine!
Exuberant source! perhaps, I wrong thee still.
If admiration is a source of joy,
What transport hence! yet this the least in Heaven.
What *this* to that illustrious robe *he* wears,
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power?
'T is to *that glory*, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest floweret to the Sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this Sun of Heaven?
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest?
Death, only Death, the question can resolve.
By Death, cheap-bought th' ideas of our joy;
The *bare* ideas! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chas'd below.
And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death?
And toil we still for sublunary pay?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our *more* than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design;
(Fine net-work of the brain!) to catch a fly!
The momentary buz of vain renown!
A *name*; a mortal immortality!
Or (meaner still!) instead of grasping air,
For sordid *lucre*, plunge we in the mire?
Drudge, sweat, through every shame, for every gain,
For vile contaminating trash; throw up
Our hope in Heaven, our dignity with man?
And deify the dirt, matur'd to gold?
Ambition, *avarice*; the two *demons* these,
Which goad through every slough our human herd,
Hard travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop! How steep they climb!
These *demons* burn mankind; but most possess
Lorenzo's bosom, and turn out the skies.
Is it in *time* to hide *eternity*?
And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean? or a mote, the Sun?
Glory and *wealth!* have they this blinding power?
What if to *them* I prove Lorenzo blind?
Would it surprise thee? Be thou then surpris'd;
Thou *neither* know'st: their *nature* learn from me.
Mark well, as foreign as *these subjects* seem,
What close connection ties them to my theme.
First, what is *true* ambition? The pursuit
Of glory, nothing *less* than man can share.
Were they as vain as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests *animals* might boast,
And claim their *laurel* crowns, as well as we;
But not *celestial*. *Here* we stand *alone*;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent;
If *prone* in thought, our stature is our shame:
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
The *visible* and *present* are for brutes,
A slender portion! and a narrow bound!
These *reason*, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps; and claims the *future* and *unseen*;
The vast unseen! the future fathomless!
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross *Nature's* sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition: this is *human* fire.
Can *parts* or *place* (two bold pretenders!) make
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng?

Genius and *art*, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid!
Dedalian enginery! If these alone
Assist our flight, *fame's* flight is *glory's* fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold;
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of towering talents, and terrestrial aims;
Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once *compassion* soft, and *envy*, rise—
But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.
Great *ill* is an achievement of great *powers*.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, *affections* choose our end;
Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain;
What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, *and* means, make wisdom: worldly-wise
Is but *half*-witted, at its highest praise.
Let *genius* then despair to make thee great;
Nor flatter *station*. What is station high?
'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers are awful names!
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave; *all more* is merit's due,
He sacred and inviolable right
Nor ever paid the *monarch*, but the *man*.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior *worth*;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the *man* in their account,
And vote the *mantle* into majesty.
Let the *small savage* boast his silver fur;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His *own*, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear *his* livery,
And souls in *ermin* scorn a soul without?
Can *place* or lessen us, or aggrandize?
Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the *pyramids*:
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.
Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause?
The cause is lodg'd in *immortality*.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power;
What station charms thee? I'll install thee there;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than *before*?
Then thou before wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride?
That treacherous pride betrays the dignity;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which *staffs* or *strings* can raise.
That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and towering to the skies.
'Tis born of *ignorance*, which knows not man;
An angel's second; nor his second, long.
A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul.
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fir'd,
If nobler motives minister no cure,
E'en vanity forbids thee to be vain.
High worth is elevated place: 'tis more;
It makes the post stand candidate for thee;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man;
Though no *exchequer* it commands, 'tis wealth;
And though it wears no *ribband*, 'tis renown;
Renown, that would not quit thee, though disgrac'd,
Nor leave thee pendant on a master's smile.
Other ambition *Nature* interdicts;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin, and end;
Milk, and a swathe, *at first*, his whole demand;
His whole domain, *at last*, a turf, or stone;
To whom, *between*, a world may seem too small.
Souls *truly* great dart forward on the wing
Of *just* ambition, to the grand result:
The *curtains* fall; *there*, see the buskin'd chief
Pushed behind this momentary scene;
Reduc'd to his own stature, low or high,
As vice or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes;
And laugh at this fantastic mummery,
This antic prelude of grose que events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A littleness of soul by worlds o'er-run,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To *Christian* pride! which had with horrour shock'd
The darkest *pagans* offer'd to their gods.
O thou *most Christian* enemy to peace;
Again in arms? Again provoking fate?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheathes;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.
Why *this* so rare? Because forgot of all
The day of death; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge; that day, which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never shut thy thought against it;
Be *levees* ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the *cabinet*.
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.
To dote on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that *ambition*? Then let flames *descend*,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul,
Which boasts her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet *these* are they the world pronounces wise;
The world which cancels Nature's right and wrong,
And casts *new* wisdom: e'en the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean;
In triumph, mean; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching *him*, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown;
Then, like an idiot gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition! powerful source of good and ill!
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengag'd from Earth, with greater ease,
And swifter flight, transports us to the skies;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemir'd,
It turns a curse; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confin'd we lie,
Close-grated by the sordid bars of *sense;*
All prospect of eternity shut out;
And, but for *execution*, ne'er set free.
With errour in *ambition* justly charged,
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his *wealth?*
What if thy rental I reform? and draw
An inventory *new* to set thee right?
Where thy *true treasure?* Gold says, "Not in me:"
And, "Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor;
India's insolvent; seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there;
In *being* so descended, form'd, endow'd;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race!
Erect, immortal, rational, divine!
In *senses* which inherit Earth, and Heavens;
Enjoy the various riches *Nature* yields;
Far nobler! *give* the riches they enjoy;
Give taste to fruits; and harmony to groves;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire;
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wondrous world they see.
Our *senses*, as our *reason*, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos, still.
Objects are but th' occasion; ours th' *exploit;*
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which Nature's admirable picture draws;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image, man admires.
Say, then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When Heaven makes him the soul of all he sees?
Absurd! not rare so great, so mean, is man.
What wealth in *senses* such as these! What wealth
In *fancy*, fir'd to form a fairer scene
Than *sense* surveys! In *memory's* firm record,
Which, should it perish, could this world recall
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years!
In colours fresh, originally bright,
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate!
What wealth in *intellect*, that sovereign power,
Which *sense* and *fancy* summons to the bar;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends;
And from the mass those *underlings* import,
From their materials sifted, and refin'd,
And in *truth's* balance accurately weigh'd,
Forms *art*, and *science, government*, and *law;*
The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
The vitals, and the grace of *civil* life!
And *manners* (sad exception!) set aside,
Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair
Of *his* idea, whose indulgent thought
Long, long, ere chaos teem'd, plann'd *human* bliss.
What *wealth* in souls that soar, dive, range around,
Disdaining limit, or from place, or time;
And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
Th' Almighty *fiat*, and the *trumpet's sound!*
Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
What was, and is, and *more* than e'er shall be;
Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
Creations new in fancy's field to rise!
Souls, that can grasp whate'er th' Almighty made,
And wander wild through things impossible!
What *wealth*, in *faculties* of endless growth,
In quenchless *passions* violent to crave,
In *liberty* to choose, in *power* to reach,
And in *duration* (how thy riches rise!)
Duration to *perpetuate*—boundless bliss!
Ask you, what *power* resides in feeble man
That bliss to gain? Is *virtue's*, then, unknown?
Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
Man's unprecarious, natural estate,
Improveable at will, in virtue lies;
Its tenure *sure*; its *income* is divine.
High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
To breed new wants, and beggar us the more;
Then, make a richer scramble for the throng?
Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
Almost by miracle, is tir'd with play,
Like rubbish from disploding engines thrown,
Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly;
Fly diverse; fly to foreigners, to foes;
New masters court, and call the former fool
(How justly!) for dependence on their stay.
Wide scatter, first, our play-things; then, our dust.
Dost court abundance for the sake of peace?
Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme:
Riches enable to be richer still;
And, *richer still*, what mortal can resist?
Thus wealth (a cruel task-master!) enjoins
New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train!
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are *half* as wretched as the rich;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe;
To feel the stings of *envy*, and of *want*,
Outrageous want! both Indies cannot cure.
A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease;
Sick, or encumber'd, is our happiness,
A *competence* is all we can *enjoy*.
O be content, where Heaven can give no more!
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in every prize,
As bees in flowers; and stings us with success.
The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
Much learning shows how little mortals *know;*
Much wealth, how little worldlings can *enjoy;*
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.
How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who lives to *nature*, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to *fancy*, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to *fortune*, trembles at her power.
The man of *reason* smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this! A *being*
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possest can raise it; worlds destroy'd

Can't injure; which holds on its glorious course,
When thine, O *Nature!* ends; too blest to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, *this!*
The *monarch* is a beggar to the man.
Immortal! Ages past, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future! Life
Beginning still where computation ends!
'Tis the description of a *Deity!*
'Tis the description of the *meanest slave:*
The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn?
The meanest slave thy *sovereign* glory shares.
Proud youth! fastidious of the *lower* world!
Man's *lawful* pride includes humility;
Stoops to the lowest; is too great to find
Inferiors; all immortal! brothers all!
Proprietors *eternal* of thy love.
Immortal! What can strike the *sense* so strong,
As this the *soul?* It thunders to the thought;
Reason amazes; *gratitude* o'erwhelms;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate;
Rous'd at the sound, th' exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us;
Nor leaves one loitering thought beneath the stars.
Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame?
Immortal! Were but *one* immortal, how
Would others envy! How would thrones adore!
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost?
How *this* ties up the bounteous hand of Heaven!
O vain, vain, vain, all else! *Eternity!*
A glorious, and a *needful* refuge, *that,*
From vile imprisonment, in abject views.
'Tis *immortality,* 'tis that alone,
Amid life's *pains, abasement, emptiness,*
The soul can *comfort, elevate,* and *fill.*
That only, and that amply, this performs;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above;
Their terrour *those,* and *these* their lustre lose;
Eternity depending covers all;
Eternity depending all achieves;
Sets Earth at distance; casts her into shades;
Blends her distinctions; abrogates her powers;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath; if I may call him man,
Whom *immortality's* full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious *absence* lost!
Doubt you this truth? Why labours your belief?
If Earth's whole orb by some due distanc'd eye
Were seen at once, her towering Alps would sink,
And level'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus *Earth,* and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in *Eternity's* vast round.
To that stupendous view when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside; and *equal* all below.
Enthusiastic, this? Then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd; or martyrs ne'er had bled.
And all *may* do, what has by *man* been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptur'd, unexalted, uninflam'd?
What slave *unjust,* who from to morrow's dawn
Expects an empire? He forgets his chain,
And, thron'd in thought, his *absent* sceptre waves.
And what a sceptre waits us! what a throne!
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine!
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy;
What heart but *trembles* at so strange a bliss?
In spite of all the truths the Muse has sung,
Ne'er to be priz'd enough! enough revolv'd!
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no further than the clouds; and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till stumbling at a straw, in their career, [song?
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and
Are there, Lorenzo? Is it possible?
Are there on Earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore;
Or rock, of its investimable gem?
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, *these*
Shall know their treasure; treasure, *then,* no more.
Are there (still more amazing!) who resist
The rising thought? who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth? who struggle to be brutes?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with revers'd ambition, strive to sink?
Who labour downwards through th' opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night; night darker than the grave's?
Who fight the proofs of immortality?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to *themselves?*
To contradict them, see all Nature rise!
What object, what event, the Moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene?
To *reason* proves, or weds it to *desire?*
All things proclaim it *needful;* some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it *sure.*
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen.
From *Heaven,* and *Earth,* and *man.* Indulge a few
By Nature, as her *common habit,* worn;
So *pressing* Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.
Thou! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond!
Eternity's inhabitant august!
Of two eternities amazing Lord!
One past, ere man's or angel's had begun;
Aid! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in *man:*
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite! but relish'd most
By those who love thee most, who most adore.
Nature, thy daughter, ever-changing birth
Of thee the Great *Immutable,* to man
Speaks wisdom; is his oracle supreme;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.
Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haste;
And come back all-immortal; all-divine:
Look Nature through, 'tis *revolution* all;

All change; no death. Day follows night; and night
The dying day; stars rise, and set, and rise;
Earth takes th' example. See the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet, and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn, and his golden fruits, away:
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the *first*. All, to re-flourish, fades;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to reascend,
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.
With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man *advances*; both
Eternal, *that* a circle, *this* a line.
That gravitates, *this* soars. Th' aspiring soul,
Ardent, and *tremulous*, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and *humility* her wings, to Heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll,
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.
What hence infers Lorenzo? Can it be!
Matter immortal? And shall *spirit* die?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know? Shall man alone,
Imperial man! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileg'd than grain, on which he feeds?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd *death*'s single unredeem'd?
If Nature's *revolution* speaks aloud,
In her *gradation*, hear her louder still.
Look Nature through, 'tis neat *gradation* all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends!
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,
Abhor divorce: what love of union reigns!
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life; [sense;
Half-life, half-death, join'd there; here life and
There, sense from reason steals a glimmering ray;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserv'd
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life? those realms of bliss,
Where death hath no dominion? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal; earthy, part,
And part ethereal; grant the soul of man
Eternal; or in man the series ends,
Wide yawns the gap; connection is no more;
Check'd *reason* halts; her next step wants support;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme;
A scheme, *analogy* pronounc'd so true;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.
Thus far, *all Nature* calls on thy belief.
And will Lorenzo, careless of the call,
False attestation on all Nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust below'd, and run the *risk* of Heaven?
O what indignity to deathless souls!
What treason to the majesty of man!
Of man *immortal*! Hear the lofty style:
"If so decreed, th' Almighty will be done.
Let Earth dissolve, yon ponderous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust. The *soul* is safe;
The *man* emerges; mounts above the wreck,
As towering flame from *Nature's* funeral pyre;
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles;
His charter, his inviolable rights,
Well pleas'd to learn from thunder's *impotence*,
Death's pointless darts, and Hell's defeated storms."
But these chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo!
The glories of the world thy sevenfold *shield*.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can;
And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.
What ties thee to *this* life, proclaims the *next*.
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.
Come, my *ambitious*! let us mount together
(To mount, Lorenzo never can refuse);
And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on Earth.—What seest thou? Wondrous things!
Terrestrial wonders, that eclipse the skies.
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can th' eternal rocks his will withstand;
What level'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glittering spires.
Some mid the wondering waves majestic rise;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow'd deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn; to *delicate* and *grand*,
The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
Shows us half Heaven beneath its ample bend.
High through mid air, *here*, streams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, *there*, laid by in basons, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; *there*, vast oceans join
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore!
And chang'd creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders rise;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole, projecting, breaks
The mid-sea, furious waves! Their roar amidst,
Out-speaks the Deity, and says, "O main!
Thus far, nor farther; *new* restraints obey."
Earth's disembowel'd! measur'd are the skies!
Stars are detected in their deep recess!
Creation widens! vanquish'd *Nature* yields!
Her secrets are extorted! *art* prevails!
What monument of genius, spirit, power!
And now, Lorenzo! ravish'd at this scene,
Whose glories render Heaven superfluous! say,
Whose footsteps these?—*Immortals* have been here.
Could less than souls immortal this have done?
Earth 's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal;
And proofs of immortality *forgot*.
To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
These are *ambition's* works: and these are great:
But *this*, the least immortal souls can do;
Transcend them all—But what can these transcend?
Dost ask me what?—One sigh for the *distrest*.
What then for *infidels*? A *deeper* sigh.

'Tis *moral grandeur* makes the mighty man:
How *little* they, who think aught *great* below!
All our ambitions death defeats, but one;
And that it crowns. Here cease we: but, ere long,
More powerful *proof* shall take the field against thee,
Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

NIGHT THE SEVENTH.

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED.

Containing the Nature, Proof, and Importance, of Immortality.

PREFACE.

As we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of *levity* is a land of *guilt*. A *serious mind* is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The *soul's immortality* has been the favourite theme with the *serious* of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting, and important, that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always *was* and always *will be*. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of *increase*, at this day; a sort of *occasional* importance is superadded to the *natural* weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding *Night*, be just. It is there supposed, that all our *infidels*, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronize, are betrayed into their deplorable errour, by some doubts of their *immortality*, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a *futurity* is a strange errour; yet it is an errour into which *bad* men may *naturally* be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are—That either God *will* not, or *can* not punish. Considering the divine attributes, the *first* is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since *omnipotence* is as much a divine attribute as *holiness*, that God *cannot* punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and, consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment in a manner, almost, incredible. And since on *this* member of their *alternative*, there are some very small *appearances* in their *favour*, and none at all on the *other*, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horrour of an *immediate* and *absolute* despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which *this* argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of *all* our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrours of *annihilation* in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity it is they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt and abhorrence their notions would have been received by *those* whom they so much admire! What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: yet this great master of temper was angry; and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious, regard for *immortality*: for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?" It was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean, as to have a regard for any thing, even in himself, that was *not immortal*.

This fact well considered would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for *their* sakes: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7, 1744.

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NIGHT VII.

HEAVEN gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in every way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who couldst make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the Sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.
Yes, infinite indulgence plann'd it so;
Through various parts our glorious story runs;
Time gives the preface, *endless age* unrolls
The volume (ne'er unroll'd!) of human fate.
This, Earth and *skies already*[1] have proclaim'd.
The world 's a prophecy of worlds to come;
And who, what God foretels (who speaks in *things*,
Still louder than in *words*) shall dare deny?
If *Nature's* arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in *man*.
If man sleeps on, untaught by what he *sees*,
Can he prove infidel to what he *feels*?
He, whose blind thought futurity denies,
Unconscious bears, Bellerophon! like thee,
His own indictment; he condemns himself;
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life;
Or, *Nature*, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables; man was made a *lie*.
Why *discontent* for ever harbour'd there?
Incurable consumption of our peace!
Resolve me, why the *cottager* and *king*,
He whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near?
Is it, that things *terrestrial* can't content?
Deep in rich pasture, will thy flocks complain?
Not so; but to their master is denied
To share their sweet *serene*. Man, ill at ease,
In this, not *his own* place, this foreign field,
Where Nature fodders him with other food
Than was ordain'd his cravings to suffice,
Poor in abundance, famish'd at a feast,
Sighs on for something *more*, when *most* enjoy'd.
Is Heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee?
Not so; thy pasture richer, but remote;
In part, remote; for that remoter part
Man bleats from *instinct*, tho' perhaps, debauch'd
By *sense*, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes!
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise;
And discontent is *immortality*.
Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of Heaven,
Set up their hopes on Earth, and stable *here*
With brutal acquiescence in the mire?
Lorenzo! no! they shall be nobly pain'd;
The glorious *foreigners*, distress'd, shall sigh
On thrones; and thou *congratulate* the sigh:
Man's misery declares him born for bliss;
His *anxious* heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the *sceptic* in his head the *lie*.
Our heads, our hearts, our *passions*, and our *powers*,
Speak the same language; call us to the skies;
Unripen'd *these* in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture and mistake;
And for this land of trifles *those* too strong
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life:
What prize on Earth can pay us for the storm?
Meet objects for our *passions*, Heaven ordain'd,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect. Blest Heaven! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss!
O for a bliss *unbounded!* far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our *powers* to perish immature;
But, after feeble effort *here*, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.
Reason progressive, *instinct* is complete;
Swift *instinct* leaps; slow *reason* feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach; their little all
Flows in at once; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were *man* to live coëval with the Sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearnt.
Men perish in advance, as if the Sun
Should set ere noon, in *eastern* oceans drown'd;
If fit, with *dim, illustrious* to compare,
The Sun's *meridian* with the *soul* of man.
To man, why, step-dame *Nature!* so severe?
Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy?
Or, if abortively poor man must die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in *aread*?
Why curs' with foresight? Wise to misery?
Why of his proud prerogative the prey?
Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain?
His *immortality* alone can tell;
Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favour of the just!
His *immortality* alone can solve
The darkest of *enigmas*, human *hope*;
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, th' assassin of our joy,
All *present* blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than *despair*.
With no past toils content, still planning new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than *pursuit*?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown?
That wish accomplish'd, why, the grave of bliss?
Because, in the *great future* buried deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies *all* that man with ardour should pursue;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.
Man's heart th' Almighty to the *future* sets,
By secret and inviolable springs;
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still;
"More, more!" the glutton cries, for something *now*;
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He *will* descend. He starves on the *possest*.
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plung'd; and div'd beneath the brute.
In that rank sty why wallow'd empire's son.

[1] Night the Sixth.

Supreme? Because he could no higher fly;
His *riot* was *ambition* in despair.
Old Rome consulted birds; Lorenzo! thou,
With more success, the flight of *hope* survey;
Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perch'd o'er every thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight;
And, never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodg'd beyond the grave.
There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If *being* fails) more mournful riddles rise,
And *virtue* vies with *hope* in mystery.
Why *virtue?* Where its praise, its being, fled?
Virtue is true self-interest pursued:
What true self-interest of *quite*-mortal man?
To close with all that makes him happy *here*.
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on Earth,
Then vice is virtue; 'tis our *sovereign* good.
In *self-applause* is virtue's golden prize;
No self-applause attends it on *thy* scheme: [right.
Whence self-applause? From conscience of the
And what is right, but means of happiness?
No means of happiness when *virtue* yields;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin every *virtuous joy*.
The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
So long rever'd, so long reputed wise,
Is weak; with rank knight-errantries o'er-run.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-exposure, laudable, and great?
Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death?
Die for thy country?—Thou romantic fool!
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink:
Thy *country!* what to thee?—The *Godhead*, what?
(I speak with awe!) though he should bid thee
If, with thy blood, thy *final* hope is spilt, [bleed!
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf; preserve thy being; disobey.
Nor is it disobedience: know, Lorenzo!
Whate'er th' Almighty's subsequent command,
His first command is *this*—"Man, love thyself."
In this alone, free-agents are *not* free.
Existence is the basis, bliss the prize;
If *virtue* costs existence, 'tis a crime;
Bold violation of our law *supreme*,
Black suicide; though nations, which consult
Thir gain, at thy expense, resound applause.
Since *virtue's* recompense is doubtful, *here*,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man *suffer'd* to be good in vain?
Why to be good in vain, is man *enjoin'd?*
Why to be good in vain, is man *betray'd?*
Betray'd by traitors lodg'd in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt?
Why whispers *Nature* lies on virtue's part?
Or if blind *instinct* (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,
Why *reason* made accomplice in the cheat?
Why are the *wisest* loudest in her praise?
Can man by *reason's* beam be led astray?
Or, at his peril, *imitate his God?*
Since virtue *sometimes* ruins us on Earth,
Or *both* are true; or man survives the grave.
Or man survives the grave; or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man *immortal*, and thy scorn is just.
The man *immortal*, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
But if man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A *daring* infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure *heroical* defect of thought),
Of all Earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.
When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise; for *worth*, whose noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers;
Dream we, that lustre of the *moral* world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close?
Why was he wise to *know*, and warm to *praise*,
And strenuous to *transcribe*, in human life,
The Mind Almighty? Could it be, that Fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the Deity, should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest *angels* too might die?
If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd? and a *solitary* God,
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne!
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust?
From dust we disengage, or man *mistakes;*
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw,
Wisdom and *worth* how boldly he commends!
Wisdom and *worth* are sacred names; rever'd,
Where not embrac'd; applauded! deified!
Why not *compassion'd* too? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, *inflicted* both,
To make us but more wretched. *Wisdom's* eye
Acute, for what? To spy more miseries;
And *worth*, *so* recompens'd, new-points their stings.
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted *humbles* us the more.
Thou wilt not patronise a scheme that makes
Weakness and *vice*, the refuge of mankind.
"Has virtue, then, no joys?"—Yes, joys *dear-bought*.
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
Virtue and vice are at eternal war.
Virtue's a combat; and who fights for nought?
Or for precarious, or for small reward?
Who virtue's *self-reward* so loud resound,
Would take degrees *angelic* here below,
And *virtue*, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
The crown, th' *unfading* crown, her soul inspires:
'T is that, and that alone, can countervail
The body's treacheries, and the *world's* assaults:
On Earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies.
Truth incontestable! In spite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believ'd.
In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heaven's signet stamping an *immortal* make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
Sustaining all; what find we? *Knowledge*, *love*.
As light and heat, essential to the Sun,
These to the soul. And *why*, if souls expire?
How little lovely *here?* How little known?
Small *knowledge* we dig up with endless toil;
And *love* unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
Why starv'd, on Earth, our *angel* appetites;
While *brutal* are indulg'd their fulsome fill?
Were then capacities *divine* conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in savage sport,
Rank insult of our pompous *poverty*,
Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair?
In future age lies no redress? And shuts

Eternity the door on our complaint?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made! 270
The worst to *wallow*, and the best to *weep*;
The man who merits most, must most complain:
Can we conceive a disregard in Heaven,
What the worst *perpetrate* or best *endure*?
This cannot be. To *love*, and *know*, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless power;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, powers, appetites, Heaven suits in all;
Nor, *Nature* through, e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string. 280
Is *man* the sole exception from her laws?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monster, the reproach of Heaven,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On Nature's beauteous aspect; and deforms,
(Amazing blot!) deforms her with her *lord*.
If such is man's allotment, *what* is Heaven?
Or own the soul *immortal*, or blaspheme.
Or own the soul immortal, or invert 290
All *order*. Go, mock-majesty! go, man!
And bow to thy superiors of the stall;
Through every scene of *sense* superior far:
They graze the turf untill'd; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and un-embitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs;
Mankind's peculiar! *reason's* precious dower!
No foreign clime *they* ransack for their robes;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar;
Their good is good entire, unmixt, unmarr'd; 300
They find a Paradise in every field,
On boughs *forbidden* where no curses hang:
Their *ill* no more than strikes the sense; unstretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear:
When the *worst* comes, it comes unfear'd; one stroke
Begins, and ends, their woe: they die but *once*;
Blest, incommunicable privilege! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or *hero*, sighs in vain.
Account for this prerogative in brutes. 310
No day, no glimpse of day, to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from *eternity*.
O sole, and sweet solution! that unties
The difficult, and softens the severe;
The cloud on *Nature's* beauteous face dispels;
Restores bright *order*; casts the brute beneath;
And re-enthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, e'en *here*: admit immortal life,
And virtue is *knight-errantry* no more;
Each *virtue* brings in hand a golden dower, 320
Far richer in reversion: *Hope* exults;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of Heaven.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind?
Astonishing beyond astonishment!
Heaven our reward—for Heaven enjoy'd *below*.
Still unsubdued thy stubborn *heart*?—For *there*
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless; *will* alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find 330
New, unexpected witnesses against thee?
Ambition, *pleasure*, and the *love of gain*!
Canst thou suspect, that *these*, which make the soul
The *slave* of Earth, should own her *heir* of Heaven?
Canst thou suspect what makes us *disbelieve*
Our immortality, should prove it *sure*?
First, then, *ambition* summon to the bar.
Ambition's *shame*, *extravagance*, *disgust*,
And *inextinguishable nature*, speak.
Each much *deposes*; hear them in their turn. 340
Thy soul, how passionately fond of *fame*!
How anxious, that fond passion to conceal!
We blush detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men;
And why? Because *immortal*. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul;
Heaven kindly gives our blood a *moral* flow;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim;
Which stoops to court a character from man; 350
While o'er us in tremendous judgment sit
Far more than man, with *endless* praise, and blame.
Ambition's *boundless appetite* out-speaks
The verdict of its *shame*. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living *few* begun,
Late time must echo; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names *eternally* to live:
Wild dream which ne'er had haunted human thought,
Had not our natures been *eternal* too. 361
Instinct points out an interest in hereafter;
But our blind *reason* sees not *where* it lies;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult th' ambitious, 't is ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cried Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. This *third* proof ambition brings 370
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate:
Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
At *such* success, and blush at his renown.
And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart; far more illustrious glory calls;
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.
And can ambition a *fourth* proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three; 380
Yet quite o'erlook'd by some *reputed* wise.
Though disappointments in ambition *pain*,
And though success *disgusts*; yet still, Lorenzo!
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts;
By Nature planted for the noblest ends.
Absurd the fam'd advice to Pyrrhus given,
More prais'd, than ponder'd; specious, but unsound;
Sooner that hero's *sword* the world had quell'd,
Than *reason*, his ambition. Man *must* soar.
An obstinate activity within, 390
An insuppressive spring, will toss him up
In spite of *fortune's* load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too;
No *Sultan* prouder than his fetter'd slave:
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian in their hearts,
And cry,—"Behold the wonders of my might!"
And why? Because *immortal* as their lord;
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great; the glitter, or the gold; 400
The praise of mortals, or the praise of Heaven.
Nor absolutely vain is *human* praise,
When human is supported by *divine*.
I 'll introduce Lorenzo to himself;
Pleasure and *pride* (bad masters!) share our hearts,
As love of *pleasure* is ordain'd to guard
And feed our bodies, and extend our race;

The love of *praise* is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the *love of praise*, inspires,
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
Earth's happiness? From *that*, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of *civil* life,
Want and *convenience*, under-workers, lay
The basis, on which *love of glory* builds.
Nor is *thy* life, O *virtue!* less in debt
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were men not *proud*, what merit should we miss!
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons *right* to man,
And whets his appetite for *moral* good.
Thirst of applause is virtue's *second* guard;
Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;
Our *private* reason is a flatterer;
Thirst of applause calls *public* judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.
Here a *fifth* proof arises, stronger still:
Why this so nice construction of our hearts?
These delicate moralities of *sense*;
This *constitutional* reserve of aid
To succour virtue, when our *reason* fails;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And, oft, the mark of injuries on Earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die?
Why freighted-rich, to dash against a rock?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,
O how mis-spent were all these stratagems,
By skill divine inwoven in our frame!
Where are Heaven's holiness and mercy fled?
Laughs Heaven, at once, at *virtue*, and at *man*?
If not, why *that* discourag'd, *this* destroy'd?
Thus far *ambition*. What says *avarice*?
This *her* chief maxim, which has long been *thine*:
"The wise and wealthy are the same,"—I grant it.
To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, *this* his highest praise.
To this great end keen *instinct* stings him on.
To guide that instinct, *reason!* is thy charge;
'T is thine to tell us where *true* treasure lies:
But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
A blunder follows; and blind *industry*,
Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
(The course where stakes of more than gold are won)
O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,
The jaded spirits of the *present* hour,
Provides for an *eternity* below.
"*Thou shalt not covet*," is a wise command;
But bounded to the wealth the Sun surveys:
Look farther, the command stands quite revers'd,
And *avarice* is a virtue most divine.
Is *faith* a refuge for our *happiness*?
Most sure: and is it not for *reason* too?
Nothing *this* world unriddles, but the *next*.
Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain?
From inextinguishable life in man:
Man, if not meant, by *worth*, to reach the *skies*,
Had wanted wing to fly so far in *guilt*.
Sour grapes, I grant, *ambition*, *avarice*,
Yet still their root is *immortality*:
These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,
(Pain and reproach!) *religion* can reclaim,
Refine, exalt, throw down their poisonous lee,
And make them sparkle in the bowl of *bliss*.
See, the *third witness* laughs at bliss remote,
And falsely promises an Eden here:
Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie,
A common cheat, and *pleasure* is her name.
To pleasure never was Lorenzo deaf;
Then hear her now, now *first* thy *real* friend.
Since Nature made us not more fond than *proud*
Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy!
Makers of mirth! artificers of smiles!)
Why should the joy most poignant *sense* affords
Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride?—
Those heaven-born blushes tell us man *descends*,
E'en in the zenith of his *earthly* bliss:
Should *reason* take her infidel repose,
This honest *instinct* speaks our lineage high;
This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
Our *glory* covers us with noble *shame*,
And he that's unconfounded, *is unmann'd*.
The man that blushes is not quite a *brute*.
Thus far with thee, Lorenzo! will I close.
Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made;
But pleasure full of glory, as of joy;
Pleasure, which neither *blushes*, nor *expires*.
The witnesses are heard; the cause is o'er;
Let *conscience* file the sentence in her court,
Dearer than *deeds* that half a realm convey:
Thus seal'd by *truth*, th' authentic record runs.
"Know, all; know, infidels,—unapt to know!
'T is *immortality* your nature solves;
'T is *immortality* decyphers man,
And opens all the mysteries of his make.
Without it, half his *instincts* are a riddle;
Without it, all his *virtues* are a dream.
His very *crimes* attest his dignity;
His sateless thirst of *pleasure*, *gold*, and *fame*,
Declares him born for blessings *infinite*:
What less than infinite makes un-absurd
Passions, which *all* on Earth but more inflames?
Fierce passions, so mis-measur'd to *this* scene,
Stretch'd out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,
Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
For *Earth* too large, presage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the *skies*."
Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind!
Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from Hell!
Think not our passions from *corruption* sprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings;
That is their *mistress*, not their *mother*. All
(And justly) *reason* deems divine: I see,
I feel a grandeur, in the *passions* too,
Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end;
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere Adam fell, though wiser in their aim.
Like the proud Eastern, struck by Providence,
What though our *passions* are run mad, and stoop
With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze
On trash, on toys, dethron'd from high desire?
Yet still through their disgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell:
But *these* (like that fall'n monarch when reclaim'd),
When *reason* moderates the rein aright,
Shall re-ascend, remount their former sphere,
Where once they soar'd illustrious; ere seduc'd
By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on Earth,
And set the sublunary world on fire.
But grant their phrensy lasts; their phrensy fails
To disappoint *one* providential end,
For which Heaven blew up ardour in our hearts:

Were *reason* silent, boundless *passion* speaks
A future scene of boundless *objects* too,
And brings glad tidings of *eternal* day.
Eternal day! 'T is that enlightens all;
And all, by that enlighten'd, proves it *sure*.
Consider man as an *immortal* being,
Intelligible all; and all is great;
A crystalline transparency prevails,
And strikes full lustre through the human sphere:
Consider man as *mortal*, all is dark,
And wretched; *reason* weeps at the survey.
The learn'd Lorenzo cries, "And let her weep,
Weak *modern* reason: *antient* times were wise.
Authority, that venerable guide,
Stands on my part; the fam'd Athenian porch
(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they?)
Denied this immortality to man."
I grant it; but affirm, they *prov'd* it too.
A riddle this!—Have patience; I'll explain.
What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glittering through their romantic wisdom's page,
Make us, at once, despise them, and admire?
Fable is flat to these high-season'd sires;
They leave th' extravagance of song below.
"Flesh shall not feel; or, feeling, shall enjoy
The dagger or the rack; to them, alike
A bed of roses, or the burning bull."
In men exploding all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine, this! As *doctrine*, it was strange;
But not, as *prophecy*; for such it prov'd,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd:
They feign'd a firmness *Christians* need not feign.
The *Christian* truly triumph'd in the flame:
The *Stoic* saw, in double wonder lost,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,
To find the bold adventures of his thought,—
Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.
Whence, then, those thoughts? those towering thoughts, that flew [*pride*.
Such monstrous heights?—From *instinct*, and from
The glorious *instinct* of a deathless soul,
Confus'dly conscious of her dignity,
Suggested truths they could not understand.
In *lust's* dominion, and in *passion's* storm,
Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimmering through the gloom:
Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
Pleas'd *pride* proclaim'd, what *reason* disbelieved.
Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,
Rav'd nonsense, destin'd to be *future* sense,
When life *immortal*, in full day, should shine;
And *Death's dark shadows* fly the gospel sun.
They spoke, what nothing but *immortal* souls
Could speak; and thus the truth they question'd, prov'd.
Can then *absurdities*, as well as *crimes*,
Speak man *immortal*? All things speak him so.
Much has been urg'd: and dost thou call for more?
Call; and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if *Earth* is all.
"Why life, a moment; infinite, desire?
Our wish, eternity? Our home, the grave?
Heaven's *promise* dormant lies in human *hope*;
Who *wishes* life immortal, proves it too.
Why happiness pursued, though never found?
Man's thirst of happiness declares *it is*
(For Nature never gravitates to naught);
That thirst unquench'd declares *it is not here*.
My Lucia, *thy* Clarissa, call to thought;
Why *cordial friendship* riveted so deep,
As hearts to pierce at first, at parting rend,
If friend, and friendship, vanish in an hour?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy?
Why by *reflection* marr'd the joys of *sense*?
Why *past*, and *future*, preying on our hearts,
And putting all our *present* joys to death?
Why labours *reason*? *instinct* were as well;
Instinct far better; what can *choose*, can *err*:
O how *infallible* the thoughtless brute!
'T were well his *Holiness* were half as sure.
Reason with *inclination*, why at war?
Why sense of *guilt*? why *conscience* up in arms?"
Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-council to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here:
Thus on—The e, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All *promise*, some *ensure*, a second scene;
Which, were it *doubtful*, would be dearer far
Than all things else most *certain*; were it *false*,
What *truth* on Earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us, let what will ensue;
This world it gives, in that high cordial, *hope*:
The future of the present is the soul:
How *this* life groans, when sever'd from the *next*!
Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In *both* parts perishes; *life* void of joy,
Sad prelude of *eternity* in pain!
Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, *new*, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy *hope*, and my *despair*,
Abhorr'd annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
In *this* black channel would my ravings run.
"*Grief* from the *future* borrow'd peace, ere while.
The future *vanish'd!* and the present *pain'd!*
Strange import of unprecedented ill!
Fall, how profound! Like Lucifer's, the fall!
Unequal fate! His fall, without his guilt!
From where fond *hope* built her pavilion high,
The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
To night! To *nothing*, darker still than night!
If 't was a *dream*, why wake me, my worst foe,
Lorenzo! boastful of the name of friend!
O for delusion! Or for errour still!
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
A *thinking* being in a world like this,
Not over-rich before, *now* beggar'd quite;
More curst than at the *fall*?—The Sun goes out!
The thorns shoot up! What thorns in every thought!
Why sense of better? It imbitters worse.
Why sense? why life? If but to sigh, then sink
To what I was! *twice* nothing! and much woe!
Woe, from Heaven's bounties! woe from what was
To flatter most, high *intellectual powers*. [wont
Thought, virtue, knowledge! blessings, by *thy* scheme,
All poison'd into pains. First, *knowledge*, once
My soul's ambition, *now* her greatest dread.
To *know myself*, true wisdom?—No, to shun
That shocking science, parent of despair!
Avert thy mirror: if I see, I die.
"*Know my Creator?* Climb his blest abode
By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a *foe*,
Obtruding life, withholding happiness!
From the full rivers that surround his throne,

Not letting fall one drop of joy on man;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy *reptiles* more!
Ye sable clouds! ye darkest shades of night!
Hide *him*, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort; source, and soul of joy!
Now leagu'd with furies, and with *thee*[2], against me.
" *Know his achievements?* Study his renown?
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete!
For what? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of *misery?*
To find the being, which alone can *know*
And *praise* his works, a blemish on his praise?"
Through Nature's ample range, in thought to stroll,
And start at *man*, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope! chain'd down to pangs, and death?
" Knowing is suffering: and shall *virtue* share
The sigh of *knowledge?*—Virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of *excellent*,
By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
With every vice, and swept to *brutal* dust?
Merit is madness; virtue is a crime;
A crime to *reason*, if it costs us pain
Unpaid: what pain, amidst a thousand more,
To think the most *abandon'd*, after days
Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
As *soft* a pillow, nor make *fouler* clay!
" *Duty! religion!*—These, our duty done,
Imply reward. *Religion* is mistake.
Duty!—There's none, but to repel the cheat.
Ye cheats! away! ye daughters of my pride!
Who feign yourselves the favourites of the skies:
Ye towering hopes, abortive energies!
That toss and struggle, in my *lying* breast,
To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
As I were heir of an *eternity*.
Vain, vain ambitions! trouble me no more.
Why travel far in quest of sure defeat?
As bounded as my being, be my wish.
All is inverted, *wisdom* is a fool.
Sense! take the rein; blind *passion!* drive us on;
And, *ignorance!* befriend us on our way;
Ye *new*, but *truest* patrons of our peace!
Yes; give the *pulse* full empire; live the *brute*,
Since, as the brute, we die. The *sum* of man,
Of godlike man! to *revel*, and to *rot*.
" But not on equal terms with *other* brutes:
Their revels a more poignant relish yield,
And safer too; *they* never poisons choose.
Instinct, than *reason*, makes more wholesome meals,
And sends all-marring murmur far away.
For *sensual* life *they* best philosophize;
Theirs that *serene*, the *sages* sought in vain:
'T is *man* alone expostulates with Heaven;
His, all the *power*, and all the *cause*, to mourn.
Shall *human* eyes *alone* dissolve in tears?
And bleed, in anguish, none but *human* hearts?
The wide-stretch'd realm of *intellectual* woe,
Surpassing *sensual* far, is all our own.
In *life* so fatally distinguish'd, why
Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in *death?*
" Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt?
Why thunder'd this peculiar *clause* against us,
All-mortal and all-wretched!—Have the skies
Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,
Nor *humbly* reason, when they *sorely* sigh?
All-mortal and all-wretched!—'T is too much:
Unparallel'd in Nature: 't is too much
On being *unrequested* at thy hands,
Omnipotent! for I see naught but *power*.
" And why see that? Why *thought?* To toil, and eat,
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
What superfluities are *reasoning* souls!
O give eternity! or thought destroy.
But without thought our curse were half unfelt;
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart;
And, *therefore*, 't is bestow'd. I thank thee, *reason!*
For aiding *life's* too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of *death*.
Such are thy bounties!—Was it then too much
For *me*, to trespass on the brutal rights?
Too much for *Heaven* to make one emmet more?
Too much for *chaos* to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, *untormented* into *man?*
Wretched *preferment* to this round of pains!
Wretched capacity of phrensy, *thought!*
Wretched capacity of dying, *life!*
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.
" *Death*, then, has chang'd his nature too:
O Death!
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of Heaven!
Best friend of man! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny *wilderness* so long.
Since there 's no *promis'd land's* ambrosial bower,
To pay me with its honey for my stings?
If needful to the selfish schemes of Heaven
To sting us sore, why *mock't* our misery?
Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd?
Why so magnificently lodg'd *despair?*
At stated periods, sure returning, roll
These *glorious orbs*, that mortals may compute
Their length of labours, and of pains; nor lose
Their misery's full measure?—Smiles with flowers,
And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming *Earth*,
That man may languish in *luxurious* scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys?
Claim Earth and skies man's admiration, due
For *such* delights! Blest *animals!* too wise
To *wonder*; and too happy to *complain!*
" Our *doom decreed* demands a mournful scene:
Why not a dungeon dark, for the *condemn'd?*
Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
For man to howl in? Why not his abode
Of the same dismal colour with his fate?
A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense
Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire;
If, from her humble chamber in the dust, [flames,
While proud thought swells, and high desire inThe poor *worm* calls us for her inmates *there*;
And, round us, *Death's* inexorable hand
Draws the dark curtain close; undrawn no more.
" *Undrawn no more!*—Behind the cloud of *Death*,
Once, I beheld the Sun; a Sun which gilt
That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold:
How the *grave's* alter'd! Fathomless, as Hell!
A *real* Hell to those who dreamt of Heaven.
Annihilation! How it yawns before me!

[2] Lorenzo.

Next moment I may drop from *thought*, from *sense*,
The privilege of *angels*, and of *worms*,
An out-cast from existence! and this spirit,
This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
This particle of energy divine,
Which travels Nature, flies from star to star,
And visits gods, and emulates their powers,
For ever is extinguisht. Horrour! death!
Death of *that* death I *fearless* once survey'd!—
When horrour *universal* shall descend,
And Heaven's dark concave urn all human race,
On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
How just this verse! this monumental sigh!

"Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
Deep in the rubbish of the general wreck,
Swept ignominious to the common mass
Of matter, never dignified with life,
Here lie proud rationals; *the sons of Heaven!*
The lords of Earth! the property of worms!
Beings of yesterday! and not to-morrow!
Who liv'd in terrour, and in pangs expir'd!
All gone to rot in chaos; *or to make*
Their happy transit into blocks *or* brutes,
Nor longer sully their Creator's *name.*"

Lorenzo! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history? If *such* is man,
Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.
And dares Lorenzo smile!—I know thee proud;
For once let *pride* befriend thee; pride looks pale
At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
And art thou then a shadow? Less than shade?
A nothing? *Less* than nothing? To *have* been,
And *not to be*, is lower than unborn.
Art thou *ambitious?* Why then make the worm
Thine equal? Runs thy taste of *pleasure* high?
Why patronise sure death of every joy?
Charm *riches?* Why choose beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt! and for ever?
Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They lately *prov'd*[3], the soul's supreme desire.
What art thou made of? Rather, how unmade?
Great *Nature's* master-appetite destroy'd!
Is endless life, and happiness, despis'd?
Or both wish'd, *here*, where neither can be found?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with Heaven!
Dar'st thou persist? And is there nought on Earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour?
Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd?
Oh! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo!
Destroys thy scheme the *whole* of human race?
Kind is fell Lucifer, compar'd to thee:
O! spare this *waste* of being half-divine;
And vindicate th' *economy* of Heaven.
Heaven is all love; all joy in giving joy:
It never had created, but to *bless:*
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life,
A being blest, or worthy *so* to be?
Heaven starts at an *annihilating* God.
Is that, all *Nature* starts at, thy desire?
Art such a clod to wish thyself *all* clay?
What is that dreadful wish?—The dying groan
Of *Nature*, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
What deadly poison has thy nature drunk;

To nature undebauch'd no shock so great;
Nature's *first* wish is *endless happiness;*
Annihilation is an after-thought,
A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue *dies.*
And, oh! what depth of horrour lies enclos'd!
For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.
If so; what words are dark enough to draw
Thy picture true? The darkest are too fair.
Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
In what infernal posture of the soul,
All Hell invited, and all Hell in joy
At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
Did thy foul *fancy* whelp so black a scheme
Of *hopes* abortive, *faculties* half-blown,
And *deities begun*, reduc'd to dust?
There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
Through *time's* rough billows into *night's* abyss.
Say, in this rapid *tide* of human ruin,
Is there no *rock*, on which man's tossing thought
Can rest from terrour, dare his fate survey,
And boldly think it *something* to be born?
Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
Is there no central, all-sustaining *base*,
All-realising, all-*connecting power*,
Which, as it call'd forth all things, can *recall*,
And force *destruction* to refund her spoil?
Command the grave restore her taken prey?
Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
And *earth* and *ocean* pay their debt of man,
True to the grand deposit trusted *there?*
Is there no *potentate*, whose out-stretch'd arm,
When ripening time calls forth th' appointed hour,
Pluck'd from foul *devastation's* famish'd maw,
Binds *present, past*, and *future*, to his throne?
His throne, how glorious, thus divinely grac'd,
By germinating beings clustering round!
A garland worthy the divinity!
A throne, by Heaven's omnipotence *in smiles*,
Built (like a *pharos* towering in the waves)
Amidst immense effusions of his love!
An ocean of *communicated* bliss!
An all-prolific, all-preserving god!
This were a god indeed.—And such *is* man,
As here presum'd: he rises from his fall.
Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where,
Will the swarm settle?—When the *trumpet's* call,
As sounding brass, collects us, round Heaven's throne
Conglob'd, we bask in everlasting day,
(Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the soul this *outlet* to the skies,
In this vast vessel of the universe,
How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famish'd *hope* expire!
How bright *my* prospect shines; how gloomy,
A trembling world! and a devouring God! [*thine!*
Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of being *lost.* Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of *life.*
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial but our misery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our *distress,*

[3] In Night VI.

So soon to perish, and revive no more?
The greater *such* a joy, the *more* it pains.
A world, so far from *great* (and yet how great
It spines to thee!) there's nothing *real* in it;
Being, a shadow; *consciousness*, a dream;
A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glittering a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding *night*,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!
Lorenzo! dost thou *feel* these arguments?
Or is there naught but *vengeance* can be felt?
How hast thou dar'd the Deity dethrone?
How dar'd *indict* him of a world like this?
If *such* the world, creation was a crime;
For what is crime but cause of misery?
Retract, blasphemer! and unriddle *this*,
Of endless arguments *above*, *below*,
Without us, and *within*, the short result—
"*If man's immortal, there's a God in Heaven.*"
But wherefore such redundancy? such waste
Of argument? One sets *my* soul at rest!
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh!—at *heart*.
So just the skies, Philander's life so pain'd,
His heart so pure; *that*, or *succeeding* scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.
"*What an old tale is this!*" Lorenzo cries.—
I grant this argument is old; but truth
No years impair; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul; and *fable*
As fleeting as thy joys: be wise, nor make
Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance; O be wise!
Nor make a curse of *immortality*.
Say, know'st thou what *it* is, or what *thou* art?
Know'st thou th' *importance* of a soul immortal?
Behold this midnight glory: worlds on worlds!
Amazing pomp! redouble this amaze;
Ten thousand add; add twice ten thousand more;
Then weigh the whole: *one* soul outweighs them all;
And calls th' astonishing magnificence
Of *unintelligent* creation *poor*.
For this, believe not *me*; no *man* believe;
Trust not in words, but deeds; and deeds no less
Than those of the Supreme; nor his, a few;
Consult them *all*; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance: tremble at thyself;
For whom *Omnipotence* has wak'd so long:
Has wak'd, and work'd, for ages; from the birth
Of Nature to this *unbelieving* hour.
In this small province of his vast domain
(All *Nature* bow, while I pronounce his name!)
What has God done, and not for *this* sole end,
To rescue souls from death! *The soul's high price*
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The *soul's high price* is the *Creation's key*,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of every deed divine:
That is the *chain of ages*, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design:
That is the *mighty hinge*, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The *natural*, *civil*, or *religious*, world;
The former two but servants to the third:
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their *mass* new-cast, forgot their *deeds renown'd*:
And angels ask, "*Where once they shone so fair?*"
To lift us from this abject, to sublime;
This flux, to permanent; this dark, to day;
This foul, to pure; this turbid, to serene;
This mean, to mighty!—for *this* glorious end
Th' Almighty, rising his long sabbath broke! 1030
The world was made; was ruin'd; was restor'd;
Laws from the skies were publish'd; were repeal'd;
On *Earth* kings, kingdoms, rose; kings, kingdoms, fell;
Fam'd sages lighted up the *pagan* world;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Through distant age; saints travel'd; martyrs bled;
By wonders sacred Nature stood control'd;
The living were translated; dead were rais'd;
Angels, and *more* than angels, came from Heaven;
And, oh! for *this*, descended lower still: 1040
Guilt was Hell's gloom; astonish'd at his guest,
For one short moment Lucifer ador'd:
Lorenzo! and wilt thou do less?—For *this*,
That *hallow'd page*, fools scoff at, was inspir'd,
Of all these truths—thrice venerable code!
Deists! perform your quarantine; and then
Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.
Nor less intensely bent *infernal* powers
To mar, than those of *light*, *this* end to gain.
O what a scene is here!—Lorenzo! wake! 1050
Rise to the thought; exert, expand thy soul,
To take the vast idea: it denies
All *else* the name of great. Two warring worlds!
Not Europe against Afric; warring worlds!
Of *more* than mortal! mounted on the wing!
On ardent wings of energy and zeal,
High-hovering o'er this little brand of strife!
This sublunary ball—But strife, for what?
In their own cause conflicting? No; in *thine*,
In *man's*. His *single* interest blows the flame; 1060
His the sole stake; his fate the trumpet sounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns!
Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms!
Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
And tempest Nature's universal sphere.
Such opposites eternal, steadfast, stern,
Such foes implacable, are *good*, and *ill*; [them.
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between
Think not this fiction, "*There was war in Heaven*,"
From Heaven's high crystal mountain, where it hung, 1070
Th' Almighty's out-stretch'd arm took down his bow,
And shot his indignation at the *deep*:
Re-thunder'd *Hell*, and darted all her fires.
And seems the stake of little moment still?
And slumbers *man*, who singly caus'd the storm?
He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at *mysteries?*
The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counsel *mortals* cause
In breasts divine! how little in their own!
Where-e'er I turn, how new *proofs* pour upon me!
How happily this wondrous view supports 1081
My former argument! How strongly *strikes*
Immortal life's full demonstration, *here!*
Why this exertion? Why this strange regard
From Heaven's Omnipotent indulg'd to man?—
Because, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or blest, for *ever*.
Duration gives importance; swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be? A trifle of no weight; 1090
Or stand, or fall; no matter which; he's gone.
Because immortal, therefore is indulg'd
This strange regard of deities to dust.
Hence Heaven looks down on Earth with all her eyes:

Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight:
Hence, every soul has partisans above,
And every thought a critic in the skies:
Hence, clay, vile clay! has angels for its guard,
And every guard a passion for his charge:
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious counsels hid;
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,
And Providence came forth to meet mankind:
In various modes of emphasis and awe,
He spoke his will, and trembling *Nature* heard;
He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.
Witness, thou Sinai! whose cloud-cover'd height,
And shaken basis, own'd the present God;
Witness, ye *billows!* whose returning tide,
Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to Hell:
Witness, *ye flames!* th' Assyrian tyrant blew
To sevenfold rage, as impotent, as strong:
And thou, *Earth!* witness, whose expanding jaws
Closed o'er *presumption's* sacrilegious sons[4]:
Has not each element, in turn, subscrib'd
The *soul's high price*, and sworn it to the wise?
Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove
To strike *this truth* through adamantine man?
If not all adamant, Lorenzo! hear;
All is delusion; *Nature* is wrapt up
In tenfold night, from *reason's* keenest eye;
There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the Sun, in all above
(As far as man can penetrate), or Heaven
Is an imprisonment, inestimable prize;
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
And shall each *toy* be still a match for Heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below?
Who would not give a trifle to *prevent*
What he would give a thousand worlds to *cure?*

Lorenzo! thou hast seen (if thine to see)
All *Nature*, and her God (by Nature's *course*,
And Nature's course *control'd*) declare for me:
The skies above proclaim, "*immortal* man!"
And, "man *immortal!*" all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read by the greatest strangers to the schools;
If *honest*, learn'd; and *sages* o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo! then, impos'd on thee
This hard alternative; or, to renounce
Thy *reason*, or thy *sense*; or, to *believe?*
What then is *unbelief?* 'T is an exploit;
A strenuous enterprise: to gain it, man
Must burst through every bar of common sense,
Of common shame, magnanimously wrong;
And what rewards the sturdy combatant?
His prize, *repentance*; *infamy*, his crown.

But wherefore, *infamy?*—For want of *faith*,
Down the steep precipice of *wrong* he slides;
There's nothing to support him in the *right*.
Faith in the future wanting is at least
In *embryo*, every weakness, every guilt;
And strong temptation ripens it to *birth*.
If *this* life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country sold, his father slain?
'T is virtue to pursue our good supreme;
And his supreme, his *only* good is *here*.
Ambition, avarice, by the wise disdain'd,
Is perfect *wisdom*, while mankind are *fools*,
And think a turf, or tomb-stone, covers all:

[4] Korah, &c.

These find employment, and provide for *sense*
A richer pasture, and a larger range;
And *sense* by right divine ascends the throne,
When *virtue's* prize and prospect are no more;
Virtue no more we think the will of Heaven,
Would Heaven quite *beggar* virtue, if belov'd?
"Has *virtue* charms?"—I grant her heavenly fair;
But if unportion'd, all will *interest* wed;
Though *that* our admiration, *this* our choice.
The virtues *grow* on *immortality*;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A deity believ'd, will naught avail;
Rewards and *punishments* make God ador'd;
And *hopes* and *fears* give *conscience* all her power.

As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with *immortality*, expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, *he's a knave.*
His *duty* 't is, to love himself *alone*;
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere long the man shall *wholly* die,
Is dead already; naught but *brute* survives.

And are there such?—Such candidates there are
For *more* than death; for utter loss of being,
Being, the basis of the Deity!
Ask you the *cause?*—The cause they will not tell:
Nor *need* they: O the sorceries of *sense!*
They work this transformation on the soul,
Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd
Ere-while ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and *crawl* in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of *reason*, and of *hope!*
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More *senseless* than th' *irrationals* you scorn!
More *base* than those you rule! than those you pity,
Far more *undone!* O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity!
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
Ye curst by blessings infinite! because
Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
Ye motley mass of *contradiction* strong!
And are you, too, convinc'd, your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence *against* you?
In the coarse drudgeries and sinks of *sense*,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of Heaven,
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own:
But though you can *deform*, you can't *destroy*;
To *curse*, not *uncreate*, is all your power.

Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St. Evremont, and read St. Paul.
Ere rapt by miracle, by *reason* wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in Heaven.
This is *freethinking*, unconfin'd to *parts*,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man;
Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of *space*, and *time*, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless interests *there*,
Still most ambitious of the most remote;
To look on *truth* unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the *system*, the full orb; where truths

By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support
Th' incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction; here, the more we press, we stand
More firm; who most *examine*, most *believe*.
Parts, like half-sentences, confound; the *whole*
Conveys the sense, and God is understood;
Who not in *fragments* writes to human race:
Read his *whole* volume, sceptic! then reply.
This, *this*, is *thinking free*, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eyes, survey this midnight scene;
What are Earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range?
And what yon boundless orbs, to god'like *man*?
Those numerous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in Heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs, for *new* creations, there.
Can *such* a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight?
It can; it does: the *world* is such a point:
And, of *that* point, how *small* a part enslaves!
How small a part—of *nothing*, shall I say?
Why not?—*Friends*, our *chief* treasure! how they drop!
Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone!
The *grave*, like fabled Cerberus, has op'd
A triple mouth; and, in an awful voice,
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy!
What says this *transportation* of my friends?
It bids me love the place where *now* they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast *ocean* lies before thee;
There; there, Lorenzo! thy Clarissa sails.
Give thy mind sea-room; keep it wide of *Earth*,
That rock of souls *immortal*; cut thy cord;
Weigh anchor; spread thy sails; call every wind;
Eye thy *Great Pole-star*; make the land of life.
Two kinds of life has *double-natur'd* man,
And two of death; the *last* far more severe.
Life *animal* is nurtur'd by the Sun;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life *rational* subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in *his* beams, who made the day.
When we leave *that* Sun, and are left by *this*,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
'T is *utter* darkness; strictly *double* death.
We sink by no *judicial* stroke of Heaven,
But Nature's *course*; as sure as plumbets fall.
Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere)
'T is manifest, Lorenzo! *who* must change.
If, then, that *double death* should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the Deity;
Man shall be blest, as far as man *permits*.
Not man alone, all *rationals*, Heaven arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous, power
To counteract its own most gracious ends;
And this, of strict necessity, not choice;
That power denied, *men*, *angels*, were no more
But passive engines, void of paise or blame.
A nature *rational* implies the power
Of being blest, or wretched, as we please;
Else idle *reason* would have naught to do;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
Heaven *wills* our happiness, *allows* our doom;
Invites us ardently, but not *compels*;
Heaven but *persuades*, almighty man *decrees*;
Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls;
And fall he *must*, who learns from *death* alone,
The dreadful secret—That he lives for ever.
Why *this* to thee?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of second life? But wherefore doubtful still?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wish:
What ardently we wish, we *soon* believe:
Thy *tardy* faith declares that wish destroy'd:
What has destroy'd it?—Shall I tell thee what?
When *fear'd the future*, 't is no longer wish'd;
And, when unwish'd, we *strive* to disbelieve.
"*Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.*"
Nor that the *sole* detection! Blush, Lorenzo!
Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
The *future fear'd*?—An *infidel*, and fear?
Fear what? *A dream*? *A fable*?—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore *strong*,
Affords my cause an undesign'd support!
How *disbelief* affirms what it denies!
"*It, unawares, asserts immortal life.*"
Surprising! *infidelity* turns out
A *creed*, and a *confession of our sins:*
Apostates, *thus*, are orthodox divines.
Lorenzo! with Lorenzo clash no more;
Nor longer a *transparent* vizor wear.
Think'st thou, religion *only* has her mask?
Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites.
Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, *fail*.
When visited by thought (thought *will* intrude),
Like him they serve, they *tremble*, and *believe*.
Is their hypocrisy so foul as this;
So fatal to the welfare of the world?
What *detestation*, what *contempt*, their due!
And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape
That Christian candour they *strive* hard to scorn:
If not for that asylum, they might find
A Hell on *Earth*; nor 'scape a worse *below*.
With insolence, and impotence of thought,
Instead of racking fancy, to *refute*,
Reform thy manners, and the truth *enjoy*.—
But shall I dare confess the dire result?
Can thy proud *reason* brook so black a brand?
From *purer manners*, to *sublimer faith*,
Is Nature's unavoidable ascent;
An *honest* deist, where the gospel shines,
Matur'd to nobler, in the *Christian* ends.
When that blest change arrives, e'en cast aside
This song superfluous; *life immortal* strikes
Conviction, in a flood of light *divine*.
A *Christian* dwells, like Uriel[a], in the Sun;
Meridian evidence puts *doubt* to flight;
And ardent *hope* anticipates the skies.
Of *that* bright Sun, Lorenzo! scale the sphere;
'T is easy! it invites thee; it descends
From Heaven to woo, and waft thee whence it came:
Read and revere the *sacred page*; a page
Where triumphs *immortality*; a page
Which not the whole *creation* could produce;
Which not the *conflagration* shall destroy,
'T is printed in the mind of gods for ever,
In Nature's ruins not one letter lost.
In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels, and *men*, assent to what I sing;
Its smile, and thank me for my *midnight dream*.

[a] Milton.

How vicious hearts fume phrensy to the brain!
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
Pert *infidelity* is *wit's* cockade.
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By *loss of being*, dreadfully secure.
Lorenzo! if *thy* doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If *this* is all, if *Earth* a *final* scene,
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a *knave*,
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the *right*:
Shouldst thou be *good*—how infinite thy loss! 1380
Guilt only makes *annihilation* gain.
Blest scheme! which life deprives of *comfort*, death
Of *hope*; and which vice *only* recommends.
If so, *where*, infidels! your bait, thrown out
To catch weak converts? *where* your lofty boast
Of *zeal for virtue*, and of *love to man*?
Annihilation! I confess, in *these*.
What can *reclaim* you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a *song*?
Yet know, *its title* [6] flatters *you*, not *me*; 1390
Yours be the praise to make *my* title good;
Mine, to bless Heaven, and triumph in *your* praise.
But since so pestilential your disease,
Though sovereign is the medicine I prescribe,
As yet, I 'll neither triumph, nor despair:
But hope, ere long, my *midnight dream* will wake
Your hearts, and teach your *wisdom*—to be wise:
For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
E'er wish, (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?
What ne'er *can* die, oh! grant to *live*; and crown
The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies; 1401
Increase, and *enter* on the joys of Heaven:
Thus shall my title pass a *sacred* seal,
Receive an *imprimatur* from above,
While angels shout—*An Infidel Reclaim'd!*
To close, Lorenzo! spite of all my pains, [*ever*?
Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live *for*
Is it *less* strange, that thou shouldst live *at all*?
This is a miracle; and *that* no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end. 1410
Deny thou *art*: then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.
A miracle with miracles enclos'd,
Is man: and starts his faith at what is *strange*?
What less than wonders, from the *wonderful*;
What less than miracles, from God, can flow?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme!
That cause uncaus'd! all other wonders cease;
Nothing is marvellous for *him* to do:
Deny him—all is mystery besides;
Millions of mysteries! *each* darker far, 1420
Than *that* thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
If *weak* thy faith, why choose the harder side?
We nothing *know*, but what is marvellous;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't *believe*.
So weak our *reason*, and so *great* our God,
What most surprises in the *sacred page*,
Or full as strange, or stranger, *must* be true.
Faith is not *reason's* labour, but repose.
To *faith*, and *virtue*, why so backward, man?
From hence:—The *present* strongly strikes us all;
The *future*, faintly; can we, then, be *men*? 1431
If men, Lorenzo! the reverse is right.
Reason is man's peculiar: *sense*, the brute's.
The *present* is the scanty realm of *sense*;
The *future*, *reason's* empire unconfin'd:
On *that* expending all her godlike power,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, *there*;

[6] The Infidel Reclaimed.

There builds her *blessing!* there expects her *praise*;
And nothing asks of *fortune*, or of *men*,
And what is *reason*? Be she, thus, definʼd; 1440
Reason is *upright stature* in the *soul*.
Oh! be a *man*; and strive to be a *god*.
"For what? (thou say'st) To damp the joys of life?"
No; to give *heart* and *substance* to thy joys.
That tyrant, *hope*; mark how she domineers;
She bids us quit realities, for dreams;
Safety and peace for hazard, and alarm;
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
She bids *ambition* quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which *it* sits, 1450
Though bearing crowns, to spring at *distant* game;
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.
If *hope* precarious, and of things, when gain'd,
Of little moment, and as little stay,
Can sweeten toils and dangers into joys;
What then, *that* hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unask'd? Rich hope of boundless bliss!
Bliss, past *man's* power to paint it; *time's* to close!
This hope is Earth's most estimable prize:
This is man's portion, while no more than man:
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us *here*; 1461
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her *tears*; and *transport* has her *death*;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, *inspirits*, and *serences*;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
'Tis all our present state can *safely* bear,
Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
A joy attemper'd! a *chastis'd* delight!
Like the fair summer evening, mild, and sweet!
'Tis man's full cup; his Paradise below! 1470
A blest hereafter, *then*, or hop'd, or gain'd,
Is all; our *whole* of happiness: full proof,
I chose no trivial or inglorious *theme*.
And know, ye foes to song! (well-meaning men,
Though quite forgotten half your Bible's praise [7]!)
Important truths, in spite of *verse*, may please:
Grave minds you praise; nor can you praise too
If there is weight in an eternity, [much:
Let the *grave* listen;—and be *graver* still. 1480

NIGHT THE EIGHTH.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED.

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED,

The Love of this Life; the Ambition and Pleasure, with the Wit and Wisdom of the World.

And has all Nature, then, espous'd my part?
Have I brib'd Heaven and Earth to plead against
And is thy soul *immortal*?—What remains? [thee?
All, all, Lorenzo!—Make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals!—What can shock us more?
And yet Lorenzo still affects *the world*;
There, stows his treasure; thence, his title draws.
Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be call'd)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach? for a reproach it *was*,
In ancient days; and CHRISTIAN—in an age
When men were men, and not asham'd of Heaven—
Fir'd their ambition, as it crown'd their joy.

[7] The poetical parts of it.

Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I re-baptize thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.
Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflam'd,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song:
To thee, the *world how fair!* How strongly strikes
Ambition! and gay *pleasure* stronger still!
Thy triple bane! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead! Be *these* my triple theme;
Nor shall thy *wit*, or *wisdom*, be forgot.
Common the theme; not so the song; if she
My song invokes, Urania, deigns to smile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If she dissolves, the *man of earth*, at once,
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes;
Scenes, where these sparks of night, these *stars*, shall shine
Unnumber'd suns (for all things, as they *are*,
The blest behold); and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's astonish'd sight;
A blaze—the least illustrious object *there*.
Lorenzo! since *eternal* is at hand,
To swallow *time's* ambitions; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow; what avail
High titles, high descent, attainments high,
If unattain'd our *highest?* O Lorenzo!
What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
What towering hopes, what sallies from the Sun,
What grand surveys of destiny divine,
And pompous presage of unfathom'd fate,
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
Bound for eternity! In bosoms read
By *him*, who foibles in archangels sees!
On human hearts *he* bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in Heaven's register enrolls
The rise and progress of each option there;
Sacred to doomsday! *That* the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option, O Lorenzo! thine?
This world! and this, unrival'd by the skies!
A world, where lust of *pleasure, grandeur, gold*,
Three *demons* that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball;
Till, with the giddy circle sick and tir'd,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.
Such is the world Lorenzo sets above
That glorious *promise* angels were esteem'd
Too *mean* to bring; a promise, their *Ador'd*
Descended to communicate, and press,
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woos,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepar'd,
Intoxicates, but not composes; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest;
What *unfeign'd* travel, and what dreams of joy!
How frail, men, things! how momentary, both!
Fantastic chase of shadows hunting shades!
The *gay*, the *busy*, equal, though unlike;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise! [wastes,
Through flowery meadows, and through dreary
One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
The scenes of *business* tell us—"What are men;"
The scenes of *pleasure*—"What is all beside;"
There, others we despise; and *here*, ourselves.
Amid *disgust* eternal, dwells delight?
'Tis *approbation* strikes the string of joy.
What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave?
The *proud* run up and down in quest of eyes;
The *sensual*, in pursuit of something worse;
The *grave*, of gold; the *politic*, of power,
And all, of other butterflies, as vain!
As eddies draw things frivolous and light,
How is man's heart by *vanity* drawn in;
On the swift circle of returning toys, [gulf'd;
Whirl'd, straw-like, round and round, and then in-
Where gay delusion darkens to despair!
"*This is a beaten track.*"—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? never beat enough,
Till enough learn'd the truths it would inspire.
Shall truth be silent, because folly *frowns?*
Turn the world's history; what find we there,
But *fortune's* sports, or *nature's* cruel claims,
Or *woman's* artifice, or *man's* revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man?
Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings: how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the listening world!
Man is the tale of narrative old *time*;
Sad tale; which high as Paradise begins;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The *days*, his daughters, as they spin our hours
On *fortune's* wheel, where accident unthought,
Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between,
And fills his chronicle with human woes. [us;
Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind:
While in their *father's* bosom, not yet *ours*,
They flatter our fond hopes; and promise much
Of amiable; but hold *him* not o'erwise,
Who dares to trust them; and laugh round the year,
At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
Confiding, though confounded; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinc'd by proof,
And ever-looking for the never-seen.
Life to the last, like harden'd felons, lies;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joy goes out by one and one,
And leaves poor man, at length, in perfect night;
Night darker than what, *now*, involves the pole.
O thou, who dost permit these ills to fall
For gracious ends, and wouldst that man should mourn!
O thou, whose hands this goodly fabric fram'd,
Who know'st it best, and wouldst that man should know
What is this sublunary world? A vapour; [know!
A vapour all it holds; itself, a vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
Exhal'd, ordain'd to swim its destin'd hour
In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
Earth's days are number'd, nor remote her doom;
As mortal, though less transient, than her sons;
Yet they doat on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, solid; thou, a dream.
They doat! on what? *Immortal views* apart,
A region of outsides! a land of shadows!
A fruitful field of flowery promises!
A wilderness of joy! perplex'd with doubts,
And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, spread

With bold adventurers, their *all* on board!
No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown soon it *must*. Of various rates they sail,
Of ensigns various; all alike in this,
All restless, anxious; tost with hopes, and fears,
In calmest skies; obnoxious *all* to storm;
And stormy the most general blast of life:
All bound for happiness; yet few provide
The chart of *knowledge*, pointing where it lies;
Or *virtue's* helm, to shape the course design'd:
All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
And further from their wishes than before:
All, more or less, against each other dash,
To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
And suffering more from folly, than from fate.
Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen *terrours* frowning round,
(Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost [8])
Wide-opening, and loud-roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me further still:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By *moral truth*, in such a mirror seen,
Which Nature holds for ever at her eye.
Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
When *young*, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All, in some darling enterprise embark'd:
But where is he can fathom its extent?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, *some* win their way;
And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike; and while they triumph, they expire.
In stress of weather, *most; some* sink outright;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
To morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short *memorial* leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark 's ingulf'd;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot,
How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence! fond Fate's elect!)
With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet e'en these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men; and when is man secure?
As fatal *time*, as *storm!* the rush of years
Beats down their strength; their numberless escapes
In ruin end: and, now, their proud success
But plants *new* terrours on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own!
Their nest so deeply drown'd, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.
Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay! rich! great! triumphant! and august!

[8] Admiral Balchen, &c.

What are they?—The *most* happy (strange to say!)
Convince *me* most of human misery;
What are they? Smiling wretches of *to morrow!*
More wretched, *then*, than e'er their slave *can* be;
Their treacherous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting:
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth!
What aggravated impotence in power!
High titles, *then*, what insult of their pain!
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from their foaming billows' rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.
Is this a *sketch* of what thy soul admires?
"But here" (thou say'st) "the miseries of life
Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's stages: they speak plainer still;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
Look on thy lovely boy; in him behold
The best that can befal the best on Earth;
The boy has virtue by his *mother's* side:
Yes, on Florello look: a *father's* heart
Is tender, through the *man's* is made of stone;
The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.
Florello, lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant; now a heedless child;
To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate!
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns!
Needful austerities his will restrain;
As thorns fence-in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his *reason* cannot go alone;
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrified;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale;
Its pearly dew-drop trembles in his eye;
His harmless eye! and drowns an angel there.
Ah! what avails his innocence? The task
Enjoin'd must discipline his early powers;
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin;
Guiltless, and sad! a wretch before the fall!
How cruel this! more cruel to forbear.
Our *nature* such, with *necessary* pains,
We purchase prospects of *precarious* peace:
Though not a *father*, this might steal a sigh.
Suppose him disciplin'd aright (if not,
'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still),
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps enclosure, bounds into the world;
The world is taken, after ten years toil,
Like ancient Troy; and all its joys his own.
Alas! the world 's a tutor more severe;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates!) inspir'd.
For who receives him into public life?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glitter'd long, at distance, in his sight)
And, in their hospitable arms, enclose:
Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend:
Men, that act up to *reason's* golden rule,
All weakness of *affection* quite subdued:
Men, that would blush at being *thought* sincere,
And feign, for glory, the *few* faults they want;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well;
As if, to them, *vice* shone her own reward.

Lorenzo! canst thou bear a shocking sight?
Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear:
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Train'd to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off;
All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheath'd;
His friends eternal—during interest.;
His foes implacable—when worth their while;
At war with every welfare, but their own;
As wise as Lucifer; and half as good;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through these (so common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all, most amiable in life, [feign'd;
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles un-
Affection, as his species, wide diffus'd;
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.
These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh; till time, and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, *experience*,
And her assistant, pausing, pale, *distrust*,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy! if the clue shall come so cheap;
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of curst necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below call'd wisdom; sinks him into safety;
And brands him into credit with the *world*;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And Nature's injuries are arts of life;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt!
Poor Machiavel! who labour'd hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius need not go to school;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practis'd long before 't was writ.
The world's all *title-page*; there's no *contents*;
The world's all *face*; the man who shows his *heart*,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorn'd.
A man I knew, who liv'd upon a smile;
And well it fed him; he look'd plump and fair;
While rankest venom foam'd through every vein.
Lorenzo! what I tell thee, take not ill!
Living, he fawn'd on every *fool* alive;
And, dying, curs'd the *friend* on whom he liv'd.
To such proficients thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms (for thou hast travel'd far)
How curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the *necromantics* of their art,
Playing the game of *faces* on each other,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceiv'd;
And sometimes both (let Earth rejoice) undone!
Their parts we doubt not; but be that their shame;
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool;
And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve?
For who can thank the man he cannot *see*?
Why so much cover? It defeats itself. [hearts
Ye, that know all things! know ye not, men's
Are therefore known, *because* they are conceal'd?
For why conceal'd?—The cause they need not tell.
I give him joy, that 's awkward at a lie;
Whose feeble nature *truth* keeps still in awe;
His incapacity is his renown.
'Tis great, 't is manly, to disdain *disguise*;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Thou say'st, "'Tis *needful*:" is it therefore *right*?
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
To strain at an excuse: and wouldst thou then
Escape that cruel *need*? Thou may'st, with ease;
Think no post *needful* that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So Pulteney thought: think better if you can.
But this, how rare! the public path of life
Is dirty:—yet, allow that dirt is due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still:
The world 's no neuter; it will wound, or save;
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire. [*man*:"
You say, "The world, well known, will make a
The world, well-known, will give our hearts to Hea-
Or make us *demons*, long before we die. [ven,
To show how fair the world, *thy* mistress, shines,
Take *either* part, sure ills attend the choice;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not *virtue's*-self is deify'd on Earth;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, *last*, and *least*, complain;
But if *they* sigh, can *others* hope to smile?
If *wisdom* has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor *folly* lead a happy life?
And if *both* suffer, what has Earth to boast,
Where he *most* happy, who the *least* laments!
Where *much*, *much* patience, the most envied state,
And *some* forgiveness, needs the best of friends?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher,
Of neither shall he find the shadow *here*.
The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,
Lorenzo smartly, with a smile, replies;
"Thus far thy song is right; and all must own
Virtue *has her peculiar set of pains*.—
And *joys peculiar* who to *vice* denies?
If vice it is, with nature to comply:
If *pride*, and *sense*, are so predominant,
To *check*, not, *overcome*, them, makes a saint,
Can Nature in a plainer voice proclaim
Pleasure, and *glory*, the chief good of man?"
Can *pride*, and *sensuality*, rejoice?
From purity of thought, all *pleasure* springs;
And, from an humble spirit, all our *peace*.
Ambition, *pleasure*! let us talk of these:
Of these, the Porch, and Academy, talk'd;
Of these, each following age had much to say:
Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
Who talks of *these*, to mankind all at once
He talks; for were the saints from either free?
Are these thy refuge?—No: these rush upon thee;
Thy vitals seize, and, *vulture*-like, devour:
I 'll try if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus! from this barren ball of Earth;
If *reason* can unchain thee, thou art free.
And, first, thy *Caucasus*, ambition, calls;
Mountain of torments! eminence of woes!
Of courted woes! and courted through mistake!
'T is not ambition charms thee; 't is a cheat
Will make thee start, as H—— at his *Moor*.
Dost grasp at greatness? First, know what it is:
Think'st thou thy greatness in *distinction* lies?

No: in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
By *fortune* stuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodg'd: 'tis lodg'd in the reverse;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch and his slave;—"a deathless soul,
Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
A Father God and brothers in the skies;"
Elder, indeed, in time; but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man;
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise?
If still delirious, now, Lorenzo! go;
And with thy full-blown brothers of the *world*,
Throw scorn around thee; cast it on thy slaves;
Thy slaves, and equals: how scorn cast on them
Rebounds on thee! if man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god? If *fortune* makes him so,
Beware the consequence: a maxim that,
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the *man* is lost;
Externals fluttering, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory, when dispos'd to boast.
Boast *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.
We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy:
Judge we, in their caparisons, of *men*?
It nought avails thee, *where*, but *what*, thou art;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
When, through death's streights, *Earth's* subtle serpents creep,
Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Of fortune's *fucus* strip them, yet alive:
Strip them of body, too; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but *moral*, in their minds;
And let what then remains impose their name,
Pronounce them weak, or worthy; great, or mean.
How mean that snuff of glory *fortune* lights,
And *death* puts out! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once, infallible, and short,
Of *real* greatness? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If *this* a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
Th' Almighty, from his throne, on Earth surveys
Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart;
An humble heart, *his* residence! pronounc'd
His second seat; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives!
How far above *Lorenzo's* glory sits
Th' illustrious master of a name *unknown*;
Whose worth unrival'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men;
And *peace*, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles!
As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.
But thy great soul this *skulking* glory scorns.
Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen;
And, when he shrugs at public business, lies.
Denied the public eye, the public voice,
As if he liv'd on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal;
Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can?
Knows he, that faithless *fame* her whisper has,
As well as trumpet? That his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing *all*?
Knows this all-knower, that from itch of praise,
Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and despise,
With modest laughter *lining* loud applause,
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame?
His *fame*, which (like the mighty Cæsar), crown'd
With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
By *seeming* friends, that honour, and destroy.
We rise in glory, as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins:
And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud;
And dreams himself ascending in his fall.
An eminence, though fancy'd, turns the brain:
All vice wants *hellebore*; but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl;
Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In *fact*, the point in *fancy* most pursued.
Who court applause, oblige the world in *this*;
They gratify man's passion to *refuse*.
Superior honour, when *assum'd*, is *lost*;
E'en good men turn *banditti*, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.
Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the *world's* cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries—"Be, then, *ambition* cast;
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
Gay *pleasure!* proud *ambition* is her slave;
For her, he soars at *great*, and hazards *ill*;
For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes;
And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her smile:
Who can resist her charms?"—Or, *should?* Lorenzo!
What mortal shall resist, where angels yield?
Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers;
For her contend the rival gods above;
Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
And well it was for man, that pleasure charms;
How would all stagnate, but for *pleasure's* ray!
How would the frozen stream of action cease!
What is the pulse of this so busy world?
The love of *pleasure*: that, through every vein,
Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death from life.
Though various are the tempers of mankind,
Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains:
Some most affect the black; and some, the fair;
Some honest *pleasure* court; and some, obscene.
Pleasures *obscene* are various, as the throng
Of passions, that can *err* in human hearts;
Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
Think you there's but one whoredom? Whoredom, all.
But when our *reason* licenses delight:
Dost doubt, Lorenzo? Thou shalt doubt no more.
Thy father cheats thy gallantries; yet hugs
An ugly, common harlot, in the dark;
A rank adulterer with others' *gold!*
And that hag, *vengeance*, in a corner, charms,
Hatred her brothel has, as well as *love*,
Where horrid *epicures* debauch in blood.
Whate'er the motive, *pleasure* is the mark:
For her, the black assassin draws his sword;
For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
To which no *single* sacrifice may fall;
For her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
The Stoic proud, for *pleasure*, pleasure scorn'd;
For her, *affliction's* daughters grief indulge,
And find, or hope, a luxury in tears;
For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;

And with an aim *voluptuous*, rush on death.
Thus universal her despotic power!
And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
Patron of pleasure! doater on delight!
I am thy rival! pleasure I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name:
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower;
And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.
But this sounds harsh, and gives the *wise* offence;
If o'ertrain'd wisdom still retains the *name*.
How knits *austerity* her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold, and hazardous, the *praise*
Of *pleasure*, to mankind, *unprais'd*, too dear!
Ye modern Stoics! hear my soft reply;
Their senses men *will* trust: we can't impose;
Or, if we could, is imposition right?
Own *honey sweet*; but, owning, add this *sting*;
"When mixt with poison, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but *virtue* to be prais'd, as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
What nature *loves is* good without *our* leave;
And where no future drawback cries, "*Beware*,"
Pleasure, though not from virtue, *should* prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heaven;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The *love of pleasure* is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom, her *younger* sister, though more *grave*,
Was meant to *minister*, and not to mar,
Imperial *pleasure*, queen of human hearts.
Lorenzo! thou, her majesty's renown'd,
Though uncoift counsel, learned in *the world!*
Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain
May'st look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes!
Canst thou plead *pleasure's* cause as well as I?
Know'st thou her *nature, purpose, parentage?*
Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all;
And know thyself; and know thyself to be
(Strange truth!) the most abstemious man alive.
Tell not Calista; she will laugh thee dead;
Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.
Absurd presumption! Thou who never knew'st
A serious thought! shalt thou dare dream of joy?
No man e'er found a *happy life* by chance;
Or yawn'd it into being, with a wish;
Or, with the shout of grovelling *appetite*,
E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.
An *art* it is, and must be learnt; and learnt
With unremitting effort, or be lost;
And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
The clouds may drop down titles and estates;
Wealth may seek us; but *wisdom* must be sought;
Sought before all; but (how unlike all else
We seek on Earth!) 'tis never sought in vain.
First, *pleasure's* birth, rise, strength, and grandeur, see.
Brought forth by *wisdom*, nurst by *discipline*,
By *patience* taught, by *perseverance* crown'd,
She rears her head majestic; round her throne,
Erected in the bosom of the just,
Each virtue, listed, forms her manly guard.
For what are *virtues?* (Formidable name!)
What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy?
Why, then, commanded? Need mankind command,
At once to *merit*, and to *make*, their bliss?
Great Legislator! scarce so great, as kind!
If men are rational, and love delight,
Thy gracious law but flatters human choice;
In the transgression lies the penalty;
And they the most indulge, who most obey.
Of *pleasure*, next, the final cause explore;
Its mighty *purpose*, its important *end*.
Not to turn *human* brutal, but to build
Divine on human, *pleasure* came from Heaven.
In aid to *reason* was the goddess sent;
To call up all its strength by such a charm.
Pleasure, first, succours *virtue*; in return,
Virtue gives *pleasure* an eternal reign.
What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
Supports life *natural, civil*, and *divine?*
'T is from the pleasure of repast, we live;
'T is from the pleasure of applause, we please;
'T is from the pleasure of belief, we pray.
(All prayer would cease, if unbelieved the prize):
It serves ourselves, our species, and our God;
And to serve more, is past the sphere of man.
Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream!
Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
And fosters every growth of happy life;
Makes a new Eden where it flows;—but such
As *must* be lost, Lorenzo! by thy fall. [see,
"*What mean I by thy fall?*"—Thou 'lt shortly
While pleasure's *nature* is at large display'd;
Already sung her *origin*, and *ends*.
Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When *pleasure* violates, 't is then a vice,
And vengeance too; it hastens into pain.
From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;
From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
Heaven's justice, *this* proclaims, and *that* her love.
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
Unbroach'd by *just authority*, ungaug'd
By *temperance*, by *reason* unrefin'd?
A thousand demons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourselves! uninjur'd *these*,
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine:
Angels are angels, from indulgence *there*;
'T is unrepenting pleasure makes a god.
Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
The wrong *must* mourn: can Heaven's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? Strike out
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by *him*
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
Heaven bade the soul this mortal frame inspire:
Bade virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecarious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.
"Is *virtue*, then, and *piety* the same?"
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of every worth, as fruit of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest:
They smile at piety: yet boast aloud
Good-will to men; nor know they strive to part
What *nature* joins; and thus confute themselves.
With *piety* begins all good on Earth;
'T is the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true *friend to man;*

Some sinister intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindest actions, he 's unkind.
On piety, humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is Heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of *piety* delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horrour hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Prayer ardent opens Heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the *Great God*, that instant joins
The first in Heaven, and sets his foot on Hell.
Lorenzo! when wast thou at church *before!*
Thou think'st the service long: but is it just?
Though just, unwelcome; thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the Muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience! at the sound *the world* retires;
Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles;
Yet has she her *seraglio* full of charms;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
Amid her fair-ones, thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom.—"Go, six some weighty *truth*;
Chain down some *passion*; do some *generous good*;
Teach *ignorance* to see, or *grief* to smile;
Correct thy *friend*; befriend thy greatest *foe*;
Or with warm heart, and confidence divine, [thee."
Spring up, and lay strong hold on *him* who made
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.
Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censur'd yet as sin,
(Pardon a thought that only *seems* severe)
Is half-immortal: is it much indulg'd?
By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shows a *scorner*, or it makes a *fool*;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis *pride*, or *emptiness*, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse;
Of grief approaching, the portentous sign!
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man *triumphant* is a monstrous sight;
A man *dejected* is a sight as mean.
What cause for *triumph*, where such ills abound?
What for *dejection*, where presides a power,
Who call'd us into being to be blest?
So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy;
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.
Most true, a wise man never will be sad;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray:
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.
Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own expense)
This counsel strange should I presume to give—
"Retire, and read thy *Bible*, to be gay."
There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace;
Ah! do not prize them less, because inspir'd,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If *not* inspir'd, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure; and the wonder of the wise!
Thou think'st, perhaps, thy *soul* alone at stake;
Alas!—Should men mistake thee for a *fool*;—
What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpose?
Believe me, sense, *here*, acts a double part,
And the true *critic* is a *Christian* too.
But *these*, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.
True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first;
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please;
And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heaven *sells* all pleasure; effort is the price;
The joys of conquest are the joys of man;
And *glory* the victorious *laurel* spreads
O'er *pleasure's* pure, perpetual, placid stream.
There is a time, when toil must be preferr'd,
Or joy, by mis-tim'd fondness, is undone.
A man of *pleasure* is a man of *pains*.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.
False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought:
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the *true*;
And that demands a mind in equal poise,
Remote from gloomy grief and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand?
And, in a tempest, can reflection live?
Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd?
Or ope the door to honest poverty?
Or talk with threatening death, and not turn pale?
In such a world, and such a nature, *these*
Are needful fundamentals of delight:
These fundamentals give delight *indeed*;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable;
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine;
A constant, and a sound, but *serious* joy.
Is joy the daughter of severity?
It is:—yet far my doctrine from severe.
"Rejoice for ever:" It becomes a man:
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
"Rejoice for ever!" *Nature* cries, "Rejoice;"
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mixt up of delicates for every sense;
To the great Founder of the bounteous feast,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise;
And he that will not *pledge her*, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, *good* fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity:
Yet *sparing pledge: her* bowl is not the best
Mankind can boast.—"A rational repast;
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
A military discipline of thought,
To foil *temptation* in the doubtful field;
And ever-waking ardour for *the right*."
'Tis *these* first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nought that is *right*, think little; well aware,
What reason bids, God bids; by *his* command
How aggrandiz'd, the smallest thing we do!
Thus, *nothing* is insipid to the wise:
To thee, insipid all, but what is *mad*;
Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.
"*Mad!*" (thou reply'st, with indignation fir'd)
"Of antient sages proud to tread the steps,
I follow *nature*.—" Follow *nature* still,
But look it be thine *own*: Is *conscience*, then,
No part of nature? Is she not *supreme?*
Thou regicide! O raise her from the dead!
Then follow nature, and resemble God.

When, spite of *conscience*, pleasure is pursued,
Man's nature is *unnaturally* pleas'd;
And what 's unnatural is painful too
At intervals, and must disgust e'en thee!
The *fact* thou know'st; but not, perhaps, the *cause*.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid;
Heaven mixt her with our make, and twisted close
Her sacred interests with the strings of life.
Who breaks her aweful mandate, shocks himself,
His better self; and is it greater pain,
Our *soul* should murmur, or our *dust* repine?
And one, in their eternal war, *must* bleed.
If one *must* suffer, which should least be spar'd?
The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense:
Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of *sense* to *mental* joys are mean:
Sense on the present only feeds; the soul
On past, and future, forages for joy.
'Tis hers, by retrospect, through *time* to range;
And forward *time's* great sequel to survey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the *mind*,
Axes might rust, and racks and gibbets fall:
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.
Lorenzo! wilt thou never be a man?
The man *is* dead, who for the body lives,
Lur'd, by the beating of his pulse, to list
With every lust, that wars against his peace:
And sets him quite at variance with himself.
Thyself, first, know; then love: a *self* there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A *self* there is, as fond of every vice,
While every virtue wounds it to the heart:
Humility degrades it, *justice* robs,
Blest *bounty* beggars it, fair *truth* betrays,
And god-like *magnanimity* destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn;
When not in competition, kindly treat;
Defend it, feed it:—but when virtue bids,
Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'T is love of *pleasure* bids thee bleed;
Comply, or own self-love *extinct*, or *blind*.
For what is *vice*? Self-love in a mistake:
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And *virtue*, what? 'Tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread power,
From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguis'd self-hate;
More mortal than the malice of our foes;
A self-hate, *now*, scarce felt; *then* felt full-sore,
When being curst; extinction, loud implor'd;
And every thing preferr'd to what we *are*.
Yet *this* self-love Lorenzo makes his choice:
And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betray'd,
By disaffection to the present hour!
Imagination wanders far afield:
The future pleases: why? The present pains—
"But that 's a *secret*." Yes, which all men know;
And know from thee, discover'd unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause;
What is it?—'T is the cradle of the soul,
From *instinct* sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, *reason*, will not cure.
A poor expedient! yet thy best; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it *owns* it too.
Such are Lorenzo's wretched remedies!
The weak have remedies; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise?
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same;
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing.
Sick of herself is *folly's* character;
As *wisdom's* is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is *thy* good supreme;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the *true*;
The *true* is fixt, and solid as a rock;
Slippery the *false*, and tossing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on Earth, like Cain;
That, like the fabled, self-enamour'd boy,
Home-contemplation her supreme delight;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.
No man is happy, till he thinks, on Earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels, all, entitled to repose
On *him* who governs fate: though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heaven!
To lean on *him*, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, Heaven:
Hence, are *they* studious of sequester'd scenes;
While noise, and dissipation, comfort *thee*.
Were all men happy, revelings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo! never man was truly blest,
But it compos'd, and gave him such a cast,
As *folly* might mistake for want of joy.
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring!
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation, swelling high;
Which, like land-floods, impetuous pour a while,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream?
Vain are all sudden sallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy 's a fixt state; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but *unprecarious* bliss:
That is the gem: sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.
Worth, conscious worth! should *absolutely* reign;
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamin'd, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of internal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!

Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure;
If gain'd, dear-bought; and better miss'd than gain'd.
Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy, and *sense*, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst, (insatiable thirst!
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!)
Fancy still cruises, when poor *sense* is tir'd.
Imagination is the Paphian shop,
Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul *ideas*, in their dark recess,
And hot as Hell (which kindled the black fires),
With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel-wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.
In *this* is seen imagination's *guilt*;
But who can count her *follies*? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and antient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pain'd;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence, what disaster!—Though the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,
Whose foot (ye gods!) though cloven, must be kiss'd,
Detain'd thy dinner on the Latian shore;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants!)
And poor *magnificence* is starv'd to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire!—
Be pacified, if *outward* things are great,
'T is magnanimity great things to scorn;
Pompous expenses, and parades august,
And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace.
True happiness ne'er enter'd at an eye;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of *fortune* ever blest the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob *innocence* of joys;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor:
So tell his *holiness*, and be reveng'd.
Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good;
Or only contest, what deserves the name.
Give *pleasure's* name to nought, but what has pass'd
Th' authentic seal of *reason* (which, like Yorke,
Demurs on what it passes), and defies
The tooth of time; when past, a pleasure still;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
Some joys the future overcast; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity; some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice?
Consult thy *whole existence*, and be safe;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let Heaven answer for the rest.
Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
This our day of proof, our land of hope,
The *good man* has his clouds that intervene;
Clouds, that *obscure* his sublunary day,
But never *conquer*: e'en the *best* must own,
Patience, and *resignation*, are the pillars
Of human peace on Earth. The pillars, these:
But these of Seth not more remote from thee,
Till *this* heroic lesson thou hast learnt;
To frown at *pleasure*, and to smile in *pain*.
Fir'd at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heaven in reversion, like the Sun, as yet
Beneath th' horizon, cheers us in this world;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,
The glorious dawn of our eternal day.
"This" (says Lorenzo) "is a fair harangue:
But can harangues blow back strong Nature's stream;
Or stem the tide Heaven pushes through our veins,
Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
And lays his labour level with the *world*?"
Themselves men make their comment on mankind;
And think nought *is*, but what they find at home:
Thus, weakness to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the Muse prescrib'd.
Above[9], Lorenzo saw the man of Earth,
The *mortal man*; and wretched was the sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now see the *man immortal*: him, I mean,
Who lives as such; whose heart, full bent on Heaven,
Leans all *that* way, his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more; though bright, without a soil:
Observe his awful portrait, and admire;
Nor stop at wonder; imitate, and live.
Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed!
A man on Earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while *in*, *above* the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of *sense*, and *passion's* storm;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The pre-ent all *their* care; the future, *his*.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty *he* conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature; *his* exalt.
Mankind's esteem *they* court; and *he*, his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of *false* felicities;
His, the compos'd possession of the *true*.
Alike throughout is *his* consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for *them*
A madman's robe; each puff of *fortune* blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.
He sees with other eyes than *theirs*: where *they*
Behold a *sun*, *he* spies a *Deity*;
What makes *them* only smile, makes *him* adore.
Where *they* see *mountains*, *he* but *atoms* sees;
An *empire*, in *his* balance, weighs a *grain*.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity *they* find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.

[9] In a former Night.

Himself too much *he* prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as *man*.
Too dear *he* holds his interest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong *he* sustains with temper, looks on Heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe; [peace.
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his
A cover'd heart *their* character defends;
A cover'd heart *denies* him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees;
While *their* broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end, where *his* full feast begins:
His joys *create*, *theirs* murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, *his* alone;
And *his* alone, triumphantly to think
His *true* existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm
Undaunted breast—And whose is that high praise?
They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And show no fortitude, but in the field;
If there they show it, 't is for glory shown;
Nor will that cordial always man *their* hearts.
A cordial *his* sustains that cannot fail;
By pleasure unsubdued, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls;
And when he falls, writes VICI on his shield.
From magnanimity, all *fear* above;
From nobler recompense, above *applause*;
Which owes to man's *short* out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—"Where shines this miracle?
From what root rises this *immortal man*?"
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground;
The root dissect, nor wonder at the *flower*.

He follows nature (not like thee[10]) and shows us
An uninverted system of a man.
His *appetite* wears *reason's* golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His *passion*, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.
Patient his *hope*, un-anxious is his *care*,
His *caution* fearless, and his *grief*, (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why?—Because, affection, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disengag'd from Heaven.
Those secondary goods that smile on Earth,
He, loving in *proportion*, loves in *peace*.
They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
His *understanding* 'scapes the common cloud
Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflamed.
The moderate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matur'd debate,
An eye impartial, and an even scale;
Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double sense, the *good* are wise;
On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
What, then, the world? It *must* be doubly weak;
Strange truth! as soon would they believe their *Creed*.

Yet thus it is; nor otherwise *can* be;
So far from aught romantic, what I sing.

[10] See p. 470.

Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,
But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think Earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who care no further, *must* prize what it yields;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks Earth nothing, *can't* its charms admire;
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
'T is hard for *them* (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men?) to love their dearest friend;
For may not he invade their *good supreme*,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall!
All shines to *them*, that for a season shines.
Each act, each thought, *he* questions, "What its weight,
Its colour what, a thousand ages hence?"
And what it *there* appears, he deems it *now*.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The god-like man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has *habit's* firmness, and *affection's* flame;
Angels, allied, descend to feed the fire;
And *death*, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, Lorenzo! bigot of this world!
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by Heaven!
Stand by thy *scorn*, and be reduc'd to *nought*:
For what art thou?—Thou boaster! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most;
And like a mist, is nothing when at hand;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise *now*, and by possession *soon*.
(Too *soon*, too *much*, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just *annihilation* rise,
Lorenzo! rise to *something*, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Canst thou be silent? No; for *wit* is thine;
And wit talks *most*, when *least* she has to say,
And *reason* interrupts not her career.
She 'll say—*That mists above the mountains rise*;
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse;
She 'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she rais'd.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste?
'T is precious, as the vehicle of *sense*;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare. Lorenzo! wit abounds;
Passion can give it; sometimes *wine* inspires
The lucky flash; and *madness* rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 't were well, was this the worst;
Chance often hits it; and, to pique the more,
See *dullness*, blundering on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
Which has expos'd, and let her down to thee.
But *wisdom*, aweful wisdom! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last;
How rare! in senates, synods, sought in vain;
Or, if *there* found, 't is sacred to the *few*;
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, *wit*: in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser; *sense* a man.
Wit hates authority; commotion loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.

In *states*, 't is dangerous; in *religion*, death:
Shall *wit* turn Christian, when the dull *believe?*
Sense is our *helmet*, *wit* is but the plume;
The *plume* exposes, 't is our *helmet* saves,
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;
When cut by *wit*, it casts a brighter beam;
Yet, *wit* apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of *good sense*, is worse than nought;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
Thus, a *half*-Chesterfield is quite a fool;
Whom *dull* fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.
How ruinous the rock I warn thee, shun.
Where Syrens sit, to sing thee to thy fate!
A *joy*, in which our *reason* bears no part,
Is but a *sorrow* tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world *allure* thee;
Which of her lovers ever found her true?
Happy! of this bad world who little know?—
And yet, we much must know her, to be *safe*.
To *know* the world, not *love* her, is thy point;
She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our *thoughtless agitation's* idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles and expires,
Leaving the soul more vapid than before.
An *animal* ovation! such as holds
No commerce with our *reason*, but subsists
On juices, through the well-ton'd tubes, well strain'd;
A nice machine! scarce ever tun'd aright;
And when it jars—thy Syrens sing no more,
Thy dance is done; the *demi-god* is thrown
(Short apotheosis!) beneath the *man*,
In coward gloom immers'd, or fell despair.'
Art thou yet *dull enough* despair to dread,
And startle at destruction? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field;
(A field of battle is this mortal life!)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart;
A single sentence proof against the *world*;
"*Soul*, *body*, *fortune!* every good pertain
To one of these; but prize not all alike;
The goods of fortune to the body's health,
Body to soul, and soul submit to God."
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness? Do this;
Th' inverted *pyramid* can never stand.
Is this truth doubtful? It outshines the Sun;
Nay the Sun shines not, but to show us this,
The single lesson of mankind on Earth.
And yet—yet, what? No news! mankind is mad;
Such mighty numbers list against the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve!)
They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all Earth's joys are theirs: as Athens' fool
Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.
They grin; but wherefore? and how long the laugh!
Half ignorance, their mirth; and half, a lie;
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
Hard either task! The most abandon'd own,
That *others*, if abandon'd, are undone:
Then for themselves, the moment *reason* wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repose)
O how laborious is their gaiety!
They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,
Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say? Some cannot sit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And show us *what* their joy, by their despair.
The clotted hair! gor'd breast! blaspheming eye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But Heaven denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade,
Th' envenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot (slower suicides!)
And *pride* in these, more execrable still!
How horrid all to thought!—But horrours, these,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song.
From *vice*, *sense*, *fancy*, no man can be blest:
Bliss is too great, to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from *reason!* joy from that,
Which makes man *man*; and, exercis'd aright,
Will make him *more*: a *bounteous* joy! that gives,
And promises; that weaves, with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace:
A joy *ambitious!* Joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far;
A joy high-privileg'd from chance, time, death!
A joy, which *death* shall double, *judgment* crown!
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Through blest eternity's long day: yet still,
Not more remote from *sorrow*, than from *him*,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous, pours
So much of Deity on guilty dust.
There, O my Lucia! may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!
Affects not this the *sages of the world?*
Can nought *affect* them, but what *fools* them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour,
Makes *serious thought* man's wisdom, joy, and praise.
Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on Heaven:
Sole point! where *over-bashful* is your blame.
Are you not *wise?*—You know you are: yet hear
One truth, amid your numerous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen;
"Our schemes to plan by *this* world, or the *next*,
Is the sole difference between wise and fool."
All *worthy men* will weigh you in *this* scale;
What wonder then, if *they* pronounce you *light?*
Is *their* esteem alone not worth your care?
Accept my simple scheme of *common sense*: [own.
Thus, save your fame, and make *two* worlds your
The world *replies* not;—but the world *persists*;
And puts the *cause* off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom.
So far, at that *re-hearing*, from redress,
They then turn *witnesses* against themselves:
Hear that, Lorenzo! nor be wise to morrow.
Haste, Haste! A man, by nature, is in haste;
For who shall answer for another hour?
'T is highly prudent, to make *one* sure friend;
And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.
Ye sons of Earth! (nor *willing* to be more!)
Since *verse* you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus, in an age so gay, the Muse plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you *might* have heard in prose)
Has ventur'd into light; well-pleas'd the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
But *praise* she need not fear: I see my fate;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.
Since many an ample *volume*, mighty *tome*,

Must die; and die unwept; O thou minute,
Devoted *page!* go forth among thy foes;
Go nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death: mankind, incens'd,
Denies thee long to live: nor shalt thou rest
When thou art dead; in Stygian shades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne,
And bold blasphemer of his friend—the world;
The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And *volunteers* around his banner swarm;
Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul!
"Are all, then, fools?" Lorenzo cries—Yes, all,
But such as hold *this* doctrine (new to thee);
"The mother of true wisdom is the *will*;"
The noblest *intellect*, a fool without it.
World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
In arts and sciences, in wars and peace;
But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee,
And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
This is the *most* indulgence can afford;—
"*Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise.*"
Nor think this censure is severe on thee:
Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT THE NINTH AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS,

I. A MORAL Survey of the NOCTURNAL Heavens.

II. A NIGHT-ADDRESS to the DEITY.

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S PRINCIPAL SECRETARIES OF STATE.

—— Fatis contraria fata rependens.—VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day past
In painful search of what he cannot find,
At night's approach, content with the next cot,
There ruminates, a while, his labour lost;
Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
Till the due season calls him to repose:
Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
Where *disappointment* smiles at *hope's* career;
Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
At length have hous'd me in an humble shed;
Where, future wandering banish'd from my thought,
And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
I chase the moments with a serious song.
Song sooths our pains; and age has pains to sooth.
When age, care, crime, and friends embrac'd at heart,
Torn from my bleeding breast, and *death's* dark shade,
Which hovers o'er me, quench th' ethereal fire;
Canst thou, O *Night!* indulge one labour more?
One labour more indulge! then sleep, my strain!
Till, haply, wak'd by Raphael's golden lyre,
Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow,
To bear a part in everlasting lays; [cease;
Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude *here*.
Has not the Muse asserted *pleasures pure*,
Like those above; exploding other joys?
Weigh what was urg'd, Lorenzo! fairly weigh;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still?
I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere; not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in *body* call for aid; the sick
In *mind* are covetous of more disease; [*well.*
And when at *worst*, they dream themselves quite
To *know* ourselves diseas'd, is half our cure.
When *nature's* blush by *custom* is wip'd off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into *manners* naturaliz'd our *crimes*;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet),
And throw aside our *senses* with our *peace*.
But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy;
Grant joy and glory quite unsully'd shone;
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No *joy*, no *glory*, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its sables wove by *destiny*;
And *that* in sorrow buried; *this*, in shame;
While howling *furies* ring the doleful knell;
And *conscience*, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.
Where, the prime actors of the last *year's* scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume?
How many *sleep*, who kept the world *awake*
With lustre, and with noise! has *Death* proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high?
'T is braudish'd still; nor shall the *present year*
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.
But needless *monuments* to wake the thought;
Life's *gayest* scenes speak man's mortality,
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As *mausoleums*, *pyramids*, and *tombs*.
What are our noblest ornaments, but *deaths*
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stained canvass, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.
"*Profest diversions!*—cannot these escape?"—
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;
And talk of *death*, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for bury'd *wealth*,
We ransack tombs for *pastime*; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget *our own!*
What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?
Lorenzo! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? *Thy* world—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around Earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the cieling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.
The *moist* of human frame the Sun exhales;

Winds scatter through the mighty void the *dry*;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As Nature, wide, our ruins spread: man's *death*
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.
Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is *their* epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O *Death!* I stretch my view: what visions rise!
What triumphs! toils imperial! arts divine!
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-fam'd ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at Earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the *wise*, and prancings of the *great*.
But, O Lorenzo! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of *one* departed world
I see the mighty shadow: oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her; o'er her urn
Reclin'd, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain;
In vain, to many; not, I trust, to thee.
For, know'st thou not, or art thou *loth* to know,
The great decree, the counsel of the skies?
Deluge and *conflagration*, dreadful powers!
Prime ministers of vengeance! chain'd in caves
Dis inact, apart the giant furies roar;
Apart; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devour'd.
But not for *this*, ordain'd their boundless rage;
When Heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, *famine*, *pestilence*, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate: down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from th' eternal throne,
With irresistible commission arm'd,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.
Seest thou, Lorenzo! what depends *on* man?
The *fate* of Nature; as *for* man, her *birth*.
Earth's actors change Earth's transitory scenes,
And make creation groan with human guilt.
How must it groan, in a new deluge whelm'd,
But not of waters! at the destin'd hour,
By the loud trumpet summon'd to the charge,
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.
Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they pour'd;
Stars rush; and final *ruin* fiercely drives
Her plowshare o'er creation—while aloft,
More than astonishment! if more *can* be!
Far other *firmament* than e'er was seen.
Than e'er was thought by man! far other *stars!*
Stars animate, that govern these of fire;
Far other *sun!*—A sun, O how unlike
The babe at Bethlem! how unlike the man,
That groan'd on Calvary!—Yet *he* it is;
That Man of Sorrows! O how chang'd! what pomp!
In grandeur terrible, all Heaven descends!
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross remov'd, Heaven's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contrast!) far, how far beneath!
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.
Lorenzo! welcome to this scene; the last
In Nature's course; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee; *this* awakes
The most supine; *this* snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme;
The grandeur of my subject is my Muse.
At *midnight*, when mankind is wrapt in *peace*,
And worldly *fancy* feeds on golden dreams;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,
At midnight, 't is presum'd this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness; sudden as the *spark*
From smitten steel; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!
The day is broke, which never more shall close!
Above, around, beneath, amazement all!
Terrour and glory join'd in their extremes!
Our God *in grandeur*, and our *world on fire!*
All Nature *struggling in the pangs of death!*
Dost thou not hear *her?* *Dost thou not deplore*
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?
Where are *we now?* Ah me! the ground is gone
On which we stood; Lorenzo! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever!
Where? How? From whence? Vain hope! it is too late!
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the *good man* pale?
Great day! for which all other days were made;
For which *Earth* rose from *chaos*, man from *Earth*;
And an eternity, the date of Gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man!
Great day of dread, decision, and despair!
At thought of thee, each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;
And catches at each reed of hope in Heaven.
At *thought* of thee!—and art thou *absent* then?
Lorenzo! no; 't is here; it is begun;—
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all: deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom;
Forestalls; and, by forestalling, proves it *sure*.
Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?
Is idle *Nature* laughing at her sons?
Who *conscience* sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that god in man.
Thrice happy they! that enter *now* the court
Heaven opens in their bosoms: but, how rare,
Ah me! that magnanimity, how rare!
What hero, like the man who stands himself;

Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;
Who hears intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?
The coward flies; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward? No:) the coward flies;
Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to *know*;
Asks, "*What is truth?*" with Pilate; and retires;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;
Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and Heaven!
Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordain'd *for* man?
O day of consummation! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their King!
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To dis-involve the *moral* world, and give
To *Nature's* renovation brighter charms.
Shall man alone, whose fate, whose *final* fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought?
I think of nothing else; I see! I feel it!
All *Nature*, like an earthquake, trembling round!
All *deities*, like summer's swarms, on wing!
All basking in the full meridian blaze!
I see the Judge enthron'd! the flaming guard!
The volume open'd! open'd every heart!
A sun-beam pointing out each secret thought;
No patron! intercessor none! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour!
For guilt no plea! to pain, no pause! no bound!
Inexorable, all! and all, extreme!
Nor man alone; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd:
Receives his sentence, and *begins* his hell.
All vengeance *past*, now, seems abundant grace:
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes; he curses whom he dreads;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.
'Tis *present* to my thought!—and yet where is it?
Angels can't tell me; angels cannot *guess*
The *period*; from *created* beings lock'd
In darkness. But the *process*, and the *place*,
Are less obscure; for these may *man* inquire.
Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears!
Great key of hearts! great finisher of fates!
Great end! and great beginning! say, Where art
Art thou in *time*, or in *eternity*? [thou?
Nor in *eternity*, nor *time*, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elaps'd, or unarriv'd!)
As in debate, how best their powers ally'd,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of *him*, whom both their monarchies obey.
Time, this fast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) *now* bursting o'er his head;
His lamp, the Sun, extinguish'd; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber; from Earth's heaving womb,
To second birth! contemporary throng!
Rous'd at one call, upstarted from one bed,
Prest in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, *Eternity!* to *thee*.
Then (as a king depos'd disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe; nor falls *alone*;
His greatest foe falls with him; *Time*, and he
Who murder'd all *Time's* offspring, *Death*, expire.
Time was! Eternity now reigns alone!
Awful Eternity! offended queen!
And her resentment to mankind, how just!
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts!
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd! and with the voice of God!
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat!
A dream! while foulest foes found welcome *there!*
A dream, a cheat, *now*, all things, but *her* smile.
For, lo! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners streaming as the *comet's* blaze,
And clarions, louder than the *deep* in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkness; in a middle field,
Wide, as *creation!* populous, as wide!
A neutral region! there to mark th' event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length
Of ages, ripening to this grand result;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God;
Who now pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.
Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial: what ensues?
The deed predominant! the deed of deeds!
Which makes a Hell of Hell, a Heaven of Heaven.
The *goddess*, with determin'd aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of Heaven,
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds; and Hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.
O how unlike the chorus of the skies!
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole *ethereal!* How the concave rings!
Nor strange! when deities their voice exalt;
And louder far, than when *creation* rose,
To see *creation's* godlike aim, and end,
So well accomplish'd! so divinely clos'd!
To see the mighty *dramatist's* last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancy'd god, a god *indeed*, descends,
To solve all *knots*; to strike the *moral* home;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of *time*;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause!
And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.
What then am I?—
Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on Earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars on the grand chorus, and *complains?*
Censure on *thee*, Lorenzo! I suspend,
And turn it on *myself*; how greatly due!
All, all is *right*, by God ordain'd or done;
And who, but God, resum'd the friends *he* gave?
And have I been *complaining*, then, so long?
Complaining of his *favours*, *pain*, and *death?*

Who, without *pain's* advice, would e'er be good?
Who, without *death*, but would be good in vain?
Pain is to save from *pain;* all punishment,
To make for *peace;* and death to save from *death;*
And second death, to guard immortal life;
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloom'd for man,
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.
Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* scene;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next.*
All evils *natural* are *moral* goods;
All discipline, *indulgence,* on the whole.
None are unhappy: *all* have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our *faults* are at the bottom of our *pains;*
Error, in *acts,* or *judgment,* is the source
Of endless sighs: we *sin,* or we *mistake;*
And *Nature* tax, when false *opinion* stings.
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulg'd;
But chiefly *then,* when grief puts in her claim,
Joy from the *joyous,* frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidst *ills,* corroborates, exalts;
'T is joy and conquest; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in *ills,* delights
Heaven, Earth, ourselves; 't is duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's shining scene;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray;
As *night* to stars, *woe* lustre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire;
The crown of manhood is a winter-joy;
An ever-green, that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.
'T is a prime part of happiness, to know
How much unhappiness *must* prove our lot;
A part which few possess! *I'll* pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a *man;*
Who thinks *it is,* shall never be a *God.*
Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.
What spoke *proud passion?*—"Wish my being lost"[11]?"
Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!
The triumph of my soul is—That I am;
And therefore that I *may* be—*what?* Lorenzo!
Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still;
Unfathomably deep our treasure runs
In golden veins, through all eternity!
Ages, and ages, and succeeding still
New ages, *where* the phantom of an hour,
Which courts, each night, dull slumber, for repair,
Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise.
And fly through infinite, and all unlock;
And (if deserv'd) by Heaven's redundant love,
Made half-adorable itself, adore;
And find, in adoration, endless joy!
Where thou, not master of a moment *here,*
Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,
May'st boast a *whole eternity,* enrich'd
With all a *kind Omnipotence* can pour.
Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspir'd,
Has ever yet conceiv'd, or ever shall,
How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.
No man too largely from Heaven's love can hope,
If what is *hop'd* he labours to *secure.*

Ills?—there are none:—*All-gracious!* none from *thee;*
From *man* full many! numerous is the race
Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,
Begot by *madness* on fair *liberty;*
Heaven's daughter, Hell-debauch'd! *her* hand alone
Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,
First barr'd by *thine:* high-wall'd with adamant,
Guarded with terrours reaching to this world,
And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;
Whose threats are *mercies,* whose injunctions, *guides,*
Assisting, not restraining, *reason's* choice;
Whose sanctions, *unavoidable results*
From Nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;
If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.
Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,
"Do this; fly that"—nor always tells the cause;
Pleas'd to reward, as duty to his will,
A conduct needful to their own repose.
Great God of wonders! (if, thy *love* survey'd,
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
What *rocks* are *these,* on which to build our trust!
Thy ways admit no blemish; none I find;
Or this alone—"*That none is to be found.*"
Not one, to soften *censure's* hardy crime;
Not one, to palliate peevish *grief's* complaint,
Who like a *demon,* murmuring from the dust,
Dares into judgment call her Judge.—Supreme!
For *all* I bless thee; most, for the *severe;*
Her[12] death—*my own* at hand—the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent!
It thunders;—but it thunders to preserve;
It strengthens what it strikes; its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain; its hideous groans
Join Heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great source of good *alone!* How kind in all!
In vengeance kind! *pain, death, gehenna,* save.
Thus, in thy world material, *Mighty Mind!*
Not that alone which *solaces,* and *shines,*
The *rough* and *gloomy,* challenges our praise.
The *winter* is as needful as the *spring;*
The *thunder,* as the Sun; a stagnant mass
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air:
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To Nature's health, than purifying storms;
The dread volcano ministers to good.
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud Ætnas fulminate in love to man;
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd;
And, in their use, *eclipses* learn to shine.
Man is responsible for *ills* receiv'd;
Those we call *wretched* are a chosen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the *right,* for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost, "*That my heart has bled.*"
'T is Heaven's last effort of good-will to man;
When *pain* can't bless, Heaven quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be blest;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart;
Reason absolves the grief, which *reason* ends.
May Heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,
Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain; and made it *safe* to *smile!*
Such smiles are mine, and *such* may they remain;
Nor hazard their extinctions, from excess.
My change of *heart* a change of *style* demands;
The consolation cancels the complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.

[11] Referring to the First Night.

[12] Lucia.

And when o'er-labour'd, and inclin'd to breathe,
A panting traveller some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And measures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has past;
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home.
Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil;
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
The Muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod;
Various, extensive, beaten but by view;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pause; and with pleasure meditate an end,
Though still remote; so fruitful is my theme,
Through many a field of *moral*, and *divine*,
The Muse has stray'd; and much of *sorrow* seen
In human ways; and much of *false* and *vain*;
Which none, who travel this bad road, can miss.
O'er *friends deceas'd* full heartily she wept;
Of *love divine* the wonders she display'd;
Prov'd man *immortal*; show'd the *source of joy*;
The *grand tribunal* rais'd; assign'd the bounds
Of *human grief*: in *few*, to close the whole,
The moral Muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke,
Of *most* our weakness needs *believe*, or *do*,
In this our land of travel and of hope,
For peace on *Earth*, or prospect of the *skies*.
What then remains? Much! much! a mighty debt
To be discharg'd: these thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia (poets feign)
In shadows veil'd, soft sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheer'd; of her enamour'd less,
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? Or how steal music from the spheres,
To sooth their goddess?
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! *day's* elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient Sun!
By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in Heaven's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form; and Heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.
Thy gloomy grandeurs (*Nature's* most august,
Inspiring aspect!) claim a grateful verse;
And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,
Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.
And what, O man! so *worthy* to be sung?
What more prepares us for the songs of Heaven?
Creation, of archangels is the theme!
What, to be sung, so *needful*? What so well
Celestial joys prepare us to sustain?
The soul of man, his face design'd to see
Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,
Has *here* a previous scene of objects *great*,
On which to dwell; to stretch to that expanse
Of thought, to rise to that exalted height
Of admiration, to contract that awe,
And give her whole capacities that strength,
Which best may qualify for *final* joy.
The more our spirits are enlarg'd on *Earth*,
The deeper draught shall they receive of *Heaven*.
Heaven's King! whose face unveil'd consummates bliss;
Redundant bliss! which fills that mighty void,
The whole creation leaves in human hearts!
Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,
Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,
And set his harp in concert with the spheres;
While of thy works *material* the supreme
I dare attempt, assist my daring song,
Loose me from *Earth's* enclosure, from the *Sun's*
Contracted circle set my heart at large;
Eliminate my spirit, give it range
Through provinces of thought yet unexplor'd;
Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,
Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee.
Teach me with *art* great *Nature* to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of *night*.
Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the *Sun*
Be seen at *midnight*, rising in my song?
Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou whose heart,
Whose *little* heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a *nobler* port;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosperous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
And whence thou mayst import *eternal* wealth;
And leave to *beggar'd* minds the *pearl* and *gold*.
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
Thou *stranger* to the *world!* thy tour *begin*;
Thy tour through *Nature's* universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large,
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
And *man* how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles spacious *Earth*, then travels *here*,
Shall own, he never was from *home* before!
Come, my Prometheus[13], from that pointed rock
Of *false* ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, *innocently*, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the *stars*;
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.
Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; above the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstrued omens of the sky,
Far-travel'd comets' calculated blaze;
Elance thy thought, and think of *more* than *man*.
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of *Earth's* unwholesome air,
Will blossom *here*; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardours; every power unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.
Stars *teach*, as well as *shine*. At *Nature's* birth,
Thus their commission ran—"Be kind to *man*."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller! [fail.
The *stars* will light thee; though the *Moon* should
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!
In ways immortal? The *stars* call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.
This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'T is Nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the *night* inspires.
'T is *elder* scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my *radius* (the rich gift

[13] Night the Eighth.

Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprise
An un-adept in mysteries of night;
Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
Exists *indeed*;—a lecture to mankind.
What read we *here*?—Th' existence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of ether! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the skies.
And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! *thine*;
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here; *here* springs the sovereign cure
Of almost every vice; but chiefly *thine*;
Wrath, pride, ambition, and *impure desire*.
Lorenzo!-thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on *morals* bent: *ambition, pleasure!*
Those tyrants! for thee so lately[14] fought,
Afford their harass'd slaves but slender rest.
Thou to whom midnight is *immoral* noon,
And the Sun's noon-tide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our *Antipodes!*
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye, (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injur'd Heaven)
To yonder stars: for other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.
Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight,
Rushes Omnipotence?—To curb our *pride*;
Our *reason* rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light;
To draw up man's *ambition* to *himself*,
And bind our *chaste affections* to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on Earth,
And welcom'd on Heaven's coast with most applause,
An *humble, pure*, and *heavenly-minded* heart,
Are *here* inspired:—And canst thou gaze too long?
Nor stands thy *wrath*, depriv'd of its reproof,
Or un-upbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours; mutual amity prevails;
Sweet interchange of rays, receiv'd, return'd;
Enlightening, and enlighten'd! All, at once
Attracting, and attracted! Patriot-like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of *millennial* love.
Nothing in Nature, much less *conscious* being,
Was e'er created solely for itself:
Thus man his *sovereign* duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.
And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable! Thou wasp of men!
Man's angry heart, *inspected*, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres;
'Tis *Nature's* structure, broke by stubborn *will*,
Breeds all that un-celestial discord *there*.
Wilt thou not feel the bias *Nature* gave?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies
And seize thy brother's throat?—For what—a *clod*,
An inch of *earth*? The *planets* cry, "Forbear,"
They chase our double darkness; *Nature's* gloom,
And (kinder still!) our *intellectual* night.
And see, *Day's* amiable sister sends
Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant-brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye;
With *gain*, and *joy*, she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in th' intender'd heart;
While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy;
And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the *profit* greater than the *joy*,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.
What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel;
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wise!)
Then into transport starting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how she glows!
This gorgeous apparatus! this display!
This ostentation of creative power!
This theatre!—what eye can take it in?
By what divine enchantment was it rais'd,
For minds of the first magnitude to lanch
In endless speculation, and adore?
One sun by day, by night *ten thousand* shine:
And light us deep into the Deity;
How boundless in magnificence and might!
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
Form urns unnumbered, down the steep of Heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight!
Nor tarries *there*; I feel it at my *heart*.
My heart, at once, it humbles, and exalts;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted? or unaw'd?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen?
Material offspring of Omnipotence!
Inanimate, all-animating birth!
Work worthy *him* who made it! worthy praise!
All praise! praise *more* than human! nor deny'd
Thy praise *divine!*—But though man drown'd in sleep,
Withholds his homage, not *alone* I wake;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,
In this his universal temple hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul; at once,
The *temple*, and the *preacher!* O how loud
It calls devotion! genuine growth of *night!*
Devotion! daughter of astronomy!
An *undevout* astronomer is *mad*.
True; all things speak a God; but in the small,
Men trace out *him*; in great, *he* seizes man;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars! ye planets! tell me, all
Ye starr'd, and planeted, inhabitants! What is it?
What are these sons of wonder? Say, proud arch,
(Within whose azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition! in disdain
Of limit built! built in the taste of Heaven!
Vast concave! ample dome! wast thou design'd
A meet apartment for the Deity?—
Not so; that thought alone thy state impairs,

[14] Night the Eighth.

Thy *lofty* sinks, and shallows thy *profound*,
And straitens thy *diffusive*; dwarfs the whole,
And makes an universe an *orrery*.
But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regain'd, thy grandeur is restor'd,
O *Nature!* wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fir'd,
The smitten air is hollow'd by the blow;
The vast displosion dissipates the clouds;
Shock'd, ether's billows dash the distant skies;
Thus (but far more) th' expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation; re-inflam'd
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
From ages dark, obtuse, and steep'd in *sense*;
For, sure, to *sense*, they truly are divine;
And half-absolv'd idolatry from guilt;
Nay, turn'd it into virtue. Such it *was*
In those, who put forth all they had of *man*
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher;
But, weak of wings, on planets perch'd; and thought
What was their highest, must be their ador'd.
But they how *weak*, who could no higher mount!
And are there, then, Lorenzo! those, to whom
Unseen, and unexistent, are the same?
And if incomprehensible is join'd,
Who dare pronounce it madness, to *believe?*
Why has the mighty builder thrown aside
All measure in his work; stretch'd out his line
So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole?
Then (as he took delight in wide extremes)
Deep in the bosom of his universe,
Dropt down that *reasoning* mite, that insect, *man*,
To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene?—
That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement
For disbelief of wonders in *himself*.
Shall God be less miraculous, than what
His hand has form'd? Shall *mysteries* descend
From *un-mysterious?* Things more elevate,
Be more familiar? Uncreated lie
More obvious than created, to the grasp
Of human thought? The *more* of wonderful
Is heard in *him*, the *more* we should assent.
Could we conceive *him*, God he could not be;
Or *he* not God, or *we* could not be *men*.
A God alone can comprehend a God;
Man's distance how immense! On *such* a theme,
Know this, Lorenzo! (seem it ne'er so strange)
Nothing can *satisfy*, but what *confounds*;
Nothing, but what *astonishes*, is *true*.
The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,
And every star sheds light upon thy creed.
These stars, this furniture, this cost of Heaven,
If but *reported*, thou hadst ne'er believ'd;
But thine *eye* tells thee, the *romance* is true.
The grand of Nature is th' Almighty's oath,
In *reason's* court, to silence *unbelief*.
How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes
The moral emanations of the skies,
While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires!
Has the Great Sovereign sent ten thousand worlds
To tell us, *he* resides above them all,
In glory's unapproachable recess?
And dare *Earth's* bold inhabitants deny
The sumptuous, the magnific embassy
A moment's audience? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument; sole cause that stoops
Their grandeur to man's eye? Lorenzo! rouse;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinc'd?
Renounces *reason*, or a God adores?
Mankind was sent into the world to *see:*
Sight gives the science needful to their peace;
That obvious science asks *small* learning's aid.
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns?
Or travel history's enormous round?
Nature no such hard task enjoins: she gave
A make to man directive of his thought;
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who shall say, "Read thy chief lesson there."
Too late to read this manuscript of Heaven,
When, like a parchment-scroll shrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.
Lesson how various! Not the God alone,
I see his *ministers;* I see, diffus'd
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices of various plume,
In heavenly liveries, distinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commix'd; they stand, with wings outspread,
Listening to catch the master's least command,
And fly through *Nature*, ere the moment ends;
Numbers innumerable!—Well conceiv'd
By *Pagan*, and by *Christian!* O'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, *mind*,
For which *alone* inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispens'd? That nobler son,
Far liker the great Sire!—'Tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much in *excellence*, above mankind,
As above *Earth*, in *magnitude*, the *spheres*.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds;
Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend
On every beam we see, to walk with men.
Aweful reflection! Strong restraint from ill!
Yet, *here*, our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories *sense* surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault;
With just attention is it view'd? We feel
A sudden succour, unimplor'd, unthought;
Nature herself does half the work of *man*.
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean, excavated grots,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From *Nature's* structure, or the scoop of *Time*,
If ample of dimension, vast of size,—
E'en *these* an aggrandizing impulse give;
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
E'en *these* infuse.—But what of vast in *these?*
Nothing;—or we must own the skies forgot.
Much less in *art!*—Vain *art!* Thou pigmy power!
How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
To show thy littleness! What childish toys,
Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds!
Thy bason'd rivers, and imprison'd seas!
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men!
Thy hundred-gated *capitals!* or those
Where three days travel left us much to ride;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,

Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding *gardens* pendent in mid-air!
Or *temples* proud to meet their Gods half-way!
Yet *these* affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of such superior scenes?
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe:
What awe from this the Deity has built?
A *good man* seen, though silent, counsel gives:
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise:
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo!
To man abandon'd, "*Hast thou seen the skies?*"

And yet, so thwarted Nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation
To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still *darker* by their deeds.
Slumbering in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and *murder*, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now *plots*, and foul *conspiracies*, awake;
And, muffling up their horrours from the Moon,
Havock and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tottering in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage,
What shall I do?—Suppress it? or proclaim?—
Why *sleeps* the thunder? Now, Lorenzo! now,
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure; and laughs at gods and men.
Preposterous madmen, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of Heaven;
Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
Were Moon and stars for villains *only* made?
To *guide*, yet *screen* them, with tenebrious light?
No; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and *wiser* make the *wise*. [liv'd

Those ends were answer'd once; when mortals
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on *Earth*, and on her venom feed!
Those antient sages, *human* stars! They met
Their brothers of the *skies*, at midnight hour;
Their counsel ask'd; and, what they ask'd, *obey'd*.
The *Stagirite*, and Plato, he who drank
The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names!)
In these unbounded, and Elysian, walks,
An area fit for gods, and godlike men. [paths
They took their nightly round, through radiant
By seraphs trod; instructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footsteps here below;
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There they contracted their contempt of *Earth*;
Of hopes eternal kindled, *there*, the fire,
There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great visitants!) more intimate with God,
More worth to *men*, more joyous to *themselves*.
Through *various virtues*, they, with ardour, ran
The *zodiac* of their learn'd illustrious lives.

In *Christian* hearts, O for a *Pagan* zeal!
A *needful*, but *approbrious* prayer! as much
Our *ardour* less, as greater is our *light*.
How monstrous this in *morals!* Scarce more strange
Would this *phenomenon* in Nature strike,
A *sun*, that froze her, or a *star*, that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the moral world?
To these thou giv'st thy *praise*, give *credit* too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee;
And *Pagan* tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That narrow views betray to misery:
That wise it is to comprehend the whole:
That virtue, rose from *Nature*, ponder'd well,
The single base of *virtue* built to Heaven:
That God and *Nature* our attention claim:
That Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the *sea*, reflected is the *Sun*,
Too glorious to be gaz'd on in his sphere:
That mind immortal loves *immortal* aims:
That boundless mind affects a *boundless space:*
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great:
That, therefore, Heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man,
Such are their doctrines; *such* the *night* inspir'd.

And what more true? What truth of greater weight?
The soul of *man* was made to walk the skies;
Delightful outlet of her prison *here!*
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers;
And, *undeluded*, grasp at something great.
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there;
But, wonderful herself, through wonder strays;
Contemplating *their* grandeur, finds *her own*;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.
Hence greatly pleas'd, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air;
And feels herself *at home* amongst the stars;
And, feeling, emulates our country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo?—
As *earth* the body, since the *skies* sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, the noble pasture of the *mind*;
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it, the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial; *moral* fruit to man.
Call it, the breast-plate of the true High-priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus have we found a *true* astrology;
Thus have we found a new, and noble sense,
In which *alone* stars govern human fates.
O that the *stars* (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havoc, on embattled realms,
And rescued *monarchs* from so black a guilt!
Bourbon! this wish how generous in a foe!
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become God,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquests on a needle's point?
Instead of forging chains for *foreigners*,
Bastile thy *tutor:* grandeur all thy aim?
As yet thou know'st not what it is: how great,
How glorious, *then*, appears the *mind* of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll!
And what it *seems*, it *is: great* objects make

Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge;
Those still more godlike, as *these* more divine.
And *more* divine than *these*, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'er-power'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end!
An Eden, this! a Paradise *unlost!*
I meet the Deity in every view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him!
O that I could but reach the *tree of life!*
For *here* it grows, unguarded from our taste;
No *flaming sword* denies our entrance *here*;
Would man but gather, he might *live for ever.*
Lorenzo! much of *moral* hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond? Then mark
The *mathematic* glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, *chance*, and *fate*,
Are left to finish his aërial towers;
Wisdom and *choice*, their well-known characters
Here deep impress; and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all, no splendour void of use;
Use rivals *beauty*; *art* contends with *power*;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expense;
The great economist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect! and for ever new!
And *newest* to the man that views it *most*;
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
Then, these aërial racers, O how swift!
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string!
Spirit alone can distance the career.
Orb above orb ascending without end!
Circle in circle, without end, enclos'd!
Wheel, within wheel; Ezekiel! like to thine!
Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream;
Though *seen*, we labour to believe it *true!*
What involution! what extent! what swarms
Of worlds, that laugh at *Earth!* immensely great!
Immensely distant from each other's spheres!
What, then, the wondrous *space* through which they
At once it quite ingulfs all human thought; [roll?
'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.
Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here;
Through this illustrious chaos to the sight.
Arrangement neat, and chastest order reign.
The path prescrib'd, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere;
What knots are ty'd! How soon are they dissolv'd,
And set the seeming marry'd planets free!
They rove for ever, without errour rove;
Confusion unconfus'd! nor less admire
This tumult untumultuous; all on wing!
In motion, all! yet what profound repose!
What fervid action, yet no noise! as aw'd
To silence by the presence of their Lord;
Or hush'd by *his* command, in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to *their* God, and *thine*,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of *his* praise.
But, since their *song* arrives not at our ear,
Their *dance* perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair *hieroglyphic* of *his* peerless power.
Mark, how the *labyrinthian* turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of *Omnipotence;*
To *Gods*, how great! how legible to *man!*
Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still?
Where are the pillars that support the skies?
What more than *Atlantean* shoulder props
Th' incumbent load? what magic, what strange art,
In fluid air these ponderous orbs sustains?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains?
And so they are; in the high will of Heaven,
Which fixes all; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all; if *such* the dread decree.
Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of Earth, the broad
And towering Alps, all tost into the sea;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest *ends?*
More *obvious* ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of Heaven,
At certain periods, as the sovereign nods,
Discharge high trusts of *vengeance*, or of *love;*
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnize?
Ye citizens of air! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulg'd in such a sight!
A sight so noble! and a sight so kind!
It drops *new* truths at every *new* survey!
Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,
That sweeps away all period? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end. [take
The boundless *space*, through which these rovers
Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought
Of boundless *time*. Thus, by kind *Nature's* skill,
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
Eternity, finds entrance at the *sight:*
And an *eternity*, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destin'd midnight counsellors,
The *stars*, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature *informs*, but ne'er *insults*, her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To *disappoint* it?—That is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article,
Momentous, as the existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought;
And thou mayst read thy *soul immortal*, here.
Here, then, Lorenzo! on these glories dwell;
Nor want the gilt-illuminated roof.
That calls the wretched *gay* to dark delights.
Assemblies?—This is one divinely bright;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the Sultan scorn.
He, wise as *thou*, no *crescent* holds so fair,
As that, which on his turbant awes a world;
And thinks the *Moon* is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of *power.*
Thou muffled in delusions of this life!
Can yonder *Moon* turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb and flow,
And purify from stench his watery realms?
And fails her *moral* influence? wants she power

To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought
From stagnating on *Earth's* infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart?
Fails her attraction when it draws to Heaven?
Nay, and to what thou valuest more, *Earth's* joy!
Minds elevate, and panting for *unseen*,
And defecate from *sense*, alone obtain
Full relish of existence un-deflower'd,
The *life* of life, the *zest* of worldly bliss:
All else on Earth amounts—to what? To *this:*
"Bad to be *suffer'd;* blessings to be *left!*"
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.
Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze!—Of gazing there's no end.
O let me think!—Thought too is wilder'd *here;*
In mid-way flight imagination tires;
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain;
So *great* the pleasure, so *profound* the plan!
A banquet, this, where men and angels meet,
Eat the same *manna*, mingle Earth and Heaven.
How distant some of the nocturnal suns!
So distant (says the sage), 't were not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at *Nature's* birth,
Are yet arriv'd at this so foreign world;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll *for ever:* who can satiate sight
In *such* a scene? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment? where depth, height, breadth
Are lost in their extremes; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a *seraph's* computation fails.
Now, go, *Ambition!* boast thy boundless might
In conquest o'er the tenth part of a grain.
And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tottering faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is *already* thine?
Thou art no novice in theology;
What is a *miracle?*—'T is a reproach,
'T is an implicit satire, on mankind;
And while it *satisfies*, it *censures* too.
To common sense, great *Nature's* course proclaims
A Deity: when mankind falls asleep,
A *miracle* is sent, as an alarm;
To wake the world, and prove *him* o'er again,
By *recent* argument, but not more *strong*.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or Nature's laws to *fix*, or to *repeal?*
To *make* a sun, or *stop* his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming *courier* to the freighted *East*,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his evening ray?
Or bid the *Moon*, as with her journey tir'd,
In Ajalon's soft, flowery vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater, to *create*.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole
Of miracles;—resistless is their power? [train
They do not, *can* not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, *call'd* un-miraculous survey,
If *duly* weigh'd, if *rationally* seen,
If seen with *human* eyes. The *brute*, indeed,
Sees nought but *spangles* here; the *fool*, no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of *Nature* governs all?"
The *course* of *Nature* is the *art* of God.
The miracles thou call'st for, *this* attests;
For say, Could *Nature Nature's* course control?
But, miracles apart, who sees him not,
Nature's Controller, Author, Guide, and End!
Who turns his eye on *Nature's* midnight face,
But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene
"What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
Who bow'd them flaming through the dark profound,
Numerous as glittering gems of morning-dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of *old night* on fire?
Peopled her desert, and made horrour smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee, [man)
(For stars have fought their battles, leagu'd with
"Who marshals this bright host? enrolls their
names?
Appoints their post, their marches, and returns
Punctual at stated periods? who disbands
These veteran troops, their final duty done,
If e'er disbanded?"—He, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levy'd first their powers
In *night's* inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness: arm'd them with fierce flames,
Arrang'd, and disciplin'd, and cloth'd in gold;
And call'd them out of *chaos* to the field,
Where now they war with *vice* and *unbelief*.
O let us join this army! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When *brighter* flames shall cut a *darker* night;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their beads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one *eternal* curtain cover all!
Struck at *that* thought, as new awak'd, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious; and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye *dividers of my time!* Ye bright
Accomptants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair calendar distinctly mark'd!
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Though man inspects it not, stands good against him!
Since *you*, and years, roll on, though man stands still!
Teach me my days to number, and apply.
My trembling heart to *wisdom;* now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence! sweeps aside
The snares keen *appetite* and passion spread
To catch stray souls; and woe to that gray head
Whose *folly* would undo what *age* has done!
Aid then, aid, all ye stars!—Much rather, thou,
Great Artist! Thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite *machine*, with all its *wheels*,
Though intervolv'd, exact; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With such an *index* fair as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is clos'd,
Open *mine* eye, dread Deity! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works; to see
Things as they *are*, un-alter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. *Time, eternity!*
('T is these, mis-measur'd, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let *time* appear a *moment*, as it *is;*
And let *eternity's* full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into Heaven.
When shall I see far more than charms me now!
Gaze on creation's model in *thy* breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more?
When this vile, foreign, dust, which smothers all
That travel *Earth's* deep vale, shall I shake off?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,

And, re-adopted to thy blest embrace,
Obtain her *apotheosis* in thee?
Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wandering wide?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark;
To wake thy *dead devotion* [5] was my point;
And how I bless *night's* consecrating shades,
Which to a *temple* turn an *universe*;
Fill us with great ideas, full of Heaven,
And antidote the pestilential Earth!
In every storm, that either frowns, or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer!
And what a fane is *this*, in which to pray!
And what a God must dwell in such a fane!
O what a genius must inform the skies!
And is *Lorenzo's* salamander heart
Cold, and untouch'd, amid the sacred fires?
O ye nocturnal sparks! ye glowing embers, [more,
On Heaven's broad hearth! who burn, or burn no
Who blaze, or die, as Great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you, or forbears: assist my song;
Pour your whole influence; exorcise his heart,
So long possest; and bring him back to *man*.
And is Lorenzo a demurrer *still*?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy *parts* to shame.
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's *head* than *heart*,
A *faithless* heart, how despicably small!
Too strait, ought great, or generous, to receive!
Fill'd with an atom! fill'd, and foul'd, with *self!*
And self-mistaken! self, that lasts an hour!
Instincts and *passions*, of the nobler kind,
Lie suffocated there; or *they* alone,
Reason apart, would wake high hope; and open,
To ravish'd thought, that *intellectual* sphere,
Where, *order*, *wisdom*, *goodness*, *providence*,
Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly-great desire.
The mind that would be *happy*, must be *great*;
Great, in its *wishes*; great, in its *surveys*.
Extended views a narrow mind extend;
Push out its *corrugate*, *expansive* make,
Which, ere long, *more* than planets shall embrace.
A man of *compass* makes a man of *worth*;
Divine contemplate, and become *divine*.
As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
All littleness is in approach to woe;
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in *manhood*; let in *happiness*;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God; which makes a *man*.
Take God from *Nature*, nothing great is left;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees;—
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound; erect thine eye;
See thy distress! how close art thou besieg'd!
Besieg'd by *Nature*, the proud sceptic's foe!
Enclos'd by these innummerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of Providence.
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief!
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free!
This scene is Heaven's indulgent violence:
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory?
What is Earth bosom'd in these ambient orbs,
But, faith in God impos'd, and press'd on man?
Dar'st thou still litigate thy desperate *cause*,
Spite of these numerous, awful, *witnesses*,

And doubt the *deposition* of the skies?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin!
Laborious! 'tis *impracticable* quite;
To sink beyond a *doubt*, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they *did*; but *no* man *disbelieves*.
God is a *spirit*; *spirit* cannot strike
These gross, material organs; God by man
As much is seen, as *man* a God can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size!
Conception of design, how exquisite!
How complicate, in their divine police!
Apt means! great ends! consent to general good!
Each attribute of these *material* gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) ador'd,
A separate conquest gains o'er rebel thought;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.
Lorenzo! this may seem *harangue* to thee;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a *simple* proof
Of this great master moral of the skies,
Unskill'd, or dis-inclin'd, to read it *there*?
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire;—the *world* shut out;—thy thoughts call
Imagination's airy wing repress;— [home;—
Lock up thy *senses*;—let no *passion* stir;—
Wake all to *reason*;—let *her* reign alone;
Then, in thy *soul's* deep silence, and the depth
Of *Nature's* silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As *I* have done; and shall inquire no more.
In Nature's channel, thus the questions run:—
"What am I? and from *whence*?—I nothing know,
But that I *am*; and, since I *am*, conclude
Something *eternal*: had there e'er been *nought*,
Nought still had been: *eternal* there *must* be.—
But *what* eternal?—Why not *human race*?
And Adam's ancestors without an end?—
That 's hard to be conceiv'd; since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;
Can every *part depend*, and not the *whole*?
Yet grant it true; *new* difficulties rise;
I'm still quite out at sea; nor see the shore.
Whence *Earth*, and these bright *orbs*?—*Eternal* too?
Grant *matter* was eternal; still these *orbs*
Would want some other father;—much design
Is seen in all their *motions*, all their *makes*;
Design implies *intelligence*, and *art*;
That can't be from *themselves*—or *man*: that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
And nothing greater yet allow'd than *man*.—
Who, *motion*, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute *matter's* restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter *innate* motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form an universe of dust:
Has matter *none*? Then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from *shapeless*, and *repos'd*?
Has matter *more* than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learn'd
In *mathematics*? Has it fram'd *such* laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each *sage* atom laughs at me,

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Who think a *clod* inferior to a *man!*
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
And that with greater far than human skill,
Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.
Grant, then, invisible, eternal, Mind;
That granted, all is solv'd—But, granting that,
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
A being without origin, or end!—
Hail, human liberty! There is no God—
Yet, why? On either scheme that knot subsists;
Subsist it *must*, in God, or *human race:*
If in the last, how many knots beside,
Indissoluble all?—Why choose it *there*,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest
Dispers'd leave *reason's* whole horizon clear;
This is not reason's dictate; *reason* says, [scale;"
"Close with the side where *one* grain turns the
What vast preponderance is here! can reason
With louder voice exclaim—"*Believe* a God?"
And *reason* heard, is the sole mark of man.
What things impossible must man think true,
On any other system! and how strange
To *disbelieve*, through mere credulity!"
If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to *belief.*
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great!
How great that power, whose providential care
Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!
Of *Nature* universal threads the whole!
And hangs *creation*, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne!
That little gem, how large! a weight let fall
From a fixt star, in ages can it reach
This distant *Earth!* Say, then, Lorenzo! where,
Where, ends this mighty building? Where, begin
The suburbs of Creation? Where, the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence? Nothing's strange abode!
Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropp'd
His slacken'd *line*, and laid his *balance* by;
Weigh'd *worlds*, and measur'd *infinite*, no more!
Where, rears his *terminating pillar* high
Its extra-mundane head? and says, to gods,
In characters illustrious as the Sun,
"I stand, the plan's proud period; I pronounce
The work accomplish'd; the creation clos'd:
Shout, all ye gods! nor shout, ye gods alone;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths resound!
Resound! resound! ye depths, and heights re-
sound!"

Hard are those questions;—answer harder still.
Is *this* the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son of *power divine?*
Or has th' Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of distant *space?*
Has *he* not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
Of *night* primeval; barren, now, no more?
And *he* the central sun, transpiercing all
Those *giant-generations*, which disport
And dance, as *motes*, in his meridian ray;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
In that *abyss of horrour*, whence they sprung;
While *Chaos* triumphs, repossest of all
Rival *creation* ravish'd from his throne?
Chaos! of *Nature* both the womb, and grave!

Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too
Is this *extravagant?*—No; this is *just;* [wide?
Just, in *conjecture*, though 't were false in *fact.*
If 't is an errour, 'tis an errour sprung
From noble root, high thought of the Most-High.
But wherefore errour? who can prove it such?—
He that can set Omnipotence a bound.
Can man *conceive* beyond what God can *do?*
Nothing but *quite impossible* is *hard.*
He summons into being, with like ease,
A whole *creation*, and a single *grain.*
Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more;
And in what space can his great *fiat* fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm *imagination:* why condemn?
Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
With fuller admiration of *that power,* [swell?
Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to
Why not indulge in *his* augmented praise?
Darts not *his* glory a still brighter ray,
The less is left to *chaos*, and the realms
Of hideous *night*, where *fancy* strays aghast;
And, though most talkative, makes no *report?*
Still seems my thought enormous? Think again;
Experience 'self shall aid thy lame belief.
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
Have they not led us in the deep disclose
Of fine-spun *Nature*, exquisitely *small*,
And, though *demonstrated*, still *ill-conceiv'd?*
If then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
In *magnitude*, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation *poise?*
Defect alone can err on such a theme;
What is too great, if we the *cause survey?*
Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
I Am, thy name! *existence*, all *thine own!*
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much if styl'd
"*The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God.*"
O for the voice—of what? of whom?—What
Can answer to my wants, in *such* ascent, [voice
As dares to deem one universe too small?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now *fancy* glows,
Fir'd in the vortex of Almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of universal *Nature*, as a speck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,
But, elsewhere, far out-measur'd, far outshone.
In *fancy* (for the *fact* beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an *isle*, almost
Too small for notice, in the vast of being;
Sever'd by mighty seas of *un-built* space
From other *realms;* from ample *continents*
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Less *northern*, less remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the *line* of the Supreme;
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth,
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of *human* worth, but ripen soon to gods?
Yet why drown *fancy* in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small!
Enjoy we not full scope in what is *seen?*
Full ample the dominions of the Sun!
Full glorious to behold, how far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,

Further, and faster, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And *he* alone, who built it, can destroy.
Beyond this *city*, why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous instruction here!
What page of wisdom is denied him? None;
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is *instruction*, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble *pathos* in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud! heard Earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in Hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
Is *Earth*, then, more infernal? has she those,
Who neither *praise* (Lorenzo) nor *admire*?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engag'd,
Ne'er ask'd the *Moon* one question; never held
Least correspondence with a single star;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the *queen of Heaven*
Walking in brightness; or her train ador'd.
Their *sublunary* rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion; *stars* malign,
Which made the fond *astronomer* run mad;
Darken his *intellect*, corrupt his *heart*;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd delight.
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove!—O thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice! O thou Great Jove unfeign'd;
Divine Instructor! Thy *first* volume, *this*,
For *man's* perusal; all in capitals!
In *Moon*, and *stars* (Heaven's golden alphabet!)
Emblaz'd to seize the sight; who *runs*, may *read*;
Who *reads*, can *understand*. 'Tis unconfin'd
To *Christian* land, or *Jewry*; fairly writ
In language universal, to mankind:
A language, lofty to the learn'd: yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the Great Mind, that speaks!
Preface, and *comment*, to the *sacred page!*
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As pre-supposing his first lesson *there*,
And scripture self a *fragment, that* unread.
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise;
Stupendous book! and open'd, Night! by thee.
By thee *much* open'd. I confess, O *Night*!
Yet *more* I wish; but *how* shall I prevail?
Say, gentle *Night!* whose modest, maiden beams
Give us a *new* creation, and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon!
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene?—And show
The mighty potentate, to whom belong
These rich *regalia* pompously display'd
To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around; I search on every side—
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores!
As the chas'd hart, amid the desert waste,
Pants for the living stream; for him who made her,
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess! where?
Where blazes *his* bright court? Where burns *his* throne?
Thou know'st; for thou art near him; round by thee,
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where *he* dwells?
A *star* his dwelling pointed out *below*.
Ye Pleides! Arcturus! Mazaroth!
And thou, Orion! of still keener eye!
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempest into port!
On which hand must I bend my course to find *him*?
These courtiers keep the secret of their King;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.
I wake; and, waking, climb *night's* radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere; the steps by Nature set
For man's ascent; at once to *tempt* and *aid*;
To *tempt* his eye, and *aid* his towering thought;
Till it arrives at the *great* God of all.
In ardent *contemplation's* rapid car,
From *Earth*, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount! diminish'd *Earth* recedes;
I pass the *Moon*; and, from her farther side,
Pierce Heaven's blue curtain; strike into *remote*;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to *celestial* lengthens *human* sight.
I pause at every *planet* on my road,
And ask for him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of *Earths* an army might be lost,
With the bold *comet* take my bolder flight,
Amid those *sovereign* glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud;
The souls of systems! and the lords of life,
Through their wide empires!—What behold I *now*?
A wilderness of wonder burning round;
Where *larger* suns inhabit *higher* spheres;
Perhaps the *villas* of descending gods;
Nor halt I here; my toil is but begun;
'Tis but the threshold of the Deity;
Or, far beneath it, *I* am grovelling still.
Nor is it strange; I built on a mistake;
The grandeur on his works, whence *folly* sought
For aid, to *reason* sets his glory higher;
Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to *him*)
O where, Lorenzo! must the Builder dwell?
Pause, then; and, for a moment, here respire—
If human thought can keep its station here.
Where am I?—Where is *Earth*?—Nay, where art thou,
O *Sun*?—Is the Sun turn'd recluse?—And are
His boasted expeditions short to *mine*?—
To *mine*, how short! On Nature's alps I stand,
And see a thousand firmaments beneath!
A thousand systems! as a thousand grains!
So *much* a stranger, and so *late* arriv'd,
How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
What are the natives of this world sublime,
Of this so foreign, un-terrestrial sphere,
Where mortal, *untranslated*, never stray'd?
"O ye, as distant from my little home,
As swiftest sun-beams in an age can fly!
Far from my native element I roam,

In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
What province this, of *his* immense domain,
Whom all obeys? or mortals here, or gods?
Ye borderers on the coasts of bliss! what are you?
A colony from Heaven? Or, only rais'd,
By frequent visit from Heaven's neighbouring realms,
To secondary gods, and half divine?—
Whate'er your nature, *this* is past dispute,
Far other life you live, far other tongue
You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
Than man. How various are the works of God!
But say, *what* thought? is *reason* here enthron'd,
And absolute? or *sense* in arms against her?
Have you *two* lights? or need you no *reveal'd*?
Enjoy your happy realms their golden age?
And had your Eden an abstemious Eve?
Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
And ask their Adams—'*Who would not be wise?*'
Or, if your mother *fell*, are you *redeem'd*?
And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer *scorn'd*?
Is this your final residence? if not,
Change you your scene, *translated*? or by *death*?
And if by *death*, *what death*?—Know you *disease*?
Or horrid *war*?—With war, this fatal hour,
Europa groans (so call we a small field,
Where kings run mad). In *our* world, Death deputes,
Intemperance to do the work of *age*;
And hanging up the quiver *Nature* gave him,
As slow of execution, for dispatch
Sends forth *imperial* butchers; bids them slay
Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleec'd before),
And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
Sit all *your* executioners on thrones?
With *you*, can rage for plunder make a *god*?
And *bloodshed* wash out every other stain?—
But you, perhaps, can't bleed: from matter gross
Your *spirits* clean, are delicately clad
In fine-spun ether, privileg'd to soar,
Unloaded, uninfected; how unlike
The lot of man! How few of human race
By their own *mud* unmurder'd! How we wage
Self-war eternal! Is your painful day
Of hardy conflict o'er? Or, are you still
Raw candidates at school? And have you those
Who disaffect *reversions*, as with *us*?
But what are *we*? You never heard of *man*;
Or *Earth*, the *bedlam* of the universe!
Where *reason* (undiseas'd with you) runs mad,
And nurses *folly's* children as *her own*;
Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
Of *holiness*, where reason is pronounc'd
Infallible; and *thunders*, like a god;
E'en *there*, by *saints*, the demons are outdone;
What *these* think wrong, our *saints* refine to right;
And kindly teach *dull* Hell her own black arts;
Satan, instructed, o'er their *morals* smiles.—
But *this*, how strange to you, who know not *man*!
Has the least rumour of our race arriv'd?
Call'd *here* Elijah in his flaming car?
Pass'd by you the good Enoch, on his road
To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd;
Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent,
Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall
A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
O! that the fiend had lodg'd on some broad orb
Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home,
Then blacken'd *Earth* with footsteps foul'd in Hell,
Nor wash'd in *ocean*, as from Rome he pass'd
To Britain's isle; *too, too*, conspicuous *there!*"

But this is all digression: where is he,
That o'er Heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
To groans, and chains, and darkness? Where is he,
Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
He, whom, while man is *man*, he can't but seek;
And if he finds, commences *more* than man?
O for a telescope his throne to reach!
Tell me, ye learn'd on *Earth!* or blest *above!*
Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
Where, your great master's orb? His planets, where?
Those *conscious* satellites, those *morning-stars*,
First-born of Deity! from central love,
By veneration most profound, thrown off;
By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
Aw'd, and yet *raptur'd*; *raptur'd*, yet *serene*;
Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
In still approaching circles, still *remote*,
Revolving round the Sun's eternal Sire?
Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
High errands sent?—Here *human* effort ends;
And leaves me still a stranger to *his* throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
Born in an age more curious than devout;
More fond to fix the *place* of Heaven, or Hell,
Than studious *this* to shun, or *that* secure.
'Tis not the *curious*, but the *pious* path,
That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
Without or *star*, or *angel*, for their guide,
Who worship God, shall *find* him. Humble *love*,
And not proud *reason*, keeps the door of Heaven;
Love finds admission, where proud *science* fails.
Man's science is the culture of his heart;
And not to lose his plumbet in the depths
Of *Nature*, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets
The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom *Nature* (ill-attempted *here!*)
Past doubt is deep philosophy *above*;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd; the deepest, learning still.
For, what a *thunder* of Omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak) is *seen* in all!
In *man!* in *Earth!* in more amazing *skies!*
Teaching this lesson, *pride* is loth to learn—
"Not *deeply* to *discern*, not *much* to *know*,
Mankind was born to wonder, and adore."

And is there cause for higher *wonder* still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys?
Yes; and for deeper *adoration* too.
From my late airy travel unconfin'd,
Have I learn'd nothing?—Yes, Lorenzo! this;
Each of these stars is a religious house;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise;
And heard *hosannas* ring through every sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is *consecrated* ground,
Teeming with growths immortal and divine.
The great proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waste; but sows these fiery fields
With seeds of *reason*, which to *virtues* rise
Beneath *his* genial ray; and, if escap'd
The pestilential blasts of stubborn *will*,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.
And is *devotion* thought too much on *Earth*,
When beings, so superior, homage *beast*,
And *triumph* in prostration to the throne?
But wherefore more of planets, or of stars?
Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,

Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
All *Nature* sending incense to the throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere?
Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
Nor see, of *fancy*, or of *fact*, what more
Invites the Muse—Here turn we, and review
Our past nocturnal landscape wide:—Then say,
Say, then, Lorenzo! with what burst of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,
Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast?
"O what a root! O what a branch, is here!
O what a Father! What a family!
Worlds! systems! and creations!—And creations,
In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
Great vine[16]! On thee, on thee the cluster hangs;
The filial cluster! infinitely spread
In glowing globes, with various being fraught;
And drinks (nectareous draught!) immortal life.
Or, shall I say (for *who* can say enough?)
A constellation of ten thousand gems,
(And, O! of what dimension! of what weight!)
Set in one *signet*, flames on the right hand
Of Majesty Divine! The *blazing seal*,
That deeply stamps, on all created *mind*,
Indelible, *his* sovereign attributes,
Omnipotence, and love! *That*, passing bound:
And *this*, surpassing that. Nor stop we *here*,
For want of *power* in God, but *thought* in man.
E'en *this* acknowledg'd, leaves us still in debt:
If *greater* aught, that greater all is thine,
Dread Sire!—Accept this *miniature* of thee;
And pardon an *attempt* from mortal thought,
In which archangels might have fail'd, unblam'd."

How such ideas of th' Almighty's *power*,
And such ideas of th' Almighty's *plan*,
(Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
Of feeble mortals! Nor of *them* alone!
The fulness of the Deity breaks forth
In *inconceivables* to men, and gods.
Think, then, O think; nor ever drop the thought;
How *low* must *man* descend, when *gods* adore!
Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast?
Did I not tell thee, "We would mount, Lorenzo[17],
And kindle our devotion at the *stars*?"
And have I *fail'd*? And did I *flatter* thee?
And art all adamant? And dost confute
All urg'd, with one irrefragable *smile*?
Lorenzo! *mirth* how miserable *here!*
Swear by the *stars*, by him who made them, swear,
Thy heart, henceforth, shall be as pure as *they:*
Then *thou*, like *them*, shalt shine; like *them*, shalt *rise*
From low to lofty; from obscure to bright;
By due gradation, *Nature's* sacred law.
The *stars*, from whence?—Ask *Chaos*—he can tell.
These bright temptations to idolatry,
From *darkness*, and *confusion*, took their birth;
Sons of *deformity!* from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
And then, to spheres opaque; then dimly shone;
Then brighten'd; then blaz'd out in *perfect day*.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
From worse to better; but, when *minds* ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon *themselves*.
Heaven aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The *voluntary* little lessens more.

O be a *man!* and thou shalt be a *God!*
And *half self-made!*—Ambition how divine!
O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout? Unkindled?—Though high-taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou *asham'd* to bend thy knee to Heaven?
Curst fume of pride, exhal'd from deepest Hell?
Pride in *religion* is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets *despair*.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the *night*,
Amid her glimmering tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens Nature's scene!
A scene more sad *sin* makes the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of *matter's* grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the *rational*, who gazes on it—
"Though *that* immensely great, still greater *he*,
Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
Unburthen'd, Nature's universal scheme;
Can grasp *creation* with a *single* thought;
Creation grasp; and not exclude its Sire"—
To tell him farther—"It behoves him much
To *guard* th' important, yet depending, fate
Of being, brighter than a thousand suns:
One single ray of *thought* outshines them all."—
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropt with eyes of gold,
Rising, where *thought* is now denied to rise,
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist?—No mortal ever liv'd
But, *dying*, he pronounc'd (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;
Vain, and far worse!—Think thou, with dying men;
O *condescend* to think as angels think!
O *tolerate* a chance for happiness!
Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate;
And Hell had been, though there had been no God.
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer!
Earth, turning from the *Sun*, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his *God*, brings *endless* night;
Where thou canst read no *morals*, find no *friend*,
Amend no *manners*, and expect no *peace*.
How *deep* the darkness! and the groan, how *loud!*
And far, how far, from *lambent* are the flames!—
Such is Lorenzo's purchase! such his praise!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!
Though in his ear, and level'd at his heart,
I 've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from *me*;
My song but echoes what great *Nature* speaks.
What has she spoken? Thus the goddess spoke,
Thus speaks for ever:—"Place, at Nature's head,
A sovereign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
But, above all, diffuses endless good;
To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly;
The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
By whom, the various tenants of these spheres,
Diversified in fortunes, place, and powers,
Rais'd in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
At that blest fountain-head, from which they stream;

[16] John xv. 1. [17] Page 479.

Where conflict past redoubles present joy;
And present joy looks forward on increase;
And that, on more; no period! every step
A double boon! a *promise*, and a *bliss*."
How easy sits *this* scheme on human hearts!
It suits their make; it sooths their vast desires;
Passion is pleas'd; and *reason* asks no more;
'T is rational! 't is great!—But what is *thine?*
It darkens! shocks! excruciates! and confounds!
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worse; few years, the sport
Of *fortune*; then the morsel of *despair*.
Say, then, Lorenzo! (for thou know'st it well)
What's *vice?*—Mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion, what?—The proof of *common-sense*.
How art thou hooted, where the *least* prevails!
Is it *my* fault, if *these truths* call thee *fool?*
And thou shalt never be *miscall'd* by me.
Can neither *shame*, nor *terrour*, stand thy friend?
And art thou *still* an insect in the mire?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown;
Snatch'd thee from Earth; escorted thee through all
Th' ethereal armies; walk'd thee, like a god,
Through splendours of first magnitude, arrang'd
On either hand; clouds thrown beneath thy feet;
Close-cruis'd on the bright Paradise of God;
And almost introduc'd thee to the throne!
And art thou still carousing, for delight,
Rank poison; first fermenting to mere *froth*,
And then subsiding into final *gall?*
To beings of sublime, *immortal* make,
How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure!
Such joy, *more* shocking still, the more it *charms!*
And dost thou choose what ends ere well-begun;
And infamous, as short? And dost thou choose
(*Thou*, to whose palate *glory* is so sweet)
To wade into *perdition*, through *contempt*,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy *own?*
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow;
For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but *disabled*, not *destroy'd*.
O thou most aweful being; and most vain!
Thy will, how *frail!* how *glorious* is thy power!
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast;
Though Heaven and Hell depend upon thy choice;
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational?
This horrid image, shall it be most just?
Lorenzo! No: it cannot,—*shall* not, be,
If there is force in *reason*; or, in *sounds*
Chanted beneath the glimpses of the Moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When *slumber* locks the general lip, and dreams
Through senseless mazes hunt souls *un-inspir'd*.
Attend—The sacred mysteries begin—
My solemn *night-born* adjuration hear;
Hear, and I 'll raise thy spirit from the dust;
While the *stars* gaze on this enchantment *new*,
Enchantment, not infernal, but divine!
" By *silence*, Death's peculiar attribute;
By *darkness*, guilt's inevitable doom;
By *darkness*, and by *silence*, sisters dread!
That draw the curtain round Night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene!
By Night, and all of aweful, Night presents
To *thought* or *sense* (of aweful much, to both,
The goddess brings)! By these her trembling *fires*,
Like Vesta's, ever-burning; and, like *hers*,
Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure!
By these bright orators, that *prove*, and *praise*,
And press thee to revere the Deity;
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when rever'd awhile,
To reach *his throne*; as *stages* of the soul,
Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height,
And purging off some dross at every sphere!
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world!
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
From short ambition's *zenith* set for ever;
Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom!
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this evening knell,
Which midnight waves in *fancy's* startled eye;
And shocks her with an hundred centuries,
Round *Death's* black banner throng'd, in human thought!
By thousands, *now*, resigning their last breath,
And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear!
By tombs o'er tombs arising; human earth
Ejected, to make room for—human earth;
The monarch's *terrour!* and the sexton's *trade!*
By pompous obsequies that shun the day,
The *torch* funereal, and the nodding *plume*,
Which makes poor man's humiliation proud;
Boast of our *ruin!* triumph of our *dust!*
By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones;
And the pale lamp that shows the ghastly dead,
More ghastly, through the thick incumbent gloom!
By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
The gliding spectre! and the groaning grave!
By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
For the grave's shelter! By desponding men,
Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt!
By guilt's last audit! By yon *Moon* in blood,
The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
And thunder's last discharge, great Nature's knell!
By second *chaos* and eternal *night*"—
Be wise—Nor let Philander blame my *charm*;
But own not ill discharg'd my double debt,
Love to the living; *duty* to the dead!
For know I'm but executor; *he* left
This moral legacy; *I* make it o'er
By *his* command; Philander hear in me;
And Heaven in both.—If deaf to these, O! hear
Florello's tender voice; *his* weal depends
On *thy* resolve; it trembles at thy choice;
For *his* sake—love *thyself:* example strikes
All human hearts; a *bad* example more;
More still a father's; that ensures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miseries,
And make him curse the being which thou gavest?
Is *this* the blessing of so fond a father?
If careless of Lorenzo! spare, Oh! spare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend!
Florello's father ruin'd, ruins him;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.
Let *passion* do, what *nobler motive* should;
Let *love*, and *emulation*, rise in aid
To *reason*; and persuade thee to be—blest.
This seems not a request to be denied;
Yet (such the infatuation of mankind!)
'T is the most *hopeless*, man can make to man.
Shall I then rise, in argument, and warmth?
And urge Philander's posthumous advice,
From topics yet unbroach'd?——
But Oh! I faint! My spirits fail!—Nor strange!

So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
To which my great Creator's glory call'd:
And *calls*—but, now, in vain. *Sleep's* dewy wand
Has strok'd my drooping lips, and *promises*
My long arrear of rest; the *downy god*
(*Wont to return with our returning peace*)
Will *pay*, ere long, and bless me with repose.
Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
The ship-boy's hammoc, or the soldier's straw,
Whence *sorrow* never chas'd thee; with thee bring,
Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
That supples, lubricates, and keeps in play
The various movements of this nice machine,
Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
When tir'd with vain rotations of the day,
Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
Fresh we spin on, till *sickness* clogs our wheels,
Or *Death* quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
When will it end with me?
——"THOU only know'st,
Thou, whose broad eye the *future*, and the *past*,
Joins to the *present;* making one of *three*
To moral thought! Thou know'st, and thou alone,
All-knowing!—all-unknown!—and yet well-known!
Near, though remote! and, though unfathom'd, felt!
And, though invisible, for ever seen!
And seen in all! the *great* and the *minute:*
Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarm'd,
(Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
To the first thought, that asks, '*From whence?*' declare
Their common source. Thou fountain, running o'er
In rivers of communicated joy!
Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
Say, by what name shall I presume to call
Him I see burning in these countless suns,
As Moses, in the *bush?* Illustrious Mind!
The whole creation, less, far less, to thee,
Than *that* to the creation's ample round.
How shall I name thee?—How my labouring soul
Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth!
"Great system of perfections! mighty cause
Of causes mighty! cause uncaus'd! sole root
Of *Nature*, that luxuriant growth of God!
First Father of *effects!* that progeny
Of endless series; where the golden chain's
Last link admits a period, who can tell?
Father of all that is or heard, or hears!
Father of all that is or seen, or sees!
Father of all that *is*, or *shall* arise!
Father of this immeasurable mass
Of *matter* multiform; or dense, or rare;
Opaque, or lucid; rapid, or at rest;
Minute, or passing bound! in each extreme
Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.
Father of these bright millions of the *night!*
Of which the least full godhead had proclaim'd,
And thrown the gazer on his knee—Or, say,
Is appellation higher still, thy choice?
Father of *matter's* temporary lord!
Father of *spirits!* nobler offspring! sparks
Of high paternal glory; rich endow'd
With various measures, and with various modes
Of *instinct, reason, intuition*; beams
More pale, or bright from *day divine*, to break
The darker matter *organiz'd* (the ware
Of all *created* spirit); beams, that rise
Each over other in superior light,
Till the last ripens into lustre strong,
Of next approach to godhead. Father fond
(Far fonder than e'er bore that name on Earth)
Of *intellectual* beings! beings blest
With powers to please thee; not of passive ply
To laws they know not; beings lodg'd in seats
Of well-adapted joys, in different domes
Of this imperial palace for thy sons;
Of this proud, populous, well-policy'd,
Though boundless habitation, plann'd by thee:
Whose several clans their several climates suit;
And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.
Or, Oh! indulge, immortal King, indulge
A title less august indeed, but more
Endearing; ah! how sweet in human ears,
Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts!
Father of immortality to man!
A theme that lately[18] set my soul on fire—
And thou the next! yet equal! thou, by whom
That blessing was convey'd; far more! was *bought;*
Ineffable the price! by whom all worlds
Were made; and one redeem'd! illustrious light
From light illustrious! Thou, whose *regal* power,
Finite in *time*, but infinite in *space*,
On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems and thrones,
Inviolably reigns; the *dread* of gods!
And Oh! the *friend* of man! beneath whose foot,
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolution, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
Through the short channels of expiring *time*,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
Calm, or tempestuous (as *thy* spirit breathes),
In absolute subjection!—And, O thou
The glorious third! distinct, not separate!
Beaming from *both!* with both incorporate;
And (strange to tell!) incorporate with dust!
By condescension, as thy glory, great,
Enshrin'd in man! of human hearts, if pure,
Divine inhabitant! the tie divine
Of Heaven with distant Earth! by whom I trust,
(If not inspir'd) uncensur'd this address
To thee, to them—to whom!—Mysterious power!
Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd! darkness in light;
Number in unity! our joy! our dread!
The *triple* bolt that lays all wrong in ruin!
That animates all right, the *triple* sun!
Sun of the soul! her never-setting sun!
Triune, unutterable, unconceiv'd,
Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God!
Greater than greatest! Better than the best!
Kinder than kindest! with soft *pity's* eye,
Or (stronger still to speak it) with *thine own*,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt;
Beyond archangels' unassisted ken;
From far above what mortals highest call;
From elevation's pinnacle; look down,
Through—What? confounding interval! through all
And more than labouring *fancy* can conceive;
Through radiant ranks of essences unknown;
Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
Round various banners of omnipotence,

[18] Nights the Sixth and Seventh.

With endless change of rapturous duties fir'd;
Through wondrous beings interposing swarms,
All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee;
Through this wide waste of worlds! this *vista* vast,
All sanded o'er with suns; suns turn'd to *night*
Before *thy* feeblest beam—Look down—down—down,
On a poor *breathing particle* in dust,
Or, lower, an *immortal* in his crimes.
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the Sun (though night's descending scale
Now weighs up morn), unpity'd, and unblest!
In *thy* displeasure dwells *eternal* pain;
Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me *now*;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Though transient, terrible; at *thy* good hour,
Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
My *clay-cold bed!* by nature now, so near;
By nature, near; still nearer by disease!
Till then, be *this*, an emblem of my grave:
Let it out-preach the preacher; every night
Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear;
That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
And when (the shelter of thy wing implor'd)
My *senses*, sooth'd, shall sink in soft repose,
O sink *this* truth still deeper in my soul,
Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by *fate*.
First, in *fate's* volume, at the page of *man*—
Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee:
Here, in full trust; hereafter, in full joy;
On thee, the promis'd, sure, eternal down
Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
Nor of *that* pillow shall *my* soul despond;
For—Love almighty! Love almighty! (sing,
Exult creation!) Love almighty, reigns!
That death of *death!* that cordial of *despair!*
And loud eternity's triumphant song!
"Of whom, no more:—For, O thou Patron-God!
Thou *God* and *mortal!* Thence *more* God to man!
Man's theme eternal! man's eternal theme!
Thou canst not 'scape *uninjur'd* from our *praise*.
Uninjur'd from our praise can *he* escape,
Who, disembosom'd from the Father, bows
The Heaven of Heavens, to kiss the distant Earth!
Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul!
Against the *cross*, *Death's* iron sceptre breaks!
From famish'd *ruin* plucks her human prey!
Throws wide the gates celestial to his *foes!*
Their *gratitude*, for such a boundless debt,
Deputes their *suffering brothers* to receive!
And, if deep human guilt in payment fails;
As deeper guilt prohibits our *despair!*
Enjoins it, as our duty, to *rejoice!*
And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
Takes his delights among the sons of men[19]."
What words are these—And did they come from Heaven?
And were they spoke to man? to guilty man?
What are all mysteries to love like this?
The songs of angels, all the melodies
Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound;
Heal and exhilarate the broken heart;
Though plung'd, before, in horrours dark as *night*:
Rich prelibation of *consummate* joy!
Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.
This final effort of the moral Muse,
How justly *titled*[20]? nor for me alone:
For all that read; what spirit of support,
What heights of Consolation, crown my song!
Then, farewel Night! of darkness, now, no more:
Joy breaks; shines; triumphs; 't is eternal day.
Shall that which rises out of *nought* complain
Of a few evils, paid with endless joys?
My soul! henceforth, in sweetest union join
The two supports of human happiness,
Which some, erroneous, think can never meet;
True *taste of life*, and constant *thought of death!*
The *thought* of death, sole victor of its *dread!*
Hope, be thy *joy*; and *probity* thy *skill*;
Thy *patron* he, whose diadem has dropp'd
Yon gems of Heaven; *eternity*, thy *prize*:
And leave the racers of the *world* their own,
Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils:
They part with all for that *which is not bread*;
They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power;
And laugh to scorn the *fools* that aim at more.
How must a spirit, late escap'd from Earth,
Suppose Philander's, Lucia's, or Narcissa's,
The *truth of things* new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonish'd, on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves!
And when our *present privilege* is past,
To scourge us with due sense of its *abuse*,
The *same* astonishment will seize us all.
What *then* must pain us, would preserve us *now*.
Lorenzo! 't is not yet too late; Lorenzo!
Seize wisdom, ere 't is torment to be wise;
That is, seize *wisdom*, ere she seizes *thee*.
For what, my small philosopher! is *Hell?*
'T is nothing but full knowledge of *the truth*,
When *truth*, resisted long, is sworn our foe:
And calls eternity to do her right.
Thus, *darkness* aiding intellectual light,
And sacred *silence* whispering truths divine,
And *truths divine* converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwing'd,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of *fancy*, when our *hearts* remain below?
Virtue abounds in flatteries and foes;
'T is pride to praise her; penance to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo! rise, at this auspicious hour;
An hour, when Heaven 's most intimate with man;
When, like a falling star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the *just*;
And just are all, *determin'd* to reclaim;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then: thy Philander calls: awake!
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire;
When Time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In Nature's ample ruins lies intomb'd;
And midnight, *universal* midnight! reigns.

[19] Prov. chap. viii.

[20] The Consolation.

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with marrow and fatness, when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips. PSALM lxiii. 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS was not intended for the public, there were many and strong reasons against it; and are so still; but some extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought necessary to publish something, lest a copy still more imperfect than this should fall into the press: and it is hoped, that this unwelcome occasion of publication may be some excuse for it.

As for the following stanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodness to man, is dwelt on, as the most just and cogent reason for our cheerful and absolute resignation to his will; nor are any of those topics declined, which have a just tendency to promote that supreme virtue: such as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years
Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place.

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more,
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes,
And am I writing still?

Conscious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts;
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

Permit me, madam! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad sister of decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many suns have roll'd:

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see:
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread;
Near all with whom I liv'd, and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them dy'd my joys; the grave
Has broken Nature's laws;
And clos'd, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws;

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia, tell;
Say, long-abandon'd Muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I choose?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which most admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood restrain;

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.

O Resignation! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains;
Though claiming every Muse's smile,
And every poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, solemn shade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth!
Thou sole support of age!

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious consummation, thou!
Which fills her orb with light:

How rarely fill'd! the love divine
In evils to discern,
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest, which we learn;

A melancholy truth! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall:

The task I dread; dare I to leave
Of humble prose the shore,
And put to sea? a dangerous sea?
What throngs have sunk before!

How proud the poet's billow swells!
The God! the God! his boast:
A boast how vain! What wrecks abound!
Dead bards stench every coast.

What then am I? Shall I presume,
On such a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
And in my winter, sing;

When nightingales, when sweetest bards
Confine their charming song
To summer's animating beats,
Content to warble young?

Yet write I must; a lady[1] sues;
How shameful her request!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Hers teeming with the best!

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.

The ghost of grief deceas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you;

Too well he knows the twisting strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd:

Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus Nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart, or head, suggest?
What sad experience say?
Through truths austere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? Whence? For what? and whither?
Who know not, needs must mourn;
But thought, bright daughter of the skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 't is the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by fate, we meet our foes,
In sore affliction's field;

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by sense,
From reason's channel strays:
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers;

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down
On what once shock'd their sight;
And thank the terrours of the past
For ages of delight.

All withers here; who most possess
Are losers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
Life's idle all is vain:

Vain, in its course, life's murmuring stream;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease; life, then, would seem
Still vainer, from its end.

[1] Mrs. M——.

How wretched! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament!
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content!

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

Of Earth's revenue would you state
A full account, and fair?
We hope; and hope; and hope; then cast
The total up——

Despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd;
Heaven wounds to heal; its frowns are friends;
Its stroke severe, most kind.

But in laps'd Nature rooted deep,
Blind errour domineers;
And on fools' errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize;
These oft persuade us to be weak;
Those urge us to be wise.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleasure are we brought,
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault:

Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood;
And says, time pays an easy price,
For our eternal good.

In Earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity!
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.

Say not, your loss in triumph leads
Religion's feeble strife;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
It bears an early date;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our present state:

What are the tears, which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? Like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate, keen desire
From lanching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see; the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own;

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd we complain;
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain:

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of fortune's smiles,
You 'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence;
This course it has pursued—
"Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
Of sound, important good:"

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties:
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise:

'T will sound severe—Yet rest assur'd
I 'm studious of your peace;
Though I should dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his decease:

An hour shall come (you question this)
An hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear then without surprise a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss:

Esteem you this a paradox?
My sacred motto read;
A glorious truth! divinely sung
By one, whose heart had bled;

To Resignation swift he flew,
In her a friend he found,
A friend, which bless'd him with a smile
When gasping with his wound.

On Earth naught precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our sabbaths are but few:

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms; as found
A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother blessing (not so call'd,)
True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defy'd the flames,
By stings of life unvext;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happiness on Earth.

The peopled Earth look all around,
Or through time's records run;
And say, what is a man unstruck?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply stung—
My bold pretence is tried;
When vain man boasts, Heaven puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride;

Now need I, madam! your support.—
How exquisite the smart;
How critically tim'd the news[2]
Which strikes me to the heart!

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel:
If worth like thine, is born,
O long-belov'd! I bless the blow,
And triumph, whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long; by grief subdued
By reason's empire shown;
Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own;

And when continued past its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and, what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime:

And shall I, criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong?
No; my example shall support
The subject of my song.

Madam! I grant your loss is great;
Nor little is your gain?
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain:

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And Earth's enchantment end;
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

But such a friend! and sigh no more?
'T is prudent; but severe:
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop,
All sorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to sooth,
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautify'd a fault:

To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him presented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, smooth address;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of distress;

Howe'er, proceed I must, unbless'd
With Esculapian art:
Know, love sometimes, mistaken love!
Plays disaffection's part:

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Though transports are denied:

[2] Whilst the author was writing this, he received the news of Mr. Samuel Richardson's death, who was then printing the former part of the poem.

Are you not, then, unkindly kind?
Is not your love severe?
O! stop that crystal source of woe;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy;
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy?

He lives in those he left;—to what?
Your, now, paternal care.
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there;

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind;
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd;
Revolve his battles won;
And let those prophesy your joy
From such a father's son:

Is consolation what you seek?
Fan, then, his martial fire:
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his sire:

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise Nature's time allow;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, madam! be surpris'd to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boasters!) than to you:

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood; a banner bright!
High wav'd o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire?

Go forth a moral Amazon;
Arm'd with undaunted thought;
The battle won, though costing dear,
You 'll think it cheaply bought:

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cæsar's toil:

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunders of huzzas,
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause:

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he 'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you.

Share his delight; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd:

Some seem in love with sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace:
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace:

Sorrow! of horrid parentage!
Thou second-born of Hell!
Against Heaven's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel?

From black and noxious vapours bred
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of phrensy's self
By perseverance brought,

Thy most inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have run;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles!
Are radiant marks of man;

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumin'd human face;
And light in sons of honest joy
Some beams of Moses' face:

Is resignation's lesson hard?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind;

Resign; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on one above;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what cause! how every sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love!

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in sense,
Their prospect at the Sun;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul,

Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
And Earth's involving gloom,
To range at last its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come:

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run;
And, doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done;

Fatal mistake! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds;

Though man sits still, and takes his ease;
God is at work on man;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late;

Hence loud laments: let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father! plead;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair?
Of love divine the child;
Love brought it forth; and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd:

Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man;

Man holds in constant service bound
The blustering winds and seas;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard
Their master, man, to please:

To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run;
Finish for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong;
That Heaven in man delights:

What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds, or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates;

What 's revelation then? a list,
An inventory just
Of that poor insect's goods, so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere:

Would we in Heaven new Heaven create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when Heaven looks down,
How pleasing in its sight!

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praise:

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of Heaven's avenging rod,
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an armless wand;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow, and be blest,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss, shall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health;
The sunshine of the soul;
Our best encomium on the power
Who sweetly plans the whole:

Joy is our Eden still possess'd:
Be gone, ignoble grief!
'T is joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too;
Thus, whilst good present we possess
More precious we pursue:

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, interest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

"But how to smile; to stem the tide
Of nature in our veins;
Is it not hard to weep in joy?
What then to smile in pains?"

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles through a storm;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good;
And bids it doubly charm:

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex, by nature, bold;
What then in yours? 't is diamond there,
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress?
And check the rising sigh?
Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right:

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.

A friend 's an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air:

A friend[3] you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which died in your distress;

[3] Mrs. Montague.

That friend, the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common; such as these:

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are given;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards Heaven:

Woe to the soul at perfect ease!
'T is brewing perfect pains;
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king;
Despotic body reigns:

Have you [4] ne'er pity'd joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark?
Alas! poor Envy! she's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark:

Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdued;
And in proud fortune's frown defy'd
By meek, unborrow'd good.

By resignation; all in that
A double friend may find,
A wing to Heaven, and, while on Earth,
The pillow of mankind:

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place;
When hopes of Heaven lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace:

The peace, which resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess;
'T is disbelievd by murmuring minds,
They must conclude it less:

The loss, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope, or fear;
That fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year:

O! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind!
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd:

While man by that of every grace,
And virtue, is possess'd;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast;

By resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy;
And suffer, with far more repose,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak;
O! grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye powers,
Who form our fates above!

My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme!

O theme themselves! A theme, how rare!
The charms, which they display,
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array:

With his own arms proud man 's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die:
Learning and genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.

This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold:

But as those ladies' [5] works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day:

So burst, full ripe, distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the Sun;
And from the purple grape unpress'd
Spontaneous nectars run.

Pallas, ('t is said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain;
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wisdom's brighter reign;

Her helmet took; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit;
And lance,—or, genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ;

And gorgon shield,—or, power to fright
Man's folly, dreadful shone,
And many a blockhead (easy change!)
Turn'd, instantly, to stone.

Our authors male, as, then, did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd-in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free:

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man:

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set; how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state;
His lessen'd light, and languid powers,
I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

But what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns?
"In ruffling seasons to be calm,
And smile, when fortune frowns."

Heaven's choice is safer than our own;
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate?
"To have our own desire."

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers, rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish!
Wish ardent, ever wrong!

[4] Mrs. Montague.

[5] Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.

'T is resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Errour most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown!

No longer impotent, and frail,
Ourselves above we rise:
We scarce believe ourselves below!
We trespass on the skies!

The Lord, the soul, and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and seas;

Beyond us, what can angels boast?
Archangels what require?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done as——we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span!
This is meridian majesty!
This, the sublime of man!

Beyond the boast of pagan song
My sacred subject shines!
And for a foil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the Sun surveys, subdued,
But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd:

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law;
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe;

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to Heaven the rest;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

What cannot resignation do?
It wonders can perform;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest martyrs' souls
Ascended to their king:

Who is it calls thee? one whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state;
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate:

His threatening foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!——at fourscore
My sole asylum, thou!

Haste, then, O Resignation! haste,
'T is thine to reconcile
My foe, and me; at thy approach,
My foe begins to smile:

O! for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death:

What sight, Heaven's azure arch beneath
Has most of Heaven to boast?
The man resign'd; at once serene,
And giving up the ghost.

At Death's arrival they shall smile,
Who, not in life o'er gay,
Serious and frequent thought send out
To meet him on his way:

My gay coevals! (such there are)
If happiness is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear:

The fear of death is truly wise,
Till wisdom can rise higher;
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death dreaded once, desire:

Grand climacteric vanities
The vainest will despise;
Shock'd, when beneath the snow of age
Man immaturely dies:

But am not I myself the man?
No need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chatis'd;
What cause to blush at home?

In life's decline, when men relapse
Into the sports of youth,
The second child out-fools the first,
And tempts the lash of truth;

Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage?

Here, madam! let me visit one,
My fault who, partly, shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years;

And if your breast with prudent zeal
For resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too:

How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'T is praise to be forgot;

The wise, as flowers, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When evening damps and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

What though your Muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime?
Ours, hoary friend! is to prefer
Eternity to time:

Why close a life so justly fam'd
With such bold trash as this[6]?
This for renown? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss:

Your trash, with mine, at open war,
Is obstinately bent[7],
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent:

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix?
Why dash with pain our pleasure? why
Your Helicon with Styx?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke,
We shudder whilst we praise;

A curious web, as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horrour we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire:

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate;

A fate how much to be deplor'd!
At which our nature starts;
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts:

"But great your name"—To feed on air,
Were then immortals born?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcase from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save?

But fame you lose; good sense alone
Your idol, praise, can claim;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame!

Nor boast your genius, talents bright;
E'en dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is miss'd
A genius for the skies;

Your taste too fails; what most excels
True taste must relish most!
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast?

Sound heads salvation's helmet seek[8],
Resplendent are its rays,
Let that suffice; it needs no plume,
Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—"All is right[9]"
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight;

If so, all's well: who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
"Voltaires are, now, in Heaven."

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoops most profound!) to me:

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express:

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair;
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,

I behold passing through my life;
His awful voice I hear;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear:

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight?
Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the Sun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll;
May thoughts of him, by whom they shine,
Chase darkness from my soul;

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of Sun, and Moon, and stars;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within;

A world, that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines!
For time how great his care!
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share;

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell:

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace:

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
My folly he pursued;
My heart astray to quick return
Importunately woo'd;

Due resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet,
Beneath the mask of ill!

[6] Candide. [7] Second Part.
[8] Ephes. vi. 17.
[9] Which his romance ridicules.

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire!
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes (real good
So little mortals know!)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in woe?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless:
Oft I lamented an event;
It turn'd to my success.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow:

When labouring under fancy'd ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sovereign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd sense from fancy'd tyranny
Alone can set us free;
A thousand miseries we feel,
Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less;
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success:

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terrour whisper kind advice;
And taught the tomb to save:

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
As spangles o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own?

And if you can, let that excuse
These self-recording lines;
A record, modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines:

In grief why deep ingulf'd? You see
You suffer nothing rare;
Uncommon grief for common fate!
That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end;

But human prudence too must cease,
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has losits fire,
And freezes into fear:

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight;
I see a fair creation rise
From chaos, and old night:

From what seem'd horrour, and despair,
The richest harvest rose;
And gave me in the God divine
An absolute repose.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd,
Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize:

Of self-perusal, science rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain:

Self-knowledge, which from Heaven itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom; there you'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation personal;
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end:

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part:

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure or somewhat odd,
Though 't is the best that man can give,—
"E'en be content with God."

Through love he gave you the decease'd,
Through greater took him hence;
This reason fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by sense.

This friend, far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state;

His eye, this instant, reads your heart;
A truth less obvious hear;
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear:

Dispute you this? O! stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow; know,
That tears now trickling down, he saw
Ten thousand years ago;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile;

A smile, which through eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt, at last, obeys:

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn
When such a sovereign reigns),
Your guilt diminish; peace pursue;
How glorious peace in pains!

Here, then, your sorrows cease; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away;

Of tears that gush profuse restrain;
Whence burst those dismal sighs?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth!) most happy rise;

Not angels (hear it, and exult!)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care;

Anxious for each; as if on each
His care for all was thrown;
For all his care as absolute,
As all had been but one.

And is he then so near! so kind!—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man! O! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate;

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother-worms, beneath
A turf, to morrow sleep;

How mean!—And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just:

Man born for infinite, in whom
Nor period can destroy
The power, in exquisite extremes,
To suffer, or enjoy;

Give him Earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd; and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the Sun!

For what the Sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here the vain to please;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these;

They warm e'en me.—I dare not say,
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd Sun, and rising dead,
So formidable spoke?

And are we darker than that Sun?
Than rocks more hard, and blind?
We are;—if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

Yes, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above;

What most imbitters time, that most
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres;

Joy's fountain head! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise:

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul!
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuse of every bliss!
Good-will immense prevails;
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea!
One sand, how wide the shore!

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity!
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown!
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in ether thrown!

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more?—
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence less;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into distress;

Say, what is resignation? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood;
And wisdom grasping, with an hand
Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the dust;

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd, than to complain
Of darkness in the Sun.

Who would not, with an heart at ease,
Bright eye unclouded brow,
Wisdom and goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough?

What, though I 'm swallow'd in the deep?
Though mountains o'er me roar?
Jehovah reigns! as Jonah safe,
I 'm landed, and adore:

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form;
Roar, waves; rage, winds! I know that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,
To thee, their fountain, flow.
If wise; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering streams below:

Not less compell'd by reason's call,
To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by Nature's law,
High mounts material fire;

To thee aspiring they exult,
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies;

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And generous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim; pronounce us all
Distracted, or resign'd;

Resign'd through duty, interest, shame;
Deep shame! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth!) in Heaven itself
Joy ow'd its birth to pain?

And pain for me! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl;
And shall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
Can indignation raise?
The Sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise;

And when to praise the man shall cease,
Or Sun to strike the view;
A cloud dishonours both; but man's
The blacker of the two:

For oh! ingratitude how black!
With most profound amaze
At love, which man below'd o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers, and warms, like generous wine;
Praise, more divine than prayer;
Prayer points our ready path to Heaven;
Praise is already there.

Let plausive resignation rise,
And banish all complaint;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint;

Makes the man bless'd, as man can be;
Life's labours renders light;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our Sun by night;

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace;

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 't will impart;
Know, madam, when your heart 's in Heaven,
"All Heaven is in your heart."

But who to Heaven their hearts can raise?
Denied divine support,
All virtue dies; support divine
The wise with ardour court:

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts through Heaven's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its king:

The labouring soul from sore distress
That bless'd expedient frees;
I see you far advanc'd in peace;
I see you on your knees:

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone!
An humble heart, God's other seat [10]!
The rival of his throne:

And stoops Omnipotence so low!
And condescends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleas'd, in such a cell?

Such honour how shall we repay?
How treat our guest divine?
The sacrifice supreme be slain!
Let self-will die: resign.

Thus far, at large, on our disease;
Now let the cause be shown;
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan:

What our sole fountain of distress?
Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles make important, things
Of mighty moment mean:

When Earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and interests fly as far
Asunder, as the poles;

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and sordid joys,
Our grandeur we disgrace;

O! for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers possess'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breast.

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end:

From far above the glorious Sun
To this dim scene we came:
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam on reason rous'd
In aweful lustre rise,
Earth's giant-ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies.

Earth's glories too their splendour lose,
Those phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor:

[10] Isaiah lvii. 15.

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave;
Not wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave:

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
As human glory can;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man;

The man is dead, where virtue fails;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom! where art thou? None on Earth,
Though grasping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O Death! through thy approach,
Is wiser every hour;

Approach how swift, how unconfin'd!
Worms feast on viands rare,
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare:

From kings what resignation due
To that almighty will,
Which thrones bestows, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still!

Who truly great? The good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolv'd,
To suffer it resign'd.

Madam! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread power,
As bursting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour;

Hear this, Voltaire! but this, from me,
Runs hazard of your frown;
However, spare it; ere you die
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wise:

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us disagree;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me:

How shocking is that modesty,
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by folly's pen

Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed!
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed:

What then are they, whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost!

Though vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey!

Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lyes

From fancy's forge: gay fancy smiles
At reason plain, and cool;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.

Voltaire! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live;

Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow!
Knowing, it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to morrow.

These are cold, northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot;
Not mine, your genius, or your state,
No castle is my lot [11];

But soon, quite level shall we lie;
And, what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones;

Hear you that sound? Alarming sound!
Prepare to meet your fate!
One, who writes FINIS to our works,
Is knocking at the gate;

Far other works will soon be weigh'd;
Far other judges sit;
Far other crowns be lost or won,
Than fire ambitious wit:

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
Who sunk it in good sense;
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of blest eternity;
O! mayst thou never, never lose
That more than golden key [12]!

Whate'er may seem too rough excuse,
Your good I have at heart:
Since from my soul I wish you well;
As yet we must not part:

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
That we are still alive?

What have we left? How mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave!
When life, so vain! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take your leave:

Happier, than happiest life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes VICI, on his shield;

[11] Letter to lord Lyttelton.
[12] Alluding to Prussia.

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

O! how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix!
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at six!

To mend the moments of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright!

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands:
Repent, recant; the tainted age
Your antidote demands;

To Satan dreadfully resign'd,
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues;
'Tis well, pursue it still;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you 'll resign the will;

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim;
How very far superior they
In number, and in name!

POSTSCRIPT.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb:

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ;
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy;

But sing no more—no more I sing
Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir:

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden harps resound
High, as the footstool of the throne,
And deep, as Hell profound!

Hell (horrid contrast!) chord and song
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
"Above, beneath the Sun,
Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
Jehovah's will be done!"

'T is done in Heaven; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will with Satan fell;
And must from Earth be banish'd too,
Or Earth's another Hell;

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains:
Self-will 's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of woe:

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due:
But virtue's cause I need not plead,
'T is safe; I write to you:

You know, that virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right;
And wiping errour's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight:

Why mourn the dead? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death denied, this world, a scene
How dismal and forlorn!
To death we owe, that 't is to man
A blessing to be born;

When every other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or, storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly whirl'd away;

How happy! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just!
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust!

Well pleas'd to bear Heaven's darkest frown,
Your utmost power employ;
'T is noble chemistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice:
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice;

What ample cause! triumphant hope!
O rich eternity!
I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee:

And thou! its great inhabitant!
How glorious dost thou shine!
And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine!

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel!

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
From joyless murmur free;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign: this lesson none
Too deeply can instill;
A crown has been resign'd by more,
Than have resign'd the will;

Though will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes,
Than he who wears a crown;

Hence, in the bosom cold of age,
It kindled a strange aim
To shine in song; and bid me boast
The grandeur of my theme;

But oh! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below!
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

First! greatest! best! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rise
To brand the writer! thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise;

And how unwise! how deep in guilt!
How infamous the fault!
"A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
Indeed, beneath the taught!"

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with instructions most divine,
To pave a path to Hell;

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a soul on fire,
Thy praise, begun on Earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre;

How cold is man! to him how hard
(Hard, what most easy seems)
"To set a just esteem on that,
Which yet he—most esteems!"

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

ON THE LATE QUEEN'S DEATH,

AND

HIS MAJESTY'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

INSCRIBED TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. SECRETARY TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES.

—Caudia Curis. HOR.

Sir, I have long, and with impatience, sought,
To ease the fullness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once, and duty to pursue,
And please the public, by respect to you.
Though you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own;
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition, in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.
Know, sir, the great esteem and honour due,
I chose that moment to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when fortune, so severe,
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere.
And when no motives could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The Sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I sing—but ah! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conscious sorrow swell:
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only show his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
We languish, and to speak is to complain.
Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
Her summer's heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
And when black storms confess the distant Sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.
Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle?
Did partial fortune on our virtue smile?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?
Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the same.
Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis Anna reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore;
'Tis Anna reigns! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain.
Argyll and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna's prayer.
How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.
Not want of rest, or the Sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings a shelter o'er her head.
Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart:
She saw, and griev'd to see, the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.
Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.
What strikes my sight? does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awefully surprise!
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise.
Drown'd in a brighter blaze it disappears,
Who dry'd the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distrest,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name, her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;

And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.
Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.
Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes tried!
A second time our tender parents died!
Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire:
Wisely to spend, is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
When time shall ask, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refresh'd the dry,
Shall rise a fountain of eternal joy.
But ah! to that unknown and distant date
Is virtue's great reward push'd off by fate;
Here random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sate arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace:
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.
Thus end maturest honours of the crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!
So when with idle skill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube; he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb!
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe!
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow!
Yes, this advantage; from our deep distress
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown:
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys:
Our joys arise and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch! what a praise is thine!
Welcome, great stranger, to Britannia's throne!
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain!
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we smooth the billows for thy fleet;
With ardent wishes fill thy swelling sheet;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the Gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom interest joins, and chase our foes?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit without a blush the British crown.
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.
Nor think, great sir, now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine;
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid:
They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.
All share; but may not we have leave to boast
That we contemplate, and enjoy it most?
This antient nurse of arts, indulg'd by fate
On gentle Isis' bank, a calm retreat;
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne!
For England's church her latest accents strain'd;
And freedom with his dying hand retain'd.
No wonder then her various ranks agree
In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.
What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide thee from the British coast?
The crown's impatient to enclose thy head:
Why stay thy feet? the cloth of gold is spread.
Our strict obedience through the world shall tell
That king's a Briton, who can govern well!

THE INSTALMENT.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Quæsitam Merit s. Hor.

With invocations some their breasts inflame;
I need no Muse, a Walpole is my theme.
Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd sons of praise!
Our morning stars! our boast in former days!
Which hovering o'er your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop, and attend: by one, the knee be bound;
One, throw the mantle's crimson folds around;
By that, the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd;
This, clasp the diamond-girdle round his waist;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread;
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head;
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair glory with a swifter pace.
When fate would call some mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some favourite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course;
That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intensely shine.
See, Britain, see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant star;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe, through fortune's roughest tide,

If peace still smiles, by this shall commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere;
And, gathering tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which rising from the Thames,
With thunder, form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the continent.
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.
At this the Muse shall kindle, and aspire:
My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.
My fortune shows, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair:
Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
'T was meant for merit, though it fell on me.
Since Brunswick's smile has authoris'd my Muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men:
This profanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise, what wise men should admire.
Let those I praise to distant times be known,
Not by their author's merit, but their own.
If others think the task is hard, to weed
From verse rank flattery's vivacious seed,
And rooted deep; one means must set them free,
Patron! and patriot! let them sing of thee.
While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
Nor those retain, when winter chills the year;
The generous Orange, favourite of the Sun,
With vigorous charms can through the seasons run;
Defies the storm with her tenacious green;
And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen:
Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring;
And midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.
On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
At once her ornament and profit too;
The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal beam.
He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise,
Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
Lets fall no honours, but, securely great,
Unfaded holds the colour of his fate:
No winter knows, though ruffling factions press;
By wisdom deeply rooted in success;
One glory shed, a brighter is display'd[1];
And the charm'd Muses shelter in his shade.
O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
In deep eternity to launch thy name!
Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
But what chaste Truth indites, old Time shall read.
"Behold! a man of ancient faith and blood,
Which, soon, beat high for arts, and public good;
Whose glory great, but natural appears,
The genuine growth of services and years;
No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
And fondly gilt by partial majesty:
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
One born to serve us, and yet born to please:
Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
The prince may trust, and yet the people praise;
His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle,
And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile."
Joy then to Britain, blest with such a son,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won;
Who nobly-conscious meets the smiles of fate;
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, or affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to virtue's cause.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'T is great to merit, and 't is wise to wear;
'T is holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.
Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.
Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court desert, who fame despise.
For what's ambition, but fair virtue's sail?
And what applause, but her propitious gale?
When swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore,
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of envy, or by fortune's tide:
For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.
Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, descends.
Custom the garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud enclosure down;
And high desert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage smiling see
(Smiling, in justice to their own degree,)
This proud reward by majesty bestow'd
On worth like that whence first the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliss'd to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are most gods by giving to excel,
And kings most like them, by rewarding well.
Though strong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound, it soars into the sky.
Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise;
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.
No more: for in this dread suspense of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunswick, for the great event,
Brunswick or kings the terrour or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expense?

[1] Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

AN EPISTLE.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

MDCCXII.

—Parnassia laurus
Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbra. VIRG.

When Rome, my lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone,
While suppliant kings in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;
Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string;
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.
Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you;
The Muse's friend is pleas'd the Muse should press
Through circling crowds, and labour for access,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her reproach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.
Long has the western world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell discord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd;
Nor Heaven repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.
In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasures chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste;
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery spring;
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the Sun was nigh.
But now (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious queen!)
Now peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past;
Bids every nation cease her wonted moan,
And every monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell:
Through milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.
No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who cast the seed, the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name.
Each stream unstain'd with blood more smoothly flows;
The brighter Sun a fuller day bestows;
All Nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.
The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life; in every field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.
Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed:
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance,
Nor miss his Lansdowne in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Blest change of fate) in Bourbon's stately dome;
The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
Who makes him less regret his darling son;
So dear is Anna's minister, so great,
Your glorious friend in his own private state.
To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does Nature interpose the raging main:
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows:
From conflicts pass'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd, now pleads the cause of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword,
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him, that could brave Tallard
Thus generous hatred in affection ends, [tame?
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.
A thousand happy consequences flow
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow);
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole;
The British merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons sees only skies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams, for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Mean while, the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.
Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And power a curse, if not a friend to right:
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
Else we may dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to rest;
The meagre famine, and the spotted pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relics of the sword away.
When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone;
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne too shall build, and every sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.

Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
Th' almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdued to this?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss;
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendour of an earthly throne;
Conquests! whose triumph is too great, within
The scanty bounds of matter to begin;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and Sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.
Heroic shades! whom war has swept away,
Look down, and smile on this auspicious day:
Now boast your deaths; to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell;
Then deep ipto eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
What farther passes in the world below.
The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave:
On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street
(Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main);
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Lest it an insult of their woes appear, [blood
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth, their
Perhaps preserv'd, who starve,—or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.
On Heaven without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray, nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.
But O! I view with transport arts restor'd,
Which double use to Britain shall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the second place;
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last;
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.
In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.
But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing?
The Muse, my lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast;
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
For Janus shut, her *Io Pæans* rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.
A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair;)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crowded stage;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind;
They keep the soul alone, and that 's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks:
The hero's presence deep impression makes;
The scenes his soul and body reunite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.
More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours, which, in man's despight,
Possess him with a passion for the right?
With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love?
Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.
How often have I seen the generous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which every sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her power!
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd:
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lie.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal;
Till throughly by the Muses' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poiniard on some tyrant king.
How can they cool to villains? how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
In this gay school of virtue, whom so fit
To govern, and control the world of wit,
As Talbot, Lansdowne's friend, has Britain known?
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain head:
But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
What 's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the British genius would advance;
There too has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste;
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast:
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
Of Oroonoko, and presume him less:

What though we wrong him? Isabella's woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.
Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The drama glories in the British Muse.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the *labyrinthian* thread;
Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
They raise a great curiosity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We rouse th' affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
They sigh; we weep: the *Gallic* doubt and care
We heighten into terrour and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
What 's great in Nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden *arras* with gay flowers of love:
We know Heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar, in a human plan,
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heaven design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakspeare but *wrote* the play th' Almighty *made*.
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare-fac'd betrays,
'T is great Corneille at every scene we praise;
On Nature's surer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakspeare till the curtain falls;
Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome,
France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs;
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment, you make a fault;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame:
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.
And yet in Shakspeare something still I find,
That makes me less esteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with master-strokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile;
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives, when his Othello 's in a trance?
With his great Talbot[1] too he conquer'd France.
Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great descendants, Shakspeare has but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress,
What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon name.
Should Shakspeare rise unbless'd with Talbot's smile,
E'en Shakspeare's self would curse this barren isle:

But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
E'en I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.
Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.
Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the Muses' glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
And mortify an author with your praise:
Praise wounds a noble mind, when 't is not due,
But censure's self will please, my lord, from you;
Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What though the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
Whose inspiration, if 't is truly good,
Is best rewarded, when best understood.
The Muses write for glory, not for gold,
'T is far beneath their nature to be sold:
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
To speak a sense of what the Muse deserves;
The Muse, which from her Lansdowne fears no wrong,
Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
Should this great theme allure me farther still,
And I presume to use your patience ill,
The world would plead my cause, and none but you
Will take disgust at what I now pursue:
Since what is mean my Muse can't raise, I 'll choose
A theme that 's able to exalt my Muse.
For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame?
Whether we seek the patriot, or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we choose to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th' ambitious fire.
Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that 's well,
'T is scarce a virtue when you most excel.
Though sweet your presence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be seen;
Though priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though resolute to please;
You, were all blind, would still deserve applause;
The world 's your glory's witness, not its cause;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.
You take delight in others' excellence;
A gift, which Nature rarely does dispense:
Of all that breathe 't is you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those, who show your name respect,
So little worth, as might excuse neglect;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know;
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.
You wish your country's good; that told so well
Your powers are known, th' event I need not tell.

[1] An ancestor of the duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.
YOUNG.

When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.
When you, my lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
No crowds around for pleasure, or for state,
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to shun the discipline of thought;
But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You choose companions from all human race;
Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.
Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more:
In Grecian sages you are only taught
With more respect to value your own thought:
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Those precepts we behold alive in you:
Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
It makes that history they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told!
So pleas'd, and so surpris'd, Æneas stood,
And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
When far from Trojan shores the hero spied
His story shining forth in all its pride;
Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.
He knows not half his being, who 's confin'd
In converse, and reflection on mankind:
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.
When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
In heavenly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand [2]
Behold the glories of your life complete!
Still at a flow, and permanently great;
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is, that you must die.
Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name;
Though you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs;
The soul's endowments from the King of kings,
Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great;
But O! to bid thy Granville brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,

[2] See his lordship's tragedy entitled "Heroic Love."—YOUNG.

Who the Sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.
Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.
He 's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas Nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than of blood;
Similitude of manners, such a mind
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the Sun, to bend his course [3].
Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd;
The pliant branches dance in every wind:
But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the North disdains.
How are you bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end;
O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
Tears sooth the soul's distress, though shed in vain;
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?—
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
But 't is in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive,
They grieve, and make thee envied in thy grave.
With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate;
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late:
'T was past, his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
But more to load that most unhappy hour?
Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind;
That, not in health, or life itself confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in Death's embrace.
His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll,
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul:
Then with a groan—Support me, O! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear [4]!
Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief;

[3] His lordship's nephew, who took orders. YOUNG.

[4] The author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr. William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon. YOUNG.—[See a more particular account of him in the Supplement to Swift.]

To better fate your love I recommend,
O! may you never lose so dear a friend!
May nothing interrupt your happy hours;
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers!
Nor yet disdain those blessings to adorn;
To make the Muse immortal, you was born.
Sing; and in latest time, when story 's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.
The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung:
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted lord.

TWO EPISTLES

TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING

THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M DCC XXX.

EPISTLE I.

Whilst you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall.
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo! what from *cellars* rise, what rush *from high*,
Where speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng!
O Pope! I burst; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:
Truce, truce, ye Vandals! my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've *heard* myself to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Sha'n't I return the vengeance in my power?
For who can write the true absurd like me?—
Thy pardon, Codrus! who, I mean, but thee?
Pope! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid, less despite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys;
With *fame*, in just proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To show they live) they flutter, and they sting:
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.
Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or Champain?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish clerk;
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a writer 's made:
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on Earth.
Hail, fruitful *isle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immortal kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone!
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To show (in vain!) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some, for 't is Sunday; some, because 't is wet;
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.
Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? He wants twenty pound:
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He 'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
Though wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them just;
Genius directly from the *gods* descends,
And who by labour would distrust his *friends*?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, since blank paper is deny'd the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess:
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
So sounds spontaneous from the Sibyl broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke;
The priests found out the meaning, if they could;
And nations star'd at what none understood.
Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul!)
Oft have I said "Awake! exist! and strive
For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *demon* say,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
"I'll meet thee, youth, at White's:" the youth replies,
"I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice;

His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every snare:
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they stake;
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake!
Such writers have we! all, but sense, they print;
E'en George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
And steal (for you *can steal*) celestial fire.
O! the just contrast! O! the beauteous strife!
'T wixt their cool writings, and *Pindaric* life:
They write with phelgm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress?
Though there 's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There 's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome;
They make a private study of the street;
And, looking full on every man they meet,
Run souse against his chaps; who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecstasies.
Will they persist? 'T is madness; Lintot, run,
See them confin'd—"O, that 's already done."
Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est ulubris, they cry, and write again.
Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes;
O frail conclusion! the reverse is true;
If foes to learning, they 'd be friends to you:
Treat them, ye judges! with an honest scorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There 's true good-nature in your disrespect;
In justice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool,
But that 't is dulness to conceive him dull?
'T is sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.
A virgin-author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and glory in his head:
'T is joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night:
But, rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream:
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.
In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread;
They 're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise;
'T is *volunteers* alone can give the bays.
A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, "Sir, I 'm your friend; all fears dismiss;
Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;
Your power is fixt, your fame through time convey'd,
And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid."
A statesman has his answer in a trice;
"Sir, such a genius is beyond all price;
What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns:
His work is folded, and his bosom burns:
His patron he will patronise no more;
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe:
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff;
But 't is so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But, when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright; but, nearer draw,
The block 's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are such?
No; every party 's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every passion 's sold:
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempest quickly flags;
A state-Ulysses tames them with his bags;
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew;
For Christian ministers of state are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead;
Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout:
But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!
With *golden* forceps, these, another takes,
And state elixirs of the vipers makes.
The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to *pay*
A servile scycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the *greatest* powers enough *disgrace*,
Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well brib'd, for virtue's self they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right!
Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.
Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
From the same hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!
How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!
Now such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the *swine obscene*
Invites the town to sup at Drury-lane;

A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at power,
Which sends him to his brothers at the Tower;
He 's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung;
What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
One knot he well deserves, which might do much.
The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make:
The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred,
When the *brain* 's perish'd in a human head.
Ye grov'lling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!
Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, curst
To scribble in the dust, was Snake the first.
What if the *figure* should in *fact* prove true?
It did in Elkenah[1], why not in you?
Poor Elkenah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield *dragons* hiss'd at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape:
Such is the fate of talents misapply'd;
So liv'd your prototype; and so he died.
Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heaven stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oftener chang'd their principles than shirt.
The transient vestment of these frugal men
Hastens to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite;
And though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity and sense.
From *these*, their politics our quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday 's the learning of the week:
These labouring wits, like pariers, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull;
And hem at every thump upon your scull:
These stanch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lie.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity!*
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights!*
While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.
As, when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen*.

[1] Settle, the city poet.

EPISTLE II.

TO FROM OXFORD.

All write at London; shall the rage abate
Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' *seat*?
Where, mortal, or immortal, as they please,
The learn'd may choose eternity or ease?
Has not a royal patron[1] wisely strove
To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And given new tongues to those who spoke so well?
Let *these* instruct with truth's illustrious ray,
Awake the world, and scare our owls away.
Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live*;
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.
An author! 'T is a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim!
Unblest with sense above their peers reign'd,
Who shall stand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine*, if not in *virtue's* cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?
Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
'T is well: go, then, consult the laurel'd shade,
What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
That boast of naught more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 't is a truth most dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame;
And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
To think *that early* we *must* think *at last*.
Immortal wits, e'en *dead*, break Nature's laws,
Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.
Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The sacred *thirst* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In prose 't is blameable, in verse 't is worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold;
'T is arrant *simony* to sing for gold:
'T is immortality should fire your mind;
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.
If bribes ye seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
All 's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will surely serve him, if they can;
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 't is at once their *interest* and their *pride*:
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a *greater* friend, and both may spare.
Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
And what is virtue, but superior sense?
In parts and learning ye who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?

[1] King George I.

'T is harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools; but wise men say the same.
Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they 're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone!
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That *wit* 's a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us, wit betrays;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'T is great to show, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.
If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative,
But ponder what it is; how dear 't will cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.
Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press;
Who write, an awful character profess;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is solid or refin'd
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er;
Much trust example, but reflection more:
More had the antients writ, they more had taught;
Which shows some work is left for modern thought.
This weigh'd perfection know; and, know
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.
Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise,
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is just and wise; for *less* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain*:
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek;
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuse no *fault*; though beautiful, 't will harm;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness; Addison
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part* 's unsound.
He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give e'er so little, if what 's right be there,
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:
The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.
Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well;
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well: what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?
Do *boldly* what you do; and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends;
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.
Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*;
It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? Be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First *have* that glory you presume to *give*.
If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'T is dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.
Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in those alone should give offence;
Who strikes the *person*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form; I 'm not so much his friend:
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence,
'T is neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *last shift*.
Can others write like you? Your task give o'er,
'T is printing what was publish'd long before.
If naught peculiar through your labours run,
They 're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life;
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.
Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
And if they slightly think, 't is much the same.
Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force;

Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed:
O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your creed:
Thus *virtue's seeds*, at once, and *laurel's*, grow;
Do thus, and rise a Pope, or a Despreau:
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead Lucifer's detested cause.
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen?
From able writers *rise* to worthy men. [strain?
"Who 's this with nonsense, nonsense would re-
Who 's this," they cry, "so vainly schools the vain?
Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete?
As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat?"
Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller could excuse the crime?
Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe,
Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
False fame *must* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *slay the slain*.
Sore prest with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign!
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiss*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *sons* of *dulness* write.

AN EPISTLE

TO

THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

BY MR. DODDINGTON,

AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

—Quæ censet Amiculus, ut si
Cæcus iter monstrare velit— HOR.

Though strength of genius, by experience taught,
Gives thee to sound the depths of human thought,
To trace the various workings of the mind,
And rule the secret springs, that rule mankind;
(Rare gift!) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
To listen, if thy unexperienc'd friend
Can aught of use impart, though void of skill,
And win attention by sincere good-will;
For friendship, sometimes, want of parts supplies,
The heart may furnish what the head denies.

As when the rapid Rhone, o'er swelling tides,
To grace old Ocean's court, in triumph rides,
Though rich his source, he drains a thousand springs,
Nor scorns the tribute each small rivulet brings.
So thou shalt, hence, absorb each feeble ray,
Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day;
Shalt like, or, where thou canst not like, excuse,
Since no mean interest shall profane the Muse,
No malice, wrapt in truth's disguise, offend,
Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.
When first a generous mind surveys the great,
And views the crowds that on their fortune wait;
Pleas'd with the show (though little understood)
He only seeks the power, to do the good;
Thinks, till he tries, 't is godlike to dispose,
And gratitude still springs, where bounty sows;
That every grant sincere affection wins,
And where our wants have end, our love begins:
But those who long the paths of state have trod,
Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
Which cramm'd, yet craving still, their gates besiege,
'T is easier far to give, than to oblige.
This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
To give to fair assent a fairer face,
Or soften a refusal into grace:
But few there are that can be truly kind,
Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
Hence, some, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
And while they make the fortune, lose the friend;
Still give, unthank'd; still squander, not bestow;
For great men want not, what to give, but how.
The race of men that follow courts, 't is true,
Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
And measure by their interest, not their parts:
From this mistake so many men we see
But ill become the thing they wish'd to be;
Hence discontent, and fresh demands arise,
More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
But hate their patron, for their own defects;
Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.
As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
May sell their favour at too dear a rate;
When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd,
And long attachment waits among the herd;
When no distinction, where distinction 's due,
Marks from the many the superior few;
When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
And makes them give at last—because they must;
What hopes that men of real worth should prize,
What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys?
The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides;
Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
Nor gives through importunity or chance;
But thinks how little gratitude is ow'd,
When favours are extorted, not bes ow'd.
When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
Through such a tumult, 't is no easy task
To drive the man of real worth to ask:
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'T is hard for great men, rightly to bestow;
From hence so few are skill'd, in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, seduc'd by love of parts,
Consult our genius, and neglect our hearts;
Pleas'd with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings,
Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun;
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate:
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men rise;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.
Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence!
When every favour is a fresh offence,
By which superior power is still imply'd,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
Slight is the hate, neglect or hardships breed;
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.
"Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust?"
Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and just;
The man by no mean fears or hopes control'd,
Who serves thee from affection, not for gold.
We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave;
No show of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use.
The man, who contradicts the public voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthless man, that gains what he pretends,
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends:
And since no art can make a counterpass,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp, than raise the coin.
Be thine the care, true merit to reward,
And gain the good—nor will that task be hard;
Souls form'd alike so quick by nature blend,
An honest man is more than half thy friend.
Him, no mean views, or haste to rise, shall sway,
Thy choice to sully, or thy trust betray:
Ambition, here, shall at due distance stand;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand:
Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
We view those failings with a lover's eye;
Though small his genius, let him do his best,
Our wishes and belief supply the rest.
Let others barter servile faith for gold,
His friendship is not to be bought or sold:
Fierce opposition he, unmov'd, shall face,
Modest in favour, daring in disgrace,
To share thy adverse fate alone, pretend;
In power, a servant; out of power, a friend.
Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good:
Nor think that good to him alone confin'd;
Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.
If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
The brave to cherish, and the good to grace;
Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
And teach us long to love the king, through thee:
Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
And make him tremble when he strikes the blow;
While honour, gratitude, affection join
To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline;
(Illustrious doom!) the great, when thus displac'd,
With friendship guarded, and with virtue grac'd,
In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall,
The prey and worship of the wondering Gaul.
No doubt, to genius some reward is due,
(Excluding that, were satirizing you;)
But yet, believe thy undesigning friend,
When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
Though both have weight when in the balance cast,
Let probity be first, and parts the last.
On these foundations if thou dar'st be great,
And check the growth of folly and deceit;
When party rage shall droop through length of days,
And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
Then future times shall to thy worth allow
That fame, which envy would call flattery now.
Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
Has pointed out the rocks where others split;
By that inspir'd, though stranger to the Nine,
And negligent of any fame—but thine,
I take the friendly, but superfluous part;
You act from nature what I teach from art.

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE FOREGOING EPISTLE.

—Sopitos suscitat ignes. VIRG.

From man's too curious and impatient sight,
The future, Heaven involves in thickest night.
Credit gray hairs: though freedom much we boast,
Some least perform, what they determine most.
What sudden changes our resolves betray!
To morrow is a satire on to day,
And shows its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
When constantly themselves, themselves deceive?

Long had I bid my once-lov'd Muse adieu;
You warm old age; my passion burns anew.
How sweet your verse! how great your force of mind!
What power of words! what skill in dark mankind!
Polite the conduct; generous the design;
And beauty files, and strength sustains, each line.
Thus Mars and Venus are, once more, beset;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace
Is, haughty genius taught to know its place;
And, where worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence;
'T is like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

But whence so finish'd, so refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece;
The genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And slowly take possession of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care, by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
That sooths my pride: all glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

But this have others done; a like applause
An ancient and a modern Horace draws[1].
But they to glory by degrees arose,
Meridian lustre you at once disclose.

[1] Boileau.

'T is continence of mind, unknown before,
To write so well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O, for some God my drooping soul to raise!
That I might imitate, as well as praise;
For all commend: e'en foes your fame confess;
Nor would Augustus' age have priz'd it less;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so complete a song.

A golden period shall from you commence:
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The Muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed! nor think my zeal is shown
For you; 'tis Britain's interest, not your own;
For lofty stations are but golden snares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'T was a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write?
In pure respect, I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you most, commend no more.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost;
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell!
Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee—
My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee mine.

VERSES SENT BY LORD MELCOMBE TO DOCTOR YOUNG,

NOT LONG BEFORE HIS LORDSHIP'S DEATH [1].

KIND companion of my youth,
Lov'd for genius, worth, and truth!
Take what friendship can impart,
Tribute of a feeling heart;
Take the Muse's latest spark [2],
Ere we drop into the dark.
He, who parts and virtue gave,
Bad thee look beyond the grave:
Genius soars, and virtue guides;
Above, the love of God presides.
There 's a gulf 'twixt us and God;
Let the gloomy path be trod:
Why stand shivering on the shore?
Why not boldly venture o'er?
Where unerring virtue guides,
Let us have the winds and tides:
Safe, through seas of doubts and fears,
Rides the bark which Virtue steers.

[1] A Poetical Epistle from the late lord Melcombe to the earl of Bute, with corrections by the author of the Night Thoughts, was published in 4to, 1776.

[2] See Mr. Cust's Life of Young.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR. VOLTAIRE.

MY Muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen clime to milder skies;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour, *here* denied;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

To dive full deep in *ancient days* [1],
The *warriors'* ardent deeds to raise,
And *monarch's* aggrandize;—the glory, thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine, *epic's* loftier trump to sound;—
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine:

But where 's his *dolphin*? Know'st thou, where?
May that be found in thee, Voltaire!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song! Mere *mortal* lays,
So patronis'd, are rescued from the grave.

"Tell me," say'st thou, "who courts my smile?
What stranger stray'd from yonder isle!—"
No stranger, sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* sooth'd with gentle rhymes?

Who kindly couch'd thy censure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton's blindness lay not in his song?

But such debates long since are flown;
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were grey:
How shortly shall we both forget,
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine for Prussia's golden key!

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High flush'd success, and pale defeat;
The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! stay!—
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last! Eternal loudly calls!

Nor calls in vain; the call inspires
Far other counsels and desires,
Than once prevail'd; we stand on higher ground;
What scenes we see!—Exalted aim!
With ardours *new*, our spirits flame;
Ambition blest! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

[1] Annals of the emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

In lofty sounds let those delight
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke:
'T is mean to boast; but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

From whence arise these loud alarms?
Why gleams the *south* with brandish'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curst ambition springs:
Ambition! mean, ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Hastes the huge *oak*, or shadeless forest leaves;
The mountain *pines* assume new forms,
Spread canvass-wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

She *nods* again: the labouring Earth
Discloses a tremendous birth;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous aspect, threatening rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an *island's* will, [powers!
When thrones unjust wake vengeance: know, ye
In sudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When brav'd Britannia's awful senate lowers.

In her grand council[2] she surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise,
Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain;
From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
While all serene, and hush'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd by strong, sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts;
And leave singed, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields;
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields;
There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole glory blooms: how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame!
How her storms languish on the continent!

From the dread front of *ancient* war
Less terrour frown'd; her scythed car,
Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terrours to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To patient Britain's angry brows belongs.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Those swarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin: and first take rapid *flight*[3],
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
And ghostly *terrour*, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans* and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND:

IN WHICH IS THE

SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

So form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake;
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords: O power divine!
If blest by thee the bold design,
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by fame enroll'd
In deathless annal! deathless deeds inspire;
From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too *feeble* to sustain;
Or *firm* to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main;

That day 's arriv'd, that fatal hour!—
"Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power!
Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
Now war's important die is thrown,
If left the day to man alone,
How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

[2] House of lords.

[3] Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.

"Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
For Britain's guilt, the wrath divine appease;
A wrath, more formidable far
Than angry Nature's wasteful war,
The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

"From out the deep, to thee we cry,
To thee, at Nature's helm on high!
Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence!
To thee for succour we resort;
Thy favour is our only port;
Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

"O thou, to whom the lions roar,
And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:
Thou canst arrest the flying ball;
Or send it back and bid it fall
On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

"Britain in vain extends her care
To climes [1] remote, for aids in war;
Still farther must it stretch to crush the foe;
There 's one alliance, one alone,
Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
And that alliance is not found below.

"Ally Supreme! we turn to thee;
We learn obedience from the sea;
With seas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil:
'T is thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
To rouse, or hush, the martial storm;
And turn the tide of conquest, at thy will.

"'T is thine to beam sublime renown,
Or quench the glories of a crown;
'T is thine to doom, 't is thine, from death to free;
To turn aside his level'd dart,
Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:—
There we cast anchor, we confide in thee.

"Thou, who hast taught the *north* to roar,
And streaming lights nocturnal pour [2],
Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade,
Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
Bid Britain's flags, as meteors, blaze;
And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

"The *right* alone is bold and strong;
Black, hovering clouds appal the *wrong*
With dread of vengeance: Nature's awful sire!
Less than one moment shouldst thou frown,
Where is puissance and renown?
Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

"Let George the just chastise the vain:
Thou, who durst curb the rebel main,
To mount the shore when boiling billows rave!
Bid George repel a bolder tide,
The boundless swell of Gallic pride;
And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

"And when (all milder means withstood)
Ambition, tam'd by loss of blood,
Regains her reason; then, on angel's wings,
Let *Peace* descend, and shouting greet,
With peals of joy, Britannia's fleet,
How richly freighted! It, triumphant, brings
The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

[1] Russia. [2] Aurora borealis.

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A NAVAL LYRIC:

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

Occasioned by His Majesty's Return, September 1729, and the succeeding Peace.

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo.
PIND.

Concines lætosque dies, & urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu. HOR.

PREFACE.

A Pindaric carries a *formidable* sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it; of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so *familiar*. As a fixt star is as much in the bounds of Nature, as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I shall therefore *soon* support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very *noble* subject in itself; more *proper* than any for an Englishman; and particularly *seasonable* at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good *writing* in every province, than in the *sublime*; our two famous *epic poems* excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had fewest rivals.

If, on reading this ode, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* interest, or *possible* glory of his country, than before; or a stronger *impression from* it, or a warmer *concern for* it, I give up to the *critic* any further reputation.

We have many *copies* and *translations* that pass for *originals*. This ode I humbly conceive is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his *particular* works; any more than like Raphael, by copying the *cartoons*. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the *whole*; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in *subjects* and *designs* of our own. Nothing is so *unpindarical* as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an *original*, and he must be *so* too, who would be like Pindar in *that* which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a *close copy*, and a noble *original*.

As for *length*, Pindar has an *unbroken* ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but *relatively* to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A *distich* may be *long*, and a folio *short*. However, I have broken this ode into Strains, each of which may be considered as a separate ode if you please. And if the variety and fullness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The *ode* is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the *Pindaric* is the most spirited kind of *ode*; this I speak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

THE MERCHANT.

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλατεῖαι πάντοθεν λογίοι-
σιν ἐντι πρόσοδοι
νᾶσον ἐυκλέα τάν-
δε κοσμεῖν. PIND. Nem. Od. VI.

THE PRELUDE.

The *proposition.* An address to the vessel that brought over the *king.* *Who* should sing on this occasion. A *Pindaric* boast.

FAST by the *surge* my limbs are spread,
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous roll;
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar;
The god descends; and transports warm my soul.

The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent!—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song—Fam'd Isle! no less,
By Nature's *favour,* from mankind,
Than by the foaming *sea,* disjoin'd;
Alone in bliss! an *isle,* in happiness!

Though fate and time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run;
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years,
Returning George supplies the distant Sun.

Away, my soul! salute the *Pine* [1],
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
Salute the *bark* that ne'er shall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

My soul! to thee, *she* spreads her sails;
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
With inspiration from the godhead warm;
Now bound for an *eternal* clime
O send her down the tide of time,
Snatch'd from *oblivion,* and secure from *storm.*

Or teach *this* flag, like *that* to soar,
Which gods of old and heroes bore;
Bid her a British constellation rise—
The sea she scorns; and, *now,* shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound,
I am her pilot, and her port the *skies!*

Dare *you* to sing, ye tinkling train?
Silence, ye wretched! ye profane!
Who shackle *prose,* and boast of *absent* gods;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic Odes.

Ye *lawful* sons of genius, rise!
Of *genuine* title to the skies;
Ye *founts* of learning! and ye *mints* of fame!
You, who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought, with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

[1] The vessel that brought over the king.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast,
As, when full ripen'd teems the vine,
The generous busts of willing wine
Distil nectareous from the grape *unprest.*

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the king attended. A *prospect* of happiness. *Industry.* A surprising instance of it in old Rome. The mischief of *sloth.* *What* happiness is. *Sloth* its greatest enemy. *Trade* natural to Britain. *Trade* invoked. *Described.* *What* the greatest human excellence. The *praise* of wealth. Its *use, abuse, end.* The *variety* of Nature. The final *moral* cause of it. The benefit of man's *necessities.* Britain's naval stores. She makes *all Nature* serviceable to her ends. Of *reason.* Its *excellence.* *How* we should form our *estimate* of things. *Reason's* difficult task. *Why* the first glory hers. Her *effects* in old Britain.

"OUR monarch comes! nor comes alone!"
What shining forms surround his throne,
O Sun! as planets thee!—To my loud strain
See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance;
The Grace, the Muse, the Season, Dance;
And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train!

"Our monarch comes! nor comes alone:"
New glories kindle round his throne,
The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze:
By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
The volume dark, the folds of Fate;
And, now, am present to the *future* blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
The mighty Months in pomp proceed,
Fair daughters of the Sun!—O thou, divine,
Blest Industry! a smiling Earth
From thee *alone* derives its birth:
By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

From thee, *mast, cable, anchor, oar,*
From thee the *cannon* and his *roar;*
On *oaks* nurst, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grow;
O golden fruit! *oak* well might prove
The sacred tree, the tree of Jove;
All Jove can give, the *naval* oak bestows.

What cannot industry complete?
When Punic war first flam'd, the great,
Bold, active, ardent, Roman fathers meet:
"Fell all your groves," a Flamen cries;
As soon they fall; as soon they rise;
One moon, a *forest,* and the next, a *fleet.*

Is *sloth* indulgence? 'T is a toil;
Enervates man, and damns the soil;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being, all devours;
A full exertion of our powers!
Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
The Sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force;
Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?
Recal her to her *native* air;
Here, was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long;
And ever shall she flourish *here*:
What though she languish'd? 'twas but *fear*,
She 's sound of heart; her constitution strong.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
On thy fixt anchor, push from shore,
Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
And, see, she 's rous'd, absolv'd from fears,
Her brow, in cloudless azure, rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name;
Again, she travels with the Sun,
Again, she draws a golden zone [fame!
Round Earth and main; bright zone of wealth and

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea,
Worlds, worlds salute, and peopled Ocean swarms.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift, and smile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams, charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

Cold Russia costly furs from far,
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab sweet
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the *ballast* of our fleet.

Luxuriant isle! What tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial Sun that shines, or shower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for
How every heart dilates to see [thee?
Each land's each season blending on thy shores!

All these one British harvest make!
The servant Ocean for thy sake
Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundless dower,
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the first renown:
A large *revenue*, and a large *expense*,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And *spend* as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

Glow then, my breast! *abound*, my store!
This, and this boldly I implore,
Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoics boast:
Passions and *riches*, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill;
All blessings wound us, when discretion 's lost.

Wealth, in the *virtuous* and the *wise*,
'T is vice and folly to despise:
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The *narrow-soul'd*, or the *profuse*,
The *truly-great* find *morals* in the mine;

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illustrious *art*
Of being rich: stores *starve* us, or they *cloy*;
From *gold*, if more than *chemic* skill,
Extract not what is *brighter* still:
'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

Plenty 's a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend:
A Chandos shines, when others' joys are done:
As *lofty* turrets, by their height,
When humbler scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining Sun.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain! swear
No *sordid* son of thine shall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
Who *now* his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations! commerce and increase.

How *various Nature!* turgid *grain*
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There, *worms* weave silken webs; *here*, glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the Sun,
Beneath the soil, *there* harvests run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the *mines*.

What 's *various* Nature? Art divine
Man's soul to soften and refine;
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
That all may stand in need of all,
And *interest* draw around the ball,
A net to *catch* and *join* all human hearts.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law *supreme*, to mortal men,
In their *necessities* distinctly writ:
E'en *appetite* supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want *performs* for human wit.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,
The wond'ring *foreigner* confound!
How stands the deep-aw'd continent aghast,
As her proud *sceptred* sons survey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast!

The unwieldy tun! the ponderous bale!—
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees *here*, by subjects of a British king:
How Earth 's abridg'd! all nations range
A narrow spot, our throng'd Exchange!
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

Nor Earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain 's glorious ends:
Toils she in *trade?* or bleeds in honest *wars?*
Her keel each yielding *sea* enthrals,
Each willing *wind* her canvass coils,
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point, the ball?
Heaven lighted-up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike *reason*, gave us *all*.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Blest Reason! guide my life and pen,
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light:
Who thee obeys, reigns over all;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall;
A God is nought but reason infinite.

'The man of reason is a god
Who scorns to stoop to fortune's nod;
Sole *agent* he beneath the shining sphere,
Others are *passive*, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
As *accident* is pleas'd to *domineer*.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame;
Shall monarchs *awe*? or crowns *inflame*?
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs;
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the *dart*, dissolve the *charm*,
Who know the *slender* worth of *men* and *things*.

The *present* object, *present* day,
Are idle *phantoms*; and away;
What 's *lasting* only does *exist*. Know *this*,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall
To lanch us on the flood of *endless* bliss.

How *foreign* these, though *most* in view!
Go, look your *whole* existence through;
Thence, form your *rule*; *thence* fix your estimate,
For so the gods: but as the *gains*,
How great the *toil*! 'Twill cost more pains,
To vanquish *folly*, than reduce a *state*.

Hence, *Reason*! the *first* palm is thine,
Old Britain learnt from thee to shine. [smile,
By thee, *trade's* swarming throng, gay *freedom's*
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, *arts* flowing down,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *instruct* our isle.

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from commerce. Why Britons should pursue it. What wealth *includes*. An *historical* digression which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre, The *approach* of her ruin. The *cause* of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just *reflection* on it. An awful image of the divine power and vengeance. From *what* Tyre fell, and how *deep* her calamity.

Commerce gives *arts*, as well as gain;
By commerce wafted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!
May travel, *thus*, from pole to pole,
And gild the world with learning's *brighter* sun.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold*!
Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent:
The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
A triple realm, that awes the continent:

And awes with wealth; for wealth is power:
When Jove descends a golden shower,
'T is navies, armies, empire, all, in one.—
View, emulate, outshine old Tyre;
In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
Her merchants, *princes*! every deck, a *throne*!

She sate an empress! aw'd the flood!
Her *stable* column Ocean trod;
She call'd the *nations*, and she call'd the *seas*,
By both obey'd: the Syrian sings;
The Cyprian's art her viol strings;
Togarmagh's steed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar;
High Lebanon her mast; far Dedan warms
Her mantled host; Arabia feeds;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; the Persian, arms.

The world's last limit bounds her fame;
The *golden city* was her name!
Those stars on *Earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx*, blaze
Beneath her foot: *extent* of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast;
Hers the far nobler *harvest* of the seas.

O merchant land! as Eden fair!
Antient of empires! Nature's care!
The strength of Ocean! *head* of plenty's springs!
The pride of isles! In *wars* rever'd!
Mother of *crafts*! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

Great mart of nations!—But she fell:
Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
Against his favourite isle loud roars the *main*!
The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
Soon, the *wolf's* refuge; *dragon's* home!
The land, one *altar*! a whole people, *slain*!

The destin'd *day* puts on her frown;
The sable *hour* is coming down:
She 's on her march from yon Almighty throne:
The *sword* and *storm* are in her hand;
She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of Earth! the boast, *unknown*!

For, oh! her sins as red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood;
The queen of trade is *bought*! once wise and just,
Now, venal is her council 's tongue:
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to *dross*, her blossom into *dust*!

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
Her sordid *noble* sinks! her *mighty*, bow!
Is it for *this*, the groves around
Return the *tabret's* sprightly sound?
Is it for *this*, her great-ones toss the brow?

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign!
To *nuptials* cold, how *glows* the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right?
The *spurious* lord it o'er the land!
Bold blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish *all* her might:

Tyre's *artisan*, sweet *orator*,
Her *merchant sage*, big *man of war*,
Her *judge*, her *prophet*, nay her *hoary heads*,
Whose brow with *wisdom* should be crown'd,
Her very *priests* in guilt abound:
Hence, the world's *cedar* all her honours sheds.

What death of *truth*! what thirst of *gold*!
Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold!
What *youth* unletter'd! *base ones* lifted high!
What *public* boasts! what *private* views!
What *desert* temples! *crowded* stews!
What *women*!—practis'd but to roll an eye!

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames
Decline the Sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
Alas! there is, who sees them there;
There is, who flatters not the fair,
When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chants.

He sees, and thunders!—*Now*, in vain!
The courser paws, and foams the rein;
And chariots stream along the printed soil:
In vain! Her high, presumptuous air
In gorgeous vestments rich and rare,
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her costly *stain*,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine, in vain!
In vain! their golden heads her turrets rear;
In vain! high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sydonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain! wines flow in various streams,
With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense vain, she boasts,
Vain are her gods, and vainly *men* adore.

Bel falls! the mighty Nebo bends!
The nations hiss! her glory ends!
To *ships*, her confidence! she flies from foes;
Foes meet her *there:* the wind, the wave,
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in seas, from which her glory rose.

Her *ivory* deck, embroider'd sail,
And mast of *cedar* naught avail,
Or pilot *learn'd!* She sinks, nor sinks *alone*,
Her gods sink with her! to the sky,
Which never more shall meet her eye,
She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

What though so vast her naval might,
In *her* first dawn'd the British right!
All *flags abas'd* her sea-dominion greet:
What though she longer warr'd than Troy?
At length her foes that isle destroy
Whose conquest sail'd, as far as sail'd her fleet.

The kings *she* cloth'd in purple shake
Their aweful brows: "O foul mistake!
O fatal pride!" they cry, "this, this is she,
Who said—'With my *own* art and arm,
In the world's wealth I wrap me warm'—
And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea!

"This, this is she, who *meanly* soar'd:
Alas! how *low*, to be *ador'd*,
And style herself a God!—Through stormy wars
This Eagle-isle her thunder bore,
High-fed her young with *human* gore;
And *would* have built her nest among the stars.

"But ah, frail man! how impotent
To stand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent!
To turn aside the great Creator's aim!
Shall island-kings with him contend,
Who makes the poles beneath him bend?
And shall drink up the sea herself with flame?

"*Earth, Ether, Empyreum* bow,
When from the brazen mountain's brow
The God of Battles takes his mighty bow:
Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
And marches out to scourge the world below.

"Ah! wretched isle, once call'd the *great*
Ah! wretched isle, and wise too late!
The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out:
Thy *luxury*, *corruption*, *pride*,
And *freedom* lost, the realms deride,
Ador'd thee *standing*, o'er thy *ruins* shout:

"To scourge with *war*, or peace *bestow*,
Was thine, O fallen! fallen low!
'T *was* thine, of jarring thrones to still debates:
How art thou fallen, down, down, down!
Wide *waste*, and *night*, and *horrour* frown,
Where *empire* flam'd in gold, and balanc'd states.

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An *inference* from this history. *Advice* to Britain. More *proper* to her than *other* nations. How *far* the stroke of *tyranny* reaches. *What* supports our endeavours. The *unconsider'd* benefits of *liberty*. Britain's obligation to pursue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *sea*. Britain's grandeur from her *situation*. The *winds*, the *seas*, the *constellations*, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with *other* states. The leviathan described. Britain's site, and antient title to the *seas*. *Who* rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. *Some* despise *trade* as mean. *Censured* for it. *Trade's* glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's *dignity*. Compared with men of *letters*.

Hence learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
Our fortunes wither or endure:
Nations may *thrive*, or *perish* by the wave.
What storms from Jove's unwilling frown,
A people's crimes *solicit* down!
Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

This truth, O Britain! ponder well;
Virtues should rise, as fortunes swell:
What is large property?—The *sign* of good,
Of worth *superior:* if 't is *less*,
Another's treasure we possess,
And charge the gods with favours *misbestow'd*.

This council suits Britannia's isle,
High-flush'd with wealth, and freedom's smile:
To vassals prison'd in the continent,
Who starve, *at home*, on meagre toil,
And suck to death their mother soil,
'T were useless caution, and a truth mis-spent.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waste! for worth or arts, who strain,
To throw them at a *monster's* foot?
'T is *property* supports *pursuit:*
Freedom gives eloquence; and freedom, gain.

She pours the thought, and forms the style,
She makes the blood and spirits boil;
I feel her *now!* and rouse, and rise, and rave
In Theban song: O Muse! not *thine*,
Verse is gay freedom's gift divine:
The man that can think greatly, is no slave.

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
Is born for trade; to plough her field, the wave:
And reap the growth of every coast:
A speck of land! but let her boast,
Gods gave the *world*, when they the *waters* gave.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Nor cover'd half with *solid* space,
Three parts are *fluid*; empire of the sea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
For *that*, through all his various *names*:
And, if for commerce, ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! would a prince draw nigh?
He passes her strong *guards*, the waves,
Of *servant* winds admission craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

There are her friends; soft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole: all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

There are her friends, a marshal'd train:
A golden host! and azure plain!
By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat:
They may retreat, but not from her;
The star that quits *this* hemisphere
Must quit the skies, to want a British fleet.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn;
For her, Orion's glories *burn*,
The Pleiads *gleam*. For Britons set and rise
The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging *Dog* that fires the *midnight* skies.

These nations Newton made his own;
All *intimate* with him alone.
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the vast volume's *closing* star;
Decypher'd every character:
His reason pour'd new light upon the Sun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and *barren* strand,
Not *such* the sea: let Fohè's antient line
Vast *tracts* and ample *beings* vaunt;
The camel *low*, *small* elephant—
O Britain! the leviathan is thine.

Leviathan! whom Nature's strife
Brought forth, her largest piece of life;
He *sleeps* an isle! his sports the billows warm!
Dreadful leviathan! thy spout
Invades the skies; the stars are out:
He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *storm*.

Th' Atlantic surge around our shore
German and Caledonian roar;
Their mighty Genii hold us in their lap.
Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred;
"The seas are ours."—The monarch said—
The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

Whence is a rival, then, to rise?
Can he be found beneath the skies?
No, *there*, they dwell, that can give Britain fear:
The powers of Earth, by rival aim
Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
And prove their distance most, as they draw near.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves;
Her foot ambitious ocean laves:
Art's noblest boast! but O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle!
'T wixt mortal and immortal toil!
Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
The child of Britain! and shall she contend
It were no less than parricide:—
What wonders rise from out the tide!
Her *high and mighty* to the rudder bend.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think *trade* mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of *noble* birth?
Alas! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, *themselves* how low;
The sons of *nobles* are the sons of *Earth*.

And what have Earth's mean sons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's *chief* good, not *glut* on others' toil?
High commerce from the gods came down,
With *compass*, *chart*, and *starry crown*,
Their *delegate*, to make the nations *smile*.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty *brow*
To *trade*.—To *toil* he turns his glorious *hand*:
That arm, which swept the bloody field,
See! the huge *axe*, or *hammer*, wield;
While *sceptres* wait, and *thrones* impatient stand.

O shame to *subjects*! first renown,
Matchless example to the *crown*!
Old Time is *poor*: what age boasts such a sight?
Ye *drones*! adore the man divine—
No; virtue still as *mean* decline,
Call Russians barbarous, and yourselves polite.

He too of Judah, great, as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandise:
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an *oar*!
That merchant[9] sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave;
The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out-number'd *sands*, I could not reach its height.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in *blessing*, these in *pain*,
At slaughter swell, and shout, while nations groan:
With purple monarchs, merchants vie;
If great to *spend*, what, to *supply*?
Priests pray for blessings; merchants pour them down.

Kings, merchants are in league and love;
Earth's odours *pay* soft *airs* above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range;
Planets are merchants; take, return,
Lustre and heat; by *traffic* burn;
The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

[9] Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death.—YOUNG.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
What say the sons of *letter'd* fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, swelling in their *cells*?
In *open* life, in *change* of scene,
Mid *various* manners, *throngs* of men,
Experience, arts, and *solid* wisdom dwells.

Trade, art's mechanic, Nature's stores
Well-weighs; to *starry* science soars:
Reads warm in *life* (dead-colour'd by the *pen*)
The sites, tongues, interests, of the ball:
Who studies trade, he studies all;
Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline *war*; but boldly assert her *trade*. Encouraged from the *throne*: Britain's condition without trade. Trade's *character*, and surprising *deeds*. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The *miser's* character. The wonderful effects of trade. *Why* religion recommended to the *merchant*. What, *false* joy. What, *true*. What *religion* is to the merchant. *Why* trade more *glorious* in Britons than others. How *warmly*, and how *long*, to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still *unknown*. Queen Elizabeth. King George the Second. His glory *navally* represented.

How shall I further rouse the soul?
How sloth's lascivious reign control
By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
How every breast inflame with mine?
How bid my theme still brighter shine,
With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

O thou Dircæan swan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly!
While Jove attends a language like his *own*:
Thy *spirit* pour, like vernal showers,
My *verse* shall burst out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame from *war*;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

Britain a *comet*, or a *star*,
In commerce this, or that in *war*,
Let Britons shout! Earth, seas, and skies resound!
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the *throne*[2] a voice through time renown'd.

So fall from Heaven the vernal showers,
To cheer the glebe, and wake the flowers;
The gloom call'd forth sees azure skies display'd;
The *bird* of voice is proud to sing,
Industrious *bees* ply every wing,
Distend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*.

[2] The king's speech.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
Is gone out too; his race is run;
He shines in vain! hervisle 's an isle *indeed*,
A *spot* too small to be o'ercome;
Ah, dreadful safety! wretched doom!
No foe will *conquer* what no foe can *feed*.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all:
Trade 's all herself; hers, hers, the ball;
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there;
Trade leads the dance, trade lights the blaze,
The courtier's pomp! the student's ease!
'T was trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
The Punic oar. Behold it rise
And battle for the world! trade gave the call;
Rich cordial from his *naval* art
Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.

Where is, on Earth, Jehovah's home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
In which his majesty *first* deign'd to dwell;
The walls with *silver* sheets o'erlaid,
Rich, as the Sun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
Methinks the labouring Earth should groan,
Beneath yon load[3]: *created* sure, not *made!*
Servant and *rival* of the skies!
Heaven's arch alone can higher rise:
What hand immortal rais'd thee?—*Humble* trade.

Where hadst thou been, if, left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge
Had caught at *pleasure* on the flowery green?
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car,
Or *fill'd* it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?

As by *repletion* men consume,
Abundance is the miser's *doom*;
Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *rust*,
Which, passing numerous hands, would *shine*;
Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *dust*.

Trade barbarous lands can polish fair;
Make *Earth* well worth the *wise* man's care;
Call forth her forests, *charm* them into fleets;
Can make *one house* of human race;
Can bid the distant poles embrace;
Hers, every sun; and India, India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts:
Trade gives fair virtue fairer still to shine;
Enacts those guards of gain, the *laws*;
Exalts e'en freedom's glorious cause.—
Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine!

You lend each other mutual aid:
Why is Heaven's smile, in *wealth*, convey'd!
Not to place vice, but virtues in our power:
Pleasure *declin'd*, is *luxury*,
Boundless in *time* and in *degree*:
Pleasure *enjoy'd*, the *tumult* of an *hour*.

[3] St. Paul's, built by the coal-tax.—YOUNG.

False joy 's a discomposing thing,
That jars on nature's trembling string,
Tempests the *spirits*, and untunes the *frame:*
True joy, the sunshine of the soul,
A bright *serene* that calms the whole;
Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inflame.

Merchant! *religion* is the care
To grow as *rich*—as angels are;
To know *false* coin from *true;* to sweep the *main;*
The *mighty stake* secure, beyond
The strongest *tie* of *field*, or *fund:*
Commerce gives gold, *religion* makes it *gain.*

Join, then, religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee *poor:*
Greater than Tyre! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign isle! proud *war* decline,
Trade patronise! what glory thine,
Ardent to *bless*, who couldst *subdue* mankind!

Rich commerce ply with warmth divine
By day, by *night;* the *stars* are thine,
Wear out the stars in trade! eternal run
From age to age, the noble glow,
A *rage* to gain, and to *bestow*,
While ages last! in trade burn out the Sun!

Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
Let Frobishers, let Raleighs fire!
O let Columbus' shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an *old.*

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
For thee to *find*, than Heaven to *frame*
That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
An *universe!* her rivers, *seas!*
Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
Heaven's fairest birth! and, but for thee, *in vain!*

Worlds *still unknown* deep shadows wrap;
Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
New glory pour on her Eternal Sire:
O noble search! O glorious care!
Are ye not Britons? why despair?
New worlds are *due* to such a godlike fire.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
That trade, as long as waters roll—
Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree:
By great Eliza do not swear;
For thee, O George! the gods declare:
And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

Truth, bright as *stars*, with thee prevails;
Full be thy *fame*, as swelling *sails*,
Constant, as tides, thy *mind;* as *masts*, elate;
Thy *justice*, an unerring *helm*
To steer Britannia's fickle realm;
Thy *numerous race*, sure *anchor* of her state!

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. *What* the constellations are. Argo. The whale. The dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. *What* the sea is. *Apostrophe* to the emperor. The Spanish armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. *What* gives power. *What* navies do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. *Who* master of the world. *What* the history of the world is. The *genealogy* of glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the merchant's harvest. *Ships* of *divine* origin. *Merchants* ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. *Praise* the food of glory. Britain's record.

Britannia's state what bounds confine?
(Of rising thought O golden mine!)
Mountains, Alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound;
She sallies till she strikes the star;
Expanding wide, and lanching far
As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

Small isle! For Cæsars, for the son
Of Jove, who burst from Macedon,
For gorgeous easterns blazing o'er mankind;
Then, when they call'd the world their own,
Not equal fame from *fable* shone:
They rose to *gods*, in *half* thy sphere confin'd.

Here, no demand for fancy's wing;
Plain truth 's illustrious: as I sing,
O hear yon *spangled harp* repeat my lay!
Your *starry lyre* has caught the sound,
And spreads it to the *planets* round,
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

The skies (fair-printed page!) unfold
The *naval* fame of heroes old;
As in a mirror show th' adventurous throng:
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in *stars*,
And noble *verse*, that shall endure as long.

The *skies* are *records* of the *main*,
Thence Argo listens to my strain;
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For *naval* fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he *hears*, and *views;*
Chiron, the Shovell of a former age.

The whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours *grateful* lustre on my lays;
How smiles Arion's friend[1] with *partial* beams!
Eridanus would flatter too,
But jealousies his smile subdue;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

In pride the Lion lifts his name,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below: the Balance, George! from thine
Which weighs the *nations*, learns to weigh
More accurate the *night* and *day;*
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye *lesser* lights!
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair!
But, oh! you practise *shameful* arts;
Your own *retain, seize* others' hearts,
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam,
Pale queen! be *flush'd* at Britain's fame;
And, rolling, tell the nations—"o'er the main
To *share* her empire is thy pride."
He, mighty power! who curbs the *tide*,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

[1] The dolphin.

What is the *main!* ye kings renown'd!
Britannia's centre, and your *bound:*
Austrian! where-e'er leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home! and Britain's mine,
Where-e'er the ripening Sun can shine,
Parts are for *emperors;* for her the *whole.*

Why, Austrian! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see *thy* welfare in the *world's?* Too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill, not so kind.
And other Blenheims, big with other *fate.*

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own,
Who rescued an ungrateful throne;
Ill thou consider'st, that the *kind* are *brave;*
Ill dost thou weigh, that in Time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to *ruin,* as was that to *save.*

How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted *inspiration* 's vain?
Yet what if my *prediction* should prove *true?*
Know'st thou the *fatal pair* who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire *thine*
As one *rejected,* what, if one *subdue?*

What *naval* scene adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate[2],
Inspires her *councils,* and records her *power?*
The nations know, in glowing balls
On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
When her august assembled senates low'r.

O languarge fit for thought so *bold!*
Would Britain have her anger told;
Ah! never let a *meaner* language sound,
Than *that* which prostrates human souls,
Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And Nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

Not realms *unbounded,* not a *flood*
Of natives, not *expense* of blood,
Or *reach* of counsel gives the world a *lord:*
Trade calls *him* forth, and sets him high,
As mortal man, o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest *sword.*

Nay, *her's* the sword! For fleets have *wings;*
Like lightning fly to *distant* kings;
Like gods descend at *once* on trembling states:
Is war proclaim'd? *Our* wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his *pinion'd people,* thus,
On rapid errands: as they fly, they *roar,*
And carry *sable clouds,* and *sweep*
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

The *fools of Nature* ever strike
On bare *outsides;* and loathe, or like,
As *glitter* bids; in endless errour vie;
Admire the *purple* and the *crown:*
Of human *welfare* and *renown,*
Trade 's the big *heart;* bright empire, but their *eye.*

Whence Tartar GRAND? or Mogul GREAT?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their *ruin,* fly from *toil;*
That meanest product on their soil,
Their *people* sell: one half on t'other feed.

Of Nature's wealth and commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument:
Mid *citron* forests and *pomegranate* groves
(Curst, in a Paradise!) she pines;
O'er *generous* glebe, o'er *golden* mines
Her *beggar'd, famish'd,* tradeless native roves:

Not so thine, China, blooming-wide;
Thy numerous fleets might *bridge* the *tide;*
Thy *products* would exhaust both Indias' mines:
Shut be *that* gate of trade! Or woe
To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.——
Ungrateful song! Her growth[3] *inspires* thy lines.

Britain! To *these,* and such as these,
The river broad and foaming *seas*
Which *sever* lands to mortals *less* renown'd,
Devoid of *naval* skill or might;
Those sever'd parts of earth *unite:*
Trade 's the full *pulse,* that sends their vigour round.

Could, O! could one *engrossing* hand
The various streams of trade command,
That, like the Sun, would gazing nations awe;
That awful power the world would brave,
Bold war, and empire proud, his slave;
Mankind his subjects; and his *will,* their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious Earth?
From commerce, grandeur's humble birth:
To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
Time's whole *plain chronicle* is all
One *bright encomium,* undesign'd, on trade.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
And power from wealth! of power is made
The god on Earth: Hail, then, the dove of peace!
Whose olive speaks the raging flood
Of war repress'd: what 's loss of blood?
War is the death of commerce and increase.

Then perish war!—Detested war!
Shalt thou make gods? light Cæsar's star?
What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?—
Why not adore too, as divine,
Wide-wasting storms, before the genial Sun?

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
His *harvest!* harvest *round* the year!
For peace with laurel every *mast* be bound;
Each *deck* carouse, each *flag* stream out,
Each *cannon* sound, each *sailor* shout!
For peace let every *sacred ship* be crown'd!

Sacred are ships, of birth divine!
An angel drew the first *design;*
With which the patriarch Nature's *ruins* brav'd:
Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
The gods *made* human race, a *pilot, sav'd.*

[2] The Spanish Armada in the House of Lords.

[3] Coffee.

How sacred too the merchant's name!—
When Britain blaz'd meridian fame[4];
Bright shone the *sword*, but brighter trade gave law;
Merchants in *distant* courts rever'd,
Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe.

'T is *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times*;
The *march* of stars; the *births* of climes;
Summer and winter theirs; theirs *land* and *sea*;
Theirs are the *seasons*, *months*, and *years*;
And each a different *garland* wears:—
O that my song could add eternity!

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
The burning lamp of god-like deeds;
Immortal glory pays illustrious cares:
Whither, ye Britons! are you *bound*?
O noble *voyage!* glorious *round!*
Lanch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

If to my *subject* rose my *soul*,
Your fame should last while oceans roll;
When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
As we the Greeks of mighty name,
May *they* Britannia's fleet proclaim,
Look up, and read her story in the skies.

Ye Syrens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye billows, flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng;
Ye winds, in concert breathe around;
Ye navies, to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

THE MOST HAPPY SHOULD BE THE MOST VIRTUOUS. OF ETERNITY. WHAT BRITAIN'S ARTS SHOULD BE. WHENCE SLAVERY.

BRITAIN! thus blest, thy blessing know;
Or *bliss*, in vain! the gods bestow;
Its *end* fulfil, *means* cherish, *source* adore:
Vain *swellings* of thy soul repress;
They most may *lose*, who most *possess*;
Then let bliss *awe*, and *tremble* at thy store.

Nor be too fond of life *at best*,
Her *cheerful*, not *enamour'd* guest:
Let thought fly *forward*; 't will gay prospects give;
Prospects immortal; that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect *fortitude* to live,

O for *eternity!* a scene!
To fair *adventurers* serene!
O! on that *sea* to *deal* in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! What transports roll;
What boundless *import* to the soul!
The poor man's *empire!* and the subject's *crown!*

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let *others* pant for an immense *command*;
Let *others* breathe war's fiery god;
The proudest *victor* fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

Glorious, while Heaven-born freedom lasts,
Which trade's soft spurious daughter blasts;
For what is tyranny? A monstrous birth
From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
By glowing power in *shades* compress'd,
Which *stalks* around, and chains the *groaning* Earth.

THE CLOSE.

THIS SUBJECT NOW FIRST SUNG. HOW SUNG, PREFERABLE TO PINDAR'S SUBJECTS. HOW BRITAIN SHOULD BE SUNG BY ALL.

THEE, Trade! I *first*, who boast no store,
Who owe thee nought, *thus* snatch from shore,
The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long;
And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time, to sure renown;
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme,
Why, then, unsung? My *simple* aim
To dress *plain sense*, and fire the *generous blood*;
Not sport imaginations vain,
But list, with yon ethereal train,
The shining Muse, to serve the *public good*.

Of *antient art* and *antient praise*,
The *springs* are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
And think their glory sung anew;
Till chiefs of *equal* fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
As far surpast; as *useful* cares
Transcend diversion *light* and glory *vain:*
The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
And panting steed, to him belong
The *charioteer's*, not *empire's* golden rein.

Nor, Chandos! thou the Muse despise,
That *would* to glowing Ætna rise,
(Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of *our time!*
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head, or Theron's heart;
In life, or song, now rare the true *sublime!*

None, *British-born*, will sure disdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
Though not with *genius* with *some* virtue crown'd;
(How vain the Muse!) the *lay* may last,
Thus twin'd around the British mast,
The British mast, with *nobler* laurels bound!

Weak *ivy* curls round naval *oak*,
And smiles at wind and storm unbroke;

[4] In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

By strength *not hers* sublime: thus, proud to soar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my *strain;*
And lives, and echoes through the *plain,*
While o'er the *billow* Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye *grovelling* sons of verse,
Who *sing* what actions, but *rehearse.*
And *fool* the Muse with *impotent* desire;
Ye sacrilegious! who presume
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's *fire.*

THE CHORUS.

"Ye Syrens, sing; ye Tritons, blow;
Ye Nereids, dance; ye billows, flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
Ye winds, in concert breathe around;
Ye natives, to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong;
Britain to Heaven; from Heaven descends my song."

END OF VOL. XIII.

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